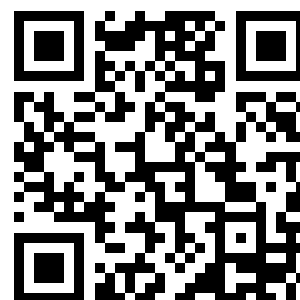

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

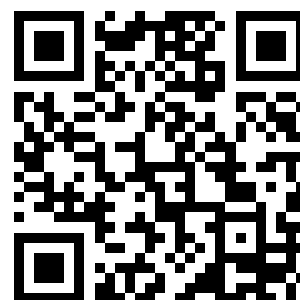
<https://books.google.com>



This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>





Literature

Henry Duff Traill



INDIANA
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

JUNE 29, 1901.

Literature

Published by



The Times.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY 5 TO JUNE 29, 1901.

~~—————~~

LONDON

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE EDWARD WRIGHT,
AT THE TIMES OFFICE, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

1901.

42505

AP4
.L7

10-10-02.

INDEX TO VOL. VIII.

AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED—		AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED—		AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED—		AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED—	
PAGE		PAGE		PAGE		PAGE	
Abbott, Edwin A.	71	Chandler, Edmund	53	Etheridge, W. G.	538	Henry, Arthur	225
Ackworth, Mr.	37	Chang Chih-Tung	85	Evans, A. D.	359	Henslow, Prof.	568
Adcock, A. St. John	142, 185	Chatterton, G. G.	225	Everett, J. J.	125	Henson, Canon Hensley	204
Addison, Mr.	180	Chauvin, Victor	244	Farmer, J. L.	181	Heron-Maxwell, Miss	277
Ade, George	35	Chesterton, Gilbert	31	Fenn, Manville	447	Herring, P. E.	246
Adler, M. N.	125	Cheyne, Dr.	138	Findlater, M., and Findlater, J. H.	446	Hewitt, C. E. R.	538
Ady, Mrs.	143, 582	Childers, Colonel Spencer	13	Firth, C. H.	535	Hewitt, E.	249
Ainslie, Douglas	463	Cholmeley, R. J.	339	Fitchett, W. H.	121	Hill, G. Birkbeck	12
Ainslie, Noel	371	Christie, A. M.	318	Fitzgerald, Beresford	36	Hill, Headon	371
Alexander, Dr.	15	Christie, Cuthbert	163	Fitzmaurice, Lord Edmond	299	Hills, Maj. Gen. Sir John	101
Alexander, James	184	Churchill, Mr.	498	Fletcher, J. S.	51	Hoare, B. George	463
Alexander, Mrs.	182	Clark, Rev. F. E.	389	Forbes, Hon. Mrs. W. D.	294	Hobson, J. A.	235
Allchin, W. H.	536	Clarke, E. T.	286	Ford, Jor. C.	76, 420	Hocking, Joseph	158
Allcroft, G. H.	360	Cleave, Lucas	164	Foster, C. and F.	443	Hodgson, Lady	353
Allen, Alexander, G. V.	181	Coate, H. E. A.	127	Fowler, Rev. M.	249	Hogarth, Mr.	363
Allen, Grant	543	Cobb, Thomas	145	Fowler, E. Thorneycroft	181	Holcombe, Chester	220
Allen, Inglis	315	Cobban, J. MacLaren	299	Fox, Dr. Hingston	369	Holland, W. E.	163
Allen, Rev. Roland	144	Coit, Stanton	242	Fox, H. F.	416	Holmes, Thomas	35
Ames, Hugo	122	Coghlan, T. A.	164	Freeston, C. L.	564	Hoole, C. H.	141
Andler, C.	226	Collins, J. Churton	197	Fremantle, Dean	138	Hope, Graham	447
Androm, R.	226	Collins, W. G. W.	78	Frémieux, Mons. Paul	294	Hopkins, Tighe	396
Antrobus, Mrs. C. L.	185	Colville, Major-General H. E.	438	French, J. L.	54	Horder, W. Garrett	186
Archer, William	163	Compton, Mr.	127	Frust, George	540	Hornung, E. W.	33
Argyll, Duke of	415	Conder, Arthur R.	541	Fry, Dr. T. C.	538	Horton, Dr.	466
Aria, Mrs.	415	Conway, Sir Martin	555	Fuller, F. W.	470	Hosack, B. H.	266
Ashton, E.	142	Conway, Prof. R. S.	536	Gallon, Tom	180	Hough, E.	272
Ashworth, T. R., and H. C. P.	164	Cook, Herbert	16	Galloway, J.	55	Howell, C.	55
"Athol Forbes"	421	Coolidge, Rev. W. A. B.	563	Gardiner, Prof.	183	Howell, J. S.	537
Atkinson, A. G. B.	89	Cooper, E. H.	543	Gardiner, Colonel	219	Hudson, Prof. W. H.	221
Aves, W. O.	562	Corbett, J. S.	136	Gardyne, Colonel	342	Hueffer, O.	223
Babington, Rev. J. A.	317	Cornaby, W. A.	519	Garnett, Dr.	461	Hughes, Edward	299
Bachelier, Irving	272	Cornford, L. Cope	371	Garrice, Charles	299	Hume, F.	317
Bacon, Rev. J. M.	124	Corvo, F. Baron	271	Gaspary, A.	240	Hume, M. W. A. S.	93
Baddeley, J. J.	270	Coswain, George	185	Geldart, W. M.	533	Hunter, W. W.	181
Baddeley's Guide to Belgium and Holland	564	Coter, Mrs. F.	568	Gerard, Maurice	242	Hurt, Alfred	246
Bagnall-Stubbis, J.	104	Cotterill, H. B.	536	Gibbs, Philip	565	Hutton, Alfred	200, 384
Balogh, Richard	225	Coubertin, Pierre de	417	Gibson, Mrs.	244	Hutton, Edward	519
Baldon, H. B.	519	Courtney, Leonard	222	Gilbey, Sir Walter	36	Hyatt, Cuthliffe	420
Bailey, H. C.	293	Craigie, Mrs.	37	Gilchrist, Dr. J. G.	561	Ida, Leigh, Earl of	421
Ballard, Frank	236	Craik, Sir Henry	114	Giles, H. A.	68	Ida, Sir Courtenay	233
Baring Gould, S.	273, 296	Cramb, J. A.	258	Gilliat-Smith, E.	556	Ida, T. Dunbar, L.L.D.	47
Baron, David	367	Crane, Stephen	165	Gising, George	519, 557	Ida, H. B.	338
Barr, Mrs. A. E.	166	Crawford, F. M.	119, 129	Gleg, Charles	371	Jackson, Admiral T. Sturges	181
Barry, Dr. W.	247	Craven, Lady Helen	145	Glyn, Elmor	290	Jackson, Professor	341
Bartram George	463	Cresagh, Captain	184	Goldsie, Beryl	290	Jackson, T. C.	204
Bashall, H. St. John	267	Cresswell, B. F.	266	Golsworthy, Arnold	184	James, Henry	144, 296
Bates, Havergal	145	Cripps, Rev. A. S.	142	Gompertz, Prof. T.	267	Jebl, Prof.	180
Batterbury, H. O.	184	Crockett, S. R.	419	Gooch, G. P.	203	Jerome, Jerome K.	447
Batts, Rev. H. J.	245	Croker, B. M.	272	Goodlet, Robert	286	Jerrild, W.	558
Bayly, A. E.	127	Crommelin, May	105	Goodwin, Prof.	416	Jessopp, Dr.	322
Beard, Charles	212	Crooks, Major	125	Gordon, L. Duff	201	Jones, Dora M.	163
Beavan, A. H.	223	Crottie, Miss	418	Gore, Canon	340	Jones, E. O.	203
Beeching, H. O.	163	Crowest, F. J.	391	Gorst, Harold E.	539	Jones, W.	221
Beet, Rev. J. A.	71	Cunningham, Dr.	391	Goss, F. C.	248	Jourdain, Mons.	309
Begbie, Harold	15	Cust, Mrs. Henry	270	Graham, John W.	421	Keary, C. F.	146
Bell, C. F.	205	Dalbiac, Colonel	53	Grand, Sarah	270	Keating, J.	146
Bell, Mrs. Arthur	103	Dale, E.	266	Grant, A. J.	391	Keith, George S.	163
Bell, R. S. W.	470	Dale, Father	345	Green, Dr. S. G.	366	Keller, Prof.	125
Benger, G.	103	Dalton, W.	163	Green, Walford Davis	480	Kennedy, H. A.	465
Benoist, C. L.	122	Davenport, Cyril	370	Gregory, Lady	123	Kenyon, F. G.	357
Benson, A. C.	141	Davey Richard	161	Grieg, Mr.	164	Kernahan, Coulson	225, 444
Bernard, Dr.	70	Davids, C. Rhys	243	Grier, Sidney	542	Khan, Mir Munchi Mahomet	40
Besant, Sir Walter	283	Davidson, John	568	Griffith, George	371	King, Bolton	516
Beveridge, Hugh	125	Davidson, Prof. John	182	Griffiths, Major Arthur	125	Kingsley, Miss	181
Bickley, F. P.	265	Davies, Denis	463	Grogan, E. S.	120	Knight, Dr. William	241
Biddle, Miss V. P.	568	Dawe, Carlton	447	Gross, Dr. Charles	119	Knight, F. F.	444
Bigham, Clive	315	Dawe, W. C.	225	Grundy, G. B.	538	Knight, G.	55
Binyon, Laurence	15	Dawlish, Hope	299	Guillemaud, Dr.	199	Knight, James	164
Birdwood, Sir George	105	Dawson, A. J.	55	Guthrie, James	126	Knott, G. H.	204
Bitrell, Olive	106	Dawson, Sir William	164	Gwynn, Stephen	460	Lagerlof, Selma	345
Blasfield, E. H. and E. W.	557	Day, Rev. E.	243	Gwyther, G. M.	417	Lander, Henry Savage	467
Bleloch, W.	466	Dayot, Mons.	124	"Gyp"	372	Lank, Andrew	345
Bliss, Captain H. C. J.	223	Deer, Capt. H. P.	441	Haddan, Frank W.	53	Lank, Prof. Ruy	537
Blomfield, Reginald	247	Del Mar, A.	467	Haggard, Rider	395	Lawrence, C. E.	537
Blundell, Frances	541	Dennis, G. Ravenscroft	336	Hales, A. G.	185	Lawrence, Sir Henry	342
Boden, Rev. C. J.	447	Dickens, M. A.	407	Halliburton, Hugh	463	Layard, G. Somes	388
Bodkin, McDonnell	345	Dickinson, G. L.	246	Hall, A. Vine	142	Le François Emile	416
Boothby, Guy	269	Dickson, Harris	420	Hall, F. W.	535	Le Gallienne, R.	35, 184, 463
Borchgrevink, Mr.	104	Dickson, W. K. L.	53	Hallard, J. H.	537	Le Queux, W.	346
Boosey, Godfrey	369	Dix, Beulah M.	420	Halliday, G. E.	257	Le Strange, G.	414
Bourne, H. B. Fox	102	Dix, E. A.	78	Halliwell-Phillips, Mr.	315	Lee, Guy Carleton	179
Bowden, Ernest	143	Dixon, Charles	34	Hamilton, Lillias	57	Lee, John	164
Bowles, T. G.	270	Dixon, S.	243	Hamerton, J. A.	245, 247	Leese, Arthur F. J.	462
Bowley, A. L.	369	Dodd, A. B.	204	Händler, Rev. E.	102	Lehmann, R. C.	461
Bradley, A. G.	348	Dooley, Mr.	186	Hapgood, Norman	466	Leith-Adams, Mrs.	273
Brampton, Miss	418	Dormer, F. J.	183	Harbottle, T. B.	53	Lewis, Mrs.	244
Braunholtz, E. G. W.	186	Dounie, Mons.	53	Harding, Rev. John	204	Lewis, Rev. H. Elvet	74
Bray, Claude	540	Draper, W. H.	183	Hardy, C. F.	394	Lillie, Arthur	243
Briggs, Lady	494	Dreyfus, Captain	362	Hardy, Iza Duffus	298	Lindsay, Lady	140
Broadhurst, M. P., Henry	518	Drinkwater, Dr. H.	369	Hare, Christopher	421	Linton, Mrs. Lynn	541
Brooke-Hunt, Violet	177	Drummond, Dr. W. B.	539	Hare, Major F. C.	182	Litchfield, Mrs.	419
Brooke, Stopford A.	75	Drury, W. D.	565	Harrison, Rev. A. J.	445	Little, Archibald J.	161
Broughton, Rhoda	536	Duff, Sir Mount Stuart Grant	322	Hart, Sir Robert	314	Lloyd, F. M.	142
Brown, Prof. John	100	Duguid, Charles	247	Harte, Bret	344	Lord, M. I.	55
Bruce, E. I.	182	Durham, Lilla	337	Hartman, Dr. Martin	244	Lounsbury, Prof. T. R.	533
Bryden, H. A.	182	Dutoit, U. A.	538	Harvey, Rev. A. J.	74	Low, J. L.	71
Buell, Augustus C.	464	Dutt, W. A.	143	Hatton, Bessie	184	Lucas, E. V.	35
Bullen, F. T.	50, 222, 286	E. B. L.	53	Hauptman, Gerhart	34	Lucy, Mr.	183
Burleigh, O.	142	Earle, Mrs. A. M.	296	Hazlitt, W. Carew	393	Lugard, General F.	74
Burn, Dr. J. H.	182	Earle, Professor	465	Headlam, Cecil	264	Lyall, David	105
Burnet, I.	535	Earle, Walter	32	Headley, F. W.	316	Lyde, Lionel W.	538
Butler, A. G.	146	Edsby-Smith, J.	247	Hebbethwaite, James	463	Lynch, Hannah	203, 273
Cadogan, Captain	53, 86	Edsby, E. T.	164	Heinemann, J.	501	Lyons, Mrs.	273
Cadogan, Dr. Alfred	335	Edwards, Fred G.	52	"Helion Bumpstead"	293	Lyttelton, Robert	397
Callwell, Major	108	Edwards, Oman	182	Hemelrick, J. Van	466	Mable, Hamilton Wright	138
Canning, A. S. G.	247	Ellis, Miriam A.	52	Hemphill, Rev. S.	538	Macalister, Professor J.	162, 273
Cappou, James	465	Ellis, W. Clinton	421	Hemson, G. H.	76	McCarthy, Justin	321, 337
Carmichael, M.	183	Emery, G. F.	445	Henderson, T. E.	265	Macfadyen, D.	125
Carr, Mrs. M. E.	239			Hendry, Hamish	453	MacGregor	445
Carrère, Jean	389						
Carrington, Dean	265						
Carus-Wilson, Mrs.	74						

AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED— (continued)	PAGE	AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED— (continued)	PAGE	AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED— (continued)	PAGE	CONTRIBUTORS OF SIGNED ARTICLES, LETTERS, &c. (continued)	PAGE
M. Ivarra, J. N.	183	Rhys, Prof. Ernest	535	Wall, J. C.	266	Maxwell, Sir Herbert	497
M. Ivarra, Jean	420	Rice, Stanley P.	182	Wallace, A. E.	365	McCarthy, Justin	432
Mackern, H. V.	233	Richardson, C.	256	Wallpole, Rev. A. S.	534	McEwan, Egan	370, 552
Mackie, John	249	Richardson, Mrs. R.	267	Walsh, W.	71	Michelson, Alfred	323
Mackinnon, Major-General	269	Ripon, Bishop of	33	Walters, Cuming	273	Monson, Leonard	397
Macmillan, Michael	225	" Rita "	272	Ward, Professor Marshall	342	Murray, J. A. H.	208
Maeterlinck, Maurice	460	Roberts, Morley	248	Warden, Florence	372	Noyes, Alfred	403
Magnus, Laurie	264	Roberts, Prof.	245	Warden, Gertrude	299	Oakley, C. S.	447
Mahan, Captain A. T.	158	Robertson, J. M.	222	Warner, G. F.	121	O'Rell, Max	498
Maher, Mary	105	Robins, Edward	72	Warner, R. Townsend	417	" Oxonian "	323
Madmont, George	235	Robinson, F. E.	538	Warren, Charles E.	519	" Oxonian, Another "	357
Maitland, F. W.	238	Rockhill, Hon. W. W.	270	Warren, W. T.	360	Parke, Walter	227
Malcoum, Ian	102	Rodzewicz, Marya	468	Waters, W. G.	319	Paterson, William Romaine	423
Mallet, Sir Edward	179	Rollston, Colonel	181	Waters, Mrs. W. G.	540	Patterson, J. E.	5, 88, 168, 258
Manley, T. T.	417	Rollston, Lady Maud	466	Watson, H. B. M.	225	Phythian	206
Mann, Mary E.	346	Rollston, T. W.	177	Watt, W. A.	243	Pinkerton, Walter	227
Marchant, E. C.	536, 537	Rook, Clarence	249	Weale, W. H. J.	74	Pollock, Walter Herries	508
Margolouth, D. S.	70	Ropes, A. R.	538	Webb, W. H.	445	Poynder, F. C.	396
Martin, Jane	73	Round, J. Horace	178	Weekley, Ernest	416	Raleigh, Professor Walter	511
Marratt, C.	247	Rouse, W. H. D.	284	Wells, C. M.	419	Ransom, Arthur	378
Marsh, Richard	104, 126	Roxburgh, T. L.	342	Wells, D. D.	419	Ratchiffe, K. K.	38, 114
Martin, Dr. W. A. P.	52	Rumney, A. W.	267	Wells, F. M.	564	Reade, A. L.	571
Martin, Sir Theodore	72	Russell, Black	287	Wells, Mary E.	123	Reade, Compton	187
Masse, H. J. L. J.	103	Russell, S. M.	456	Wendell, Barrett	157	Roberts, Morley	306
Massy, Mrs.	141	Rutherford, Mark	35	Weston, J. L.	249	Rook, Clarence	134
Mathew, Frank	37, 184	Ryland, F.	143	Wetmore, Helen Cody	393	Salt, Henry S.	473, 522
Mathews, Shailer	467	Sackville, Lady Margaret	518	Whitcoat, Gordon Cuming	322	Sanders, Lloyd	380
Maude, Agnes	441	St. Clair, G.	202	White, Arnold	202	Sandys, J. E.	349, 374
Mawson, T. H.	556	Sandford, Prof. P.	536	Whitman, Sidney	73	Saton, Walter W.	497
Meade, Mrs.	346	Satgé, Oscar de	164	Whittaker, Thomas	316	Shaylor, Joseph	95
Meadows, Alice M.	420	Saunders, T. B.	341	Whittuck, Charles	246	Sichel, Miss F.	571
Medley, Rev. W.	71	Savile, Helen V.	273	Whynper, Mr.	563	Summerley, Mary	522
McIntyre, C. J.	153	Schofield, Dr. A. T.	236	Wilkins, Mary E.	542	Tarrell, C. C.	572
Menges, Mortimer	435	Schuckburgh, E. S.	534	Wilkins, W. H. C.	318	Tarrell, C. C.	66, 127
Meredith, George	517	Schnyder, Eugene	295	Wilkinson, E. G.	417	Taunton, Ethelred L.	374, 424
Methuen, A. M. S.	540	Scott, Dr. D. H.	52	Wilkinson, Frank	102	Thomas, Margaret	312
Michie, Alexander	159	Scott, W. R.	315	Williams, E. E.	467	Thring, G. Herbert	38
Miffin, Lloyd	141	Seed, Rev. T. A.	143	Williamson, Dr. G. C.	343, 557	Tollmach, Hon. Lionel A.	300, 350
Miles, E. H.	534	Seignobos, Mons.	290	Williamson, Mrs. C. N.	225, 542	Wakley, A. B. 10, 30, 47, 68, 96, 117, 177, 197, 212, 255, 256, 313, 557, 562, 564, 565	136
Millar, J. Guille	103	Selby, Thomas G.	466	Williamson, Mrs. C. N.	564	W. K. H.	246
Miller, Rev. G.	266	Sergeant, Adeline	322	Willoughby, Dr.	243	W. L. H.	345, 422, 446
Milligen, A.	142	Sharp, A. H.	120	Winnot, Hon. A.	535	W. M. F.	7, 29, 137, 141
Millis, T. B.	73	Sharp, R. F.	73	Wilson, H. W.	417	W. S. C.	180
Millis, Mrs.	565	Shaw, Bernard	101	Wilson, Richard	417	Wallace, William	44, 68
Millis-Horne, Mary F.	421	Shee, G. F.	245	Winbolt, F. E.	536	Warren, T. Herbert	385, 409
Mitchell, Edmund	140	Sheehan, Father	298	Windle, B. C. A.	561	Watson, W. G.	379
Moffatt, Jas.	31	Sheldon, Mr.	346	Wise, H. J.	463	Watson, E. H. Lacon	404
Money-Contts, Mr.	225	Sherard, R. H.	145, 445	Wood, Chas. W.	51	Waugh, Arthur	84
Montagu, Lily H.	540	Sichel, Ethel	533	Wood, Walter	181	Wedmore, Frederick	232, 283, 428
Montanaro, Lieut. Col. A. F.	204	Sichel, Walter	414	Woodhouse, W. J.	417	Wheler, Ethel	571
Moore, Dr. J. M.	144	Sidgwick, Mrs. A.	55	Woodroffe, Daniel	535	Whibley, Charles	226
Moore, Frankfort	38	Siebold, Baron A. von	394	Woodward, W. H.	535	Wilson, Beekes	570
Moore, Rev. Herbert	346	Sier, James	120	Wratlas, T.	119	Wilson, H. C.	208
Moore, Gerard	246	Silver, E. Norman	422	Wynne, C. W.	292	Wilson, Louis N.	208
Morrish, Herbert	31	Simmonds, Florence	221	Yate, Colonel C. E.	143	Wilson, P. G.	208
Morris, Sir Lewis	346	Simmons, Mr.	164	Yates, Lucy	34, 439	Wright, Edward	132
Mortyn, Rev. Sydney	53, 267	Simonson, Dr.	242	Yeats, W. B.	105		
Moul, Duncan	223	Sims, G. E.	272	Yorke, Curtis	200		
Moulton, R. G.	33	Sinclair, May	419	Young, Mr.	418		
Mowbray, Miss	239, 443	Sladen, Douglas	101	" Zack "			
Muller, Max	266	Sloum, Captain	346				
Mullinger, J. B.	247	Smale, Fred C.	416				
Murray, D. Christie	53	Smart, F. W. B.	183				
Murray, Mary	101	Smouton, Oliphant	536				
Nash, Vaughan	103	Smith, F. C.	248				
Newbigging, T.	535	Smith, G. Barnett	36				
Nicklin, J. A.	543	Smith, J. W.	164				
Nisbet, Hume	322	Smith, Prof. G. A.	284				
Norris, W. E.	76, 557	Smyth, Prof. H. Weir	33				
Norway, Arthur	163	Sneath, Dr.	419				
Odham, W. D.	201	Speight, T. W.	467				
" Odyssey "	516	Spence, Catharine	537, 538				
Okey, Thomas	343	Spencer, P.	538				
Oldfield, Mrs.	269	Spruiting, Rev. F. W.	419				
Oldham and Dodd, Messrs.	122	Spurr, Harry	199				
Ollivier, Emile	464	Stadling, J.	180				
Ormond, Prof. A. T.	316	Stainer, C. L.	416				
Osborne, Christabel	341	Starck, Alfred	162				
Ostrofsky, Bishop of	125	Steel, Richard	102, 466				
Page, W.	538	Stevens, G. W.	467				
Pancoat, H. S.	536	Stephen, Leslie	318				
Pantlin, W. E. P.	161	Sternberg, Count	321				
Parker, E. H.	563	Steurt, J. A.	363				
Parson, C. E.	291	Stillman, W. J.	125				
Paton, George	390	Stocker, R. D.	543				
Paterson, W. Romaine	392	Stockton, Frank	365				
Paul, Herbert	103	Stodart-Walker, A.	246				
Payne, Rev. G. A.	536	Stretton, C. E.	145				
Pearce, J. W. E.	146	Stuart, Esme	70				
Pearl, F. M.	203	Stubbs, Dr.	460				
Pearson, Karl	496	Sutro, Alfred	344				
Peel, Hon. Sidney	242	Swan, H.	366				
Peilington, Ferdinand	346	Swan, Myra	372				
Pemberton, T. Edgar	157	Swete, Dr.	421				
Perry, Lord	269	Taber, R. G.	536				
Peikins, Rev. T.	103	Tarpey, Kingsley	313				
Perowne, Dr. E. H.	53	Tatham, M. T.	346				
Perris, G. H.	443	Taunton, Rev. Ethelred L.	313				
Perry, Frederick	295	Taylor, Jenner	103				
Philip, Rev. A.	468	Tennant, Pamela	462				
Phillips, Mr.	270	Thackwell, C.	541				
Phillips, Eden	203	Thaw, A. Blair	536				
Phillips, C. B.	165	Thirners, Rowland	538				
Phythian, J. Ernest	126	Thompson, J.	307, 334				
Pickering, Sidney	536	Thomson, C. Linklater	163				
Plaintow, P. G.	54	" Thormanby "	421				
Præd, Mrs. C.	345	Thornton, J. and S. W.	418				
Prescott, E. Livingstone	243	Threlfall, T. R.	49				
Price, L. L.	183	Thynne, Robert	105				
Procter, Zoe	421	Tollmach, Hon. L.	536				
Prowse, R. O.	536	Tovey, Duncan C.	104				
Purser, L. C.	445	Tracy, Louis	32				
Putnam, Ruth	55	Trayes, F. E. A.	54				
Radford, Mrs. C. H.	419	Treherne, P.	340				
Raikes, Rt. John	368	Trench, Herbert	17, 271				
Rait, Robert	102	Tucker, G.	76				
Ralph, Julian	164	Turner, Professor	124				
Ramsey, Professor W.	269	Tynan, Katharine	223				
Randolph, Lewis	235	Tytler, Sarah	543				
Ranome, Jessie	273	Vachell, H. A.	125, 142				
Ravenscroft, B. C.	145	Van Dyck, H.	417				
Rayleigh, Lord	51	Villar, Linda	17				
Raymond, Walter	123, 467	Vielein-Marschl, General	543				
Reed, Marcus		Viller, Frederick					
Reynolds, Professor		Vivian, Herbert					
Reynolds-Ball, E. A.		Walden, Allan F.					
		Walford, Mrs. L. B.					

CORRESPONDENCE—

"A" was an Archer	108
"A" Apple Pie	127
Abuse of the Possessive, The	57
Adapted Quotations	349
Aftertaste, The	187, 203
Apocryphal Stories	208
Bungalows and Bungalows	374
Canada in English Fiction	226
Central Circulating Library for Work- ing Girls Clubs	127
Cheam School Sixty Years Ago	498, 522
Child's Epitaph, A	571
" Crabs "	88, 127, 168
Decadent Motives	226
Decadents and Anti-Byronists	77
Dictionary of Quotations (French-Ital.)	522
Edinburgh Publishers	38
Edward Fitzgerald and T. E. Brown	251
Emus Head, The	497
English Versions of Foreign Poems	57
Enrolphine	423
Eternal Conflict, The	77
Evil, H. F.	397
Harbottle, Thomas B.	473, 497, 522
Hemymoon in Space, A	227
Humanitarian League, The	447
" Ivory Bride, The "	323, 353
Jingo	570
John Wesley	348, 374
" L'Amour "	208
Late Bishop of Oxford, The	571
Late Mr. F. S. Ellis	570
" Lucius Malet " on Fiction	77
Mr. Augustine Birrell	208
Mr. Procksniff and the Sirens	423
Mr. Wheatley's "Peeps" in America	77
Misattribution	208
Misquotation	374, 397
Napoleon and Mr. Elphinstone	300, 323
National Home Reading Union	147
Poetry of the Twentieth Century	448
Problem Novel, The	167
Prayer Age for a Wife, The	472, 498
Rapier and Dagger	423
Robert Burton and Venus and Adonis	77
" Robustious Comedy " of Shake- speare's Henry V.	38, 77
Richard II.	251
Rickett, Arthur	300, 323, 350
" S. or St. "	
Society of Authors, The	349
Shakespeare's "Exercises"	38
Shakespeare First Folio, The	208
Shakespeare and the Gunpowder Plot	350, 374, 396, 424, 448
Shenstone's "Lines at an Inn at Henley"	397
Sir John Peter Grant	251
Songs of the Sword and the Soldier	423
Split Infinitive	167, 187, 208
"Seesaw" Dialect in Hall	546
Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler	108
Tennyson on the Signature in Criticism	571
Victor Hugo	163
Victorian Women Writers	323
"Women and Men of the French Renaissance"	571

Digitized by Google

NOTES—(continued)	PAGE	NOTES—(continued)	PAGE	BIOGRAPHY—(continued)	PAGE	EDUCATIONAL—	PAGE
Puck's "Club"	2	"Warwick Edition" of George Eliot's Works	151	Francis Letters	309	Æschylus, Eumenides	417
Punch	431	Wheeler, Miss E.	232, 428	From Suffolk Led to London Merchant (J. Harvey)	74	Books of Reference for Students and Teachers of French	416
Purcell's "Fairy Queen"	453	White v. Constable	256, 280	Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff	442	Chemistry	416
Puttick and Simpson's Sale	256, 381	Widows as Biographers	323	Gladstone, Talks with Mr.	143	Child, The: His Nature and Nurture	539
Queen Victoria	81	Widows	323	Granville, Later Life of Harriet Countess	342	Contes et Mélanges	416
Queen Victoria's Library	273	Winklebury Camp	451	Gray, The Letters of Thomas	399	Contes Français	416
Queen Victoria, "Lives" of	78, 171	Woolwich Librarian	146	Hare, Memoirs of Edward	182	Course of Education, The	539
"Quo Vadis"	211	Wright, Dr. J.	89	Harley, William, a Citizen of Glasgow	182	Demosthenes on the Crown	416
"Rambler," The	172, 540	Wycliffe's Translation of the Bible	437	Harrison, Joshua Clarkson	74	Dent's School Grammar of Modern French	164
Radcliffe Library	544	Yonge, Miss, Memorial to	453	Herschel, William, and His Work	182	Elementary Geography of England and Wales	538
Reading Tables in Parks	544	Zola and the Novel of the Future	41	Hunter, William	369	Euripides, Bacchæ	417
Recessional	279			Joachim, Joseph	333	Famous Englishmen	535
Remuneration of Authors	323			Jones, Paul, The Founder of the American Navy	464	French Correspondence by Easy Stages	416
"Repertoire d'Épigraphie Sémitique"	323			Last of the Great Scouts, The	393	French Language Drill	538
Reprints from American Papers of 1801	453			Laurenson, The Memoirs of Arthur	467	French Picture Primers	416
"Resurrection"	232			Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century	291	German Unseens	538
Reviewed	231			Lord Lilford	34	German Without Tears	538
Revoked Daughter, The	526			Lynn Linton, Mrs.	388	Græcia	538
Richebourg, E.				Lord Monboddo and Some of his Contemporaries	241	Handbook to the Pentateuch	164
"River and the Girl, The," by W. F. Harvey	452			Macarthy, M.D., F.R.S., The Memoirs of James	162	Herodotus IV	417
Robinson, Mr., and "In Memoriam"	353			My Autobiography (Max Müller)	239	History of English Literature	535
Rochester Edition of Dickens Works	377			Napoleon Præsonnier	294	History of Rome, A	535
"Romance of Science"	112			Notes from a Diary, 1889-1891	393	History of South Africa	536
Rosenger, Peter	522			Old Highland Days	445	Introduction to the Study of Physics, An, Vol. I.	417
Rossetti, G.	522			Petrie, Irene	74	Latin Course	536, 537
Rostand, M.	475			Popular Royalty	223	Le Bloeus	538
Royal Geographical Society	429			Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War	53	Little Arthur's History of Greece	535
Royal Literary Fund Dinner	428			Roberts of Pretoria	53	London Matriculation Directory	535
Royal Navy, History of	354, 398, 477			Rosebery, Lord, Imperialist	247	Manual of Elementary Science, The	164
Rumania, Queen of	477			St. Anthony of Padua	182	Modern Chemistry	417
Ruskin	83			St. Louis	296	Notes sur l'Éducation Publique	417
St. Petersburg Library	146			Seventy Years at Westminster	33	Outline History of the British Empire	535
St. Theresa	581			Shifting Scenes	179	Poems of English History	535
Sala, G. A.	92			Steinart, The Reminiscences of	73	Practical Book-keeping	204
Salamon, C. K.	549			Stories of the Queen	162	Præcis and Præcis Writing	539
Salvation Army and Dramas	152			Tait, F. C.	173	Primer of French Literature	416
San Francisco Public Library	105			Talk, F. C.	162	Questions of King Henry V.	164
Shakespeare, Mons.	2			Talk, F. C.	162	Readings in Welsh History	535
Sardou, M.	502			Talk, F. C.	162	Rise of Hellas	417
Saturday Openings of Libraries	372			Talk, F. C.	162	School History of England	535
Schmetterlingsnacht	152			Talk, F. C.	162	Secondary Teaching and Elementary Teaching and Sick Nursing	164
School System	212			Talk, F. C.	162	Short History of the Greeks, A	534
Scott, Sir W.	523			Talk, F. C.	162	South America	538
Scottish History Society	378			Talk, F. C.	162	Temple Molière	538
"Secret Rose," The	572			Talk, F. C.	162	Thucydides	416
Segantini	572			Talk, F. C.	162	Waterloo	538
Seriales	132			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare and Bacon	42, 378			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon	353			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare Quarto, Sale of	173			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare, Folios	388, 428			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare's House, Sale of	428			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare's Statue at Weimar	2			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shakespeare's Tomb	192, 211			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shaw, B.	185			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shepherd, J.	231			Talk, F. C.	162		
Shorter, C.	475			Talk, F. C.	162		
Siddons, Mrs.	59			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Sieges of Limerick and Derry"	522			Talk, F. C.	162		
Sigerson, Dr.	550			Talk, F. C.	162		
Sir William Fraser Chair in Edinburgh University	350, 501, 549			Talk, F. C.	162		
Sixpenny Reprints	131			Talk, F. C.	162		
Six-shilling Novels	378			Talk, F. C.	162		
Skeat, Professor	42			Talk, F. C.	162		
Small Type in America	149			Talk, F. C.	162		
Smith, Dr. W. C.	279			Talk, F. C.	162		
Smith, J. R., Biography of	42			Talk, F. C.	162		
Society of Authors' Fund	172, 378, 437			Talk, F. C.	162		
Society of Spiritists	322			Talk, F. C.	162		
Sotheby's Sale	327			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Source Books," History	91			Talk, F. C.	162		
South Wales Libraries	325			Talk, F. C.	162		
Spencer, H.	168			Talk, F. C.	162		
Split Infinitive, The	152, 476, 525			Talk, F. C.	162		
Spring, S.	256			Talk, F. C.	162		
Spring Announcements	3			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stage Society	78			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stainer, Sir J.	146			Talk, F. C.	162		
Standard English Works in America	378			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stanford, E., Change of Address	146			Talk, F. C.	162		
Steeple Claydon Library	378			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stephen, L.	327			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stevenson, Biographies of	153			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stevenson's Letters	372			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stockill, R.	112			Talk, F. C.	162		
Stokes, Miss, Library of	19			Talk, F. C.	162		
Student Special Number	429			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Studies in Style"	172			Talk, F. C.	162		
Sully-Prudhomme, M.	428			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Sunset Sonnet," by Ethel Wheeler	428			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Sur l'avenir du Clergé"	403			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Symbolist, The," by A. Noyes	325			Talk, F. C.	162		
Synic Lexicon	304			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tabernacle, The, "by F. G. Bowles	549			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Tatler," The	526			Talk, F. C.	162		
Temple of Minos	1			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tenniel, Sir J.	328			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tennyson as a Plagiarist	111			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tennyson's Works (American Edition)	381			Talk, F. C.	162		
Thackeray, New Editions of	476			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Thrush," The	302			Talk, F. C.	162		
Titus	256, 329, 429, 476, 502			Talk, F. C.	162		
Toktoy, Count	132			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tony Lumpkin	273			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tottenham Library	544			Talk, F. C.	162		
Transfer Tickets in Libraries	58			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Travail"	551			Talk, F. C.	162		
Travel, The Literature of	273			Talk, F. C.	162		
Travelling Libraries	508			Talk, F. C.	162		
Turnbull, W.	73			Talk, F. C.	162		
Tyler, Dr. Moses Coit	149			Talk, F. C.	162		
United States Copyright Laws	56			Talk, F. C.	162		
United States Free Libraries	172			Talk, F. C.	162		
Vale Press Publications	476			Talk, F. C.	162		
Velasquez	256			Talk, F. C.	162		
"Venice," by J. E. Patterson	428			Talk, F. C.	162		
Verlaine	453			Talk, F. C.	162		
Vernes, Jules	289			Talk, F. C.	162		
Villemeuve, Guyot de	453			Talk, F. C.	162		
Virgil, Monument at Mantua	472			Talk, F. C.	162		
Virtue, Change of Address	475			Talk, F. C.	162		
Vistas of Futurity	429			Talk, F. C.	162		
Voght, Marquis de	429			Talk, F. C.	162		
Wallace Collection, The	429			Talk, F. C.	162		
Ward, Dr. A. W.	476			Talk, F. C.	162		

CTION—(continued)	PAGE	FICTION—(continued)	PAGE	LITERARY—(continued)	PAGE	ORIENTAL—	PAGE
o of Romance	126	Time's Fool	371	Oswald von Wolkenstein	223	Bibliographie des Ouvrages Arabes	244
Rival Claimants	543	Tragedy of a Pedigree	144	Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare	315	Buddha and Buddhism	243
neymoon in Space	371	Traitor in London, A	299	Pages from a Journal	35	Buddhist Manual of Psychological	243
Familiar Foe	345	Trinity Bells	166	Religious Spirit in the Poets, The	32	Ethics of the Fourth Century A.C.	243
Own Father	222	Troddles and Us	226	Robert Buchanan, the Poet of Modern	364	Imitation of Buddha, The	102
Lordship's Whim	322	Twist Devil and Deep Sea	225	Revolt	227	Leider der Lydischen Wüste	244
ils of the Fell	421	Understudies	542	Robert Louis Stevenson	227	List of Photographic Negatives	244
imitable Mrs. Massingham, The	127	Under the Redwoods	543	Roots Essayists	183	Palestinian Syriac Texts from Palimp-	244
the Palace of a Woman	126	Vaulted Chamber, The	419	Selected Essays	285	est Fragments	244
ner Shrine, The	105	Vereker Family, The	106	Shakespeare, William, Poet, Dramatist,	138	Social Life of the Hebrews, The	243
rades, The	105	Verity	196	and Man	32	Voices of the Past from Assyria and	244
or-Bride, The	207	Veronica Verdant	207	Shakespeare Sermons	220		
any of the Villa	55	Villa Ruben	249	Sir Walter Scott	35		
hn Charity	76	V sits of Elizabeth, The	86	Sleeping Beauty	30		
hn Townley : A Tale for the Times	418	Vizier's Daughter, A	37	Studies in European Literature	30		
idith	145	Voyage	421	(Taylorian Lectures 1889-1899)	163		
die, a Study of a Girl	207	Warden of the Marches, The	542	Study of Poetry	163		
aven of Love, The	298	Wastrel, The, and his Times	104	Welsh Poets of To-day and Yesterday	540		
esser Evil	238	Wayside Wood, A	208	Where is Your Husband?	444		
esson for Life, A	249	Whittonville Stories	185	Wise Men and a Fool	444		
est We Forget	420	White Cottage, The	418				
esters of Her Mother to Elizabeth	470	Wizard's Knot, The	247				
fe Romantic, The	184	Woman's Burden, A	289				
ne Star Rush, The	420	Yolande, the Parisienne	54				
et Land, The	418						
ve of Comrades	37						
ve in our Village	106						
ve and Honour	298						
ver's Replie to an Englishwoman's	469						
Love Letters, The	470						
ove the Laggard	185						
uck of Private Foster, The	396						
ylbeth	345						
ladame Marie, Singer	248						
ladness of David Baring, The	127						
laking of Christopher Ferringham, The	55						
lan Who Forgot, The	207						
lan with the Parrots, The	346						
lany Days After	249						
larrriage of True Minds	469						
Mary Bray, Her Mark	184						
Master Passion, The	321						
Master Sinner, The	143						
Mayor of Littlejey, The	165						
Minder, The	37						
Minor Canon, The	249						
Missing Hero, A	346						
Missing Replie to an Englishwoman's	469						
Love Letters, The	184						
Miss Spinney	321						
Mononia	143						
Monsieur Bergeret à Paris	165						
Monster, The	37						
Morrison's Machine	419						
Moving Finger Writes, The	145						
My First Voyage : My First Lie	345						
My India Queen	59						
My Lady of Orange	298						
My New Curate	206						
My Son Richard	419						
Narrow Way, A	229						
Nance	225						
Naomi's Exodus	184						
New Master, The	371						
Northborough Cross	372						
Northern Lights and Shadows	147						
Number One and Number Two	447						
Observations of Henry, The	55						
Obstinate Pariah, An	421						
Odd Fish	568						
On the Other Side of the Latch	17						
One of Ourselves	104						
Order of Isis, The	420						
Our Family Portraits	519						
Our Friend the Charlatan	239						
Outcast of the Family, The	419						
Outcast Emperor, The	76						
Parious Times	541						
Parson Peter	372						
Pastorals of Dorset	166						
Patched-up Affair, A	248						
Peccavi	145						
Prettiness of Fools, The	420						
Pride of England	104						
Prince Rupert	420						
Princess of Arcady	346						
Pro Patria	165						
Quality Corner	543						
Queen's Mate	248						
Redemption of David Corson, The	447						
Rogue in Love, A	144						
Rosa Amorosa	371						
Royal Sisters, The	76						
Running Amok	225						
Sacred Fount, The	541						
Scholar of His College, A	207						
Scoundrels and Co.	541						
Seal of Silence, The	207						
Second Love	541						
Second Youth of Theodora Desanges,	299						
Secretary of Legation, A	104						
Sen and the Unseen, The	421						
Sentence of the Court, The	346						
Sea	419						
Shadow of Gilead, The	346						
Ship's Adventure, The	298						
Shylock of the River	299						
Silver Skull, The	418						
Small-Part Lady, The	146						
Soldier of the King, A	322						
Son of Austerity, A	55						
Soul of the Countess, The	248						
Story of Ronald Kestrel, The	225						
Straight Shooter	419						
Strange Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle	447						
Strange Happenings	145						
Strength of Straw, The	299						
Syndicate of Sinners, A	248						
Taken by Assault	448						
Tales that are Told	225						
Tales of Indian Chivalry	385						
Tangled Trinites	386						
Tapu of Bander	322						
This Body of Death	322						
Three Days Terror	345						
Three Friends, The	145						

REPRINTS—(continued)	PAGE	SUPPLEMENTS (continued)	PAGE	THEOLOGY—(continued)	PAGE	TOPOGRAPHY, &c.—(continued)	PAGE
In Praise of Folly	52	Latin Self-Educator in	6	Body of Christ	341	Half Hours in Japan	36
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson ..	125	Livy Book I. and Book XXI	7	Book of Peace, The	103	Harrow	417
Lyra Apostolica	343	Miltiades and Epaminondas	8	Christian Conference Essays	69	Helwan and the Egyptian Desert ..	125
Memoir of My Life and Writings (Gibbon)	12	Plato, Selections from	6	Christ an Egypt	181	Highways and Byways in East Anglia ..	143
"Methuen's Little Library"—Lavengro ..	343	Pliny, Selected letters of	8	Christ the Truth	71	History of the Midland Railway, The ..	247
Pendennis, Pride and Prejudice	343	Scale Tertius	7	Clue	71	Holiday Leaflets	563
Nut-Brown Maid	52	Sallust : Catiline	7	Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans	71	Homeland Handbooks	555
Pilgrims' Way, The	562	Tentamina	7	Confession and Absolution	204	Indian Border, The	220
Poems of James Thomson	343	Tully's Offices	6	Counsels for Church People	162	In Tibet and Eastern Turkestan	441
Poe's Poems	236	Xenophon, Anabasis	7	Dissent in England	204	In Tuscany, Tuscan Towns, Tuscan Types, and the Tuscan Tongue ..	183
Psalms of David	343	ENGLISH :-		Encyclopedia Biblica	139	Italian Cities	557
Sartor Resurtus	343	Arithmetic, Business, Elementary Stage ..	10	Facsimiles of Biblical Manuscripts ..	367	Itinerary of the English Cathedrals ..	551
Shakespeare :- Julius Cesar and Two Gentlemen of Verona	52, 538	Astronomy, Primer of	10	Fatal Opulence of Bishops, The ..	102	Jerusalem and its Environs, Practical Guide to	467
Spanish Conquest of America	52	Botany	10	Flora of the Sacred Nativity	155	Kebbleland	550
SCIENCE—		Civilization of the East, The	11	Genesis	358	Khurān and Sistan	232
Chemistry an Exact Mechanical Philosophy	52	Continental Geography Readers	11	Hudbrook to Old Testament History, A ..	356	Little Tour in France, A	295
Electricity	125	Daniel, The Book of	10	History of Confession to 1215	204	Living Races of Mankind, The	246
Forty Years of Work in Canada	164	Dynamics, Treatise on Elementary	10	History of the Roman Movement in the Church of England (1833-1864) ..	71	Madagascar, Mauritius, and other East Indian Islands	125
Scientific and Educational	52	Easy Lesson on Israel in Egypt	10	Huldreich Zwingli	341	Malvern Country, The	561
Human Ear, The	340	Geometry Book, A First	10	Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek, An	366	Manchuria	465
Modern Astronomy	340	Greek Drama, The	11	Joshua	538	Modern Abyssinia	142
Scientific Papers	51, 295	Handbook to the Gospel according to St. Matthew	10	Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation	70	Mount Omi and Beyond	161
Studies in Fossil Botany	52	Hydrostatics, The Elements of	10	Miracles of Unbelief	293	Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford	103
Studies, Scientific and Social	365	Plant Life and Structure	10	Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament	366	Naples, Past and Present	557
Treatise on Zoology	51	School Management and Methods of Instruction	11	Poet of Home Life, The	103	Narrative of General Venables, The ..	121
SOCIOLOGY.		Scott : "Ivanhoe," "Old Mortality," "Woodstock"	9	Pro Patria	70	Natives of South Africa, The	318
Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life	182	Scott Readers for Young People	9	Savonarola	53	New Way Around an Old World	353
SPORTS AND PASTIMES—		Shakespeare : Henry V	9	Sermons on Faith and Doctrine	138	Oxford, Alden's Guide to	553
Bridge Whist—Bridge Abridged	163	Scott's "Ivanhoe," "Old Mortality," "Woodstock"	9	Soothsayer Balaam, The	341	Pages from the Journal of a Queens-land Squatter	164
By Land and Sky	124	Scott Readers for Young People	9	What is Christianity?	341	Paris in its Splendour	123
Eight Duke of Bedford and the Badminton Hunt	435	Story of Thought and Feeling, The ..	11	With Christ in Sailor Town	296	Pearson's Gossipy Guides	561
English Turf, The	296	Temple Continuous Readers	11			Philip's Guides	562
From Gladiator to Persimmon	223	Temple Girls' Readers	11			Picturesque History of Yorkshire, A ..	443
Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun ..	307, 334	Temple Literary Readers	11			Play and Politics in Malaya	343
Laws and Principles of Vint, The ..	53	Temple Nature Readers	11			Romance of Spain, The	51
Outdoor Games : Cricket and Golf ..	390	Twentieth Century New Testament ..	11			Romance of the South Pole, The ..	35
Secrets of the Sword	66					Rouen	202
Sixty Years on the Turf	519					Rumania in 1900	103
Wildfowler in Scotland, The	103					Sailing Alone Round the World	101
SUPPLEMENTS—						Seaside Watering Places	563
March 16th, 1901—Publishers' Spring Announcements						Short History of Sierra Leone	125
Feb. 2nd Educational Supplement.						South Africa a Century Ago	318
CLASSICAL—						Story of Assisi, The	201
Alceste	7					Sunny Days at Hastings and St. Leonards	369
Athenian Drama, The—						Survey (County Guides)	553
Aeschylus : The Oresteian Trilogy ..	4					Survey of London, The	303
The Captivity of Plautus	5					Switzerland, Guide to	563
The Odyssey	5					These from the Land of Sinim	314
Catiline	7					Through Siberia	199
Cicero, Letters of	6					Traveller, The	564
Cicero on Old Age and Friendship ..	6					Traveller's Colloquial French	564
Cicero, Orations of	6					Travels in the East of Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, when Cesarewitch, 1890-1891	285
Demosthenes against Meidias	7					Vagabond in Asia, A	53
Demosthenes, Olynthiacs	7					Voyage of Robert Dudley	121
Greek Unseen	8					Ward, Lock's Shilling Guides	561
Latin Course, Preceptors	8					West African Studies	181
						Winchester	417
						Year in China, A	315
						Zermatt, Guide to	563



Literature

Published by



The Times.

No. 168. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	1, 2, 3, 4
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Decadent Metres," by J. E. Patterson	4
FOREIGN LETTER—The Literary Year in France	5
OLD BOOKS IN 1900	7
THE INTERNATIONAL CATALOGUE OF SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE, by Professor A. W. Rücker.....	8
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	10
REVIEWS—	
The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan	10
Gibbon's Memoirs	12
The Baroness de Bode	13
Happy Suffering	14
Recent Verse—	
The Finding of the Book, and other Poems—Pooms, Chiefly Sacred	
—The Handy Man—More Anagrams—Odes	14, 15
Giorgione	16
One of Ourselves—A Daughter of the Fields—By an Unseen Hand	
—A Twofold Silence.....	17
ART NOTES	16
AMONG THE MAGAZINES.....	17
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for.....	18, 19
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	20

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is perhaps not too much to say that the great journalistic event marking the close of the century is the retirement of Sir John Tenniel from the staff of *Punch*. For fifty years he has pictured weekly the best side of the popular feeling of the moment on current events. Admirable draughtmanship and dignity of treatment—these are not always certainly the first merits required of a caricaturist. But Sir John Tenniel is not really a caricaturist; he has never been indeed first-rate in the art of catching a likeness. But as the great artistic interpreter of national sentiment, now humorous, now pathetic, but always felicitous, he has probably had no equal in any country. His successor, it almost goes without saying, is Mr. Linley Sambourne.

Few standard authors have been so largely represented among recent reprints as Sir Walter Scott, and the first two volumes of yet another edition of the *Waverley Novels* have just reached us from Messrs. A. and C. Black, of a handy size, very clearly printed, in a tasteful binding, and unencumbered with modern comment. We shall publish next week a full-page reproduction of Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of Sir Walter Scott now in the National Portrait Gallery, which our readers, we hope, will like to possess, and will find suitable for framing.

The new practice of compiling history source books, some of which we have noticed recently, is a vivid way of recovering the past; and better than most surveys of the period is the "Source Book" of the past century which *The Times* has Vol. VIII. No. 1.

published this week in the form of extracts—representing each year since 1801—from its own columns. We not only have facts recalled, but—what is more important—points of view. Almost every really great event is brought to our recollection in an intensely interesting way. In the last fifty years poetry is prominent, and the half-century leads off with Thackeray's fine "May Day Ode" in 1851. "Letters to the Editor" are, of course, included. We have a letter from Carlyle, June 19, 1844, on Mazzini's letters, which shows how powerfully he could write even when his mannerisms were forgotten; and we have Dickens' fine protest against public executions on Nov. 14, 1849. How Carlyle's mannerisms first affected his public appears from a review of his "French Revolution" which Thackeray wrote for *The Times* on Aug. 3, 1837. For Thackeray, the "choking double-words" and other eccentricities of Carlyle's "mar his subject and dim his genius." But he gets more used to them as he reads on, and is full of praise of the historian's impartiality.

We shall publish next week some extracts illustrative of literary criticism during the century. One of the most familiar observations of the present day is that the real art of criticism is dead. Criticism, of course, suffers from over-production; but we should fancy that, so far as well-informed reviewing is concerned, the criticism of to-day—when it gets away from photographs of authors and their birthplaces—has, on the whole, improved, simply because the general standard of culture is a little bit higher. The critics praised, and justly praised, the recent books of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley; but they were perfectly aware that "Napoleon: the Last Phase" did not add anything to history regarded as a congeries of external facts, and that Mr. Morley's "Cromwell" did not pretend to strike the world by a new view of the Protector.

There will not [be so many] centenaries of great writers to celebrate this year as last, when the excitement was divided between Chaucer, Cowper, and James Thomson, and might have been extended to Dryden, Hooker, and Macaulay. The 21st of February next will be the hundredth anniversary of John Henry Newman's birth, but the treacherous ashes, not yet cold over the fires kindled by the Oxford Movement, demand wary walking. The 9th of August will be the centenary of G. P. R. James' birth, but in James' ashes the fire, it is to be feared, is out. When, however, Mr. Stephen Phillips ventured in *Herod* to refer to "a solitary horseman," criticism, it appeared, had not forgotten that that venerable figure was a property of G. P. R. James. Or there is the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Sedley, to whom, according to the Merry Monarch, nature had given a patent to be Apollo's viceroy, and his style would be the standard of the English tongue. Apart from this encomium he lives in literature as the *Lisideius* of Dryden's essay, and as the author of the charming lyrics to Chloris and Celia. But Sir Charles Sedley's is scarcely a name to conjure with to-day.

Enthusiasm that the public can spare for literary anniversaries may, however, be concentrated on the millenary of good King Alfred.

* * * *

Mr. Thomas Hardy has written verses at odd moments for some thirty years; and he collected them, it will be remembered, a little more than a year ago in "Wessex Poems and other Verses." He is by no means the only novelist who takes to poetry in the intervals of fiction. Besides Mr. Meredith, Mr. Conan Doyle has given us some stirring verse; and his "Who's that Calling?" is about the best Imperial song we have had. Mr. Hardy has recently appeared in the *Sphere* with a rhymed legend called "The Lost Pyx," and in the *Graphic* with a poem on the new century—a curious contrast to the large and rather vague imaginings of the Poet Laureate in his "The Passing of the Century" published in *The Times* of Monday. Mr. Hardy is unambitious and strictly lyrical. He is dreaming over fate rather pessimistically when a thrush's sudden note rouses him to hopefulness and to song. We commend this idea to the editor of the new poetical periodical which we notice elsewhere.

* * * *

The Poet Laureate buries the old year in four stanzas, and greets the new in two. We quote the last stanza to show his metre and his manner.

Yet mind her dawn of the dark, for she,
She too must pass 'neath the lych-gate porch;
And give to her keeping the vestal Torch,
That may off-time smoulder, and sometimes scorch,
But rebrilliantens and burns eternally:
The beacon on land and the star at sea,
When the night is murky, and the mist is dense,
To guide us Whither, remind us Whence,
The Soul's own lamp through the shades of sense.
She must tread the Unknown the dead year trod;
Though rugged the road, yet the goal is God,
And the will of all-wise Omnipotence.

* * * *

The *Morning Post* has opened a subscription list with the object of helping the local authorities of Stratford-on-Avon to pay for the repairing of Shakespeare's tomb.

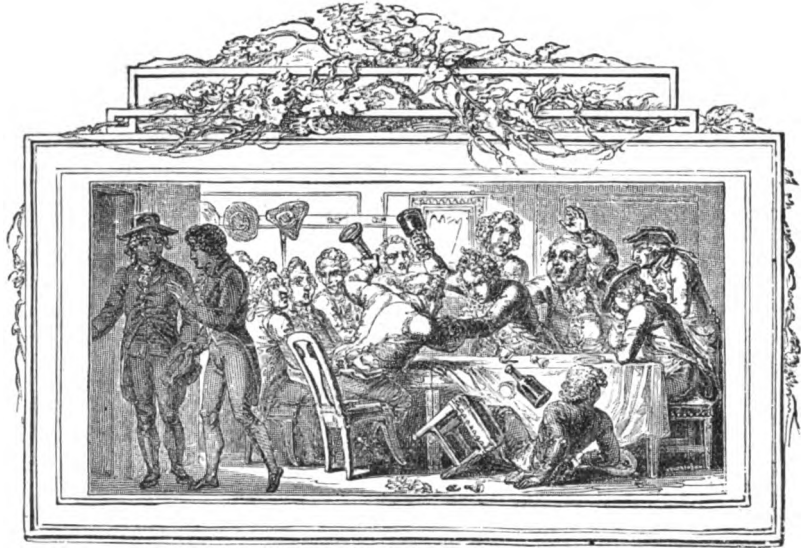
* * * *

Do the late M. Sarcey's observations on Shakespeare in the most recent volume of the famous critic's "Quarante Ans de Théâtre" illustrate, as most of M. Sarcey's criticisms did the attitude of the average French mind? To M. Sarcey *King Lear* was a "horrible nightmare"; *Hamlet* he could not understand, nor did he believe any one else could. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* pleased him, on the whole, not because of its delicious poetry, but because Shakespeare with his incomparable stage knowledge and instinct knew exactly how to mix the fairy and the comic elements. *The Merchant of Venice* was not a piece to be taken seriously, but an operetta "avec cette réserve, que les espaces qui sont chez nous réservés à la musique dans l'opérette le sont ici à la poésie." Much *Ado* about *Nothing* appeared to M. Sarcey to be a "marivandage" combined with melodramatic elements. It must be remembered that M. Sarcey had little English, no more, he admits, than was necessary "pour deviner un article de journal." Even so, his opinions are surprising in their frank inability to grasp the inwardness of Shakespeare's genius. What would be said in France if one of our foremost dramatic critics were to treat Molière or even Racine in this fashion?

* * * *

Some very interesting examples of old woodcuts are reproduced in a recent reprint published by Mr. Freemantle, and the pictures are a good example of book illustration of the older

school. The book, well got up with gilt edges, and a picture in gilt line on the cover, is "The Club," that forgotten



[From "The Club" (Freemantle).]

work of James Puckle, Notary Publick, who died in 1724, in which he embodied, in the form of a Dialogue between a Father and Son, "Maxims, Advice, and Cautions," and called it "A Grey Cap for a Green Head." Mr. Austin Dobson introduces this "hotchpot of maxims and aphorisms, some of which are wise, some quaint, some shrewd, and some (inevitably) commonplace," with a preface on Puckle and the bibliography of his books. The inclusion of the designs of John Thurston, a well-known draughtsman at the beginning of this century, make up for whatever may be to seek in the interest of the text. We reproduce his picture of the Club, the proceedings of which, as reported by the "Son," were the occasion of the sage observations of the "Father."

* * * *

Sir Thomas Clark, whose death was announced the other day, was not the first publisher to fill the highest position which the city of Edinburgh can offer—that of Lord Provost. Mr. Adam Black (who founded the firm of Adam and Charles Black in 1807 and made it famous in connexion with the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *Waverley Novels*) became Lord Provost in 1843. He held the office for six years, and subsequently went to Westminster as representative of the city. The house of T. and T. Clark had been founded a quarter of a century when Sir Thomas entered it, and he became sole partner when his uncle, the founder, died. His name is associated with many important theological and philosophical series, including *The Foreign Theological Library*, *The International Theological Library*, and *The International Critical Commentary*. Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," which Messrs. Clark also publish, is in its third volume, the fourth volume being in the press. Sir Thomas's elder son, Mr. John Maurice Clark, who succeeds to the title, is now the senior partner of the firm.

* * * *

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, whose death is announced, was a well-known American politician—Governor, Congressman, and Senator of his native State, Minnesota. It is a pity that his name will be remembered as that of a literary "crank" instead of a capable politician. By a series of almost entirely arbitrary rules and calculations he evolved a cypher code in the *First Folio* of Shakespeare (printed some years after Shakespeare's death), and extracted from one of the plays, by sheer violence, the sentence: "Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, wrote these plays in his spare time, when he had any, and generously presented them to one William Shakespeare, actor." That there was no Viscount St. Albans living in Shakespeare's lifetime did not trouble Mr. Donnelly.

Nevertheless, he found a sufficient following to ensure, at any rate, the record of his "discovery" in the history of literary curiosities.

* * * *

Though the Covenanters continue to be held in great veneration north of the Tweed, and it is regarded as almost criminal to hint that any of them were less than perfect, a vast amount of ignorance exists concerning them. Men speak with pride of "the Covenanters" who could not name the leading men among them, who know nothing of their principles, and who probably never even heard of the "Queensferry Paper" or the "Sanquhar Declaration." Only the other day, when the "Covenanters' House" at Queensferry was sold, some, otherwise well-informed, Scottish newspapers described it as the place where Donald Cargill, "one of the writers of what was known as the 'Queensferry Paper,' received the blow which caused his death." As a matter of fact Donald Cargill was executed in Edinburgh, where, in the language of the day, he "glorified God in the Grassmarket"; the person who received his death-blow at the Queensferry hostelry was Henry Hall of Haughhead. In the latest volume of the "Heroes of the Covenant Series" (Paisley: Alexander Gardner) an excellent account is given of "The Life and Times of Donald Cargill, Minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow." The author, the Rev. W. H. Carlaw, writes as a partisan; but he gives much valuable information regarding an important period in Scottish history. Cargill was the minister of the congregation which worshipped in the Laigh Kirk or Crypt of the Cathedral of Glasgow, described in Scott's "Rob Roy" as the place where Francis Osbaldistone was taken by Andrew Fairservice, and where he received a private warning from Rob Roy. For refusing to take part in the public thanksgiving for the Restoration, and for other causes, Cargill was banished beyond the Tay. He was one of the more extreme men, and after the battle of Bothwell Brig, where he was wounded, drafted the "Queensferry Paper" in which the King and the Government were rejected "from being our King and rulers." The story of Cargill's life during the 19 years after he was expelled from the Barony Church is most interesting, and is well told.

* * * *

From America:—

The successful American man of business seems likely to have a new field for his ambition. He is, so many people are beginning to think, the proper man to preside over a University. There might be the same scope for him in England if it were not for ancient endowments. Dr. Gilman has resigned the office of President of the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, and a well-known financier of New York and Baltimore has been suggested as his successor. The fact that the Johns Hopkins University has need to increase its funds may have something to do with this proposal. Other Universities are in the same predicament. The Brown University at Providence, R.I., is trying to raise a second sum of a million dollars for endowment. The University of California is contemplating an expenditure of ten million dollars in buildings, and the budget of Columbia College, New York, just issued for the coming year, provides for the expenditure of nearly one million dollars for educational and administrative purposes, and of 170,000 dollars, or thereabouts, for interest on bonds and the expenses of management. These pecuniary requirements are often a proof of the lack of good business management. The trustees have other businesses to look after, and are efficient only as an advisory committee. The same talent that builds up a mercantile or financial institution is required to manage the complicated business of a University, and many people are beginning to think that what is wanted is a man of affairs, with a competent knowledge of business and finance, and a larger knowledge of the world than is usually found in distinguished scholars.

The management of a "University" on business principles has sometimes another side. A flourishing industry has just received its death blow by the conviction of "Dr." James

Armstrong, President of the Metropolitan and Independent Medical Colleges and the Illinois Health University. The work of his University was entirely confined to the selling diplomas to applicants for cash down. There is a simplicity in this method of conferring degrees which proved highly attractive. The Post Office authorities, however, intervened on the ground that the learned doctor was using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and his career of usefulness has been brought to an untimely end.

During the past year in America the historical novel has held its own. Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold" comes first by a long way, then Mr. James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law," while closely following on this is Mr. Churchill's "Richard Carvel" and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's "Janice Meredith." Their sale in England has been limited almost in every case owing to their local colouring. In *belles lettres* one book stands out from the rest, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "American Anthology," only recently published. Mr. Stedman some three years ago collected together a volume of poetry entitled "A Victorian Anthology," and the American people, indeed all Anglo-Saxons, cannot feel too appreciative to Mr. Stedman for his persevering labour. Mr. Seton-Thompson's books are very popular, and Messrs. Scribner have sold 71,444 copies of his "Wild Animals I Have Known." Mr. Wyckoff's two books on "The Workers of the East and West of the States" have maintained a steady sale, as also have Mr. Hillegas' two volumes on the South African embroglio, particularly "Oom Paul's People." A volume that appeals chiefly to Americans has found a ready public; it is "Nooks and Corners of Old New York." Other books constantly asked for during the year were the Dooley Books, Josiah Flynt's tramping volumes, Mr. Fiske's works, and Julia Ward Howe's "Reminiscences." Other volumes of importance have been:—Mr. Hudson's two volumes, "Psychic Phenomena" and "The Divine Pedigree of Man," a translation of Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," Savage's "Life Beyond Death," Captain Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World," and McClay's "History of American Privateers." In the "fall" of the year the volumes which succeeded were "Love Letters of a Musician" and "Later Love Letters of a Musician," Julian Ralph's "Towards Pretoria," Van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck," Lloyd's "Country Without Strikes," "China's Open Door," by Mr. R. Wildman, and Roosevelt's "Oliver Cromwell." The books of the last few weeks of any importance have been "With Both Armies in South Africa," "A Literary History of America," "The Fields of Dawn, and other Poems," by Lloyd Mifflin, Buell's "Paul Jones," and "American Fights and Fighters," by Cynes Townshend Brady.

Another book which has sold well shows the popularity of limited editions of standard English works among the cultured classes in America—viz., Pepys' Diary, edited by W. H. Wheatley. It was published in three forms, each set containing 18 volumes—the Magdalene College Edition of 75 copies; the Bampton Edition of 250 copies; and the limited Library Edition of 1,000 copies. The orders now received by the publishers, Croscup and Sterling, exhaust the issue.

Among the book collectors of America who can afford high-priced volumes the method of issuing limited editions with each set numbered is becoming more and more the fashion, and there is a keen competition to get early numbers. In this way the "Life and Works of Lord Tennyson," in 14 volumes, was recently disposed of almost as soon as it was issued, in a royal edition of 26 lettered sets, and a limited edition of 50 numbered sets, the prices ranging from £16 to £35.

Mr. W. J. Bryan intends to find consolation for his recent defeat in newspaper work. He is starting a weekly paper, the *Commoner*, which will defend the principles of the Kansas City platform. "Through such a paper," he says, "I shall be able to keep in touch with social and political problems . . . and provide an income for my pecuniary needs." If he hopes to convert the American public to free silver he will have an uphill fight; though he can, doubtless, obtain financial backing for the purpose.

Sir Walter Besant's familiar *causeries* in the columns of the *Queen* came to an end last week. They have had many readers,

even among those who do not regard the *Causeries*. greater part of the contents of that excellent newspaper as written for their learning; and in reading the farewell comment on "The Passing Show" one had the sensation of parting with a friend. The sensation disarms cavil and compels a favourable verdict. From certain points of view these weekly instalments of gossip about things in general were no doubt open to criticism. One critic might object to their staccato style, and another might wish that they harped less continually on the wickedness of publishers—a theme no less capable of palling through undue iteration than the wickedness of cooks and parlourmaids. But every man has a hobby-horse of some sort that he wants to ride—more especially every man whose personality is strong and well-defined; and in a *causerie* it is personality far more than literary skill that tells. Many brilliant writers, justly famous in other fields, have failed lamentably as *causeurs*. We are thinking of two eminent contemporary novelists who essayed the art, abandoned it, and confided to their friends that it bored them. Possibly they were not the only persons whom their endeavours bored. Their conception of a *causerie* was a periodical display of literary fireworks, and fireworks are things that dazzle more than they delight. One may begin by admiring them, but their continuance by no means engenders the feeling that intimate personal relations have been established between the spectators and the man who lets them off. Fireworks, in fact, are impersonal. The essence of the *causerie* is that it introduces into the circle a new friend who gradually becomes an old friend, whose temperament we know as well as his opinions, whose defects we get to like as well as his qualities, whose good stories we are willing to hear a second time. And as these conditions are not fulfilled by the *causeur* who merely lets off fireworks, so also they are not fulfilled by the *causeur* who merely entertains us with anecdotal reminiscences of his illustrious friends. We all know such *causeurs*. Of one the sole *raison d'être* may be that he has sometimes supped in the past with Sir Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole; of another the *causeries* may be little more than a diary of his visits to and conversation with contemporary men and women of letters; a third may leave us weekly with the impression that there never was a literary man before who was on such intimate terms with so many hotel-keepers in all corners of the United Kingdom. This kind of thing is not a *causerie* in the proper sense of the word. From the literary point of view it ranks with the gossip in *M.A.P.* The true *causerie* is the natural and easy expression of an individuality and an outlook upon life. The individuality need not even be attractive; the point of view need not be that of the reader. But the point of view must be clear and the individuality must be strong. It was this precision of thought and this evident force and originality of character that accounted for the wide interest taken in the *causeries* contributed by J. F. Nisbet to the *Referee*. Many of his readers must often have resented things he said; but they looked forward, nevertheless, to their weekly meeting with that iconoclast, laying about him with a sledge-hammer, and smashing up the idols of the market-place. He knew what he wanted to say; you could not predict it; but when he had said it, it was just what you would have expected him to say. Grant Allen was another *causeur* of the same type. He was like an old friend, dropping in once a week to advise you to nationalize your garden, burn your Bible, and prefer the minor to the major poets. You might have no intention of following his advice on any of these points, but you found it more interesting to follow his breezy arguments in favour of these extravagant proceedings than to be told of a joke cracked by Mr. J. L. Toole at the supper table. Similarly with other *causeurs*—even with those who have not, as a rule, laid themselves out to prove things. Whenever they have been conspicuously successful it has been in virtue of personal rather than literary qualities, the spirit rather than the letter giving life. It was so with James Payn, whose delightful *bonhomie* so

quickly cheered the readers who had been depressed by the contents of the commonplace books of "G. A. S." It is so with Mr. Andrew Lang, from whom, in consideration of his buoyant spirits and his flippantly cynical attitude towards the popular idols of the hour, we accept a good deal more folk-lore than we really want. It has been so with Sir Walter Besant, who will understand that it is not disparagement but praise to say that his *causeries* have made him a host of friends, not because of their literary merits, but because his readers learnt to like him.

Personal Views.

DECADENT METRES.

Many things are needed to make up the full totalled signs of the times. Nature, in her everlasting moulding and remoulding, requires even the most insignificant items to complete her continual changing whole; and, with the wilfulness of an imperious mistress, she takes whatever she wants. Thus that most abused of penmen, the "minor poet," is brought in to play his infinitesimal part in the great plan. Take him where we may, in our day he is serious—with, perhaps, the one notable exception of Mr. Seaman, not forgetting Mr. Kipling's occasional under-lying vein of humour. "The curse of stress is on us all"; and not only are our bards damped with the weighty problems and burdens of modern life, they—a proof of their having some artistic faculty—show their over-pressing seriousness in the very metre they use; the iambic, for it is practically the one metre of to-day.

True, it is the ideal one—in English—for earnest work; yet as to its flexibility we have but to refer to honest Ben's song "To Celia," Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," Pope's "Ode to St. Cecilia," that beautiful little lyrical gem of Waller's "Go, lovely rose!"—and to many others, some written in pure iambic lines of equal length, and some in pindarics. But that in which the poets of this day seem particularly to exhibit their stress is in the almost entire disuse of the anapæst and dactyl. In English we have only four proper metres, the two just mentioned, the tripping trochee, and the stately iambus. All others are—so to write—but illegitimate variations of the legitimate.

Thus the two most musical measures we have are dying of cold neglect. And why this return to a too liberal use of the metre that marked our literary history when learning was in fashion? Why make it the favourite now when learning is not in vogue, even in cultured circles?—or, rather, when science is the learning of the day. Why? Because our poets have been asleep on the way, had foul dreams, and forgotten their mission now they have arrived. Beauty and melody in words are being slain by the iron sledge of the stress of life. Just as we have no true lyricist of a high order, so are we barren of the bards who write because they must, and paint mental pictures as with an Eastern brush and the virility of our Northern clime. The bard of to-day, with his poor ludicrous dignity, is

Cooped in a narrow academic cell,
Where horror rules, and sadness loves to dwell,
Life's choicest hours inglorious doth waste,
And leaps, "in search of truth," the bounds of taste.

And what, but the ugly toads and such, which we do not want, does he bring us back from his leaping beyond the pale of beauty?

True, the bard who knows and strives to compass his birth-right can give us as rich beauty in iambic as in any other measure—even more so; but for melody he must quit this cold-

state beating out of lines, and either use a pindaric vehicle in which to carry his fancies into our stressful minds or the more lilting means of the dactyl or anapest. Passion accompanied by melody is a forceful power; but—if it may be so expressed—the cold-heat passion of our modern poets is an exasperating quantity of which they would be truly ashamed were they not so blinded by their mask of smile-begetting dignified seriousness. Well could one cry: "Oh, come again—"

Ye frolic Sternes, with Nature's genuine ease,
Who laugh, and talk, and write whate'er you please;
Who wage with solemn form eternal war,
Wit's brighter meaning glimm'ring thro' a star;
Yet 'mid digression's wild meanders scan
Each fond caprice that marks the soul of man.

There are those who would say to the bard, as a critic said to a young versifier some years ago, "Beware of the dactyl as you would of —." In the presence of ears polite the name gives us pause. But is not this the mere duck-and-drake skimming of criticism? What of the "Boat Song" in *The Lady of the Lake*? or of "Where shall the lover rest," and other songs of Scott's? What of the haunting melody and beauty of Hogg's "Skylark" and of Byron's "Song of Saul before the last Battle"? These—and others almost as good—are written in true dactyl measure; despite the fact of its being one that will "run away" with its writer, one more adapted for those who write with greater ease than depth of thought. But then, in addition to thought, virility and enthusiasm are needed for good work in dactyls; to-day the second is at a large discount among bards, while their enthusiasm is all given to guesses at the landscape in the fog of science.

When we turn to our other lilting metre, the anapestic, we are confronted with scores of pieces which are truly poetical in all that makes poetry—in the idea, its rendering, and the sideward glimpses made up of imagery, metaphor, sentiment, and passion. Moore has been dubbed the poet of fancy. But added to his gift of pretty notions, he possessed the artistic faculty, the sense of construction, talent to tell an interesting tale and project characters on to his canvas; while for the first three of the just mentioned four encrusting beauties of poetry no one need go further than his "Irish Melodies." Passion he certainly had not. But, ah, what pathos, what an amount of genial humanity is found in the lettered Irishman, and—last and greatest—what melody he did have! Shall we ever have another lyrist of his kind? No. For the times which moulded him and his genius into what they became will never be again. One would not be far wrong were he to say, "If Tom Moore could have exchanged his irresistible vein of sadness for some of the passion of his 'noble contemporary,' he would have written in dactyls, and have given us a very wealth of stirring war and sporting songs in the place of these love and wine-loving melodies."

But Moore is not the only one who has given the world such splendid work in anapests. Scott and Byron could use the metre as well as he; and while the Border-bard could infuse it with the power that comes of lofty images, Byron instilled into it the passion which a writer in the *Spectator* some time ago tried to prove the be-all and end-all of poetry. In addition to these, look at the pastorals and elegies of Shenstone and Brerewood, Beattie's "Hermit," and a host of commendable pieces by other writers. The poets of our day have sufficient thought, and among them are those who see life with both eyes. Then why do they not rivet some of their efforts with the melody that keeps a piece in one's mind after the book is put down?

There are those who go so far as to say that poetry must die—that the unavoidable materialism of coming days must naturally kill it. This one is privileged to doubt. Were not the Romans, in their way, as material and practical as any race the world has known? Yet poetry flourished with them as it does not with us to-day. But if poetry in idea dies not, it seems that melody in words will come very near its death-bed, for it is already sickening that way. What greater proof of this could one have than the continual complaint of musicians—that they are unable to set the lyrics of our poets, for the one reason that such pieces are so unmelodious as to be outside the pale of that which may be sung? Pretty in idea many of them are—pretty enough to please any healthy mind; but with that ends all their attractiveness. Mere prettiness will not make a song that is worthy of the name. They are unlyrical. Not that they are more overburdened with thought than the lyrical little beauties of bygone days. A passing glance is sufficient to show that the old-time songs, still alive and likely to live, have earnest thought and pretty images, united with verbal melody—a singableness, so to write, which, more often than not, is gained solely by a judicious use of the dactyl and the anapest.

J. E. PATTERSON.

Foreign Letter.

THE LITERARY YEAR IN FRANCE.

The last twelve months of this closing century in France have been wanting in what Frenchmen call "literary events." Yet, before attempting a rapid summary of the literary output in Paris during the past year, one may indicate three or four salient literary features of the period. It is, for instance, the year of "l'Aiglon," the year, therefore, of a bubble reputation and a name. "L'Aiglon" was a great "success," it still remains so; but, in spite of the critics who wrote before the publication of the text, it had little to do with literature. The appearance of the volume proves that France has still to wait for a great dramatic poet capable of distinguishing emphasis and rhetoric from the finer resonances, even of such verse as that of "Hernani." M. Rostand is the slave of his verbal images, and not the master of his words. Hailed as a great poet, he is not even a good writer; his work, I repeat, does not directly belong to literature.

At a moment when all the streams of artistic sensibility converged towards a vast World's Fair, verses so sonorous and a play so spectacular responded admirably to the taste of the general spectator. In fact, no estimate of this year's literary work can be made without recalling the predominance of the Exhibition in the preoccupations of Frenchmen. If the Dreyfus affair has seemed in many cases to paralyse the finer sensibilities of certain French writers, if a Lemaitre and a Coppée have produced only scurrilous literary pamphlets, the Exhibition, too, has undoubtedly interrupted the steady flow of books. There is not a bookseller in Paris who will not assure you that never was there a year in which his sales have been so unsatisfactory. If any proof were needed of this it could be found in the increased price of French publications—a change attributed to the publisher, but no doubt accepted eagerly by the bookseller. The buyer grumbled only for forty-eight hours, and finally saw little hardship in having to pay 3f. instead of 2f. 75c. for a book that he had made up his mind to possess.

But the first persons to profit by this rise in the price of books have not been Frenchmen, but foreigners. And this brings us to another feature of the year—namely, the success of a half-a-dozen foreign novelists, the sale of whose books has far exceeded that of native writers. Count Tolstoi's "Resurrection" was bound to obtain instant recognition. Its influence is now being

every morning shown in a striking manner in the early pages of M. Zola's new novel, "Travail," which has just begun as a *feuilleton* in the *Aurore*, and which must be considered one of the important productions of 1900. But Tolstoi is an old story, and it is not to such as he that I referred. The new authors revealed this year to Frenchmen are conspicuously the Pole Sienkiewicz; the Tyrtæus of the Anglo-Saxons, Mr. Rudyard Kipling; and the anonymous compiler of the "Arabian Nights." Not merely "Quo Vadis," but many another novel by the same eloquent pen has been on every *salon* table. Not even M. Georges Ohnet, who still continues, in novels like "La Ténébreuse" (Ollendorff), to appeal to the prejudices and primitive tastes of the lower middle class, has ever reached the sale attained by this foreign romance, which, with M. Mardrus' translation of the "Arabian Nights" (*Revue Blanche*), has been one of the great "successes" of the year. The *Mercur de France*, moreover, which has introduced the Norwegians to the boulevards and recently undertaken a translation of Nietzsche, has rendered Mr. Kipling also the service of continuous translation. It thus completes the efforts of writers like Mme. Bentzon, M. Abel Chevalley, and M. André Chevrillon to interpret the literature, as Frenchmen call it, "of the North." Mr. Kipling has interested Frenchmen as a type; his writings are studied as a document; but he has entertained them as well. While such men as Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy and Mr. Wells are also known and cultivated here, it is Kipling who stands as the representative of English fiction, and this is mainly the result of the efforts of a few critics during the past year. Even M. Brunetière has admitted him to his *Review*, acting in the spirit of its title, "Review of the Two Worlds," an ideal in which he has no more intelligent assistant than Mme. Bentzon, whose latest novel, "Tchelovek" (Calmann-Lévy), is one of the half-a-dozen best stories of the year.

French fiction, in fact, has been this year relatively meagre in quantity and quality. It has been drowned in the effulgence of the Exhibition, and, to use the classical image of the father of literature, only the very brightest luminaries still remain visible near the moon. M. Huysmans, whose peculiar light would always attract attention, has published nothing. He has been occupied with a book which must be now nearly ready, "L'Oblat," the history of one more stage on his route towards Roman Catholicism. We have had posthumous Maupassants and Daudets, which will add nothing to, but will not detract from, the reputation of these writers. We have had, also, the usual output from the great purveyors of average fiction—M. Ollendorff and M. Fasquelle; but on these long lists there are but half-a-dozen volumes which should be mentioned and read—for instance, M. Muhlfeid's "La Carrière d'André Tourette," M. Octave Mirbeau's "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre," and MM. Rosny's "La Charpente." There remain only the names of Barrès, Bourget, and Prévost. From them much is always expected, and they have in large measure fulfilled their silent contract with their admirers. M. Barrès, whose ironic, irritable, and highly-cultivated temperament allows him to preserve a cool detachment, has brought out, in the second volume of his trilogy, "L'Appel au Soldat," a sequel to the suggestive, but chaotic, book "Les Déracinés." This volume is worthy of the author of "Le Jardin de Béatrice," and is one of the best books of the year. M. Bourget's fecundity is astonishing. Throughout the year there have appeared successive volumes of the so-called definitive edition of his works, pruned and Bowdlerized so as to bring them into harmony with his new philosophy of life. At the same time he has brought out three other volumes of tales. These have been noticed in *Literature*, save the very best, "Un Homme d'Affaires" (Plon)—one of M. Bourget's most satisfactory productions. More and more he is confronting frankly, like a Dumas *fil*s, the general problems of civilized men in society. He has apparently quitted for good the perfumed air of "Mensonges" in order to deal, on a wider canvas, where the perspective of social manners can be kept more true, with the questions which would, nowadays, have interested his master, Balzac. M. Marcel Prévost, after having

achieved in "Le Jardin Secret" a little masterpiece of subtle psychology, redolent rather of the eighteenth century than of the epoch of Flaubert, Zola, and Bourget, has been this year obviously under the influence of English fiction, which he admires and knows well. He now appeals to a larger public, and adopts a manner less distinguished, but more really human, and in two volumes published by Lemaire, "Léa" and "Frédérique," he discusses the feminist problem with a completeness and seriousness disconcerting to some of the admirers of his "Lettres de Femmes." Such is the substance of French fiction during the past year, and we may pass hastily over some other works recorded with more detail from time to time in *Literature*, such as Madame Bertheroy's "Lucie Guérin," Monsieur Le Roy's "Jacques le Croquant," the new volumes of MM. Theuriot and Léon Daudet, of Henry Gréville, Hugues Le Roux, and Madame Lesueur, all of whom have an audience which their excellent literary craftsmanship deserves. The book of M. Le Roy appeared, like M. Le Braz's "Le Gardien du Feu," in Calmann-Lévy's "Revue de Paris." More and more do the readers of the great reviews and the learned periodicals find in them the best among the books produced in this country. Nine-tenths of what really counts in contemporary literature appeals to the public first through the magazines.

A conspicuous exception to this statement is, however, found in the literature of Memoirs and Biographies. This is mainly the specialty of two houses, Calmann-Lévy and Plon, although, of course, other establishments like that of MM. Hachette, with its "Life of Pasteur," by M. Vallery-Radot, often produce important works of the kind. A special word is due, even in so rapid a summary as this, to the conscientious account, by the son-in-law of the great *savant*, of what may be called the origins of Pasteur. Its importance depends on the fulness of detail in regard to his heredity and early life, quite as much as on the clear exposition of his discoveries. But it is chiefly to MM. Plon and Calmann-Lévy that the large number of Frenchmen who delight in historical memoirs—a larger number than in any country in the world—go for the pleasure that the compatriots of Saint-Simon know so well how to evoke. We have had this year, published by MM. Plon, and edited by M. Biré—who has just finished his edition of Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe" (Garnier)—an edition of "Les Mémoires du Général d'Andigné," in which the American wars, as well as the *chouannerie*, are related with fresh details by an eye-witness and actor. Plon has given us also Baron de Comeau's "Souvenirs des Guerres d'Allemagne," the story by an *émigré*, appointed by Napoleon as the representative of Bavaria on the Imperial Staff, of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and other great days of the *épopée*, which no one was better fitted to describe than he. Of no less value is the discovery by the same house of the souvenirs of a once famous Dutch general under the First Empire, the Baron de Dedem, whose impressions of Frenchmen and Napoleon and the state of Europe are among the most piquant documents of this period that have been unearthed in recent years. More remarkable still is the latest book published by the Academician, M. Vandal, entitled "Le Voyages du Marquis de Nointel." Here we have the history of what was, perhaps, the most brilliant mission (1670-1680) ever despatched by France to the East—the mission to which we owe Galland's translation of the "Arabian Nights," the enrichment of the Louvre and the royal galleries with the spoils of the Orient, and the famous collection of drawings of the Parthénon attributed to Carrey. M. Vandal, in a long note, proves that these drawings were the work of a young Flemish painter whose name is unknown, but who drew under Nointel's direction. Of much less serious significance, but no less entertaining, is the volume published by Calmann-Lévy for M. Paul Lafond, of the sparkling little Basque, the singer Garat, without whose presence no *fête* at Versailles or the Trianon or in the town was worthy of the name. Garat was a Don Juan of the eighteenth century, about whom pironetted in its last graceful contortions the vanishing society of the old *régime*. He was the most brilliant of all the French singers; no one trilled with

rich spontaneity and success, and nothing could have been happier than the idea of showing this moment of Parisian life as seen by the most engaging personage who figured in it.

At the present moment, just as in the old feudal days, when, gathered about the fireside, they capped each other's stories in the famous legendary *gab* (*gaber* was the word in old French for his amœbean amusement), the French are the masters of the *conte* and the anecdote. In spite of the efforts of the University, as seen in the rigorous method of a Seignobos and Lavissee and Langlois (witness the new History of France now appearing from the house of Hachette), to shackle the playfulness of the French story-telling temperament, their historians remain charmers and artists. The recent compilation by M. Pierre de Ségur, entitled "La Jeunesse du Maréchal de Luxembourg" (Calmann-Lévy), covers ground already worked by men like Cheruel and the late Duc d'Aumale, but it is singularly brilliant in its style. The same is true of Comte Ducos' "La Mère du Duc d'Enghien" (Plon). M. Gauthier Villars has studied, moreover, with extraordinary detail, after Comte Fleury (whose book *Literature* noticed some months ago), "The Marriage of Louis XV."—this is the title of the book—with the luckless King of Poland's daughter. M. Gauthier Villars has discovered fresh documents which throw a search-light up the back-stairs of the Royal palaces at this hideous moment of Court life in France, and the lovers of Royal gossip will find enough to entertain them here. There is a purer air in the remarkable study by M. Lacour Gayet, "L'Éducation Politique de Louis XIV." (Hachette). "L'hommage est dû aux Rois, ils font ce qu'il leur plaist" was the sentence which the young Louis XIV., while learning how to write, copied in his large, childish hand. It was a sentence he never forgot. He was taught Latin by Perefex, the historian of Henry IV., and this professor evidently left a lasting impression, for if Louis XIV. rarely alludes in his despatches to his father or to Richelieu, he often enough mentions in defence of his own policy that of his grandfather, Henry IV. The author has swelled his book with a study of contemporary opinions on the regal power. If he had been acquainted with a book like M. Gooch's "History of Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century," he would certainly have modified his views on the reasons for the acceptance by the Calvinistic theologians of the theory of Divine Right.

I have mentioned the double appearance, in periodical and book form, of the best that is thought and said in *belles lettres* in France. There is a parallel phenomenon when we come to works of erudition. In view of the vast misunderstanding which exists abroad as to the perspective, as it may be called, of French letters, it would be culpably unfair in a review of the literary year not to give proper space to scientific criticism and philosophy. The foreigner should never forget that the Seine divides Paris into two almost separate worlds—the world of the boulevards, with the fashionable quarters of the Champs Élysées, for whom such books as we have so far considered are produced, and the world of the vast University, where the intellectual life is as agitated and complex as it was in Alexandria of old—the Alexandria which also possessed its Cleopatra. More than half of the lectures given at the Sorbonne or the Collège de France, as well as the theses handed in for degrees, must take rank as literature. In the past all the best products of the Taines, the Renans, and the Claude Bernards were offered to the public in this form, and the same is true to-day. As M. Bouché-Leclercq, professor at the Sorbonne, says in his "Leçons d'Histoire Grecque" (Hachette):—"This volume is not a book . . . it consists of opening lectures, that is to say, programmes of public courses of which the subject and plan are here sketched out with the intention of drawing special attention to the general ideas which are to be proven in detail in the subsequent lectures." The same thing might be said of the incomparable works of Gaston Paris, of a book like the "Rousseau and Literary Cosmopolitanism," by the late M. Joseph Texte, whose death was, perhaps, the greatest loss to French literature during the year. It is also the case with the numerous works of M. Ribot, whose "Essai sur l'Imagination Créatrice" is, probably, the last

serious effort which we shall have from the head of psychological studies in France, and perhaps the most suggestive analysis of the conditions of creative work, either in the artist or the man of science, which any country has as yet produced. With this should be read the little volume by M. Paulhan, entitled "Psychologie de l'Invention," dealing with the same subject and containing many facts illustrating the artistic constructive temperament, collected from the masterpieces of Englishmen as well as of Frenchmen. These works cover fields where any cultivated reader may take an agreeable promenade. More special in their solidity as monographs are M. Georges Dumas' startling revelations, in "La Tristesse et La Joie," of the relation between the emotions and the purely physical conditions of arterial tension, and Dr. Paul Sollier's lectures delivered last year at Brussels, now published under the title of "Le Problème de la Mémoire." All these books are published by Alcan, from whom come yearly some two or three hundred original works in philosophy, psychology, biology, or history—the latest researches of men like M. Tarde, from whom we had recently "Les Transformations du Pouvoir"; of Gustave Le Bon, the famous author of "La Psychologie des Foules," who now gives us "Psychologie du Socialisme"; translations of foreign works, English, Italian, or German; or original studies like M. Lechartier's "David Hume, Moraliste et Sociologue," &c.—works which redound immensely to the honour of French literature and thought. The French publishers, in general, specialize much more than the English. The result is that outside France it is too often only scholars who realize the importance of French intellectual activity. A new book by M. Zola or M. Bourget receives immediate publicity. Such a work as "La Culture des Idées" (Mercure de France) of M. Remy de Gourmont, who is a fearless thinker and an accomplished writer, or a volume like that just mentioned of M. Ribot on the creative imagination, tends to pass unnoticed by the great public of cultivated readers who are not specialists. This is not as it should be, but, no doubt, the publishers of such works have themselves to blame, for they spend much less than British publishers in bringing the attention of their works to a public capable of appreciating them, being content with the suffrages of the professional readers of the special reviews. They are largely responsible for the popular illusion in Anglo-Saxon countries that France is a nation where only a Rostand or a Brunetière finds a suitable *milieu*.

When I have mentioned the completion of the great work of MM. Thomas, Darmesteter, and Hatzfeld, the "Dictionnaire Général" of the French language, a vast and admirable effort of lexicographic erudition, and, in another order of ideas, the failure of the "Société d'Édition Artistique," which disappeared suddenly, engulfing the translators of Ruskin and many another author, who, no doubt, will come to the surface next year and seek more experienced hands to launch their craft, there remains little to be said as to the literary life of Paris during the past year. I have alluded only, and as fairly as I can, to what is most significant and most valuable, indicating at the same time the more obvious differences between a "literary year" in Paris and a "literary year" in London.

December 28, 1900.

W. M. F.

OLD BOOKS IN 1900.

The sale of old books last year suffered at least as much as the publication of new ones. It would, perhaps, be no exaggeration to assert that the varying fortunes of the African campaign are faithfully reflected in the records of the auction rooms. During December, 1899, and the first two months of the new year announcements of "untoward incidents" came to hand with distressing regularity, and it is beyond question that at that time old books were practically neglected; the market fell to such an extent that the auctioneers held libraries back rather than run the risk of loss. For three months the book market was at its lowest ebb, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the works for sale.

The first signal of reviving interest was made in March when a portion of the library of Sir Percy Feilding and other properties were sold at Sotheby's. This fine collection realized nearly £7,000, but it damped the ardour of the Kiplingites who found, to their alarm, that the war, or some disturbing influence, was playing havoc with their choicest possessions. The event of the year, as a whole, has been the great depreciation in the value of quite modern books upon which fashion had hitherto set inflated prices, some of these "books" being mere leaflets, or pamphlets, which the authors themselves do not regard as additions to their literary credit. On the other hand, there has been no back-sliding in the quest of those traditionally expensive books which are finding their way to the public libraries in an ever diminishing stream. These are of the kind that were most in evidence at the Inglis sale held in June. Some large prices were paid—£175 for an edition of the St. Albans' Chronicle (Machlinia, c. 1484, imperfect); £79 for Lindewoode's "Constitutiones Provinciales Ecclesiarum Anglicanarum," Wynkyn de Worde, 1496; £300 for Hampole's "Explanaciones Notabiles," Oxford, c. 1481-86. Another library rich in books of this coveted kind was that formed by the late Mr. Newnham Davis. This was sold on November 26 last, when Littleton's "Tenures," London, Lettov and Machlinia, c. 1483, realized £400, and Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum," 1496, £212 (imperfect). But works like these have been unusually scarce this year. No even fairly perfect First Folio of Shakespeare's works has been seen, though a sound copy sold in New York in March for \$5,400. This reminds us that several very important works relating to America have been disposed of, notably at the Ashburton sale in November, when Captain John Smith's "Advertisements for the Inexperienced Planters," 4to., 1631, sold for £160. Old books relating to, but not necessarily printed in, the United States, are still rising in value, and the same remark applies to scarce editions of the English classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As an instance of this we have the large paper copy of "Gulliver's Travels," 2 vols., 1726, £88, and Colonel Francis Grant's collection of original editions of the works of De Foe, Pope, Swift, Sterne, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and many other lights of past centuries. The prices realized at this sale were very high. On the other hand, the Kelmscott books have received a check, though it may not be for long, while the Badminton series, even on large paper, has fallen, in some cases as much as fifty per cent. Original editions of the works of the Elizabethan dramatists are almost unprocurable. That is true as a general statement, though an altogether unusual number made their appearance during the year, many at the Harvey sale in June. The Vale Press books are rapidly rising in the market and so are all works containing autograph inscriptions by authors of repute. One of the most interesting volumes seen for a long time contained three of Blake's phantasies—"Europe," "The Song of Los," and "The Daughters of Albion," which, with several water-colour drawings, realized £225 at Puttick's in November. This "Song of Los" had not appeared in the auction rooms for at least fifteen years. Another very instructive volume was the autograph MS. inventory of the effects of Mme. de Pompadour, 2 vols., folio, in their original green vellum binding, £133; the "Eloge de Henri II.," 1560, 8vo., formerly belonging to Mary, Queen of Scots, which Mr. Dowell sold at Edinburgh for £170, and a Bible, once the property of Prince Charles (Charles II.), which on that account realized £84. Of late years original editions of the works of Dickens and Thackeray have only been sought after when in the best possible condition, or in the original parts. On May 31st an important collection of Dickens' works, mostly in parts, was sold at Christie's. The twenty-four entries in the catalogue produced £320, the ten monthly numbers of the 1846 edition of "Oliver Twist" realizing the altogether unusual sum of £23.

On the whole, the last year of the century was not at all remarkable for the importance of its book sales. Probably many high-class collections are even yet being withheld in the hope that they may participate in the coming "boom" which is so anxiously awaited.

THE INTERNATIONAL CATALOGUE OF SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

[By PROFESSOR A. W. RÜCKER.]

The work of preparing a catalogue of the scientific literature of the nineteenth century was undertaken many years ago by the Royal Society. The catalogue is arranged in the order of the authors' names, and six large quarto volumes cover the period 1800-63. The labour involved in collecting the titles of the communications to all scientific periodicals, in distinguishing between originals, translations, reprints, abstracts, and the like was very great; but as the end of the century approached the task became more formidable. For the first sixty years an average of one volume per decade sufficed. Two were required for the period 1864-73, while three are barely adequate to deal with the output between 1874 and 1883. This rapid rate of increase proved that the task of producing a similar catalogue for the twentieth century would be beyond the strength of a single society, and yet it was felt that what was being done was inadequate. Scientific workers required not merely an authors' catalogue but also a subject-index of the literature of science. At the instance, therefore, of the Royal Society, her Majesty's Government invited foreign Governments to send representatives to a conference to discuss the possibility of the production of a catalogue of scientific literature by international co-operation. This conference met in London in July, 1896, approved the project in principle, passed some general resolutions as to the scope and object of the work, and then remitted the whole question to the Royal Society to prepare a detailed scheme.

A strong committee, of which Professor Armstrong, F.R.S., was chairman, was entrusted with the work of preparing a report, which was presented in March, 1898, and was considered at a second international conference held in the October of that year. Certain fundamental principles were accepted, and various details were referred to a small committee which assembled in London in the summer of 1899. The scheme thus matured was finally approved by a third conference in June, 1900, and it was then decided that the financial prospects of the undertaking were sufficiently good to warrant an attempt to begin publication in 1901. All difficulties were not, however, as yet surmounted. The Governments of various countries undertook to subscribe for a certain number of sets of the catalogue with the right to dispose of them by sale or gift. The Royal Society undertook to subscribe for this country. Altogether sales to the extent of £2,771 a year were guaranteed during the meeting of the conference, while representatives who were not empowered to commit their Governments made statements which showed that subscriptions amounting to an additional £600 a year might be expected. Further support was promised after the meeting had dispersed, but in July it was evident that 90 more sets of the catalogue must be placed before the enterprise could be undertaken safely.

At this critical point success was secured by the action of a well-known Fellow of the Royal Society. The Government of the United States had declined to subscribe, but the Smithsonian Institution was known to be willing to do all in its power to support the catalogue. The gentleman in question therefore offered to guarantee the Royal Society against loss if it would subscribe for an additional 45 sets, provided that (1) subscriptions for 45 sets were secured in the United States; and (2) that as subscriptions from other countries came in the additional subscription of the Royal Society was reduced by a corresponding amount. When this offer was communicated to the officers of the Smithsonian Institution they bestirred themselves so actively that in the course of three months 68 sets were subscribed for in the United States. Subscriptions from other countries have also been promised, so that the additional subscription of the Royal Society is now reduced from 45 to seven sets. It may interest

readers of *Literature* to see the subscription list which, at present, is as follows:—

United States	68	sets	Brought forward	267½	sets
Great Britain (R.S.)	45	„	Norway	5	„
„ (additional)	7	„	Mexico	5	„
Many	45	„	Cape Colony	5	„
„	35	„	Canada	4½	„
„	27	„	Hungary	4	„
„	15	„	Greece	2	„
Norway	7	„	Portugal	2	„
Denmark	6½	„	South Australia	2	„
„	6	„	Western Australia	2	„
„	6	„	Victoria	1	„
267½			300		

Each set consists of 17 volumes this represents a guaranteed fund of 5,100 volumes. Negotiations are in progress with three countries which have either not given in their adhesion, though otherwise favourable, have not as yet stated the number of volumes they intend to purchase.

The Royal Society has undertaken to be the publisher of the catalogue, to advance the necessary capital as a loan, and to make the contracts for printing and for doing part of the publisher's work by a firm acting as the agents of the Society. Considerable financial responsibility is thus involved, her Majesty's Government have guaranteed the Society against loss to the extent of £1,000 a year. The whole undertaking is to be treated as an experiment for five years, and the various subscriptions and guarantees are promised, in the first instance, for a period only. An International Council has been appointed, and has in turn nominated an Executive Committee, consisting of representatives of the Royal Society (Professor Armstrong), Sir M. Foster, Dr. Mond, and Professor Rücker) together with representatives of the four largest subscribers—Dr. Milkau (Germany), Professor H. Poincaré (France), Dr. Nasini (Italy), and a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, who has not as yet been named. Dr. H. Forster (editor of "Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry") has been elected Director, and the work of collecting materials for the catalogue began on January 1.

Each country taking part in the enterprise is establishing at its own expense a Regional Bureau to prepare (in accordance with specified rules) the entries in the catalogue which are drawn from its own literature. These will be forwarded to the Central Bureau, edited and prepared for publication by a Central Bureau.

The constitution of the Regional Bureau is very different in different countries. The Germans are establishing one in Berlin which, it is understood, will cost about £1,500. In England the work has been undertaken by the Royal Society. In the first instance the total number of entries is not to exceed 100,000 a year, and it may be increased beyond 200,000 without the special leave given by the International Convention. The slips sent in by the Regional Bureaus are to be marked so as to indicate their importance, and the Central Bureau has authority to reject less important entries in order to keep within the limits of its capacity.

Books are to be catalogued as well as memoirs, and papers are to be included in so far as they are of scientific interest. The catalogue will be arranged both by authors' and as a subject-index; and if a memoir covers several distinct branches of science it will be catalogued under each. It is hoped that an average of two entries per paper—one in the authors' and two in the subject-index—will suffice. The entries may be either in English, German, Italian, or Latin. The titles of papers published in languages which will be given in the original if it can be printed in any type, and will also be translated into whichever of the recognized languages the Regional Bureau may prefer. The rules of the sciences for the subject-index will be drawn up by the Central Bureau.

Seventeen volumes are to be published annually, one for each of the following sciences—viz., mathematics, mechanics,

physics, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, mineralogy, geology, geography, palæontology, general biology, botany, zoology, human anatomy, physical anthropology, physiology (including experimental psychology, pharmacology, and experimental pathology), and bacteriology. Each volume will be annual, but they will be issued in three groups of four and one of five volumes in January, April, July, and October. To the subscribing bodies the price of the set of seventeen volumes of about 6,500 pages will be £17, but separate volumes will be sold separately at prices ranging from 10s. to 35s. To the public the price will be little, if at all, higher.

The above rather bald statement of facts hardly gives a fair idea of the difficulties which have been overcome. The task of preparing schedules for the subject-indices of the different sciences to which all the world would agree was not easy. Thus three countries submitted drafts for the schedule of physics. One divided that science into 100, another into 250, and a third into 1,000 parts. Different countries group the sciences in various ways, and curious differences exist in the allotment of subjects among teachers in the Universities at home and abroad. After long discussion schedules have been agreed upon, not necessarily as the best, for probably no two persons could be found to agree as to what would be the best for any given science, but as a workable compromise. They will be published in all the four recognized languages in the order of the subjects and also in alphabetical order. No alterations, except necessary intercalations, are to be made for five years.

During the earlier stages of the discussion the issue of a card catalogue was contemplated, and the question of "registration," or the marking of the cards to indicate the subject with which they dealt, was hotly debated. Since it has been decided not to issue a card catalogue at present, this question has become of secondary importance. The registration symbols will now only serve as directions to the Central Bureau, and to enable the references to any particular subject to be given in the index by means of an invariable symbol instead of by the number of a page. The system adopted has therefore been the simplest possible. Each science is represented by a letter, and each sub-division by a number with four figures. Only about one-fortieth of the whole number of figures thus available has been employed, so that large numbers of symbols are unused and can be appropriated if additions are required. In the case of sciences, such as zoology and botany, in which a double reference is needed to the nature of the animal or plant referred to and to its geographical distribution, special symbols are employed. It is probable that these schedules will affect scientific nomenclature by the use, in many cases, of one only of several synonymous terms.

Several of the eminent foreign men of science who attended the recent meeting of the International Council expressed the opinion that no scientific undertaking of equal difficulty has ever been attempted by international co-operation. The principles that each country should deal with its own literature, and that no subvention to the Central Bureau should be made except in the form of a promise to purchase copies, have smoothed away difficulties which might otherwise have been insuperable. Direct subscriptions to institutions established in a foreign country are never popular. There is less objection to the purchase of books in the production of which local effort has assisted. I may perhaps be allowed to add that the respect felt abroad for the Royal Society has not only been very evident throughout the long negotiations, but has been a factor of no little importance in producing the final agreement.

The enterprise is now launched. The first volumes dealing with the literature of three months only (January-March) will be issued in July, and it remains to be seen whether the catalogue will fulfil the hopes of its founders, and in particular whether the scientific institutions and scientific men of this country will support the only international scientific undertaking which has its seat in England. France has the Bureau Internationale des Poids et Mesures, Berlin the International Geodetic Institute, and now the Central Bureau of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature has found a home in London.

THE DRAMA.

"KING HENRY THE FIFTH"—"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

No doubt the revival of *King Henry the Fifth* at the Lyceum is an event of importance. The long cast, headed by Mr. Lewis Waller as the King, is in one or two cases brilliantly and in no case incompetently filled. Mr. Hawes Craven's scenes of the English line in Picardy and the camp near Agincourt are both pictures of great beauty. The Chorus has been restored and Miss Lily Hanbury, looking superb in her classic Greek robes, declaims Shakespeare's splendid poetry with great effect. Mr. Sidney Lee has written an occasional handbook to the play, which is an admirable piece of Shakesperian exegesis. In short, neither skill nor expense has been spared to produce a first-rate performance of what, in the judgment of Hazlitt, and, I should suppose, of everybody else, is one of Shakespeare's second-rate works.

The great thing just now is that the play strikes the patriotic note, resounds with "drums and trappings," is an early classic of khaki drama. And probably few who witness it are perturbed by the reflection that it is no more a picture of actual warfare in the Agincourt period than a modern military drama is of actual warfare in our own. The troops assault a walled town in an ordered procession like a body of excursionists waiting their turn at a railway booking office. They are continually suspending their military operations to stand in a circle round the King who harangues them by the half-hour. In the thick of a battle (notoriously fought in very dirty weather) the knights keep their armour as spick-and-span as though it were under a glass case in the Wallace collection. But, of course, no dramatist, even though he be William Shakespeare, and no stage-manager, even though he be Mr. Arthur Coe, can give anything but a fancy picture of a military campaign. It is for the sake of this fancy picture that the Lyceum will be crowded every night.

That very "showy" hero, Henry, who, if Shakespeare is to be believed, was remarkably fond of hearing the sound of his own voice, is played with evident enjoyment by Mr. Lewis Waller. The sound of Mr. Waller's voice the public, too, are fond of hearing, and *pour cause*, but for lack of modulation it becomes a little tiring to the ear. It is always giving forth trumpet notes—even in the King's courtship of Princess Katharine. And sometimes this King seems to be not merely maintaining his dignity in the presence of his subjects, but striking attitudes for the gallery. Indeed, in more respects than one he seems to be a model to a crowned head of our own day. Fortunately Henry lived before science had made it possible for him to send congratulatory telegrams! After all is said, however, it is difficult to name any other English actor now on the stage so fitted to play Shakespeare's Henry V. as Mr. Waller. Mr. Gerald Lawrence, who not long ago played the Dauphin in *King John*, plays another Dauphin here—being apparently, like a famous impression of the classics, dedicated in *usum Delphini*—and others who stand out well from the cast are Mr. Norman McKinnell, as Exeter, and Mr. J. H. Barnes, as the soldier Williams. Mr. William Mollison's Pistol is a clever piece of grotesque fantasy, but I cannot think Mr. E. M. Robson a happy choice for Fluellen. Some one has recently labelled him a "bantam" Fluellen, which means that we have a wholly ludicrous Fluellen, a Fluellen without a trace of the dignity and gravity undoubtedly to be found in the part and well brought out by Mr. Weir in Mr. Benson's revival of the play a year ago. There is a very dainty Katharine in Miss Sarah Brooke, a Katharine of what the French call "troubling" beauty; but the humour of the courtship scene would, I venture to think—if Shakespeare had not signed it—strike the candid spectator as rather schoolboyish. Perhaps, after all, that is what Mr. Sidney Lee means when he calls the comedy of this scene "robustious."

At Drury Lane the pantomime of *The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast* is, I think, a good one. I say I think, because I am

unfortunately far too old to know. Keats once criticized a Drury Lane pantomime, when "devilling" for his friend John Hamilton Reynolds (*Don Giovanni*, Christmas, 1817—the "notice," contributed to the *Champion*, is reprinted in Mr. Burton Forman's "Keats," 1889, vol. III., p. cxxxix.), and remarked:—"As to the pantomime, be it good or bad, a child should write a critique upon it." One feels that about all pantomimes. If I may timidly offer an adult opinion, I will say that the spectacle at Drury Lane this year, "Beauty's Awakening" (a masque of the Seasons), and "The Enchanted Crystal Garden" are exceedingly beautiful, that those twin pantomimists Messrs. Herbert Campbell and Dan Leno are funnier than ever, and that the "principal girl" (Miss Madge Lessing, from New York) is for once really girlish.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

ABDUR RAHMAN.

THE LIFE OF ABDUR RAHMAN, AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN. Edited by MIR MUNSHI SULTAN MAHOMED KHAN, of Christ's College, Cambridge, Secretary of State of Afghanistan, barrister-at-law. With portrait, maps, and illustrations. Two vols. (Murray. 32s.)

This extraordinary book is the oddest mixture of medievalism and modernity, of crude barbarism and the improvements of science, of daredevilry and the new diplomacy. In the first six chapters we are taken through a series of adventures and catastrophes that recall the career of the last Shah of Khwarizm, as related by Gibbon, or still more the early life of Baber, the founder of the Moghul empire. This is the period of the Amir's adversity. The next six chapters show him on the throne, but a throne so precarious that four critical wars had to be fought before it could be regarded as stable. Four more chapters reveal him in the character of a civilizing reformer, introducing scientific inventions and modern methods among his wild subjects. Finally, yet another four chapters expound his views on foreign policy, in relation to England and Russia, with an outspoken temerity which even a Secretary for the Colonies might admire. The first volume might have been written by Baber or Tamerlane: the second reminds us of Peter the Great. The first is above all a story of adventure, as romantic and improbable as ever astonished a Christmas publishing season. The second is a record of statesmanship unparalleled in the East since the days of Akbar. The first appeals to every one who can appreciate deeds of derring-do, and amazing ups and downs of fortune, encountered and dominated by an invincible resolution. The second, though its facts may in some cases require correction, is a study for politicians on the Central Asian problem.

No one can read the record of the Amir's early life without a shock of surprised admiration. Few, indeed, had any notion of the tumultuous waves of misfortune and strife through which he made his way to the throne, or of the splendid qualities of courage, endurance, self-reliance, and unquenchable hopefulness he displayed in the most calamitous reverses of fortune. From the very first he exhibited a spirit that boded ill for interference in his plans. A governor of a province at the age of fifteen, he resigned his office because his father refused to ratify some politic concessions to the subjects. He declined to govern except in his own way. There were jealous courtiers about his father Afzal—a weak and unsuccessful son of the famous Dost Muhammad—who realized the formidable character of the young Prince and undermined him in his father's heart, such as it was. An attempt to run away from perpetual repression and reproof led to a year's imprisonment; but so little was the boy's spirit broken by severity that, when at last the father was induced to send for him and give him a trial, he says:—

I came straight from prison to appear before my father, without dressing my hair or washing my face, wearing the same clothes in which he had last seen me, with chains round

my ankles. The moment he saw me his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Why do you behave like this?" I answered:—"I have done no wrong; it is the fault of those who call themselves your well-wishers that I am in this condition." While I was speaking it happened that Abdur Rahim appeared in the Court, and on seeing him I continued—"This is the traitor who has placed me in chains; time will prove which of us is in the wrong." At this Abdur Rahim changed colour with anxiety and anger, but he could do or say nothing. My father addressed himself to all the military officers, saying,—"I appoint this, my lunatic son, to be General over you."

So Abdur Rahman became Commander-in-Chief of Afzal's army, exactly as he would have done in the "Arabian Nights." He went to the bath, and immediately set about remodelling the army, which was soon "so thoroughly organized that neither before nor since has it been in such good order." If the army was good, its young commander was better. In his teens he was fighting set battles and besieging forts, and his talents as a tactician were rewarded by repeated victories. In the battle of Narin, which lasted all day, and was obstinately contested by 40,000 Kataghan rebels:—

My losses (he says) were very slight on account of the skilful order in which the army was arranged. . . . I was proud of my army that day. The manner in which they fought was worthy of admiration; only those persons can appreciate this who know what it is to be attacked by such a large body of men, and not lose courage. The appearance of 40,000 men on a desert plain is like the movement of a mountain.

The successful usurpation (as he thought it) of Shere Ali on the death of Dost Muhammad in 1863 put an end to the period of Abdur Rahman's triumphs, and then followed a series of perils and misfortunes such as rarely happen outside romance. How the young prince seized the boats on the Oxus and fled to Bukhara, only returning to carry on the struggle; how he marched over mountain passes with the snow waist-deep, and fought his way into Kabul, when he plundered Shere Ali's treasury for three glorious days; and how, after all his efforts, his men deserted and his general throw away the last chance, all this makes up a moving novel of real life. The final catastrophe was near the fort of Zanakhan, which it was essential to capture before Shere Ali could take it. Abdur Rahman sat in the snow all night, having sent his general, Nazir, up the hills with most of the army to intrench the guns. He also sent to his uncle Azim for reinforcements, but the uncle said he would come "directly it got warmer."

Owing to the intensity of the cold, General Nazir drank a great quantity of wine and spirits, and fell asleep before the guns had been placed on the hill tops or any intrenchments made. At sunrise a sowar came galloping to me with the news that Shere Ali had arrived with all his army. I had only forty sowars with me, and I galloped with these men to the hills, only to find all the guns in the valley, with no gunners, artillery [?], or magazines. I climbed the hill, and found Shere Ali's army quite close, in good fighting order, and General Nazir still in an intoxicated sleep. I awoke him, saying, "Why have you done this? You are responsible for your behaviour. Where are the gunners, the soldiers, the transport animals?" He replied, "It was so cold, I permitted them to sleep in the camp; they will arrive directly." I said, "You will see directly what will happen." He replied, "I will tear Shere Ali's mouth." In spite of my depression and disappointment, I could not help laughing, seeing he was drunk. As we had no army to fight, and those few who were with me had fled in all directions, the enemy proceeded to take our guns. Being anxious to escape and the enemy being all round me I joined some of their sowars who were chasing a small body of [my] men, calling out "catch them." In this way I travelled two miles, and directly I was able I disguised myself, and joined a few of my sowars, who were looking for me. With a few of these men I turned my steps towards Maimana, where I met my uncle, and explained to him all that had happened, saying,

"If you had only listened to me, I should not be in this plight now." I then inquired for twenty loads of gold coins which I had left in his care. He replied that he did not know, as he had fallen asleep while the treasurer was moving the loads. I said I had left the money with him and not with the treasurer, and now we were defeated and had no money. . . . Towards night we reached the fort of Zurmat, tired, ruined, and broken-hearted.

The many adventures he went through before he found a refuge in Russian territory are told with the same dramatic simplicity, and with a sense of humour which evidently supported the young Prince—he was still but 23—in his worst experiences. Here is a passage that might have come out of Baber's Memoirs:—

On the eleventh day we arrived early in the afternoon at a village in the Kakar country, where my followers laid in provisions for themselves, and I was looking about for a fat young sheep for myself. Finding one, I paid twenty rupees Kabuli for it, the price agreed upon, to the owner. When we were about to kill it the owner said he had changed his mind and wanted it back, but when I said he could have it he changed his mind again, so it was killed for me, at which he threw my money at me, demanding that I should make his sheep alive. I replied that I had not sufficient power to do this, but he could have the dead body of his sheep as well as his money. He refused again, insisting on my performing the miracle! At this I was obliged to resort to a trick, and turning to a priest who was standing near, I told him the man had been cursing him all the time. At this the priest turned his face to the owner of the sheep, to whom I said, "Curse me if you like, but do not insult the wife of this holy man, who is a prophet." The priest was naturally furious, and called the man a pig for insulting his wife, and the sheep-owner cursed him in return. At this they began to fight, and I took both sheep and rupees away, leaving them to settle their little difference. Half the inhabitants were on the side of the priest, and half on the side of the sheep-owner, and after a good fight the people interceded. An hour or two after the sheep-owner brought me two jugs of custard, two trays of bread, and one young baked sheep, offering me salaams. I said to him, a little time ago he was rude, and now he was respectful, and noticing from his conversation that he was quite reasonable, I asked him why he had made the sheep an excuse to pick a quarrel with me. He replied that Sarwar Khan had treated him badly when at Kandahar, and therefore he took his revenge on me. I replied, "Sarwar Khan is here himself, why do you quarrel with me instead of with him?" and he explained that as I had appointed Sarwar Governor of Kandahar he held me responsible. We talked for some hours until he returned home, and I went to sleep.

The eleven years spent in exile in Transcaspiia are naturally far less fruitful in incident than the early years of struggle, but the Amir has a good deal to say about Generals Kaufmann and Abramof and their methods of annexation—e.g., of Shahr-e-Shebz, which will not be agreeable to Russophiles. At one time General Abramof talked of conquering Afghanistan and asked Abdur Rahman to accompany him; but the wily Oriental was not to be caught with such chaff, and told the Russians that he was quite happy hunting at Samarkand, but if they went he would pray for them! Eventually he had to steal horses and make his escape—not without Russian connivance—and the story of how he recovered Kabul is fully as exciting as his manner of losing it.

The account of his policy and improvements given in the second volume could not, of course, be as interesting as the hair-breadth escapes of his *Wanderjähre*. Yet there are few spectacles more extraordinary than that of this uneducated, rough-bred man, seated at last on a throne of absolute Oriental despotism, but scorning the delights of Eastern luxury, living laborious and ascetic days in the effort to improve his kingdom.

I have always liked to keep myself occupied day and night in working hard at something or other, devoting only a few

hours to sleep. . . . It is no trouble to me to work hard ; on the contrary, I love it, and I never feel tired. . . . The more I see of the people of other nations and religions running fast in the pursuit of progress, the less I can rest and sleep ; the whole day long I keep on thinking how I shall be able to run the race with the swiftest, and at night my dreams are just the same. There is a saying that the cat does not dream about anything but mice ; I dream of nothing but the backward condition of my country, and how to defend it, seeing that this poor goat, Afghanistan, is a victim at which a lion from one side and a terrible bear from the other are staring, and ready to swallow at the first opportunity.

The account of his methods of developing his country is full of that native shrewdness which is one of the Amir's most valuable qualities. When he imports European or Indian teachers of handicrafts and mechanics, he binds them not to go home until their pupils are qualified to carry on their work. When he secured the services of a surgeon-dentist, he gave him a native apprentice whom he threatened with terrible punishments if he did not learn dentistry before Mr. O'Meara returned to India, and as the dentist was in a hurry, never did pupil learn so assiduously. The Amir caught a skilled leather-worker on his way to make the pilgrimage to Mekka, "argued with him and proved by all the traditions that to do service to other human beings was far better than going to Mekka," and induced him to stay and teach the Kabuli's how to make leather beltings for the Amir's machines. "Praise be to God that I was always fond of machinery and manufactures, and knew their full value ! I knew that it was a case of having steel to cut steel, and that if I wanted to fight an enemy on equal terms I must meet him with weapons of the newest pattern." The Amir is a trained gunsmith, has made rifles himself, and has taught his men to turn out Hotchkiss guns. His aim has been to make his country independent of foreign help, and he cites a hundred instances where Afghanistan now supplies the raw materials and the finished product which formerly came from abroad. Not only guns and machinery, but tanning, bootmaking (a Royal cousin heads the boot trade at Kabul), soap and candlemaking, tailoring, and many other sorts of industry are now successfully worked under the Amir's keen eye, and those who knew Kabul before his accession can scarcely recognize it now in its new phase as an industrial centre. How far all this is permanent, it is difficult to say. It depends largely on the personal energy of an old man. But the Amir has brought up his sons to follow in his steps, and if there is no quarrel over the succession (about which he is obviously anxious) his heir may be able and willing to carry on the excellent labours of the father. The Amir shines as an administrator even more than as a soldier and adventurer. His work as a ruler may challenge comparison with anything accomplished in the East by an Eastern, and considering his education and the materials he had to work upon it is little short of miraculous.

Abdur Rahman appears in these pages in a third character—neither soldier nor ruler, but diplomatist. His comprehension of the political situation is as acute as his grasp of the economic and industrial problems presented in Afghanistan. He is keenly alive to the danger from the Russian side, and is apparently sincere in desiring the friendship of England. He is troubled by the uncertainty of English party government, but much more by the changing policies of successive Viceroys of India, and he resorts again and again to his earnest wish to be permitted an envoy in London who shall have direct access to the Secretary of State. He entertains a natural abhorrence of the "forward policy," and is no friend to Lord Roberts. Lord Ripon's policy was obviously more to his mind, but he has also grateful memories of Lord Dufferin. The startling frankness with which the Amir writes on Russian diplomacy and on certain Viceregal measures is curiously unoriental, but one must remember that in this part of the book the Amir's words are reported by his secretary and editor, who has been educated in England, and might almost be an elector of Birmingham, if apparent candour be the test. The Mir Munshi, however, professes to have taken down the actual words, and we doubt if he has done more than throw the Amir's

obiter dicta into literary form. This he has done very well, and only now and then does a word or phrase betray the foreigner. Indeed the Mir Munshi is much better trained in English than in Persian or Turki, to judge by the misspelling of Oriental names. But this is a trifling defect, and, as Mr. Murray observes, the names are generally recognizable. One does not expect scholarship from an Afghan ruler, and it is sufficiently astonishing that this powerful statesman, soldier, and organizer should have put forth so full and candid a record of his wonderful career. Whether he is always truthful is another matter ; his memory seems occasionally to play him convenient tricks. Nevertheless, one closes the book with genuine admiration for the genius—the unquestionable and superlative genius—of its venerable author. The Amir is a great man, great in adversity and even greater in success (as Easterns are not wont to be), and the pity is that the invocation cannot be realized, "O King, live for ever !"

"MR. GIBBON."

MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE AND WRITINGS. By EDWARD GIBBON.
Edited by G. BIRKBECK HILL. (Methuen. 6s.)

We must not, it is said, look a gift horse in the mouth. It is gratifying to have an edition of Gibbon's Autobiography with an introduction, footnotes, and appendices incorporating the supplementary information which the reader desiderates, but could only acquire, without the help of an editor, at the cost of much time and labour. Thanks are due, therefore, to Dr. Birkbeck Hill for the trouble he has taken ; and it seems unfair to cavil because he approaches the subject in the temper of an antiquary rather than of a man of letters, or even because some of the side issues of the subject are inadequately treated by him. But the inadequacy is there. What Gibbon and Dr. Johnson thought of each other, and what Boswell thought of both of them we are, of course, told in great detail ; and there is plenty of detail in the appendices relating to Gibbon's experiences at Westminster School and Magdalen College. Sufficient attention is also paid to the controversy with the theologians whom the "Decline and Fall" displeased. On the other hand, the annotations on Swiss topics are often unsatisfactory. Some reminiscences published serially, a good many years ago, in the *Revue Suisse*, might have been drawn upon to advantage. To these we owe the witty Frenchman's graphic account of Gibbon's corpulence :—"When I feel the need of exercise I walk three times round Mr. Gibbon—je fais trois fois le tour de M. Gibbon." And the articles contain many other anecdotes by which Dr. Birkbeck Hill's pages might just as well have been illuminated. Nor does Dr. Hill seem to us to have made all the use that he might have made of the letters bearing on Gibbon's love story, published by Vicomte d'Haussonville. He only quotes scraps from them, leaving the impression that Gibbon behaved very badly. The full correspondence shows that, however badly he may have behaved, Mademoiselle Curchod threw herself at his head with a striking absence of maidenly reserve.

In some of the impersonal notes we find Dr. Birkbeck Hill even more inadequate. It was not necessary for him to throw in an appendix about English scholars at Swiss Universities ; but as he did so, he should not have confined himself to generalities, but have told us something about the scholars and their mode of life, as he does in the case of the Magdalen undergraduates. A certain chapter in the Life and Works of Benjamin Stillingfleet would have furnished material for a very interesting excursus. Benjamin Stillingfleet was at Geneva with the young students who discovered Chamonix. They formed a "common room" there, and regaled the citizens with amateur theatricals. But Dr. Hill tells us nothing of all this. It was not necessary, again, for Dr. Hill to annotate Gibbon's statement that, in 1755, "the fashion of climbing the mountains and viewing the glaciers had not yet been introduced." But what is the use of a note like this ?—

In the index to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from 1731 to

1786, I cannot find a single entry referring to the glaciers or mountains of Switzerland, or to mountain climbing.

If the *Gentleman's Magazine* does not deal with the subject, the *Philosophical Transactions* do at an even earlier date than 1731, and there was an extensive literature of the subject long before 1786, and a certain literature of the subject even before 1755. Windham and Martel's pamphlet about Chamonix was published in 1744; two books about the Grindelwald Glaciers, by two Berne professors, Altmann and Gruner, appeared respectively in 1750 and 1761, and soon after 1770 appeared Deluc's account of the first ascent of the Buet, and Bourrit's book about the glaciers which was translated into English and reached a second edition—a book which Dr. Hill should certainly have known of, as Dr. Johnson was one of those who subscribed for it. The case, in short, was one in which, if the editor commented at all, it should have been for the purpose of correcting his author.

These, however, are details. Our chief complaint against Dr. Hill is that he dislikes Gibbon and tries to make us dislike him too. Because Gibbon was on the wrong side in politics, because he only went into politics in order to obtain a sinecure, because he wrote a cynical letter about an intrigue with a married woman, because he drank more Madeira than was good for his gout, and because he does not always write without lubricity, Dr. Hill expects all the world to be "set against him." The world is no more set against him for these reasons than it is set against his great contemporary, Dr. Johnson, because he drank too much tea and shouted people down in argument. If he has not a place in the affections of posterity akin to that of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, the reason is quite different and quite obvious. He was not a Bohemian as they were, and he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. One cannot picture him carousing in taverns with men who called each other by their Christian names. On the contrary, he is the fine gentleman of letters, who stands upon his dignity and keeps you at a distance. Any one can like Goldsmith, and almost any one can like Dr. Johnson; but with Gibbon you always have the feeling that you are not quite sure that you know him well enough to presume to like him, though certain eloquent passages of his writings—those passages in which the poetry of his nature flashes out—inevitably make you wish you did. The test then must be:—In the small circle admitted to his intimacy, did he make friends, and could he keep them? And the answer undoubtedly is that he did and could. Lord Sheffield was devoted to him. So was Deyverdun. In the latter case he was patron and benefactor as well as friend, and the friendship which survives the lending of considerable sums of money without security is notoriously founded on a rock. Madame Necker forgave him for having jilted her in her youth, and fell in love with him again in her old age. He had been, she wrote to him, both her first love and her last, and she did not know whether the earlier or the later friendship was the more precious to her. Her daughter, Madame de Staël, proposed with childish naïveté to marry him in order to secure her father and mother Mr. Gibbon's society for ever. It is incredible that there can have been nothing lovable in the character of the man whom so many different people loved so well. If they could all forgive him for taking the wrong side in politics, and for getting ludicrously fat, so, whatever Dr. Birkbeck Hill says, can we.

A FEUDAL LADY.

The *Memoirs of THE BARONESS DE BODE, 1775-1803*, edited by William Childe-Pemberton (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), are no less interesting as a picture of the times of the French Revolution than as a piece of self-revelation of the character of the writer and of the class to which she belonged. They are particularly interesting to us from the fact that she was an Englishwoman and a member of the untitled aristocracy of England.

Somewhere about the year 1774, a gay little party of friends set off for a tour in Flanders, under the chaperonage of Lady Ferrers, and the escort of her husband, the fifth earl. This was the Lord Ferrers whose brother, the fourth earl, had been hanged some fifteen years previously for the murder of his steward, Mr. Johnson. The young ladies of the party included Miss Horneck, Oliver Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride," and Miss Mary Kinnersley, the heroine of the present book. Among the gentlemen were Lord Byron, great-uncle of the poet, who had killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, and Lord Bristol, whose wife, the notorious Miss Chudleigh, was about to be tried for bigamy with the Duke of Kingston. It will be seen that, if foreign travel failed to suggest interesting topics of conversation, the little party had among themselves highly-seasoned items of personal history to fall back upon.

Miss Kinnersley, however, soon discovered an interest all her own, for she met at Dunkerque a certain Baron de Bode, fell in love with him, and nothing would do but she must marry him. It was the one rash step of her life, the one solitary instance in which she, the daughter of a Staffordshire squire of ancient lineage, failed to think, speak, and act as the rigid unwritten laws of her class prescribe. And hence, indeed, came all her misfortunes. The Baron de Bode was a German by birth, although a soldier in the service of Louis XVI. After his marriage he took his wife to live at the Court of Saarbrück-Nassau. Here, to be in the fashion, she finds herself obliged to take to rouging. "I put on very little," she writes to her sister, "but you can't think what an addition it is to me, and I should be quite particular without it." She, likewise, has the honour of playing to the Princess of Saarbrück upon one of the cheapest pianos we have ever heard of, even though it was "made in Germany." "After coffee she (the Princess) desired me to play upon the pianoforte, which was a very good one. She had it made at Deux-Ponts, and the cost but seven guineas." Our amazement is mitigated when we remember that these were the days of seigniorial rights, and the Princess was probably able to commandeer all the materials for her piano, as well as to force the workmen to give her their labour for nothing. The Baroness was soon to enjoy such privileges herself, for in 1788 the Baron thought to improve the fortunes of his already numerous family by purchasing the fief of Soultz in Alsace. This fief was held first under Louis XVI. and secondly under the Episcopal Elector of Cologne, the fat and gross-feeding youngest brother of Marie Antoinette, and the Bodes thought themselves amazingly lucky to secure the prize. "Every one is surprised—so many great people contending for it." They gladly agreed to pay the Archduke Bishop Elector an eight thousand guinea fee, which the Baroness then had to borrow from her English relatives, and which, of course, was never paid back. For the year 1788 was to prove an amazingly unlucky year in which to invest money in seigniorial rights. During a short time, however, the Bodes enjoyed their money's worth; and their position at Soultz, their right over the life and death of their subjects, the tithes which they could levy, the vexatious *corvées* which they could exact, never for one instant appear other than wise and just to this daughter of Staffordshire squires. Listen to her complacent enumeration of some of their rights:—

'Tis impossible to tell you all the rights we have. We hardly know them ourselves yet. . . . The tenths both great and small belong to us. Our subjects are obliged to furnish us with a quantity of hens, chickens, and capons, and more corn and hay and potatoes than it will be possible for us to consume. . . . Every wife is obliged to spin me two pounds of flax or hemp every year, and every male and female is obliged to work ten days for us. Every cart and wagon to work ten days every year for us.

But the rumour of the States-General was already in the air. The Bodes had been just one year at Soultz when the States-General met on May 4th, 1789. Exactly three months later (August 4th) the Three Orders were vying with one another in the abolition of tithes, seigniorial dues, gabelle, privilege,

immunity, and feudalism root and branch. Alas ! for the Baron and Baroness. June, 1790, finds them shorn of 10,000 livres which their subjects owe them and scandalously refuse to pay. The vintners will no longer hand over that Eighth Pot of Wine of all the wine sold on the seigneurie and worth to the Bodes two hundred guineas per annum. The butchers refuse to pay the tax upon their shops. Seven hundred fowls are withheld from them, and their four thousand subjects have the audacity to insist on keeping the fruits of their labour for themselves. Truly, it had proved an unpropitious moment for the investment of other people's capital in the fief of Soultz. During the following months things went from bad to worse, until, at last, a Bode requiring a pair of shoes, the village shoemaker had the insolence to answer "We will do nothing for you, nor sell you anything, on credit." He went unscathed, too, that impudent cobbler. Four years later the revolution was successful, and the Bodes ruined.

From henceforth the Baroness, accompanied by her eldest son Clement, now a young man, drifts across Sweden and Germany to Russia, where the Empress Catherine has offered land in the southern provinces to such French *émigrés* as care to settle there; while the Baron, by a curious reversion of rôles, remains in a convent in Germany looking after the ten or twelve younger children. And, finally, in the Crimea, the Bodes settle down again to the enjoyment of a fief and of serfs, who, better broken in than even those of Soultz, are obliged to work *two days in every week* for the master to whom they belong. Even under these ideal conditions, however, the Bodes do not appear to have made farming pay. But what, indeed, was Mary Kinnersley doing in any such *galère*? To us her career is an example of the vanity of human wishes. She was made to "get on" in society, to become a patroness of Almack's, to settle nice questions of etiquette. She loved great company and had hosts of titled friends. Yet she died a pensioner on the bounty of the Empress of Russia, and Clement, the son for whom she plotted and planned so untiringly, died poor and lonely in 1846, having spent thirty miserable years in litigation with the English Government for a sum of over £500,000 which he considered his due. And all the trouble, vexation, and weariness of spirit of the poor lady and her children grew out of that chance meeting in [Dunkerque] so many years before. Yet, no doubt, could we but foresee the ultimate consequences of falling in love, we should continue to fall in love just the same.

LITERARY "CONVERSIONS."

HAPPY SUFFERING (Rivingtons, 3s. 6d.) is the book in which M. François Coppée tells the story of his resumption, on the sick-bed, of the beliefs of the Roman Catholic Church. It is translated by Miss Catharine M. Welby, and has an introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, who founds upon it a discourse on the religious awakening of France, exemplified by the recent spiritual vicissitudes of certain well-known men of letters. The subject thus viewed as a whole obviously has more interest than the isolated fact of M. Coppée's conversion. Regarded without reference to other phenomena, the religious convictions of M. Coppée are not of extreme importance. Looked at as a symptom of the spiritual life of France, and examined in conjunction with the simultaneous religious developments of Verlaine, and MM. Bourget, Brunetière, and J. K. Huysmans, they naturally claim closer attention. Mr. Hutton observes them and welcomes "a remarkable phenomenon in the religious as in the literary world":—

After decades of satire and scorn, of criticism mingled with contempt, it is undeniable that there is a tendency among men of letters to revert to the Christian ideal of life. It is not a submission to hierarchical assumption, but a response to the perpetual claim of the Incarnate God. They go not to Canossa but to Calvary.

And again:—

All this, too, it should be observed, is not merely a Catholic reaction. It is the expression of a tendency towards moral effort, courage, renunciation, patriotism.

These observations, it may be cheerfully admitted, are most creditable to Mr. Hutton's heart. They are the observations that would naturally suggest themselves to a broadminded clergyman who generously desires to recognize the value of the work done in other corners of the vineyard besides his own. But they are also the observations of a critic who is imperfectly acquainted with the facts—facts which are very far from warranting the conclusions which he desires to draw from them.

To begin with, a fair proportion of the conversions which Mr. Hutton considers so significant, are merely the ordinary sick-bed conversions of timid minds. M. Coppée does not attempt to conceal the fact that his conversion was, like Verlaine's, of that nature. Those who have closely followed the writings of M. Huysmans will hardly attach much more significance to his change of attitude. Such "conversions" are always going on, to a greater or less extent, in every country. To rejoice over them is right and proper. But no one is entitled to point to them as signs of the times, or as indications of an increasing spirituality on the part of the community at large. The conversions, in short, of these two or three individuals of peculiar temperament are no more representative of the general tone of French thought than was the course of life which gave the conversions their *raison d'être*; and the converted individuals themselves are no more representative Frenchmen than are writers like Anatole France, who win public respect while they adhere to the religion of Voltaire. Moreover, so far as the inward grace can be judged by the outward signs, the return to Catholicism in France is not by any means the same thing as a return to the temper of Christianity. M. Coppée must be judged not only by his emotional confessions, but also by his overt acts—and these have mainly consisted in joining seditious leagues and helping M. Drumont to hunt down the Jews and Protestants. Mr. Hutton rejoices over the conversion of M. Brunetière as that of "the most learned of living Frenchmen." Yet M. Brunetière's most notable public utterance since he was converted has been an expression of opinion that a victim of popular passion ought, whether innocent or guilty, to be kept in prison.

Conversions of this kind in so far as they are sincere are not spiritual phenomena, and they are not literary phenomena, though they are associated with the names of literary men; they are simply political phenomena. Roman Catholicism in France has become the badge of a party of reaction. Clericalism is the enemy of the Republic; it stands for Nationalism, and the Nationalists claim to have a monopoly of patriotism. The idea is spread abroad that a Frenchman cannot be "bon Français" unless he goes to confession and to mass. If conversions are freely made the inference to be drawn is not that the French nation is becoming spiritually minded, but that the Nationalists are gaining ground. The alternative inference cannot possibly be drawn by any reasonable man until the Roman Catholics dissociate themselves from party politics generally, and from Antisemitism and Anglophobia in particular.

RECENT VERSE.

Noticeable among some volumes of verse before us is the Primate of All Ireland's collection of poems, *THE FINDING OF THE BOOK, AND OTHER POEMS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), partly rewritten, as he tells us, and largely augmented. Dr. Alexander says he has found the time insufficient for deep poetic conception or careful finish; to us, at any rate, his conceptions seem sufficiently impressive, while lack of care is the last defect of which we should have accused him. The following sonnet well repre-

sents his attitude towards his gift of verse, and it is one which makes all for the improvement of any poet :—

I never yet heard music, howe'er sweet,
 Never saw flower or light, ocean or hill,
 But a quick thrill of something finer still
 Filled me with sadness. Never did I meet
 Any completeness but was incomplete ;
 Never found shapes half fair enough to fill
 The royal galleries of my boundless will ;
 Never wrote I one line that I could greet
 A twelvemonth after with a brow of fire.
 Thus then I walk my way and find no rest—
 Only the beauty unattained, the cry
 After the inexpressible unexpressed,
 The unsatiated insatiable desire
 Which at once mocks and makes all poesy.

The last three lines attract attention to Dr. Alexander's proclivity towards carefully wrought phrases and the multiplication of syllables in his five-foot lines. Here the thing is finely said, nor does the thought lose dignity by the curving of the line, as it were, into anapaestic waves, but occasionally this tendency is exaggerated—as is also, perhaps, the tendency towards over alliteration even in such fine lines as—

And all the dim magnificence of seers
 And all the sighs and silences of saints.

But the poems are far from being exclusively sacred. They are full of life and fire as well as devotion, and the profane verse is noticeable for its enlightened sympathy. Witness the stanzas upon Burns, and the admirable poem upon "A Minor Latin Poet Improving Virgil" with this for its last word :—

As to the boy's deep ruth and tender prayer
 For Virgil, be there silence grave and wise.
 The mother of the Master was aware
 How the first woodland walk through which we rise
 To the precipitous mountain-peak of truth
 Is love—the sunlit heresy of youth.

We also like "Sir Tescelin's Remonstrance."

A slimmer but hardly less interesting volume is that of the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, entitled *POEMS, CHIEFLY SACRED* (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. n.). Through most of Dr. Chadwick's verse runs a certain seriousness well sustained in lyrics of which the cadences sometimes suggest organ music played with a full use of stops. In a less intense mood are poems such as "A Psalm of Death," a fresh and quiet little piece in clear cut rhymed couplets. The poem on Schubert will please a devout reader ; "Saul" is pathetic and impressive ; and from "In Desolate Places" we may quote

In the lonely and desolate places where no man hears or sees,
 Still the river murmurs, and still laments the breeze.

Afar in the mountain gorges, in the lonely tracts unsought,
 The splendours of dawn and sunset and of driving mists are wrought.

There do the torrents thunder, and the horns of the blast are blown,
 Nor ask for an ear to hearken to their mighty music lone.

It was so ere man was moulded to play his part in the plan,
 And so should it be to-morrow if to-day were the last of man.

Yet, kneeling by this turf mound, my God ! it is strange, how strange,
 That still the earth bears roses, that the heavens disclose no change.

We are upon other ground when we come to Mr. Harold Begbie, who has lately reprinted his *HANDY MAN*, and added other verses of a similar calibre, spirit, and vigour. "Both Arms" has already appeared in *Literature*, but we make the acquaintance of the rest for the first time. Mr. Begbie's Army ballads have for accompaniment such a jingle and rattle of accoutrements, his verses devoted to the "handy man" are so rollicking, that

one is a little apt here and there to lose sight of the fact that war is not all a song. We do not mean to suggest that our author forgets it. The half-a-dozen stanzas of "An Incident" would negative any such statement. It reads like a rendering into verse of some battle-corner sketch by Stephen Crane. But cheeriness predominates, and in this connexion there is nothing better in the book than "A Song in Camp," which goes with a ring and should be set to music. In its own way, too, "The Deserter" is capital—a really masterly little character sketch with a pleasantly ironic flavour. (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. n.)

By way of an interval let us quote at random from a small booklet of anagrams which has recently found its way to us. This one will serve :—

If—ere first the Boers rebelled,
 Could but a—hand have got ;
 We might not now have been compelled
 The issue to—to shot.

The answer is—but on second thoughts the answer is to be found at the end of *MORE ANAGRAMS*, by Some Minor Poets (Spottiswoode, 6d.).

Some writers, but poets more often than others, are labelled at the outset with epithets which cleave to them ever afterwards whatever the change in their work. Mr. Laurence Binyon was originally said to be "cold and serene" ; coldness and serenity are predicted of him at each fresh appearance. And this is true—superficially—of his *ODES*, just published by the Unicorn Press (2s. 6d. n.). The subjects are remote, perhaps too remote : "The Dryad" ; "The Bacchanal of Alexander" (a scene on his return from his Indian conquests) ; "Asoka," containing the philosophic soliloquy of an Indian Prince—a sort of "Empedocles on Ætna" in brief ; "The Death of Tristram" ; "Amasis," or the Nemesis falling on Poly-crates. But it is no criticism to posit the remoteness of the themes. "Alastor" was remote enough, but we would not, therefore, condemn it, as we would not condemn Sohrab and Rustum for containing a translation from Virgil. There is, if not a school, a small body of "artists" who would protest against the popular style of literature known as "striking"—against the flashy phrase, the realistic jerk, the purple patch, the dramatized passion. Mr. Binyon means to be classical, to let the thought dominate the versification, to prevent the part damaging the whole. To us it seems that he has gone a little too far ; the verses would benefit by more emphasis on the dramatic elements. They are too philosophic ; but they are poetry, and this, after all, is what matters. He has the artist's skill in giving the impression of atmosphere. In this respect the opening lines of "The Dryad" are excellent :—

What hath the ilex heard,
 What hath the laurel seen,
 That the pale edges of their leaves are stirred ?
 What spirit stole between ?

Was it the wind that parted your light boughs,
 Some odour to recapture as he strays,
 Or some fair virgin shape of human brows
 But lost to human gaze ?

The concluding lines of the piece have the not common quality of being easy to remember whether we would or no :—

Thou shinest with the charm and with the power
 Of all that wisdom loses to be wise.

"The Death of Tristram" is the most ambitious ode, and, on the whole, the best. The scenes are painted with extraordinary vividness in spite of the chastened simplicity of the language, the thought is well sustained, and the long dialogue between Tristram and Iseult is classical in the best sense of the word. None of the odes lend themselves to brief quotation ; and this is a good sign ; nothing is so easy to wrest from its context as a bit of a music-hall song. In respect of the rhythm there is a manifest tendency to follow an example excellently revived by Mr. Robert Bridges—on the lines set by Langland six hundred odd years ago—to substitute regularity of stress for equality of syllables.

ART.

GIORGIONE. By HERBERT COOK, M.A., F.S.A. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) (Bell. 5s. n.)

The name of Giorgione da Castelfranco has not lost its old charm, and the volume which Mr. Herbert Cook has devoted to the life and works of this master, who died all too soon for the glory of Venetian art and the joy of the world, will find many readers. Mr. Cook is already well known as a careful student of Italian art, and is a recognized authority on the Lombard school. But we were hardly prepared for the bold and independent line which he takes in the present work. The rigorous criticism of modern connoisseurs has of late years reduced the sum total of what are considered to be the genuine works of Giorgione to a very limited number. Morelli, who, to his great credit, was the first to recognize the master of Castelfranco's hand in the perfect Venus of the Dresden Gallery, only admits nineteen; M. Berenson brings down the list to seventeen, in which he includes the much repainted "Storm Calmed by St. Mark" in the Academy of Venice, and the damaged "Christ Bearing the Cross" at San Rocco. Now Mr. Cook, the disciple and follower of the last-named critics, moved by a sudden revulsion of feeling, raises the number of genuine Giorgiones to upwards of forty, and accepts several others, as he says, "tentatively and with reserve."

No doubt, as Mr. Cook remarks, modern criticism has declined to recognize Giorgione's hand in anything but the very best and finest art, and has rejected many pictures as "not good enough for him." We confess that we ourselves cling to this theory and fail to recognize Zorzo da Castelfranco's exquisite fancy and delicate art in such works as the Glasgow picture of "Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery" or the "Judgment of Solomon" at Kingston Lacy. Still less can we see his hand in the "Venus and Adonis" from Hamilton Palace or the "San Liberale" of the National Gallery. On the other hand, the charming little picture which Mr. Cook calls "The Golden Age," and which is evidently one of those romantic renderings of classical themes in which the young Venetian excelled, seems to deserve the position assigned to it both by Mr. Cook and Signor Venturi; while the "Judith" of the Hermitage overcomes all doubts by her own incomparable beauty. Again, the little-known portrait of a man at Temple Newsam, in Yorkshire, has a strongly Giorgionesque character and is closely allied to the Bertin youth and the poet Broccardo's portrait at Budapesth. Once more Mr. Cook, we have little doubt, is entirely right in his surmise that in the noble Venetian lady of the Crespi collection we have the missing portrait of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus and Lady of Asolo, who was one of the earliest of Giorgione's patrons. Whether the picture in question was, as our author holds, actually painted by the master's hand, or is, as M. Berenson maintains, a copy of a lost original, a comparison of the Crespi portrait with the bust of Caterina Cornaro in the Pourtales collection at Berlin and with Gentile Bellini's portrait at Budapesth is sufficient to prove the lady's identity.

Another group of pictures with which Mr. Cook deals are the Giorgionesque works generally ascribed by modern critics to Titian. Among these are the famous Pitti "Concert," the lovely "Gipsy Madonna," the so-called "Physician Parma" at Vienna, and that magnificent portrait at Cobham which goes by the name of Ariosto. All of these Mr. Cook now assigns to Giorgione. But although in these early works Titian, to a great extent, adopted the style of his friend and comrade, and in Vasari's words "imitated Giorgione so closely that his pictures were often taken for those of that master," his individuality already asserts itself in the types which he uses, in the less spiritual beauty of the Virgin face, in the finely-modelled head of the young Augustinian player which bears so marked a likeness to his undoubted masterpiece "L'homme au gant" in the Louvre. As a matter of fact, all Giorgione's contemporaries in Venice were strongly influenced by the genius of this short-lived master. Each in turn caught a spark of what

Vasari calls the "fuoco Giorgionesco," and strove to imitate the new manner which he had made popular, the softness and richness of his colour, the romantic charm of his landscapes, the fire and passion of his conceptions. But it was the painter of Cadore on whom the largest portion of his spirit fell. He it was who took up the banner when it dropped from the dead master's hand and bore it forward to fresh heights and new achievements, far on into the next century.

We have said enough to show how many problems, both old and new, Mr. Cook's interesting study has suggested for discussion, and how many points in Giorgione's history are still in need of the fresh light which Dr. Ludwig's researches in the Venetian archives will, it may be hoped, throw upon the career of Zorzo da Castelfranco.

There are fashions in art as in everything else, but none can imagine that the fame of George Romney will be materially assisted by the exhibition of a further selection of his works which now occupies the Grafton Galleries, for an exhibition of works by this great English portrait-painter which does not include the "Wood Nymph," the "Calypso," the "Mrs. Yates," the "Mrs. Tickell," "Mrs. Billington," or "Mrs. Thornhill" can only be regarded as a poor complement to the previous collection. Now that the gaps on the walls and in the catalogue have been filled—notably by a full-length portrait of "Charlotte, daughter of Henry Pierse," in the large gallery—we are able to judge the completed collection. There are a few good Romneys, some fairly representative portraits, and more than one downright bad example. Most of them—good, bad, and indifferent—however, demonstrate the three characteristics of "the man in Cavendish-square"—the severity of his taste, the manliness no less than the simplicity of his drawing, and his insight into character. As illustrating the last quality the present exhibition is possibly more interesting than the previous collection, for, with the exception of the pictures of the "divine" lady whom Romney considered superior to all woman-kind and the "Serena" series, the pictures at present exhibited are more illustrative of Romney than of his sitters. For one whose ideal—so Edward Fitzgerald considered—was "neither high nor fixed" the stately and almost heroic portrait of "Mrs. Verelst" (now exhibited for the first time) and the large and reposeful "Serena in the Boat of Apathy" are sufficiently remarkable. It would add much to our pleasure if Mr. Harry Verelst would have the fine portrait of his great-grandmother properly washed, for it is apparently very dirty. The rich portrait of "the Hon. Charles Yorke," the unfinished portrait of Lady Hamilton reading a *Gazette* recording one of Nelson's victories, the pearly "Mrs. Robert Trotter," and the delightful child-portrait to which we have already referred, make the large gallery noteworthy. The empty spaces in the centre gallery have been filled with a strange and stiff portrait of "Elizabeth Geary" and a very indifferent sketch or copy of "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante." The centre gallery, however, contains a strong portrait of "Thomas Walker," the very fresh "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante" which was purchased by Sir William Hamilton from Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the beautiful portrait of Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante, leading a goat. Here, too, is the Rembrandtesque portrait of "Mrs. Whateley" belonging to Canon Whateley, which deserves to rank amongst the most interesting portraits by this artist, who "wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter." What our most popular portrait-painters of to-day would be without reading or education we shudder to contemplate.

The Royal Academy opens its winter exhibition on Monday. It will consist of English pictures executed during the past fifty years. The winter exhibition at the Institute opened this week; and the exhibition of the collected works of Sir W. B. Richmond opens immediately at the New Gallery. The opening of the black and white exhibition at South Kensington has been still further postponed in order to make it—what it promises to be—the most complete exhibition of its kind that has ever been attempted.

Next week also opens an interesting exhibition in the rooms of the Fine Art Society. It has been designed to illustrate on a small scale the water-colour art of the nineteenth century, and will include drawings by Mrs. Ansell, Charles Green, Rossetti, C. B. Boyce, George Frupp, David Cox, De Wint, Turner, Sandby, A. W. Hunt, H. J. Hine, Sir Francis Powell, Frederick Walker's "Harbour of Refuge," and the two "Pied Pipers" by Pinwell. The modern water-colour painters represented include J. W. North, Mrs. Allingham, Thorne Waite, Walter Severn, Goodwin, Sir J. D. Linton, Fulleylove, Whistler, Herkomer, Aumonier, Alma Tadema, Holman Hunt, W. L. Wyllie, Alfred Parsons, Tuke, T. C. Gatch, and Alfred East. Sir J. D. Linton has written a short introduction to the catalogue.

FICTION.

If Mrs. L. B. Walford has not surpassed her previous efforts in *ONE OF OURSELVES* (Longmans, 6s.), she has given us a very entertaining story. Into her accustomed milieu of quiet domestic life which she delineates with her wonted tact and felicity of phrase, the authoress has introduced a villain of the most repellent type. William Farrell is a finished hypocrite, and the ease with which he hoodwinks his partners and his fair admirers is depicted with much skill. The light-hearted heroine, her sisters, and Mrs. Tom, with her matchmaking propensities, are also among the happiest of Mrs. Walford's creations. The men of the novel are, with the exception of William, disappointing; Lionel, the priggish brother of the Colvin girls, is a dull dog, and his uncle, the peer, a hopeless caricature. Mrs. Walford's dialogue is as brisk as ever and her plot is dramatically worked out; but the closing scene seems to us unnecessary and inartistic.

One has learned to expect true and tender pictures of Irish life from Katharine Tynan, who achieves her usual high level in *A DAUGHTER OF THE FIELDS* (Smith, Elder, 6s.). If we except a tendency to fall back upon such hackneyed names as Bridget and Pat, and a resort to danger by fire and water to permit the hero to prove to the heroine how much stronger a man is than a woman, there is little that is conventional in the treatment. Meg O'Donoghue, with her ill-fitting masculine garment of agriculture, and Gervase Fitzmaurice, with his family traditions and high sense of honour, are good people to live with for a few hours. The writer's gift of humour and its obverse of melancholy assist to render very acceptable this wholesome and tender idyl.

By *AN UNSEEN HAND*, by Edwin Hughes (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.), is "A story of the Secret Society known as The Ragged Thirteen." The two titles speak for themselves, and those who like them may also quite possibly like the book. There are we forget exactly how many murders in it, and of these the somewhat colourless narrator commits one—or something very like one. The finale is rather exciting, though we are rather sceptical about that revolver. It burst; and we breathed again. Well, it is something to be able to do that. The villain didn't! *A TWOFOLD SILENCE* (same price, publisher, and author) is hardly worth the trouble of breaking. It is difficult to take much interest in the disappearance and silence of a most unheroic hero, whose acquaintance we make only on reaching the end of the book. The plot, such as it is, is unskillfully worked out. And about his villainous Mr. Hughes seems of a very "twofold" mind. Possibly that is why he has her killed.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Fortnightly* we naturally turn first to the retrospective article which relates the history of the Review. It is largely composed of extracts from Anthony Trollope's reminiscences and Mr. John Morley's valedictory address; and the writer is rather tantalizing in drawing attention to mysteries which he declines to solve, hinting at but not disclosing the identity of the *Fortnightly's* men in iron masks. "Who is E. B. Lanin?" he asks; but leaves the question without an answer. And this is hardly more satisfactory:—

The number of May, 1880, contained a very remarkable article on "The Conservative Collapse," meaning the rout which the Tories had just sustained at General Election. It was in the form of a letter "from a Liberal to an old Conservative"; it began with all form, "My Dear Sir," and it closed equally in accord with the forms of correspondence, "My Dear Sir, Yours Sincerely, Index." Now, at the time, as our oldest inhabitant very clearly recalls, this article was generally attributed to Gladstone, and the belief appears to have received no contradiction. Mr. Morley gave it a place of honour in the Review, and to read it now is to be reminded of the style—the grand style—of the Grand Old Man. Even

there is a classical quotation, not from Homer though, but from the *Æneid*. More cannot be said.

Does this mean that Mr. Gladstone wrote the article? The question is the more interesting from the fact that the retrospect is signed M., and that Morley is one of the names of which M. is the initial letter. Turning to the other articles we find that a pseudonymous "Calchas" raising the question "Will England Last the Century?" and taking a gloomy view of our national prospects, and "Diplomaticus," once a veiled prophet suspected of being Lord Curzon, but now known to be a journalist, discussing "The Concert in China," and papers on "Lord Rosebery's 'Napoleon,'" by Judge O'Connor Morris, on "The Painters of Seville," by Mr. Arthur Symonds, on "Sir Arthur Sullivan," by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, and on "Maurice Hewlett," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who exclaims that "At last we have a fine writer of romance—of historical romance in the old meaning of that somewhat languishing art." It was Mr. Harrison, it will be remembered, who, being asked by the editor of a contemporary to name two good books published in 1900, replied that the year had only produced one good book—to wit, "Richard Yea-and-Nay."

The *Nineteenth Century* takes a new title, and is to be known henceforward, not as the "Twentieth Century"—a style appropriated by the editor of another periodical—but as the *Nineteenth Century and After*. A special frontispiece, designed by the President of the Royal Academy, represents an aged and experienced philosopher turning his back upon a beautiful young woman. Mr. Knowles has resisted the temptation to offer reminiscences about the origin of his Review. The contributions are no fewer than seventeen in number. Among them is a poem by Mr. Stephen Phillips, entitled "Midnight—the 31st of December, 1900," though our knowledge of the practical conditions of putting a paper to press forbids us to believe that it was really written at that particular hour of that particular day. We may quote a few lines:—

Lo! I come, I hasten, I set my procession in order,
In order of triumph I come;
At the wheels of my chariot pacing, like alien captives,
Anguish and Time and Death,
Through a multitude out of the uttermost spheres assembled,
With a shout of delivered stars.

"Current politics" are discussed from opposite standpoints by Sir Wemyss Reid and Mr. Sidney Low. Mr. Edmund Robertson, late Civil Lord of the Admiralty, inquires what his successors in office are prepared to do for him in the matter of submarine boats. As a remedy for Hooliganism Mr. John Trevarthen proposes a freer use of truant, industrial, and reformatory schools. A "day of purification" is Mr. Henry Jephson's suggestion as a good twentieth century idea, and he is apparently quite serious in remarking that "a day in spring would be preferable, many people's minds being already attuned to the idea of a spring cleaning." The Nicaragua Canal question is considered in all its bearings by Mr. Robert Bromley; the Catholic (i.e., Roman Catholic) Doctrine of Indulgences is expounded and justified by the Bishop of Newport; and Dr. Jessopp compares the conditions of the peasantry at the beginning and at the end of the century. "The agricultural labourers of to-day," he says, "are certainly better clad, more luxuriously fed, have more leisure, are better educated, and are rapidly becoming better housed than their forefathers a century ago." On the other hand, those forefathers "had incomparably more laughter, more amusement"; and as for the future, Dr. Jessopp is "inclined to doubt seriously whether before another century has ended there will be any such thing as an agricultural labourer to know."

The editor of the *Contemporary* does not pay much attention to the new century. The articles, however, though none are retrospective, cover a wide range. "Togatus," writing of the War Office, contrasts English with German military administration. Mr. Stephen Gwynn praises Mr. Stephen Phillips, and declares, perhaps with more enthusiasm than accuracy, of Mr. Tree that "no one has staked so much on the conviction that

the playhouse is not merely a place in which to go and be amused after dinner." Surely Sir Henry Irving has done as much, not to mention Mr. John Hollingshead, who brought the *Comédie Française* to London, and Mr. F. R. Benson. The Chinese question is dealt with by Dr. E. J. Dillon, who brings serious indictments against European soldiers. "Cycles and Motors in 1900" are written of by Mr. Joseph Pennell, who predicts that "in a few years everybody will be riding some form of motor," and that "the motor will have a far greater revolutionary effect on the traffic of the world than the bicycle has ever had." M. Auguste Bréal assures French and English readers that if they knew each other better they would like each other more.

The critics of the twentieth century would do well to peruse an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* on "The Foible of Comparative Literature." The writer thinks the "comparative method" set forth by M. Brunetière at the "Congrès International" much too narrow. That method is simply the old "historical method" tracing the influence of one period or one national literature upon another. The writer in *Blackwood's* would go much further and find analogies in works which have no historical connexion, such as between the French and the Hindoo Epic—an interesting inquiry for the critic of the future. The South African question is touched upon in an article on "The Last Session of the Century." Sir Alfred Milner's position is compared with that of Lord Canning in India after the mutiny, with one important reservation—"Lord Canning had supreme authority, military as well as civil, in India, whereas no one exactly knows what power Sir Alfred Milner has over Cape Colony or Natal." The writer leaves out one important question—viz., how the war is to be paid for. Another side of the war is brilliantly treated by "Linesman" in a paper called "Marooned," a graphic description of the incursions made by small commandos of Boers on the British "lines of communication." "More Problems of Railway Management" sets us thinking on one of the most likely changes of the new century—the triumph of electricity over steam; and we trust that the clear summary of the advantages of electric traction will prove consolatory to those who may happen to have been recently entubed in the tunnel by Notting-hill-gate. Mr. C. Hanbury Williams, in his reminiscences of "Fifteen Hundred Miles of Fresh Water," is able to add something to our impressions of the much photographed Niagara.

The *National Review*, as usual, goes straight for the topical and actual. "The Surrenders in South Africa" are considered by Mr. H. W. Wilson. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he demands that the facts necessary to the due consideration should be published, declaring that "it looks as though the nation would be put off with carefully doctored despatches and reports in which all things unpleasant are mercilessly suppressed." Dr. T. M. Maguire offers some slashing comments on "The Technical Training of Officers" and the official attitude towards that subject:—

Leave is given for Ascot and refused for purposes of study. I have known officers who were refused leave to study for the Staff College but got leave for Ascot Races, and spent that leave in study notwithstanding. . . . A British subaltern who, like him [Napoleon], had mastered the art of war by self-denial and strenuous toil, would also be a reproach to no small number of his official superiors in and out of the Army. Perhaps this is partially disproved by the rapid professional advancement of such student soldiers as Sir Francis Wingate and Colonel Girouard. The literary article is by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who gives a critical estimate of James Anthony Froude, with special reference to his treatment of Carlyle. This is the vindication:—

He seems to have expected that his readers would be as ready as himself to condone Carlyle's faults of temper, and regard his posthumous confession as so "supremely honourable" as to be an ample atonement for the offence. He, unluckily, succeeded in exaggerating the faults, without carrying his readers along with him in the implied apology. They did not

appreciate the charm, which to him was so obvious, of the despotic side of Carlyle's character.

The *Magazine of Art* has a beautiful frontispiece—a coloured reproduction of "An Orphan of Amsterdam," by Gabriel Nicolet. There is another fine reproduction of a Greuze; and altogether it is a good number, with an article on the new Hogarths in the British Museum by Mr. Austin Dobson, and on "Humour in Black and White" by Mr. E. T. Reed, and other illustrated articles of interest.

The *Art Journal* starts the year with a new cover in black and orange, and Mr. Claude Phillips begins an illustrated account of the Wallace Collection. Besides other more usual features, there is an interesting note by Mr. Lewis Lusk on "Charles Keene and Pretty Women," in which he takes a picture from *Punch*, April 13, 1872, and compares Keene's Irish girl leaning against a gatepost with a figure in Velasquez's "Las Hilanderas" as both expressing in a masterly way the easy unemphasized suggestion of beauty.

The *Imperial and Colonial Magazine* is this month more imperial and colonial than ever. Professor Keane's new series of papers on "The Struggle of the Races" promises to be interesting. The first instalment deals with the negro question in America; a discussion of the alleged Yellow Peril is promised to follow. Mr. C. de Thierry's hints on "How to Make a Career in South Africa" will probably appeal to a wider public. The poem on Australian Federation by J. Brunton Stephens, the well-known Australian poet, has appeared in the Australian papers. It deserves to be quoted from:—

The Charter's read; the rites are o'er;
The trumpet's blare and cannon's roar
Are silent, and the flags are furled;
But so not ends the task to build
Into the fabric of the world
The substance of our hope fulfilled—
To work as those who greatly have divined
The lordship of a continent assigned
As God's own gift for service of mankind.

The prolific Mr. S. R. Crockett is the author of one of this year's serials in *Temple Bar*, and the other is by Agnes and Egerton Castle. "Memories of Frank Buckland," by George C. Peachey, contains some entertaining anecdotes, and there is a doctor's diary of the siege of Ladysmith.

Cassell's starts Mr. Kipling's new story which we mentioned last week. The story is well served by illustrators, for besides the artists we mentioned Mr. H. R. Millar contributes his quota of drawings. The number is in other respects a good one, with stories by Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, Mr. Neil Wynn Williams, Mr. Max Pemberton, and others, and well-illustrated articles, including one on Falconry and one on "The Novelist as M.P."

The *Thrush* starts its career with a sonnet by Dr. Garnett on Shelley, a little poem by Mr. Henley, a sonnet by Miss Emily Hickey, and a long poem by Mr. Mullett Ellis called "The Thrush." We do not find any pre-eminent merit in these poems, but no periodical should be judged by its first number. We only hope that the editor will rest his venture on merit rather than on names. That, we are sure, is the way to interest lovers of poetry. The editor gives us rather an ecstatic preface, inviting us to "scan the horizon, for the day is breaking," and to "go to the gardens where the harpers sing." We only hope that he is right in venturing the assertion that "a rare melody is in our ears, the intense and tremulous voicing of great aspirations."

We have not noticed the Christmas number of the *Poster*, which reached us a little late. The magazine is to be somewhat enlarged in scope, and if it develops on the lines of this number it should do well. Its reproduced posters and title pages are full of interest, and it will now include bookplates, prints, book-bindings, and all the other curious productions that attract the artistic collector.

We have also received, but have no space to notice at length, the *Antiquary*, the *Genealogical Magazine*, the *Penny Magazine*, which is full of little histories of the century, *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Girl's Realm*, the *Lady's Realm*, *St. Nicholas*, and *Little Folks*.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Sir Edward Malet has been writing his reminiscences since he retired in 1895 and these will be published by Mr. Murray in the spring. Few men have seen service in more countries than the late Ambassador to Berlin. From his first appointment as Attaché at Frankfort in 1854 he went successively to Brussels (1858); Rio de Janeiro (1861); Washington (1862); Lisbon (1865); Constantinople (1868); Paris (1868); Peking, as Secretary to Legation (1871); Athens (1873); Constantinople (1878); Egypt, as Agent-General and Minister-Plenipotentiary (1879); Brussels (1883); and Berlin, as Ambassador (1884). He was in charge of the Embassy at Paris during the Commune; was Minister-Plenipotentiary at Constantinople at the close of the Russo-Turkish War; was in Cairo in the same capacity during the Egyptian War of 1882; and was British Representative at the African Conference at Berlin in 1885, signing the treaty which resulted from it.

The same publisher promises the Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, by the Countess of Ilchester, for the spring. It will probably throw new light on the love affair between the captivating daughter of the second Duke of Richmond and the youthful George III. Lady Sarah was a great grand-daughter of Charles II., and George III. seems to have fallen in love with her when she was seventeen years old. "A few months before his marriage," says Walpole, "he was remarkable for his attentions to this young lady; and it is said he would have married her but for the influence of his mother." In the year following the King's wedding she married Sir Charles Thomas Bunbury, M.P., the celebrated racing baronet, but was divorced from him in 1776 by Act of Parliament. In 1782 she married Colonel Napier (6th son of the 5th Lord Napier), who commanded a Yeomanry corps in the Irish Rebellion of '98, and died in 1804. George III. settled £1,000 a year upon her after her husband's death, and she died, full of years and totally blind, in 1826. She was the mother of a family of famous sons, among whom were Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, Sir George Thomas Napier, general and Governor of the Cape of Good Hope from 1837 to 1843; Sir William Francis Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War; and Captain Henry Edward Napier, of the Navy, who wrote a "Florentine History from the Earliest Authentic Records to the Accession of Ferdinand the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany," in six volumes, 1846-1847. Leigh Hunt suggested that Lady Sarah was the original "Lass of Richmond Hill," and that the ballad was written by George III. This is generally regarded as very improbable.

A work which the Cambridge University Press has almost ready for publication is the first volume of a "Catalogue of British Books (1475-1640) in the University Library, Cambridge," arranged chronologically under the names of the printers, by Mr. C. E. Sayle, of St. John's College. Mr. Sayle's original idea was to make the catalogue a contribution to the history of literature under authors, but it will also be a contribution to the history of English printing and bookselling. The text includes the addresses of printers and publishers, as well as descriptions of devices and ornaments. There are to be three volumes, the first of which begins with Caxton's first edition of the "Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers"—the first book printed in England—ending with a collection of books printed by Felix Kingston early in the seventeenth century.

Mr. Murray begins his new year publishing on the 15th inst. with the illustrated volume on "Tuscany" by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, British Vice-Consul for West Tuscany; and Mrs. Ady's book on "The Painters of Florence from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century" will be ready about the same time. The fifth volume of the Byron Letters, 1820-1822, may also be expected within the next fortnight, to be quickly followed by the fourth volume of Poetry, which will include "Manfred," "Prisoner of Chillon,"

"Beppo," "Mazeppa," and "Vision of Judgment." Among the theological books to be published shortly by Mr. Murray are Jowett's "Sermons on Faith and Doctrine" and Canon Moberly's volume on "Atonement and Personality." These will be followed in Lent by Canon Gore's book on Holy Communion, originally announced under the title of "The Breaking of the Bread," but now altered to "The Body of Christ." It appears that another publisher has a book under the first name, and Mr. Murray withdrew in his favour. Mr. E. H. Parker's "China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," will be published by Mr. Murray this month. General Mackinnon's diary of his experiences with the C.I.V. may be expected in the early spring.

Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. George Gissing have consented to write for a special number with which the *Student*, the magazine of Edinburgh University, will celebrate the beginning of the twentieth century. Among other well-known men of letters, both in England and Scotland, William Archer, John Davidson, Jerome K. Jerome, Lionel Johnson, Evelyn Abbott, Gilbert Parker, Neil Munro, Sir George Douglas, Cyril Maude, Cutcliffe Hyne, Laurence Binyon, John Buchan, I. Zangwill, Morley Roberts, and Louis N. Parker will contribute.

Mr. Heinemann's first publication in the new century will be "A Political History of Contemporary Europe," by Professor Seignobos. The author begins at the year 1814, and treats the Napoleonic period as a result of the Revolution.

The *Gentlewoman* has a "century" Christmas number which is thoroughly well conceived, and certainly deserves commendation to our lady readers. There are articles on various sides of woman's life in the century by ladies who speak with the highest authority on each subject; an abundance of portraits of notable women of the century; and some very interesting illustrations of fashions since 1800. The century is exhaustively treated from the feminine point of view; and, what is more, it shows how the subject can be made attractive without a trace of vulgarity or triviality.

The January number of the Temple Classics will be Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," and the next additions to the Temple Primers will be "The Child: Its Nature and Nurture," by W. B. Drummond, and "Australia, the Commonwealth and New Zealand," by Arthur Jose. Messrs. Dent are also about to add an illustrated volume on Alfred the Great, by the Rev. D. Macfadyen, to their Saintly Lives Series—in good time for the millenary celebrations.

Messrs. Sonnenschein are making an early start this month with a new series of cookery books on novel lines. The first two volumes are "Picnics and Suppers," by Colonel Kenney Herbert ("Wyvern"), and "Vegetables and Light Diet," by the same author.

The *Nuova Antologia* is publishing a new novel, entitled "Piccolo Mondo Moderno," by Antonio Fogazzaro.

We have just received the first number of a new Monthly entitled *Man*, published under the direction of the Anthropological Institute, and we are asked to state that should the copies of this issue prove too few in number, a second impression will be produced for subscribers who apply to 3, Hanover-square, W., not later than January 15th.

Messrs. Miller and Gill have opened new premises as booksellers in Charing-cross-road, the former having spent seventeen years with Mr. Denny in the Strand.

Owing to pressure upon our space we are compelled to hold over our review of the Library Year until next week.

Books to look out for at once.

LITERATURE—

"William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man." By Hamilton W. Mabie. Macmillan. 21s. net.

[Tells the story of Shakespeare's life in the same spirit in which the biographies of contemporaries are written. Illustrations.]

"Macaulay." By Sir Richard Jebb. Camb. Univ. Press.

[A lecture delivered at Cambridge on August 10, 1900, in connexion with the Summer Meeting of University Extension Students.]

"The Kipling Reader." Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

"A Present Day Advent, and other Sermons." By Rev. E. B. Speirs. Blackwood. 6s. net.

"Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the Greek New Testament." By E. Nestle. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

"Old and New Certainty of the Gospel." By A. Robinson. Williams and Norgate. 2s. 6d.

- "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." By F.G. Peabody. Macmillan. 6s.
- "Cairo Genizah Palimpsests," from the Taylor-Schechter Collection. Edited by Dr. Taylor, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cam. Univ. Press.
- [Including a fragment of the Twenty-second Psalm according to Origen's Hexapla. With facsimiles.]
- TOPOGRAPHY.**
- "Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate." By Guy L'Estrange. Oxford Univ. Press. 16s. net.
- "Old Virginia and her Neighbours." 2 vols. By J. Fiske. Gay and Bird. 32s. net.
- FICTION.**
- "Germinal; or, Master and Man." By E. Zola. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- "A Missing Hero." By Mrs. Alexander. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- "A Pair of Knaves and a Few Trumps." By M. Douglas Plattery. Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d.
- "The Fading of the Light and other Stories." By A. Dunn. Scott. 3s. 6d.
- EDUCATION.**
- "England's Neglect of Science." By Prof. J. Perry, of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington. Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.
- "School Management and Methods of Instructions." By G. Collar and C. W. Crook. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
- MEDICAL.**
- "Diseases of the Thyroid Gland." Part I. By G. R. Murray. H. K. Lewis. 7s. 6d.
- "Atlas and Epitome of Gynecology." By O. Schaeffer. Saunders. 15s. net.
- "Atlas of the External Diseases of the Eye." Saunders. 13s. net.
- "Atlas and Epitome of Diseases caused by Accidents." By E. Golebiewski. Saunders. 16s. net.
- "Atlas and Abstract of the Diseases of the Larynx." Saunders. 12s. net.
- "Atlas of Diseases of the Skin." By F. Mracek. Saunders. 15s. net.
- "Atlas of Legal Medicine." By E. von Hofmann. Saunders. 15s. net.
- "Atlas and Epitome of Operative Surgery." By O. Zuckerkandl. Saunders. 13s. net.
- "Atlas of Methods of Clinical Investigation." By C. Jacobs. Saunders. 13s. net.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
- "Studies in Peernage and Family History." By J. Horace Round, M.A. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.
- "Practical Electro-Chemistry." By B. Blount. Constable. 15s. net.
- "Chopin: The Man and his Music." By J. Huncker. W. Reeves. 10s.
- "Complete Course of Needlework, Knitting, and Cutting Out." By T. M. James. Longmans. 6s.
- "The Language of Handwriting." By R. D. Stocker. Somerschein. 3s. 6d.
- "Dynamo Electric Machinery; its Construction," &c. By S. Sheldon and H. Mason. Lockwood. 10s. 6d. net.
- "Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating." By J. J. Lawler. Lockwood. 21s. net.
- NEW EDITIONS.**
- "Taxes on Knowledge: The Story of their Origin and Repeal." By C. D. Collett. Fisher Unwin.
- "A Master Mariner: The Life of Captain Robert W. Eastwick." Edited by Herbert Compton. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
- [New volume in the "Adventure Series."]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.**
- "Mother Nature's Children." By A. W. Gould. 7½x5½in., 291 pp. Boston, U.S.A. Ginn & Co.
- CLASSICAL.**
- "Lives of Miltiades and Epaminondas." Ed. by A. E. Roberts. 6x4in., 127 pp. Rivington. 1s. 6d.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
- "The New Atlantis." By Francis Bacon. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by G. C. Moore Smith. 7x4½in., 72 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 1s. 6d.
- "Robinson Crusoe." (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by J. H. B. Masterman. 7x4½in., 308 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 2s.
- "King Henry V." (Pitt Press Shakespeare.) Ed. by A. W. Verity. 7x4½in., 250 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 1s. 6d.
- "Outlines of the History of the English Language." By T. N. Toller. 7x5in., 294 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 4s.
- "A Primer of Astronomy." (Cam. Science Series.) By Sir R. Ball, LL.D., F.R.S. 7x6½in., 183 pp. Cam. Un. Press.
- "Le Chien du Capitaine." Par Louis Enault. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by Margaret de G. Verrall. 7x4½in., 172 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 1s. 6d.
- "Die Journalisten." Von Gustave Freytag. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by H. W. Kve. 7x5½in., 183 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 2s. 6d.
- HISTORY.**
- "Political Theories of the Middle Ages." By Dr. Otto Gierke. Trans. by F. W. Maitland, LL.D., D.C.L. 10x6½in., 197 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 10s.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
- "The Calendar of Empire. A Tribute to Lives, Deeds, and Words that have gained Glory for Great and Greater Britain." By Ian Malcolm, M.P. 7x6in., 375 pp. Blackwood. 6s.
- "Pionies and Suppers." By Col. A. R. Kenney-Herbert (Wyvern). 7½x5in., 250 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. n.
- POETRY.**
- "As the Wind Stirs," or, Poems in Many Moods. By E. G. Hoare. 7½x5in., 252 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 4s. 6d.
- "The Wisdom of Nathan Gray, and other Poems." By Denis Davies. 8½x7in., 139 pp. Liverpool: Howell. London: Simpkin, Marshall.
- POLITICAL.**
- "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy." By J. Davidson, Ph.D. 7½x5in., 155 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
- SCIENCE.**
- "Lectures on the Lunar Theory." By J. C. Adams, F.R.S. Ed. by R. A. Sampson. 9x6in., 88 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 5s.
- "Scientific Papers." Vol. II. 1881-1887. By Lord Rayleigh. 11x7½in., 598 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 15s. n.
- THEOLOGY.**
- "Thoughts. From the Writings of W. R. Barbour. 6x3½in., 153 pp. Blackwood.
- TOPOGRAPHY.**
- "A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part XVI. Dent. 1s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CIX.
By J. C. J. WAINWRIGHT, U.S.A.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CX.
By AAGE MEYER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 111. by A. Troitzky. White (6 pieces)—K at Q B 3; Q at Q R 2; B at K R 2; pawns at K R 3, K Kt 3, Q R 3. Black (6 pieces)—K at K 5; Q at K R 3; R at K B 4; Kt at Q Kt 3; pawns at K Kt 4, K B 6. White to play and win.

NOTES AND NEWS.—One of the most remarkable features of the last century, from the chess player's point of view, is the advances made during the last fifty years. Very much credit is due to the late Howard Staunton, who, nearly sixty years ago, commenced the chess column in the *Illustrated London News*, organized the first tournament (1851), and published the Handbook and several similar standard works. Probably no man really contributed so much of real value in the interests of the game. It met the needs of the rank and file.

There was a chess club or two in existence about 1850, but the real history of English chess and its progress dates from about that period.

A tournament for amateurs was due last Monday at the Hydro, Llandudno, but the programme was too long delayed to admit of a large entry though £50 in all were offered as prizes. Messrs. Burn, Bellingham, Atkins, and Gunston are the entries for the Craigsidde cup contest.

Another coming event, due February 1, is a tournament at Monte Carlo, limited to twelve players. The prizes are, in francs, respectively 5,000, 3,000, 2,000, 1,000, 800, and 500, besides £500 for best game, given by Baron Rothschild, and £250 for the most brilliant game, given by Professor Rice.

A small tournament at Simpson's Divan, our oldest chess resort, ended, as was expected, in favour of the professional, Herr Teichmann.

GAME No. LIV.—Played by correspondence:—

RUY LOPEZ.		RUY LOPEZ.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
C. Behting (Riga).	S. Lebedev (St. Petersburg).	C. Behting (Riga).	S. Lebedev (St. Petersburg).
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	13. B-Kt ch	B-Q 2
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	14. Castles	Kt-K 2
3. B-K 5	B-K 5	15. B-B ch	Q-B 3
4. P-Q B 3	B-R 4	16. Q-Kt 3	P-Q Kt 4
5. Kt-Q R 3 (a)	B-Kt 3	17. Q-Kt-K 5 (f)	P-Kt
6. Kt-B 4	P-Q 3	18. Kt-P	Q-Q 5
7. P-Q 4	PxP	19. K-B P ch	K-Q sq
8. P-Q B 4 (b)	PxP (c)	20. QxP	R-K Kt sq
9. P-R 5	B-Q B 4	21. Q-B 6	QxP
10. P-Q Kt 4	BxP	22. R-Q sq ch	B-Q 3
11. Q-K 4	B-Q B 4	23. B-K Kt 5 and wins.	
12. P-R 6 (d)	P-Q Kt 3 (e)		



WHITE. BEHTING.

Black to play his 12th move.
(f) Again a brilliant move! If Mr. Behting had played this game in the Paris Tourney, he would have been a successful contestant for one of the two brilliancy prizes. In any case, we consider this game to be of greater brilliancy than the game between Mieses and Janowski.—Notes from *Deutsches Wochensach*.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 169. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	21, 22, 23, 24
PERSONAL VIEWS—"A Plea for the Consideration of Walt Whitman," by H. F. Carlill	25
REVIEWS OF THE CENTURY.—SOME EXAMPLES	26
"THE DEATH-KNELL OF FRENCH SYNTAX"	29
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	29
REVIEWS—	
Studies in European Literature	30
Recent Verse.—II.	31, 32
Shakespeare Sermons—The Religious Spirit in the Poets—Alfred Tennyson: A Saintly Life—The Mind of Tennyson—Seventy Years at Westminster—The Wisdom of the Wise—The Shadowy Waters— Michael Kramer—The Story of the Birds—Our Bird Friends— My Birds in Freedom and Captivity—A Year with Nature—Lord Lilford—Domesticities—Sleeping Beauty—Pages from a Journal— Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts—Mr. Dooley's Philosophy—Fables in Slang—Wellington's Men—Cash and How to Invest It—The Romance of the South Pole—Half Hours in Japan—The Animal Painters of England	32, 33, 34, 35, 36
ART NOTES	37
Morrison's Machine—Love of Comrades—A Vizier's Daughter—The Minder	37, 38
LIBRARY WORK IN 1900	38
CORRESPONDENCE—The "Robustious Comedy" of Shakespeare's Henry V. (Mr. Sidney Lee)—Edward Fitzgerald and T. E. Brown— The Society of Authors (The Secretary)	38
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	38, 39
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	39

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a "Personal View" on "The Poetry of the Twentieth Century," by Mr. T. Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

With three new editions beginning simultaneously, Scott, whose portrait we give this week, begins the century with a brave flourish. We mentioned last week a new edition of the Waverleys just beginning to appear from the house of Messrs. A. and C. Black. This week yet another re-issue, handy and well printed, is launched upon its career by Messrs. Nelson in their "New Century Library" with "Waverley," giving us—as in the case of Messrs. Black's edition—Scott and nothing but Scott; and next Tuesday Messrs. Macmillan will follow suit with the first two volumes—"Waverley" and "Guy Mannering"—of their new issue of the Border Edition, edited by Mr. Lang, which they took over from Mr. Nimmo last year, and will publish at the rate of two volumes a month.

One critic has asserted recently that Scott "often wrote a style cumbrous and diffuse; that he was tediously analytical . . . that he was tiresomely descriptive," and that he was quite right to be all this, since "the generation which he wrote for was duller than this; slower witted, aesthetically untrained, and in maturity not so apprehensive of an artistic intention as the children of to-day." Another critic, and no less an admirer of Scott than Mr. Lang, thinks just the opposite—viz., that we have declined in intellect, and that the decline dates from the Waverley Novels, which engendered a love of fiction. Whichever is right, there can be no doubt that Scott, who began to write at the beginning of the nineteenth century, maintains his supremacy at the beginning of the twentieth.

VOL. VIII. No. 2.

We are printing, this week, a number of extracts showing how the reviewers practised their art in the earlier years of the century. On the whole they do not seem to have "spotted" the coming men as often as one could wish, or to have had a very keen eye for the promise displayed in the early works of writers of genius—though the recognition of the merits of "Timbuctoo" by the *Athenæum* and of "The Shaving of Shagpat" by the *Saturday Review* furnish striking exceptions. Perhaps the critics of the future will be able to bring a similar reproach against the critics of the present; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think that criticism has improved and is improving.

There is always a tendency for criticism, when confronted by a work of striking originality, to resent its defiance of old rules and precepts; but the tendency is not so pronounced as it used to be. The contemporary critic has the experience of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviewers, as well as his own experience, to guide him. He has been brought up to perceive merit in many antagonistic schools of poetry and fiction, and has observed that many slashing reviews have only represented some superseded school resolved to die in its last ditch. This inherited experience must necessarily help, in some measure, to eliminate the personal equation. It is not to be expected—or even hoped—that that personal equation will ever entirely disappear. If it did criticism would lose in interest a good deal more than it would be likely to gain in any other direction.

Mr. Swinburne shows in his poem "1901," published in the *Saturday Review*, how far apart he stands from the other poets who have undertaken to inaugurate a new era. It is terse, musical, and full of fine thoughts, and it shows the characteristic tendency to sacrifice meaning to music.

An age too great for thought of ours to scan,
A wave upon the sleepless sea of time
That sinks and sleeps for ever, ere the chime
Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban,
The dark year dead, the bright year born for man,
Dies; . . .

The second and third lines are magnificent; but the whole sentence is a pretty exercise in parsing.

The *Daily News*, it is understood, is to become the organ of a party for which at present no satisfactory title seems to have been found. At any rate the new *Daily News* will, on military and foreign affairs, not agree with the old *Daily News*. With its politics, present or future, we have no concern. But the paper has always taken a high literary standard; and its editorial articles have appealed to those who look too often in vain for wit and culture among the penny and halfpenny morning dailies. We welcome the appointment as editor of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, an excellent representative of "liberal" education in the non-political sense, famous at Cambridge alike for his journalism, his oratory, his oarsmanship, and his boxing; a scholar who knows the world, an athlete who has edited a voluminous law book, and a politician who has contributed to Anglo-American fraternity by coaching the Harvard eight. We may hope then that the

Daily News, if it changes its views, will not alter its style and manner, and that its motto will be—*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

* * * *

The venerable art of parody in verse is always with us, but if we perhaps except Mr. Owen Seaman, it has no very brilliant exponents. Mr. Anthony C. Deane in his "New Rhymes for Old" (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.) has one good idea. In the old days when every young reciter gave an "imitation of Irving," no variety entertainment was successful without a "Sir Henry Irving edition" of "Three Blind Mice." Mr. Deane has rather happily turned this idea to a new purpose. Thus we have—"contributed by Mr. William Watson"—

Three mice—three sightless mice—averse from strife,
Peaceful descendants of the Armenian race,

&c., and—from Mr. Henley—

Calm and implacable
Eyeing disdainfully the world beneath
Sat Humpty Dumpty on his mural eminence,

and from Mr. Stephen Phillips—

Little Jack Horner sat in an anglé meditating

and from Mr. Newbolt a naval ditty, "I saw three ships come sailing by," which closes thus:—

Patriotism is ruling high—
Possibly that's the reason why
I saw three ships come sailing by—
Sailing by, sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning!

Mr. Deane derives his inspiration—with almost too much suppression of himself—from one source, both in his parodies and his original verse. The late Mr. J. K. Stephen went to the same fountain head. We need not, therefore, be too hard upon Mr. Deane. What that source is will be quite clear from "The Cult of the Celtic":—

When the eager squadrons of day are faint and disbanded,
And under the windswept stars the reaper gleams
The petulant passion flowers—although, to be candid,
I haven't the faintest notion what that means—

Mr. Deane is far from the inevitableness, the terseness, and maturity of his master. But his verses will serve to dip into.

* * * *

The same may be said of a little book from India, "At Odd Moments," by Dum Dum ("Times of India" Press), who gives us, of course, Kipling and Omar, and even ventures his skill on Shakespeare and Gray. He is a little more racy and elastic than Mr. Deane. His best effort is "To Mandalay—Greeting," by Waltyard Whipping—a truly complex undertaking.

Why do you not return to Mandalay, O soldier?
Do you not remember the boats, and the paddles as they
chunked outside the boats?
Do you not remember the elephants, the mighty elephants,
strong, mysterious, huge, impalpable (no not impalpable),
thick-skinned (so am I), and the way in which they would take up trees or parts of trees, branches, logs, beams, planks, . . . &c. . . in their trunks (the beams carefully supported at their centre of gravity, the logs carefully supported at their centre of gravity, the elephants without a smile at their centre of gravity)
From Rangoon to Mandalay?

For

On the road to Mandalay the flying fishes play,
But there are no omnibuses to ply.
Is there not a thirst here, and are there any ten commandments?
O you commandments! you first, second, third . . . and tenth commandments! is not Mandalay the shop for you, and especially for one of you?

The prose parody is represented by Mr. W. H. Helm. There are two kinds of parody—the kind that makes you laugh and the kind that only makes you smile. Mr. Helm, in his "Studies in Style" (Heinemann, 3s. n.), is as excellent in the latter *genre* as Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. F. C. Burnand were in the former. His studies are something more than imitations, but something less than caricatures; he imitates the style and only caricatures the subject. He is particularly successful in parodying Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Frederick Wedmore. This is exactly what we should have expected Mr. Wedmore to write if he had gone to Mr. Helm for the synopsis of his story.

He had been talking the night before—at Ramoni's while her husband was paying the bill—of his weekly visit to the eternal seaside, and—an instinct perhaps had decided—she had said three words to him he would remember for ever, "Take me, too," and he accepted her suggestion. In his thoughts he had, perhaps, intended to make it himself. She had gone in a white "Putney" omnibus from Earl's Court to Victoria, where Jack had already arrived in a yellow "Ship-ton" from Park-lane, Stoke Newington—"my remote corner at Mayfair," as he called it—and they had travelled down together. Side by side. And he smoked his pipe. And the train rolled along. Rolled, rolled. They had bathed—far apart—from machines, had been for a row in a boat about as far as the head of the pier, had lunched—where and how we know—had driven to the *fosse du diable* and back in a char-a-banc, and had returned by the 5.30 express, the last possible occupants of a carriage which plunged heavily on the metals, probably because, like the English climates, its springs were defective.

And this, again, has all the characteristics of Mr. Weyman in a medieval mood.

It was on a warm morning in the third month of the year that I, Gil d'Epingle, Captain of the King's Guard, left my ancestral home, 'twixt Loire and Cher, to attempt the perilous task which my dear Jocrisse had entrusted to me. The dangers that lay before me would have deterred many a man whose title to bravery none would dare dispute, but a d'Epingle, above all when the reward of love's bright eyes awaits him, is fearless as the wild hare in the Royal forest of Vincennes, and as I mounted my trusty mare Bronchade, the gift of my old maternal uncle, the Baron de Cauche de Mar, who had ridden her during forty years in war and peace, I felt that all the desperadoes in France could not stop me in the accomplishment of my mission. As the white mistral melted away before the rising sun, the smiling valleys of lovely Touraine opened out before me in all the glory of their verdant corn. Onward and onward I galloped along the dense forest paths. Time was of supreme importance to me.

* * * *

Speaking of parodies, is one justified in sniffing a savour of parody in "An Englishman's Love Letters," announced by the Unicorn Press? The title can hardly be a coincidence.

* * * *

There has been an immense deal of conjecture about "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which we noticed when it came out last November, and very little has come out of it. The answers to the questions, Why did he break it off? and Who wrote the letters? still remain the exclusive property of those numerous persons who "could an if they would"; and perhaps a little reaction is only to be expected. The demand began to exceed the supply in December, and as "Arthur Pendenys," the editor of Hatchard's "Belinda's Book List," remarks, "many people therefore spent a much more cheerful Christmas than they otherwise would have done." The same humourist has been interested in noticing the attitude of man towards this book:—

Men have been seen to buy the book and give it to their sisters as a present. It is inexpensive. . . . Mr. Andrew Lang, who usually signs his reviews in the *Daily News*, when reviewing this book in that excellent journal omitted to sign

his name. He attacked the book, and, as it were, fled; but scholar and brilliant man that Mr. Lang is, there is one thing he cannot do—he cannot be anonymous. Mr. Lang's opinion as to the authenticity of the book is worth noting. He says that the book is no more authentic "than the first chapter of a novel." Now Mr. Lang, it is well known, plays golf regularly with the publisher of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and what is the good of playing golf with a publisher (or playing golf at all) unless you get to know better things than how to play golf?

The public has had lately an orgie of love letters, and is, no doubt, waiting hungrily for Bismarck's. Perhaps there is more than meets the eye in this little bit of sound advice which Arthur Pendenys presents to his readers. "When my friends asked me to try and intervene to obtain copies, I said I was powerless, and bade each one amuse herself with her own love letters for a few days longer, and so not bother about other people's."

"Sir Walter Besant thinks editors should review only two novels each week. Can any one pretend, asks Sir Walter, that there are more than one hundred novels every year which are worthy of serious treatment? According to the returns annually made by the "Publishers' Circular" there are some thousand new novels published every year. How is the busy editor to discern which are the hundred that deserve to be reviewed? Will his staff read all those that are not worth reviewing? And if he goes slavishly for the well-known names many a tame performance would find its way into the favoured few, while the editor would abandon the most essential part of his duty—the discovery of new merit. And after all the short reviews are much the most valuable ones, in the interest at any rate of those who are on the look out for books worth reading."

The Irish Literary Theatre, founded by Messrs. Edward Martyn, W. B. Yeats, and George Moore for the purpose of purifying the Irish stage, seems on the eve of disintegration. The play by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore, based on an old Celtic tale, which was to have been produced this year in Dublin, has been bought, we are informed, by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and will be produced by her instead of by the Irish Literary Theatre. Unless Mr. Martyn steps into the field and produces a play of his own besides the short piece in Irish promised by Dr. Douglas Hyde, it is difficult to see how there is to be the usual week's performance in Dublin next May. Dr. Hyde's play is founded on the old Irish legend of "The Twisting of the Rope," so admirably told by Mr. Yeats in his "Secret Rose."

The ethics of book borrowing is a subject on which men are apt to change their minds according to whether they are borrowers or lenders. Sir Walter Scott, who observed that his friends were "excellent book-keepers," seems to have been on the side of the lenders. "Anchoret" in *Literature* the other day gave his spirited support to the borrowers. The editor of Kürschner's "Jahrbuch"—a work to a certain extent corresponding to our "Whitaker"—realizes the weaknesses of both lenders and borrowers. In his edition for 1901 he provides a page for entries of books borrowed, and another for books lent, to whom, and when returned. At the foot of one of the pages are some remarks from Felix Dahn, a few of which we translate:—

It is not fitting for a person to use patchouli and other fragrant perfumes and to read dirty volumes from a lending library; to cut up volumes with the fingers even although they may be clean; to have scissors for cutting off coupons, but no paper knife; to get books from a bookseller for inspection and send them back cut up.

There is a popular impression that authors are much better remunerated nowadays than they used to be. This is hardly confirmed by Mr. George M. Smith's article in *Cornhill*. In the matter of serial rights, at all events, the successful authors of

the sixties did far better than those of the nineties. For his serial contributions to *Cornhill* Thackeray got £350 per instalment—the equivalent of about £25 per thousand words. Trollope's price for a serial was £2,000, though he tried to stand out for £3,000. George Eliot might have had £10,000 for "Romola" if she would have complied with certain conditions as to the number of instalments, and actually got £7,000. For serials in *Household Words* both Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade were paid, we believe, as much as £5,000. Does any contemporary novelist get such "compensation," as the Americans call it, for his serials—even when they are serialized separately in England, the United States, Canada, India, and Australia?

The reason for the decline of prices is presumably that the serial is no longer, as in the early *Cornhill* days, the feature by which a magazine stands or falls. A magazine may have a very large circulation without publishing any serial at all, and the series of connected short stories of the Sherlock Holmes and Captain Kettle type is often preferred to the serial proper. Moreover, really good work is not easy to serialize, so that the writer whose work is of inferior quality probably is better off than he would have been forty years ago. But in the matter of book rights the balance of advantage is with the moderns. Circulations are larger, and the old "half-profit" system has disappeared to their benefit. A really popular author may get a royalty of 33½ per cent. on the published price of a six-shilling novel in England and the colonies, and nearly as much in America, and the advertisements boast of circulations ranging from 100,000 to 400,000 copies. A simple calculation shows what this may mean in the way of profit for the novelist.

Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, encouraged by his success in forming a Cowper Museum at Olney, now wants a Dickens Museum. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, interviewed by the *Daily Chronicle*, promises to discuss the matter with the Boz Club, and suggests the purchase of Gadshill Place. If we are to have a museum at all Gadshill is too inaccessible. There is a more appropriate building in Rochester itself, Eastgate House—the Nuns' House of "Edwin Drood"—a most picturesque Elizabethan structure in the High-street, now used as a club for working-men. But London has superior claims, and it has been suggested that the only Dickens residence (of the two or three now surviving) that possesses the necessary qualifications is No. 48, Doughty-street, Mecklenburgh-square, to which we recently called attention as deserving a tablet recording the fact of its being a home of Dickens, where he wrote a part of "Pickwick" and nearly all "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby." As to Mr. Fitzgerald's second suggestion—viz., the erection in London of a statue of Dickens, statues do not take kindly to London smoke; and such a memorial seems to be in direct opposition to the clause in the novelist's will, in which he conjures his friends on no account to make him "the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever." In 1892 Mr. F. E. Elwell, an American sculptor, offered to the London County Council an excellent statue of Dickens with Little Nell, but it was declined for this reason. The statue was afterwards exhibited at Earl's-court, and has since been returned to America.

The newly-organized Pension Fund of the Society of Authors has received donations to the extent of £1,276 15s. 6d. and the promise of £100 18s. 6d. in annual subscriptions. It is arranged that two-thirds of the subscription money shall be transferred to the capital account. The income, therefore, will allow of the granting of a first pension of about £50. The Pension Fund Committee at present consists of Sir Michael Foster, Mr. A. W. & Beckett, and Mrs. Craigie. Three other members will be elected at the general meeting.

The newest magazine is *Celtia*, the official organ of the Celtic Association, intended to foster sympathy between the five Celtic nations. It publishes a Celtic grammar and dictionary in

instalments, as though its conductors intended it to fill the place of a Celtic Popular Educator. Other pages are devoted to pan-Celtic aspirations, to be realized when the Celts have duly learnt their languages. Then "the smallness of their numbers will be outweighed by the strength of those subtle moral and intellectual forces which gave the Greeks the victory at Salamis," and "the Celt will have to prepare himself not merely for a leading position in his own country, but also for a great mission in the world at large." This is an ambitious programme, but though we doubt whether the mission will be particularly helped by the implied threat to harangue the world at large in Celtic, *Celtia* proposes to use English as its "chief weapon of war," and thinks that every Celt ought to be bi-lingual. This is sensible, and *Celtia* generally seems an intelligent practical organ.

* * * *

We noted last week the need of funds in some American Universities. The close of the term for the Christmas vacation has shown the interest of the American millionaire in the advancement of learning. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller gives £300,000 to the University of Chicago and £3,000 to the Vermont Academy. Wellesley College, Mass., receives £20,000 from various donors, and Ripon College, Wisconsin, comes into possession of a handsome building for scientific study, the gift of Mr. O. H. Ingram. The Universities have, on the whole, done well by the millionaires. Here is a summary of the largest endowments and their givers:—

Chicago University ..	J. D. Rockefeller ..	\$9,133,874 ..	£1,902,848
Gerard College ..	Stephen Gerard ..	7,000,000 ..	1,458,333
Pratt Institute ..	Charles Pratt ..	3,600,000 ..	750,000
Johns Hopkins Univer.	Johns Hopkins ..	3,000,000 ..	625,000
Drexel Institute ..	A. J. Drexel ..	3,000,000 ..	625,000
L. Stanford University	Leland Stanford, jun.	2,500,000 ..	520,833
Cornell University ..	Ezra Cornell ..	1,500,000 ..	312,500
Vanderbilt University	The Vanderbilts ..	1,100,000 ..	229,166
Columbia University ..	Seth Low ..	1,000,000 ..	208,333

But there are millionaires outside of America, and the list may at any rate be taken as an example *pour encourager les autres*.

* * * *

M. Coquelin writes on "Molière et Shakespeare" in the January number of *La Grande Revue*. Molière, he thinks, was more essentially the actor than was Shakespeare. He notes that Molière "had no *esprit*," in contrast with the bubbling but extraneous wit of Shakespeare. Both poets he calls "sublime," but Shakespeare's appeal is rather to the "pathetic," Molière's to the "comic." *Shakespeare a les entrailles, Molière a la tête*. Moreover, "Molière's personages are, whereas those of Shakespeare become," i.e., Molière's characters are invariable, they behave logically according to their temperaments; Shakespeare's are more diverse; they shift according to the play of circumstance; they are richer and more living. That as a constructive artist Molière was the more expert M. Coquelin has no doubt, although Molière, unlike Shakespeare, neglected his *dénouements*. As a pure lyric poet, and in humour, Shakespeare is superior. Molière confines himself to humanity; Shakespeare places man in the proper setting of nature. M. Coquelin sums up his views thus, "Shakespeare teaches us to think, but Molière teaches us to live."

* * * *

In view of Mr. R. H. Sherard's letter on the authorship of "Premier Voyage, Premier Mensonge," which appeared in *Literature* of Dec. 8, it is amusing to find that eloquent psittacist, M. Gaston Deschamps, discoursing in the *Temps* on Alphonse Daudet, and taking that book as his text under the impression that it is an authentic work of the author of "Tartarin de Tarascon." Mr. Sherard was, in his own language, responsible for the "construction and writing," though not of the plot, of the story, the French text being a "translation from Mr. Sherard's English manuscript." He will find M. Deschamps' comments both flattering and amusing. "This innocent 'tartarinade,'" he says, "is related with an exquisite art. The ascent of the Rhone, the halts in the towns, the incidents aboard are the occasion of a series of pictures that amuse the eye,

while the heart is already charmed by the seductions of this light, singing, winged prose."

The editor of the *Publishers' Circular*, having a taste and talent for figures, makes annual calculations of which the results are as interesting as the process of arriving at them must be laborious. We owe to his toil our knowledge of the fact that the books of 1900 were 418 fewer in number than the books of 1899, and that these again were 410 fewer than the books of 1897. A little sum of our own, starting with

$$418 \times 100$$

$$\hline 7567$$

shows the rate of decline in the twelve months just completed to have been at the rate of a little more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and it would not be difficult for a practised mathematician to demonstrate that steady decrease at this pace would, before very long, reduce our literary output to the 693 volumes which, as we mentioned a fortnight ago, was the figure in the last year of the eighteenth century. It certainly looks, at the first blush, as though we might see the fulfilment of the late Mr. J. F. Nisbet's prediction that newspapers would take the place of books until these in their turn were superseded by the tape and the phonograph. The prophecy, however, is pessimistic, as modern prophecies usually are; and as the sagacious Scotch say, "It is no good bidding the Devil good morning before you meet him." In the meantime we note, with mixed feelings, that the diminished activity of men of letters (or of the publishers who refuse to publish for them) is confined to a few departments of literature. In some branches of the art there has been even more than normal diligence. Surgery is one case in point—thanks, partly, no doubt, to the new problems raised by the war. Law books, also, have increased in number, and so have works of history, biography, travel, science, and social and political economy. In fact, if it were not for theological publications—of which there were only 579 last year as against 590 in the preceding year—we should be able to say that, in a year of wars and rumour of wars, and grave national perils and anxieties, the reading public has shown a tendency to turn aside from works of imagination and seek comfort in the literature of thought and of the established fact. At any rate, it is the works of imagination that show the most noticeable falling off. Novels have dropped from 1,825 to 1,563; poems from 317 to 296; and works of *belles lettres* from 290 to 289. The circumstance cannot be wholly due to accident; and at the same time it would be hard to ascribe it to any single cause. It would be cynical to say that the frequent presence of fiction in telegrams from the seat of war has obviated the need for other kinds of fiction, but it would not be entirely untrue. It would not be in the least cynical, and it would be quite true, to say that the papers have often been so interesting that it has been difficult for the weaver of plots in London to compete with the weaver of rumours at Shanghai, and the narrators of daring exploits in South Africa. De Wet and Prince Tuan have been formidable rivals to Captain Kettle and Herod. But this has not been the only influence at work. In all likelihood the most potent cause of the temporary eclipse of the novel has been of a purely economic nature. There has been more income-tax to pay. Tobacco and tea and wine have all been more expensive; and so have coal, and oil, and general groceries. To meet the additional outlay it was necessary to economize somehow; and the two trades which first suffer from the economies of the public are notoriously the hat trade and the book trade. People do not, of course, go without hats, but make the old ones last a little longer. In the same way we may suppose that they do not go without books, but read the old ones over again. If that is their habit their economies may in the long run do them more good than harm. We trust they do pursue this policy, but the subject is one on which it is impossible to obtain statistics.

Personal Views.

A PLEA FOR A CONSIDERATION OF WALT WHITMAN.

The critic has his duties as well as his rights. He is allowed to say what he likes ; but there are subjects on which he ought to say something whether he likes it or not, and one of these is certainly the poetry of Walt Whitman. At present the world has not even begun to make up its mind about America's most original writer. No one knows what to think. Such opinions as have been recorded—Symonds', Swinburne's, Watts-Dunton's—differ outrageously. To one he is a foul-mouthed, half-articulate savage ; to another the cardinal poet and prophet of the age. At least, he makes an impression of some sort !—but what should be the attitude of the average reader towards him ? “ Leaves of Grass ” is a problem that cries for solution, and an essay on the merits of its author ought to be constituted the diploma work of every one who aspires to write criticism. For one thing, his influence on the vocabulary and syntax of English prose is already strong and may well become irresistible ; and were it only as a phenomenon to be somehow historically explained, as an object-lesson in æsthetics or pathology, he would deserve far more study than he has yet received. His personality, his ethics, his view of the world, his notions of art are all alike irritating and perplexing to the last degree.

Whitman owes nothing, or next to nothing, to the past. He invents his literary form, his system of ideas, his very language. What is more, he is from the first fully and unmistakably alive to his position, his purpose, and his qualities. His worst excesses are committed of malice aforethought and with a perfect consciousness of their effect ; until one recognizes this one has not even begun to understand him. To apply the ordinary standards of criticism to Walt Whitman is merely to beg the question. He denies the premisses. Admit everything against him ; draw up a list of the canonized poetic virtues and point to his utter lack of each and all—it is nothing ; the man himself in all his incorrigible naiveté is untouched. The terms that can do justice to his genius have yet to be invented. Our usual phrases have been so thumb'd and worn in the service of more conventional writers that they have lost all the gloss and sincerity of their meaning. For this strange being we want a vocabulary as strange as his own—“ fluid,” “ merge,” “ effuse,” “ a pallid float,” “ lambent tableaux,” and the like.

He is the most sensuous, the most realistic writer in the history of literature. Mere description may not be one of the highest forms of art ; there is no symbolism, no “ beyond,” in Walt Whitman ; “ having pried through the strata, analysed to a hair, counsel'd with doctors, and calculated close, I find no sweeter fat than sticks to my own bones ” ; but for giving the bare immediate impression there is no one like him. For a while he seems to talk incoherently and at random, and suddenly there emerges in mid stream, as it were, one of those “ countless clear and perfect phrases ” of which Symonds speaks :—

The tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp,
Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Pleas'd with the Quakeress as she puts off her bonnet and
talks melodiously,
Stretch'd and still lies the midnight,—

and a hundred others. Where there is no word to hand he invents a new one with the ease and felicity of a child learning to talk. Metaphors, of course, there are ; but a metaphor in

those powerful hands loses all its delicacy and suggestiveness, and becomes little more than a convenient synonym, an alternative sound for indicating a given thing.

So far the question is fairly simple ; but all beyond is doubt and contradiction. We are accustomed to think of a poet as first of all a creature of instinct, entering unawares into his kingdom, travelling freely by virtue of some obscure impulse over heights where a moment's self-consciousness means bathos and annihilation. But this American prophet “ shakes his white locks at a runaway sun,” and talks in the next breath about his digestion or his opinions on feudalism without losing his serene self-possession for a moment. Bathos there is, but somehow there is not the shock that one ought to feel. And this is because he makes a cult of “ the art of sinking in poetry.” One can imagine him saying :—“ Bathos, ma femme, I salute you. I do not despise you as others do ; for I perceive you are a part of the great watchword Ensemble ”—and hence to various conclusions on the subject of democracy or the manufactures of Chicago. This is one, at any rate, of Whitman's secrets. He does the most outrageous things, but always on purpose. In a sense his intention is the very denial of art. Does he write metrically ? He hastens to throw in a shapeless scrap of prose. Does he let slip an exquisite phrase ? In a moment he caps it with an outburst of heart-rending journalese. Again, in defiance of Aristotle, his work has neither beginning nor end. It is strictly a sort of philosophic panorama, structureless and spasmodic—undifferentiated literary protoplasm, so to call it. And not only is the form undefined ; the indifference with which the matter is chosen has something in it alien to one's ordinary notions of art. He “ does not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else,” and he thinks “ the tree-toad ” (in his nameless dialect) “ a chef-d'œuvre for the highest.” He bids us worship and glorify the world and all that is in it without distinction, and the half of him is given up to translating elementary sensations.

But then, what he admires in anything is its naturalness, its adaptations, its place in the vast unending process of the world. The ugly is that which contradicts its inborn purpose by weakness, malady, or vice. Morality is health, freedom, development, sympathy. Whitman's “ cosmic enthusiasm,” as Symonds calls it, is no cockney satisfaction with the surface-beauty of nature, but an overmastering sense of the living force, “ the procreant urge ” of the world. His lines are not seldom orderly and metrical ; when “ pensive and faltering ” he speaks of the dead, the tone is faultlessly and nobly sad ; but when his theme is life, the life of the unique, breathing “ democratic individual,” and of the world around, the traditional bonds of rhetoric fall away. In the heat of his emotion sentences run one into another or pass into a sort of luminous haze ; new words, new constructions are seen *nantes in gurgite vasto*, and the motion of the whole is invested with an unearthly, fluid, elemental vigour. It is Pre-Adamite art—and whether we are to call it poetry or prose is a question that can interest none but compilers of dictionaries. At least, it is powerful stuff—a medium as pliant and various as the heart of man could desire, and certainly the only possible form for Whitman's philosophy. The ordinary English of prose and verse is too clear-cut, too punctuated, too full of false distinctions to give the illusion of limitless force and magnificence on the one side, answered by vast and inarticulate feeling on the other.

The first virtue of a style is to be expressive, and to this extent Whitman's style is practically perfect. Whatever its faults, they are the faults of his whole character and outlook ;

the entire man must be judged together. Nor, again, can one pick out this or that part of his work and reject the rest. It is written :—" Do I contradict myself ? Very well, then I contradict myself (I am large, I contain multitudes) " ; and again, " I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood, I see that the elementary laws never apologize." If you admire " Whispers of Heavenly Death," you must educate yourself out of your distaste for " Children of Adam." Subjectivity in criticism may be sometimes the truest wisdom, but in the case of Whitman it is sheer folly, for what he said and felt about the end of life he was bound not only to feel but to say about its beginning also. " Leaves of Grass " is intellectually one and organic. Whitman himself compared its growth to the successive rings of a tree, and the comparison is a just one: only the tree, if one may say so, grew consciously and of set purpose. The paradox of absolute originality and absolute self-knowledge must be accepted at the outset. Others may grope and hesitate, but with Whitman doubt is a thing unknown. He seems to have understood what he was about from the very first line, to have started with his system of ideas ready made to his hand, and to have done no more than apply it persistently and impartially to the universe at large. There is scarcely a trace of development. The poem emerges, proceeds, ceases at the same level of serious enthusiasm and in obedience to the same dominant principle. What exactly that principle is to be called it is not easy to decide. " Physiological development," the poet's own phrase, does not carry one far ; but, at any rate, his purpose was to justify the ways of nature to men in general, and the United States in particular, from a wholly new point of view. To prefer the soul to the body is an accepted opinion, but it was not Whitman's :—

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul,
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's self is,
And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his
own funeral drest in his shroud.

This, perhaps, is his keynote—a boundless assertion of the individual, not standing aloof from nature, but palpably and indubitably centred in the very stream of the world, in touch with everything that sense can feel, inexhaustibly emotional, incommunicably alive ; not Carlyle's hapless unit poised between two eternities, but a whole universe, as it were, conscious at once of its past and its future, and grasping both in a triumphant present.

In short, " Leaves of Grass " makes immense claims, and the average reader ought to be given the chance of deciding how far its claims are justified. It is the average reader's point of view that the preceding remarks are intended to represent ; apart from his evident and unique power over language, Whitman remains at present something of a mystery, and it is surely time that our authoritative critics made some attempt to explain him.

H. F. CARLILL.

REVIEWS OF THE CENTURY.

SOME EXAMPLES.

WORDSWORTH.

[From a Review of " The Excursion " by Jeffreys. *Edinburgh Review*, November, 1814.]

Did Mr. Wordsworth really imagine that his favourite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgle about tape or brass sleeve-buttons ? Or is it not plain that,

independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers, its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity and utter disregard of probability or nature ? For, after he has thus wilfully debased his moral teacher by a low occupation, is there one word that he puts into his mouth, or one sentiment of which he makes him the organ, that has the most remote reference to that occupation ? Is there anything in his learned, abstracted, and logical harangues that savours of the calling that is ascribed to him ? . . . A man who went about selling flannel and pocket-handkerchiefs in this lofty diction would soon frighten away all his customers, and would infallibly pass either for a madman or for some learned and affected gentleman who in a frolic had taken up a character which he was peculiarly ill-qualified for supporting.

KEATS.

From a Review of " Endymion " by John Wilson Croker. *Quarterly Review*, April, 1818.]

This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who, though he impudently presumed to seat himself in the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats had advanced no dogmas which he was bound to support by examples ; his nonsense, therefore, is quite gratuitous ; he writes it for its own sake, and, being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry.

BYRON.

[From a Review of " Don Juan." *The British Review*, 1819. By William Roberts. The reference is to the lines—

For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor ;
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,
And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.

Byron afterwards replied to Roberts in a sarcastic " Letter to the Editor of my grandmother's Review," published in the *Liberal* in 1819.]

No misdemeanour—not even that of sending into the world obscene and blasphemous poetry, the product of studious lewdness and laboured impiety—appears to us in so detestable a light as the acceptance of a present by an editor of a review as the condition of praising an author ; and yet the miserable man (for miserable he is, as having a soul of which he cannot get rid) who has given birth to this pestilent poem has not scrupled to lay this to the charge of the *British Review*, and that, not by insinuation, but has actually stated himself to have sent money in a letter to the editor of this journal, who acknowledged the receipt of the same by a letter in return, with thanks. No peer of the British realm can surely be capable of so calumnious a falsehood, refuted, we trust, by the very character and spirit of the journal so defamed. We are compelled, therefore, to conclude that this poem cannot be Lord Byron's production : and we, of course, expect that Lord Byron will, with all gentlemanly haste, disclaim a work imputed to him, containing a calumny so wholly the product of malignant invention.

CHARLES LAMB.

[Review of " Elia " in *The Times*, Dec. 21, 1822.]

A little volume of essays has just been published, with the title of " Elia," most of which had already appeared, we believe, in one of the magazines. They well deserved to be collected, for they have that in them which ought not to be buried among the usual trash which necessarily goes to the filling up of a

periodical work. The admirers of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* (and who does not admire those classic volumes?) will be pleased with the lucubrations of "Elia"; they will often be reminded of the quiet and elegant humour of Addison, and of the fanciful and pathetic eloquence of Steele.

FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

[From *The Times*, July 7, 1828.]

Here is a specimen of the *slip-slop* with which so many thousand reams of paper have lately been spoiled. "Tea was announced, and the ladies adjourned to the saloon, Lady Harriet and Lady Charlotte discussing, as they went in together, the difficult question, whether it was or was not an improvement in modern arrangements to have tea *en buffet*. One of its advantages the ladies were perfectly aware of—namely, that it afforded a *point de réunir* for both beaux and belles, which is always so much wanted before the music begins; and calculating on this important circumstance, Lady Charlotte possessed herself of the chair which was the most accessible of the whole group. Miss Mortimer, with equal foresight, stationed herself at the fire: 'Good generalship,' whispered Lady Hauteville to the Duchess, as the two experienced matrons communicated together *sur les petites ruses*, which the actors fancied were unperceived," &c. This is an actual quotation, and by no means an unfair one, from one of the most popular novels of the day. Strange that such trash should find readers; stranger still that young noblemen should, for a few paltry pounds, write and put their names to such degrading absurdities.

TENNYSON.

[From a Review of "Timbuctoo." *Athenæum*, July 22, 1829.]

We have accustomed ourselves to think, perhaps without any very good reason, that poetry was likely to perish among us for a considerable period after the great generation of poets which is now passing away. The age seems determined to contradict us, and that in the most decided manner; for it has put forth poetry by a young man, and that where we should least expect it—namely, in a prize poem. These productions have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honour to any man that ever wrote. *Such we do not hesitate to affirm is the little work before us*; and the examiners seem to have felt it like ourselves, for they have assigned the prize to its author, though the measure in which he writes was never before, we believe, thus selected for honour.

[From a Review of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," by Christopher North. *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1832.]

One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet is to be the Pet of a Coterie; and the very saddest of all, if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. He has been elevated to the throne of Little Britain, and sonnets were showered over his coronation from the most remote regions of his empire, even from Hampstead Hill. Eulogies more elaborate than the architecture of the costliest gingerbread have been built up into panegyric piles in commemoration of the Birth-day; and 't would be a pity, indeed, with one's crutch to smash the gilt battlements, white, too, with sugar as with frost, and begemmed with comfits. The besetting sin of all periodical criticism, and nowadays there is no other, is boundless extravagance of praise; but none splash it on like the trowel-men who have been bedaubing Mr. Tennyson. There is something wrong, however, with the compost. It won't stick; unseemly cracks deform the surface; it falls off piece by piece ere it has dried in the sun, or it hardens into blotches; and the worshippers have but discoloured and disfigured their Idol. The worst of it is, that they make the Bespattered not only feel, but look ridiculous; he seems as absurd as an Image in a tea-garden; and, bedizened with faded and fantastic garlands, the public cough on being told he is a Poet, for he has much more the appearance of a Post.

CARLYLE.

[From a Review of Carlyle's "French Revolution." *Athenæum*, May 20, 1837.]

Originality of thought is unquestionably the best excuse for writing a book; originality of style is a rare and a refreshing merit; but it is paying rather dear for one's whistle to qualify for obtaining it in the university of Bedlam. Originality, without justness of thought, is but novelty of error; and originality of style, without sound taste and discretion, is sheer affectation. Thus, as ever, the *corruptio optimi* turns out to be *pessima*; the abortive attempt to be more than nature has made us, and to add a cubit to our stature, ends by placing us below what we might be, if contented with being simply and unaffectedly ourselves. There is not, perhaps, a more decided mark of the decadence of literature than the frequency of such extravagance.

The applicability of these remarks to the History of the French Revolution, now before us, will be understood by such of our readers as are familiar with Mr. Carlyle's contributions to our periodical literature. But it is one thing to put forth a few pages of quaintness, neologism, and a whimsical coxcombry; and another to carry such questionable qualities through three long volumes of misplaced persiflage and flippant pseudo-philosophy. To such a pitch of extravagance and absurdity are these peculiarities exalted in the volumes before us that we should pass them over in silence, as altogether unworthy of criticism, if we did not know that the rage for German literature may bring such writing into fashion with the ardent and unreflecting.

DICKENS.

[From a Review of "Martin Chuzzlewit." *The Spectator*, January 7, 1843.]

The evils of periodical publication, in a species of work whose value must eventually be tested by its merit as a whole, are obvious. Everything must be sacrificed to immediate effects; each successive part must be made to tell by itself; and the result, as Marryat has remarked, will be that when all the parts are brought together the general character is glaring, overdone, and disconnected; whilst either from the climax being virtually reached at an early period, or the necessity of attracting the reader no longer stimulating the author, the interest, as Dangle tells Sir Fretful, rather falls off in the fifth act, the end wearing the appearance of being huddled up by negligence or hurry. This sacrifice of art to the profit of the artist is so common, not to say universal, in the present age that it is hardly an imputation upon anybody to do what almost every one would do if he could; yet it is a sign of the genius of *Boz* and the literary character of *Trollope* to find that they more systematically pursue this method than any other writers—*Boz*, indeed, having in a certain sense given it the fashionable currency.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

[From a Review of "Jane Eyre," by G. H. Lewes. *Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1847.]

After laughing over "The Bachelor of the Albany" we wept over "Jane Eyre." This, indeed, is a book after our own heart; and if its merits have not forced it into notice by the time this paper comes before our readers, let us, in all earnestness, bid them lose not a day in sending for it. The writer is evidently a woman, and, unless we are deceived, new to the world of literature. But, man or woman, young or old, be that as it may, no such book has gladdened our eyes for a long while. Almost all that we require in a novel she has: perception of character, and power of delineating it; picturesqueness; passion; and knowledge of life.

[From a Review of "Jane Eyre." *The Examiner*, November 27, 1847.]

There can be no question but that "Jane Eyre" is a very clever book. Indeed, it is a book of decided power. The thoughts are true, sound, and original; and the style, though rude and uncultivated here and there, is resolute, straightforward, and to the purpose. There are faults, which we may advert to presently; but there are also many beauties, and the object and moral of the work is excellent. Without being

professedly didactic, the writer's intention (amongst other things) seems to be to show how intellect and unswerving integrity may win their way, although oppressed by that predominating influence in Society which is a mere consequence of the accidents of birth or fortune. There are, it is true, in this autobiography (which though relating to a woman we do not believe to have been written by a woman) struggles, and throes, and misgivings, such as must necessarily occur in a contest where the advantages are all on one side; but in the end, the honesty, kindness of heart, and perseverance of the heroine are seen triumphant over every obstacle. We confess that we like an author who throws himself into the front of the battle as the champion of the weaker party.

[From a Review of "Shirley." *The Times*, Dec. 7, 1849.]

It would be unjust to the fair authoress—for lady she is, let who will say to the contrary—if we did not allow that at times the talk is worthy of her genius, and that gems of rare thought and glorious passion shine here and there throughout her volumes. But the infrequent brilliancy seems but to make more evident and unsightly the surrounding gloom. "Shirley" is not a picture of real life; it is not a work that contains the elements of popularity, that will grapple with the heart of mankind and compel its homage. It is a mental exercise that can bring its author no profit, and will not extend by the measure of an inch her previous well-deserved success. Millions understood her before—she may count by units those who will appreciate her now. "Jane Eyre" was not a pure romance. "Shirley" is at once the most high-flown and the stalest of fiction.

NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

[From *The Times*, Sept. 7, 1848.]

What shall we say of the three volumes—of 900 pages? There is something really oppressive in the thought that, whatever may be the ingenious novelist's subject, that particular compass he is required to fill. One wants to tell of an Irish row, another is anxious to give a philosophic view of the precise state of civilization among the ancient Finlanders; a third thinks it would be entertaining to show you how England looked in the time of King Stephen; a fourth would kindly instruct you by the example of a strong-minded girl, who overcomes all sorts of domestic disagreeables; a fifth would set forth the misery that ensued when an evangelical young lady turned Roman Catholic; a sixth would prepare a counter charm, by a Catholic young gentleman turned evangelical; a seventh would talk about balls and *soirées*, and grow eloquent about drawing-room furniture, without any story at all; an eighth desires to look a great way back, and to present you with a tale of Babylon, in which Semiramis is the heroine; a ninth would look facetiously forward and tell the aspect of the world in the twentieth century, and so on, and so on, and so on. But all these worthy individuals—the philosophical, the theological, the historical, the archeological, the domestic, the serious, the jocose, have the measure of three volumes set before them, and this the booksellers, sterner than fate, require them to fill. If their subject does not fit, it must be stretched; if no degree of tension will suffice, it must be eked out.

THACKERAY.

[From a Review of "The Kickleburys on the Rhine." *The Times*, Jan. 3, 1851.]

It has been customary, of late years, for the purveyors of amusing literature—the popular authors of the day—to put forth certain opuscles, denominated "Christmas Books," with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old and the inauguration of the new year. We have said that their ostensible intention was such, because there is another motive for these productions, locked up (as the popular author deems) in his own breast, but which betrays itself, in the quality of the work, as his principal incentive. Oh! that any muse should be set upon a high stool to cast up accounts and balance a ledger! Yet so it is; and the popular author finds it convenient to fill up the declared deficit, and place himself in a position the more effectually to encounter these liabilities which sternly assert

themselves contemporaneously, and in contrast with the careless and free-handed tendencies of the season, by the emission of Christmas books—a kind of literary assignats, representing to the emitter expunged debts, to the receiver an investment of enigmatical value. For the most part bearing the stamp of their origin in the vacuity of the writer's exchequer rather than in the fulness of his genius, they suggest by their feeble flavour the rinsings of a void brain after the more important concoctions of the expired year. Indeed, we should as little think of taking these compositions as examples of the merits of their authors as we should think of measuring the valuable services of Mr. Walker, the postman, or Mr. Bell, the dust-collector, by the copy of verses they leave at our doors as a provocative of the expected annual gratuity—effusions with which they may fairly be classed for their intrinsic worth no less than their ultimate purport.

MEREDITH.

[From a Review of "The Shaving of Shagpat." *Saturday Review*, Jan. 19, 1856.]

Little did we imagine that a work of genius was announced under the incomprehensible title which has, for many weeks past, met our eye among the advertisements of new books. "The Shaving of Shagpat"! What could it mean? "An Arabian Entertainment"! What might that be? It is very seldom that an announcement which piques curiosity is followed by a work which satisfies the curiosity; but in "The Shaving of Shagpat" a quaint title ushers in an original and charming book, the work of a poet and of a story-teller worthy to rank with the rare story-tellers of the East, who have produced, in the "Arabian Nights," the "Iliad" of romance.

GEORGE ELIOT.

[From a Review of "Adam Bede." *The Times*, April 12, 1859.]

It is only after much beating about, long intercourse with society, and many strange discoveries and detections that the truism which we never doubted becomes a great reality to us, and we feel that man is like to man even as face answers to face in a glass. It is in the enunciation of this difficult truism that Mr. Thackeray differs from all previous novelists. It is the supreme motive of all that he has written, and the key to all the criticism that has been poured upon him. . . . We do not mean for one moment to detract from Mr. George Eliot's originality when we say that after his own fashion he follows this difficult path in which Mr. Thackeray leads the way. He has fully reached that idea which it is so easy to confess in words, but so hard to admit into the secret heart, that we are all alike, that our natures are the same, and that there is not the mighty difference which is usually assumed between high and low, rich and poor, the fool and the sage, the best of us and the worst of us. In general, it is only matured minds that reach this state of feeling—minds that have gone through a good deal and seen through a good deal; and our author has precisely this broad sympathy and large tolerance, combined with ripe reflection and finished style, which we admire in Mr. Thackeray. Here the comparison ends. Mr. Eliot differs so widely from Mr. Thackeray in his mode of working out the philosophy which is common to both that some of our readers may wonder how we could ever see a resemblance between him and the great painter of human vanities and weakness. Whereas Mr. Thackeray is, to the great disgust of many young ladies, continually asserting that we have all got an evil corner in our hearts, and little deceitful ways of working, Mr. Eliot is good enough to tell us that we have all a remnant of Eden in us, that people are not so bad as is commonly supposed, and that every one has affectionate fibres in his nature—fine, lovable traits in his character.

DARWIN.

[From a Review of "The Origin of Species," by Bishop Wilberforce. *Quarterly Review*, July, 1860.]

Mr. Darwin writes as a Christian, and we doubt not that he is one. We do not for a moment believe him to be one of those who retain in some corner of their hearts a secret unbelief which they dare not vent; and we therefore pray him to consider well

the grounds on which we brand his speculations with the charge of such a tendency. First, then, he not obscurely declares that he applies his scheme of the action of the principle of natural selection to Man himself, as well as to the animals around him. Now we must say at once, and openly, that such a notion is absolutely incompatible not only with single expressions in the word of God on that subject of natural science with which it is not immediately concerned, but, which in our judgment is of far more importance, with the whole representation of that moral and spiritual condition of man which is its proper subject-matter.

"THE DEATH-KNELL OF FRENCH SYNTAX"

We announced on October 13 the acceptance by the French Academy of M. Hanotaux's report on the reform of French syntax. The secretary of the Academy, M. Gaston Boissier, now states that the Upper Board of Education, who were the initiators of the reform, have acquiesced in the criticisms of M. Hanotaux, so that there will be no sensation like that aroused between the critics and the Academy in the old days over the merits of the "Cid." One may be consoled, however, by the thought that the Academy has insisted on its statutory right "to strive, with all the care and diligence possible, to determine fixed rules for the French language, and to make it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating of art and letters." The Academy recognizes that "there is something too subtle in certain prescriptions of modern grammarians." At the same time it doubts whether the principle of "tolerance" will be appreciated by writers, type-setters, proof-readers, or business men, who "need to know how words are written or how they agree; they are the first to ask for a rule in order to avoid uncertainty, discussions, and disorder."

The Report of the Upper Board of Education aimed at simplifying difficulties in examination questions. The Academy admits that to exact knowledge of delicacies of style is futile, but it agrees with M. Hanotaux that the subtler mysteries should be explained in the upper schools. As to the grammatical difficulties it wants to simplify, the Academy is even more radical than the Upper Board of Education. In phrases like "témoin des victoires que vous avez remportées" and "je vous prends à témoin" it insists that the word "témoin" should be invariable, as written. It will allow no variation in the following past participles:—"Approuvé," "attendu," "ci-inclus," "ci-joint," "y compris," "ôté," "passé," "supposé," "vu," and "étant donné." As to the use of the word "tout," the Academy is not so lax as the Commission, and insists on keeping the distinction between "ces femmes sont tout heureuses" and "ces femmes sont toutes heureuses." Plurals and singulars puzzle the Academy a little; for it the choice between such forms as "des confitures de groseilles" (or "de groseille") is unimportant. As to the gender of words like "aigle," "amour," "orgue," "délices," "enfant," "gens," "orge," "œuvre," "hymne," "Pâques," "période," the Academy can but urge conformity with the habits of the best speakers. For instance, the form "les aigles romains" it strikes out in place of "les aigles romaines"; nor will it yield to "les fous amours de Cléopâtre" instead of "les folles amours de Cléopâtre." In composite words like "garde-forestier" the Academy thinks that the reforms introduce unnecessary complication. It has no objection in general to the suppression of the hyphen, admitting that words like "grandmère," "grandmesse," "grandroute" have become single words. In fact, it hesitates to anticipate usage, preferring to follow it. It accepts the "toleration" of the subjunctive present in place of the imperfect in subordinate sentences dependent upon conditional verbs, as, for instance, "il faudrait qu'il vienne ou qu'il vint."

The question of past participles is one which agitates the mind of the foreigner. M. Hanotaux says:—

To alter the rule of the agreement of participles is to deal a most serious blow to French literature as a whole. It is to make all poetry written hitherto by one fell blow archaic.

Were the present rule to disappear many verses could no longer be regularly scanned. Moreover, the importance of feminine rhymes in French poetry is such that the suppression of the *e* mute at the end of many verses would abolish not only the harmony, but also even the rhythm. French poetry has not at its disposal resources so abundant that it can be compromised thus light-heartedly. The reform proposed would have, for our classics, consequences like those of the reform of de Vaugelas in the case of the poets of the sixteenth century. Soon, men of erudition alone would be able to feel all the force of verses like these of Corneille:—

Va, néglige mes pleurs, cours et te précipite
Au-devant de la mort que les dieux m'ont prédite.

or the charm of these verses of Racine:—

Non, Arsace, jamais je ne l'ai moins haïe

or

Lieux charmants où mon cœur vous avait adorée.

The rhythm of Victor Hugo's line:—

Près des meules, qu'on eût prises pour des décombres

would have to be explained. And strophes like this, from Alfred de Musset, would be cruelly altered:—

Celui-là sur l'airain a gravé sa pensée
Dans un rythme doré, l'autre l'a cadencée;
Du moment qu'on l'écoute, on lui devient ami.
Sur sa toile, en mourant, Raphaël l'a laissée;
Et, pour que le néant ne touche point à lui
C'est assez d'un enfant sur sa mère endormi.

We have not been able to agree to such sacrifices. It seems to us that the rule of agreement of the past participle with the auxiliary "avoir" is so simple that children can really learn it without difficulty. There are cases even in which the application of this rule avoids ambiguities. For instance, "la clause de l'armistice que vous avez acceptée"; likewise in "Bérénice," the line where Antiochus, speaking of Bérénice, says:—

Titus l'aime, dit-elle, et moi je l'ai trahie.

Most often the gender assumed by the participle helps to clarify and solidify the phrase. We ask you, therefore, to insist on the maintenance of the rule of agreement of past participles constructed with the verb "avoir" and of the past participles of reflective verbs.

The Academy leaves a writer free, however, to say "la femme que j'ai entendu [or 'entendue' feminine] chanter," as well as "les sauvages qu'on a trouvé [or 'trouvés'] errant [or 'errants'] dans les forêts," and similar cases.

This agitation, therefore, has ended in a compromise. The Academy has been obliged to affix its belated *imprimatur* to certain alterations in the French language which the public, according to the good old principle of usage, had, in spite of the tradition, insisted upon. In this, however, there is no surrender—only a reaffirmation of the great principle on which a language develops—namely, usage. The definition by de Vaugelas of "good usage" was as follows:—"C'est la façon de parler de la plus saine partie de la Cour, conformément de la façon d'écrire de la plus saine partie des auteurs du temps." His book was submitted in 1704 to revision by the Academy, which published its "Observations" thereon. Much water has flowed under the "Pont des Arts" in the last two centuries, and these "Observations" have had, in their turn, to be partly revised.

W. M. F.

THE DRAMA.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Seeing that the Benson company contrived to make *The Merry Wives* amusing to a modern audience, one had no doubt of their success in *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is in every respect—in theme, in plot, in characterization—a far better work. To enjoy either of these farces the playgoer of to-day has, no doubt, to make a certain effort. Their humour seems a

little Boeotian, their frolic a little Fescennine. One does not particularly want the scent of the buck-basket brought over the footlights; the ear is fatigued with the cracking of Petruchio's whip. Probably the playgoer's frame of mind is one of mild surprise when he finds himself laughing at the rough-and-tumble business. He goes home saying to himself "Well, after all, I was only bored now and then . . . such and such a thing was really funny . . . evidently Shakespeare at his worst is still Shakespeare." That, I will admit, was my own mood over the Falstaffian farce; but out of *The Taming of the Shrew* I got almost unqualified pleasure. I say "almost," because, in seeing the Benson company, I could not dismiss from my mind the strong impression produced by the Daly performance, with the gallant Petruchio of John Drew and the superb Katharina of Ada Rehan. Nothing like this performance has been seen in our time; and, for all sorts of reasons, the Benson company cannot hope to rival it. But they do very well—Mr. Benson and Mr. Weir particularly well. Mr. Benson's Petruchio I saw during his tenancy of the Globe in 1889, and I will venture to quote what I then said of it:—

Mr. Benson's Petruchio is a bawling, overbearing bully. So, he may say, is Shakespeare's. But Petruchio is *playing* the bully, he is showing us how a man of spirit can get the better of a woman of spirit, he is a gentleman posing as a virtuoso in shrew-taming. All the while he should tip us the wink; he should seem to be saying, "Observe my virtuosity—isn't it good fun?—didn't I take that note well?—mark, I beg you, the humour of the thing." Now Mr. Benson's Petruchio is entirely serious; he displays no humour for us to mark. Well, a dozen years have passed, during which Mr. Benson (like the young lady in the anecdote) "has not been idle." He has learnt to tip us the wink, to be less terribly in earnest, to introduce little gestures, little odds and ends of "business," so as to give us the impression that Petruchio, while he is taming the shrew, by starvation, by "contrariness," by a general policy of "going one better," is really in love with her. That I am more than ever of opinion (after a dozen years! what luck!), is the right way to play Petruchio. Unfortunately, this is a game which it requires two to play at. If there is to be an undercurrent of love visible in Petruchio's treatment of Katharina, we of the audience must be permitted to see that there is *au fond* something lovable in Katharina. She must be a shrew worth the taming. Her "temper" must be little more than the defect of her qualities—the seamy side of an opulent, commanding temperament. Now I desire to speak with all respect of Mrs. Benson, a most earnest, intelligent, and versatile actress. But a lady who plays all Shakespeare's heroines in turn must fail in some of them, and Katharina, as I understand the part, is not one of Mrs. Benson's successes. She has not the rich physical endowment for the part (how odious the trade of histrionic criticism, which makes it impossible to avoid "personal remarks" about a lady!) and, further, she is not at the pains to suggest the fundamental charm beneath Katharina's shrewishness. Katharina should be a splendid *maitresse femme*, as the French untranslatably say, with a "devil of a temper." Mrs. Benson presents merely a spiteful vixen, with moments of downright hystero-epilepsy. So much so that when, ostensibly "tamed" in the fourth act, she delivers her gentle homily on dutiful wives, one suspects her to be up to another of her tricks.

But then for our delight there is the Grumio of Mr. Weir. This comedian is the very man for a stock company; he "grows upon" you. He is quiet, a rare merit in low comedians. He smiles slyly, when his fellows would grin through a horse-collar. There is a merry twinkle in his eye. For purposes of my own I have been lately looking into the records of a great actress of comedy in the first half of the last century, Mrs. Glover. Keats (in 1817) said her comedy was "round and comfortable." Leigh Hunt (in 1832) said it was "cosy." These are the very epithets for Mr. Weir. Miss Lillian Braithwaite is a pretty Bianca; Mr. Lyall Swete, as Gremio, is an absurdly youthful and lusty old gentleman; Mr. Frank Rodney is a properly "intense" and throbbingly amorous Lucentio.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

TAYLORIANA.

STUDIES IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Being the Taylorian Lectures, 1889-1890, delivered by S. Mallarmé, W. Pater, E. Dowden, W. M. Rossetti, T. W. Rolleston, A. Morel-Fatio, H. Brown, P. Bourget, C. H. Herford, H. Butler Clarke, W. P. Ker. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

These eleven essays are not all equal in merit. Some of them are more pompous than informing, and only cover the obvious with a thin veneer—a habit of lecturers which it is no part of the critic's duty to encourage by pointing out that the truisms are true. But, of course, a few of them are on a higher plane. Walter Pater's lecture on Prosper Mérimée is, as one would have expected, good alike as a piece of prose and as a piece of criticism, though his audience may have wished that he had chosen a theme of higher interest and importance. Professor Dowden, too, who writes of "Literary Criticism in France," makes a good point in showing that some of the French critics, usually admired as most characteristically French, had really, with great pains, formed themselves on English models. The great instance is Sainte-Beuve—though Matthew Arnold, who did so much to popularize Sainte-Beuve in England, failed to perceive it:—

The fact is perhaps worth noting that while Mr. Arnold was engaged in indicating for our use the vices and the foibles of English criticism as compared with that of France, Sainte-Beuve was thinking of a great English philosopher as the best preparatory master for those who would acquire a sure judgment in literature. "To be in literary history and criticism a disciple of Bacon," he wrote, "seems to me the need of our time." Bacon laid his foundations on a solid ground-work of facts, but it was his whole purpose to rise from these to general truths. And Sainte-Beuve looked forward to a time when, as the result of countless observations, a science might come into existence which should be able to arrange into their various species or families the varieties of human intellect and character, so that the dominant quality of a mind being ascertained we might be able to infer from this a group of subordinate qualities.

The science has not come into existence yet. To call it into existence becomes more and more difficult, since books increase and multiply to such an extent that no one critic has the time to make the "countless observations" required before he has the right to generalize; the choice is between reference to authority and unabashed impressionism; and at the moment impressionism seems to hold its own even more securely in criticism than in the other arts.

From French criticism one passes by a natural transition to French fiction, and notes that M. Bourget's lecture on Flaubert, which is printed in French, is one of the most suggestive in the volume. M. Bourget not only sees, what every one can see, that Flaubert was conspicuous among novelists for his unflinching resolve to be "impersonal"—to keep his individual likes and dislikes and sufferings and longings out of his books. He also perceives that it was because he failed to do this that he has impressed the world. This original point of view taken by M. Bourget of *Madame Bovary* is more interesting at this moment, when, as we recently announced, a youthful effort of Flaubert's—*Les Mémoires d'un Fou*—altogether subjective and autobiographical in character, is appearing for the first time in the *Revue Blanche*. But the personal note in this early work belongs to a somewhat different mood. Flaubert, pouring out his soul in the exuberance of youth, was not yet the pessimist whom M. Bourget discovers between the lines of *Madame Bovary*.

Reprenez en effet cette "*Madame Bovary*" qu'il a prétendu exécuter de cette manière impeccablement objective, et cherchez à dégager la qualité qui en fait, de l'aveu des

juges les plus hostiles, un livre tout à fait supérieur. Ce n'est pas l'exactitude du document. . . . Non. Ce qui soulève cette médiocre aventure jusqu'à une hauteur de symbole, ce qui transforme ce récit des erreurs d'une petite bourgeoise mal mariée en une poignante élogie humaine, c'est que l'auteur n'a pas pu, malgré les gageures de sa doctrine, se renoncer lui-même. Il a beau choisir un sujet situé aux antipodes de son monde moral, le raconter tout uniment et sans une seule réflexion, maintenir chacun de ses personnages à un même plan d'indifférente impartialité, ne pas juger, ne pas conclure, sa vision de la vie le révèle tout entier. Le mal dont il a souffert toute sa vie, cet "abus de la pensée" qui l'a mis en disproportion avec son milieu, avec son temps, avec toute action, involontairement, instinctivement, il le donne à ces médiocres héros.

And so the writer who set out to seek fame as the Dutch landscape painter of social life in Norman towns found it as the great pessimist of the West ; and his pessimisms may be found on almost any page of almost any of his books, though it is summed up, once and for all, in the "Oui, peut-être bien ! C'est là ce que nous avons eu de meilleur !" of the last page of "L'Education Sentimentale." It is a fine and penetrating criticism which points this out, and we cannot help regretting that M. Bourget did not pursue his subject further, and trace the evolution which began with a masterpiece which the author's subsequent work never equalled. It is an interesting critical theme, and one which has never received the attention which it deserves. Those who read Flaubert's three great novels of modern life in the order in which he wrote them will hardly fail to perceive two processes at work. The first is a steady and gradual decline from drama to panorama ; the second is a descent, even more rapid and striking, from portraiture to caricature. In *Madame Bovary* you feel that, given the premisses—the narrow country life, the well-meaning but unsympathetic husband, and the sentimental wife with the *maladie de la pensée*—the conclusion follows inevitably. Events march straight on towards calamity as though guided by the Nemesis that even the gods obey. In "L'Education Sentimentale" the connexion between conclusions and premisses is no longer inevitable, but is still reasonable and probable ; things might very well have happened as they did, though they might also have happened differently. In "Bouvard et Pécuchet" the connexion between premisses and conclusions is purely accidental. One feels that one might search Paris from end to end without finding two clerks who, coming into money, would be guilty of the follies perpetrated by these two foolish men. Such are the stages in Flaubert's development. He seems to have changed from the pained observer of life to its spiteful satirist ; and though it was impossible for him to write a bad book, his art suffered sadly in the transformation. To trace that transformation in detail is a task that still awaits the critic. We know of no critic who would discharge the task with more acumen than M. Bourget.

RECENT VERSE.—II.

Sir Lewis Morris has no occasion to apologize, as he almost does in his preface, for appearing before the public as a writer of the twentieth century. His poetical reputation has been established for some time, and his new and, it is said, his last, volume, *HARVEST-TIDE* (Kegan Paul, 5s.), will do nothing to injure it. The book contains a few pieces written on special occasions—Jubilees, birthdays, and the like—which have already been published ; but these, to our thinking, are not his best efforts, and we are inclined to prefer some of his minor poems as being more spontaneous and more poetical. An exception, perhaps, should be made in the case of the graceful and well-deserved tribute paid to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas Ellis. It is very much a matter of taste, but we should rank among the best in this volume the lines in praise of

December evenings ; on a flock of birds flying south by night ; the spirited Sherborne School verses ; those which describe Welsh mountains and rivers ; and the following little poem called "Terra Domus" :—

Above the deep-set valley
The mountain-ranges rise ;
Above the clouded summits,
The boundless skies.

Beyond the crested surges,
Broad plains of ocean are,
Beyond the dim horizons
The evening star.

Beyond, above the limits
Of toil and pain and strife,
Gleams like a fitful beacon
The blessed life.

Beyond Earth's quick mutations,
Bright hopes and glooms of fear—
Ah ! but high heaven affrights us,
Our home is here !

It is impossible to say what posterity will think of Sir Lewis Morris. Probably, it will read his poems with pleasure, but without finding in them the memorable phrases, and the subtle felicities of thought, language, and music by which our greatest poets are distinguished.

We have praised Mr. Money-Coutts on a former occasion, but in his *MYSTERY OF GODLINESS* (John Lane, 3s. 6d.) he has scarcely risen to the height of his great argument. His argument, stated in a few prose sentences at the beginning of his book, is, that all religions contain the seeds of heresy by which they are disrupted ; that the heresy implied in the Christian religion is a disbelief in the story of the Fall, "on which that religion is based" ; that this heresy arises from imagination, the highest faculty of the mind ; and that imagination shows that the search for God must, from the very nature of the case, be eternal. We cannot discuss the author's theology, but would rather express our obligations to him for so clear a statement of his meaning. This large theme is elaborated in a series of sixteen-line poems of very uneven quality. They are thoughtful enough, but the metre is undistinguished and monotonous. If we do not quote Mr. Money-Coutts at his best, it is because he has written too many lines like the following :—

Protesting Churches may not choose
Among the Scriptures ; pleased or vexed,
They have no power to bind or loose
Plain meanings of the sacred text.

God either meant that Eve should eat,
And gave the serpent leave to plot,
Her education to complete—
God either meant or meant it not.

If he determined her to fall,
Then are the consequences His ;
But if He wished it not at all,
He is not God ; but Satan is !

Religion round the primal sin
May weave confusion, like a net,
And endless sophistry may spin—
Those cross-ways will confront her yet.

Recently we had the pleasure of reviewing an amusing work by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, entitled "Grey-Beards at Play," and we therefore turned with delight to the author's new book *THE WILD KNIGHT AND OTHER POEMS* (Grant Richards, 5s. n.), but this, alas, comes to us with all the seriousness that grey covers and hand-made paper traditionally suggest. The mature and cautious humour of the former work is in "The Wild Knight" replaced by a rash sincerity and a quite juvenile earnestness. Mr. Chesterton, we fancy, anticipates something of the shock which his readers will experience at such a change,

for he apologetically introduces himself in his new character as—

Another tattered rhymster in the ring,
With but the old plea to the sneering schools,
That on him, too, some secret night in spring
Came the old frenzy of a hundred fools.

To make some thing : the old want dark and deep,
The thirst of men, the hunger of the stars—

But, indeed, if one may forget his late gaieties, it can be acknowledged that there is the true stuff of poetry in many of his present verses. "The Wild Knight" tells an impassioned story in blank verse dialogue, full of fine lines and graceful turns of thought, and sounding a poetic note not common among our poets. A slightly different, but equally significant, side of Mr. Chesterton's work is shown in such a poem as "The Donkey"—

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will ;
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;
One far fierce hour and sweet :
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

It would be easy to find many another example of quiet strength and brilliant expression among Mr. Chesterton's poems ; if it were not for the haunting fear of losing a humourist we should welcome the author of "The Wild Knight" to a high place among the poets.

We are not sure that Mr. Herbert Trench has chosen a very interesting subject in *DEIRDRE WED* (Methuen, 5s.), with its strong flavour of Ossian, but he writes with a good deal of taste and imagination, and seems to understand both the Celtic spirit and the art of blank verse. There are touches of Tennyson in the movement of his verse, and a distinct reminder of the late Laureate in such a line as

Heavily up the steep through the King's hedge.

Some of the shorter poems, too, are extremely graceful and musical, and indeed deserve higher praise. One of the best is the "Song for the funeral of a boy." It is too long for quotation, but it shows Mr. Trench's power and, it must be owned, his characteristic defect of a difficult style and an occasional lack of lucidity. There are at least two phrases in this fine poem which, we should say, will puzzle most readers :—

Up in her hold
The wide-wing'd Azure cold
Mantling in gyre on gyre shall mark him come.

And again :—

Let his head nigh
The chrisom violet lie.

Not in this poem, but elsewhere, we find a line which has no meaning at all, as far as we can see. What are

Self-muttering cities that have lost horizons ?

We have read Mr. Trench's book with pleasure, in spite of these riddles and difficulties. He would be a better poet still if he would bear in mind that clearness of thought and simplicity of expression generally go together.

At the other extreme are the verse-writers whose ideas, being always simple and obvious, are expressed with much facility

in an obvious way. In their case one suspects, not confusion of thought, but a mind that is content with only a moderate amount of intellectual exercise. Mr. Walter Earle, the author of *HOME POEMS* (George Allen, 10s. 6d.), observes all the rules of rhyme and grammar and writes intelligible but undistinguished verses. Sometimes, as in his treatment of the myth of Antæus, he has a happy thought and shows originality in working it out ; but his lines and reflections do not, on the whole, reach a high level. His patriotic poems on the South African war are as commonplace as any we have seen.

LOVE'S ARGUMENT AND OTHER POEMS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) derives most of its interest from the fact that it is from the pen of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. It helps to prove the truth also demonstrated by the poetical works of Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Thomas Hardy that a talent for prose does not necessarily imply a talent for verse. Miss Fowler's verses are rather obvious, and sometimes hard to scan. The following lines are fairly typical of their general tone and thought and their average standard of performance :—

Dearest, half my day is over,
Half my journey plodded through,
Yet I've found nor friend nor lover
That can be compared with you.

Half the joys of life I've tasted,
Drunk of pleasure not a few,
Yet I feel completely wasted
Was each hour not spent with you.

I have mixed in sweet confusion
Friendships old and friendships new,
And I've come to this conclusion—
There is nobody like you.

And so on. It might pass as a sentimental song for the drawing-room ; but it cannot be taken seriously as poetry.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Religion in the Poets.

"There is a religion of weekdays as well as of Sundays, a religion of cakes and ale as well as of pews and altar cloths." So philosophises the Dean of Ely in one of the happiest of eight *SHAKESPEARE SERMONS* (Longmans, 2s. 6d. n.) preached at Stratford-on-Avon, and now brought together in book form by the Rev. George Arbuthnot, the vicar of Stratford. The phrase hits off the kind of practical morality to be found in Shakespeare. He would have smiled had he been told that he would ever be preached about ; nevertheless, he supplied a surprising amount of good matter for the pulpit. No writer could draw a good woman without making her dull so well as Shakespeare. The names of Portia, Imogen, Cordelia, Miranda do honour to any pulpit, and they are not forgotten by Canon Ainger and the Dean of Ely. Apropos of Falstaff, Mr. Laffan shows that the bad characters have also their salutary effect. He does not go so far as Dr. Nicholson, who says that Shakespeare "never clothes vice in the garb of attraction," but he points out that whatever fascination Falstaff's escapades may have, his degradation in the end is mercilessly emphasized. Canon Ainger is less lenient. He thinks that had Bowdler confined himself to pruning Shakespeare's dialogue of its coarseness with judgment he would have accomplished "a laudable and useful task." But he recognises, of course, the high tone of Shakespeare's work as a whole. His is one of the best of the commendably brief sermons which Mr. Arbuthnot has reproduced.

In treating of *THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN THE POETS* (Isbister, 5s.) there is a danger which the Bishop of Ripon has done well to avoid in his short but illuminating book on the subject. Religious sentiment cannot be taken so literally in poetry as in prose. A poet's figures of speech may often be taken as evidence of his religious spirit or of the opposite, according to the humour of the reader. When Chaucer introduces Nature

as the "vicar-general" of the "Former principal," with the power

To forme and peynte erthely creature.

he may be taken to express his devotion for God, the "Former principal," or, on the other hand, as merely giving utterance to the kind of pantheism so nobly refuted by Cowper three centuries later :—

The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God.

And, similarly, while some critics attacked Tennyson as an atheist on the publication of "In Memoriam," the Bishop finds the poem full of religious feeling.

We must not, in fact, look for definite religious teaching in the highest poetry. The Bishop does not deal with poems definitely religious, and he avoids all questions of orthodoxy. The works to which he chiefly directs attention are "Piers Plowman," "The Faery Queene," "Dr. Faustus," "The Tempest," "Comus," "The Ancient Mariner," and "In Memoriam." The religious element in "Faustus," "Comus," "The Ancient Mariner," and "Piers Plowman" is not far to seek. As to "The Faery Queene," although some writers count the allegorical meaning that underlies it as a defect, it cannot be ignored. In illustrating the virtues suggested to him by Aristotle Spenser certainly superimposed upon them the ideals of Christianity. The Bishop rightly insists on a side of Spenser's greatness that has been too little emphasized. His manner may have been archaic; but, nevertheless, his poem breathed the new life of the Reformation into the old, out-worn forms of chivalry which Rabelais and Cervantes held up to scorn. But the attempt here made to trace a current of religious thought running through *The Tempest* is more ingenious than convincing. There are lines here and there which suggest religious ideas. But they are not particularly emphatic, and the lessons of the play—if we must draw lessons from it—might, we think, have been taught by a moral philosopher of no religious creed—the mutability of things and the final triumph of the good over the bad, the development of moral nature in man, and so on. "In Memoriam" proves a more fruitful field for investigation, and the many religious aspects of the poem are admirably brought out by the Bishop. Two matters of detail may be worth noting. Considering Milton's treatment of his family it is not quite felicitous to speak of him as "master in his own house." And it is incorrect to say that in "Comus" the brothers left their sister in order "to recover the track." They went to gather berries for her. The point is unimportant save for the amusing emphasis which Dr. Johnson laid on what he considered the "unreasonable conduct" of the brothers.

Few poets have been so fully discussed from the religious side as Tennyson. Dr. Horton, in *ALFRED TENNYSON: A SAINTLY LIFE* (Dent, 4s. 6d.), takes not so much the teaching of his poems, but the teaching of his life. The book is, of course, based on the present Lord Tennyson's memoir, which is used as "a quarry from which to dig," and which Dr. Horton thinks may be somewhat tedious to readers who may wish to know what manner of man Tennyson was. We doubt whether such a life as this will correct, as Dr. Horton hopes, the disadvantages under which a son who "hesitates to praise" must labour in writing a life of his father. The prepossessions of a son are only replaced by the prepossessions of a preacher. But, nevertheless, it may be conceded that Tennyson forms a fit subject to be included among "Saintly Lives," and Dr. Horton has from this point of view achieved his task with good taste and ability.

Nor is there very much that is new in *THE MIND OF TENNYSON*, by Prof. Sneath, of Yale (Constable, 5s. n.). It puts together on a systematic plan all the passages in the poems which bear on God, Freedom, and Immortality, and expounds in a rather professorial manner what is now generally accepted by lovers of Tennyson to be his "message" on those subjects. As a careful collation of references to passages which reveal Tennyson's thought, it will be useful. We are rather at a loss

to understand exactly what is meant by a prefatory note stating that "this volume, in which the poem, 'Crossing the Bar,' is quoted at p. 188, is introduced with the kind consent and sanction of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Limited."

Memories of the House of Commons.

The late Sir John Mowbray kept no diaries, and was always unwilling to write a formal autobiography; but he contributed three articles of reminiscences to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and from these, supplemented by many of Sir John's letters, his daughter has constructed a volume, *SEVENTY YEARS AT WESTMINSTER* (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.) which is a fitting memorial of a famous old Parliamentary hand. As the book is of moderate size, and is good reading from beginning to end, it compares favourably with the prolix and pretentious biographies that are too much the fashion. The seventy years include Sir John Mowbray's boyhood at Westminster School, and are broken only by his residence at Oxford. At College, and at the Bar, he was not exceptionally distinguished; but his marriage in 1847 changed not only his name, but his career also, and his local connexions. His West-country surname of Cornish became Mowbray, and he now formed closer ties with Durham than with his native Devonshire. In 1853 he first sat in Parliament for the City of Durham. He sat for Durham for 15 years, and then, from 1868 to the day of his death in April, 1899, for Oxford University. He had to go only once to the poll at a contest—on his first entry into Parliament. On the death of Mr. C. P. Villiers he became Father of the House, and was greeted as such by the Speaker.

The new members of the present House will learn its manners and customs more easily than its temper and its traditions. Its traditions are such that one would fain hope that they may never be forgotten or neglected. No one did more to keep them alive than Sir John Mowbray, who rendered the House great, but not conspicuous, services. He was not known outside the House as one of its prominent members. But inside the House, he performed for 25 years duties of great importance as Chairman of the Committees on Standing Orders and of Selection, and had more to do than any other man with the work done by Select and Standing Committees. The utility of a member is not to be measured by the length of the reports of his speeches. If it is true that "they also serve who only stand and wait," it is equally true that much of the best work done at Westminster never comes to the public notice at all. Sir John Mowbray spoke seldom, but spoke well. Nothing could have been more complete, or more suitable to the purpose in hand, than his speech proposing Sir Matthew White Ridley for the Chair in 1895. It was marked by admirable taste and old-fashioned geniality. He was overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations from both sides of the House. In truth, the House itself should have been congratulated on a speech the whole tone and character of which recalled its own best days. "A thorough House of Commons man" was Sir John Mowbray's verdict on Mr. Bradlaugh; not because there was the smallest resemblance between them, but because he recognized that Mr. Bradlaugh obeyed all the unwritten laws of the House. He was generous in his appreciation of the great leaders of both sides—there is no unkind word in his whole book; and he had the kindest possible feelings, not only for young men of promise, but also for the Labour members—not always young—who enter the House under certain disadvantages. He knew of no enemies, except when the two parties sat opposite each other in debate, or filed off into different lobbies. On all other occasions he steadily upheld the doctrine of liberty, equality, and fraternity among the members, and was himself almost as popular on one side as the other. To have maintained through a Parliamentary lifetime these pleasant relations with the whole House, without any compromise of his own principles, and to have lived to an honoured old age in the very midst of party strife, surely says much both for himself and for our political system. We recommend to our readers this modest and true record of a member of the old school. Miss Mowbray has undoubtedly added to the interest of the three original articles, and the book has the further advantage of a series of portraits of five Speakers.

Drama.

Whenever a play by an admittedly clever novelist falls flat on the stage, there is bound to be a chorus of "No good for acting, but how well it would read." Yet, as a matter of fact, most plays that do not act well have a trick of not reading well either. The novelist may not sacrifice quite enough of his peculiar aptitude to make his work dramatic, but he generally sacrifices too much to permit it to be read. On the stage *THE WISDOM OF THE WISE* (Unwin, 3s. 6d. n.) fails because there is not enough movement to hold an audience. In print the tenuity of the plot is not so apparent, but the thinness of the characters afflicts one more, and the unreality of the whole is more apparent. It is all very much up-to-date and fashionable in the extreme. The Duke writes articles for the *Daily News*, and the ladies play Perosi and Bridge (not Sir Frederick, but the game), and they all make desperate efforts to talk, not like real people, but like people in other plays. But this cannot dispel the air of tedious make-believe which rests stubbornly upon every page. The reflection that occurs to the reader is not "How true to life!" but "How lucky life isn't like this!" No wonder the men and women are listless. No one is ever allowed to sit still for five minutes together. "They have their exits and their entrances" with a vengeance. It would be as comfortable to sit in the hall of a large hotel as in the Pink Saloon at Chale House. And as for their conversation! If there are such vapid people in the world they can be of no use to the dramatist except to make fun of. And if Mrs. Craigie would urge that she intended to make fun of them we could only say that this kind of fun may amuse her, but that, unfortunately, it does not amuse us.

Mr. W. B. Yeats' poem *THE SHADOWY WATERS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) is rather a slender affair to stand by itself in the form of a complete drama. It is short, and is so much broken up by dialogue that there are no sustained passages and speeches in it. It shows, however, a picturesque imagination, and pleases in spite of a certain want of substance. Mr. Yeats' blank verse is easy to the verge of carelessness. He employs many more anapaests than are desirable in blank verse, and does not scruple to add a hypermetrical foot or two when he finds it convenient. On the other hand, save for the repeated use of the word "druid" as an adjective equivalent to "enchanted," or "mystic," his English cannot be reproached.

The hero of *MICHAEL KRAMER*, Gerhart Hauptmann's new drama in four acts, is a painter. By mighty industry he has accomplished all that talent and soul can attain. He is a pure idealist. Art is his religion. His pupils worship him and all who come in contact with him feel the better for his influence. But he lacks genius, and he knows it. He knows also that what he lacks his son Arnold possesses, and this way tragedy lies, for Arnold is an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, a coward, and a liar to boot. Kramer does his utmost to rouse his son to a sense of his misdoing, to lead him to a new life directed to those higher ends for which his artistic genius fits him. But his efforts are futile. Arnold solves the problem so far as he himself is concerned by putting an end to his life. The last act is Kramer's elegy over the body of his son. Anything more poetical and imaginative and harmonious we scarcely remember in literature. Whether such a conclusion to an acting play fulfils the purposes of dramatic art is another question. We are regarding it only from the purely literary standpoint. This whole act wherein Kramer praises death, the goal and victory of life, is fine throughout. Love is strong as death, but death is gentle like love. Death is the gentlest form of life, the masterpiece of everlasting love. "When greatness once enters life, everything that is small, or trifling, is quenched. The small separates, the great unites. Death is always grent, death and love." "How many things," he cries, "are dead to me in life, how many who still live. Why do our hearts bleed and beat at the same time? Because they must love. That produces harmony everywhere, and yet the curse of destruction lies over us. We desire to let nothing go from us, and yet all goes as it comes!" Hauptmann here shows himself in a new light. He is, perhaps, becoming conscious of a new influence.

For there are on the German literary horizon faint signs, though only very faint as yet, of a reaction against the pessimism and negation that has lately played so large a part in literature and art—of an attempt to emerge into a fuller light, a deeper harmony where there will be no longer a necessary separation between knowledge and accomplishment, between the word and the deed, between emotion and action.

Birds.

Side by side with the huge pile of unnecessary biographies and valueless fiction which have turned book-making from an art to a vicious indulgence must rank, we fear, books about birds. Yet birds, like gardening which is in a similar predicament, form a harmless and even a wholesome subject to write about; and an hour passed with even the worst of the bird books now before us would be a less regrettable memory than half-an-hour spent over a society journal or a futile novel. The most solid of them is *THE STORY OF THE BIRDS* (Allen, 5s.) by Mr. Charles Dixon, a very copious writer on the subject, who here attempts with some success to give in eight chapters a popular sketch of the different aspects of bird life. Its chief defect is an absence of illustrations (other than a frontispiece) which are particularly requisite in a popular exposition of bird anatomy. As a general treatise on the subject, written in a readable way, the book has its value. Mr. R. Kearton's *OUR BIRD FRIENDS* (Cassells, 5s.) is, to use the author's own words, a "chatty" book for young readers, and is illustrated with a plentiful supply of photographs. Mr. C. Kearton is a pioneer in the use of the camera out of doors among birds and beasts, and some of the photographs here given show that his industry in this direction may produce something more than the merely pretty and sensational. Mr. Richard Kearton's "chat" has, at any rate, the virtue of enthusiasm. The Rev. H. D. Astley's *MY BIRDS IN FREEDOM AND CAPTIVITY* (Dent, 12s. 6d.) has some good advice about cages and aviaries and how to look after them; but so far as "birds in freedom" are concerned it seems to be wholly without merit save for the illustrations, which are meritorious original drawings by the author himself. The same may be said of Mr. W. Percival Westell's *A YEAR WITH NATURE* (Drane, 10s. 6d.) whose very commonplace and prolix observations are enlivened by many large and well reproduced photographs. Finally, we must mention a book of a wholly different type, which may, nevertheless, be regarded as mainly ornithological. This is the life of *LORD LILFORD* (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.), by his sister. A life of this well-known and enthusiastic student of bird life, to whom English bird lovers are so much indebted, is, we understand, to be written by "a distinguished naturalist," but the present memoir gives us a pleasant personal picture of a man who, as the Bishop of London says in a preface, "was a remarkable example of the refining and ennobling power of suffering on a noble nature." The name of Lord Lilford is familiar to naturalists as that of the author of "Birds of Northamptonshire," and of the letterpress to Mr. Archibald Thorburn's "Coloured Figures of British Birds." He did not aspire to be a distinguished man of science; he was rather an enthusiastic naturalist, always ready to help the cause of ornithology with sympathy and with funds. We have ranked the memoir with bird books because a great and perhaps an excessive amount of space is devoted to correspondence about birds which does little more than illustrate Lord Lilford's tastes. But there is a great charm in the picture of the unpretentious, large hearted, cultured nobleman, whose interest in all that was good in nature and in man only grew warmer as his bodily powers became hampered by ill health, and the authoress will certainly have achieved her modest purpose of keeping his "memory alive in the family to which he belonged."

Facts and Fancies.

In these days, when the world is old and some of its inhabitants begin to think that there is nothing further left to be said on any subject, it is a bold thing for a man to address himself to the task of writing little essays on Tea, on Clothes, on Walks, on Letter-writing. There are no "new facts" here; no new

gospel to preach. Yet the thing can be done, and done successfully. Mr. Jerome made a great hit by boldly attacking the commonplace in his "Idle Thoughts," and Mr. E. V. Lucas does the same in *DOMESTICITIES* (Smith, Elder, 5s.). He begins on "toast" and wanders on quite pleasantly and wisely through a number of what he calls household impressions; one charm of the book being that he says so many things which we have often thought ourselves but not given words to, and another that he says them in agreeable English, with a touch of culture and a quiet, unobtrusive humour.

More ambitious, but less companionable, is Mr. Le Gallienne's volume of *Prose Fancies* which are collected under the title which belongs to the first of them—*SLEEPING BEAUTY* (Lane, 5s. n.). They seem to be gathered up from many back pages of periodicals, and when we come to a little piece entitled "The Blue Jar," and see at its close a paragraph consisting only of the words "I remember only the little blue jar," one feels a sinking at the heart. It is like sitting through "In the gloaming" at a village concert. Others of the sketches, as those on Mr. Stephen Phillips, on the Jubilee, on Love Letters, seem to have grown a little musty with keeping. One or two others have some more good stuff in them, and the "Sleeping Beauty" itself is one of the best, while all display the writer's pretty gift of expression. But Mr. Le Gallienne had better be turning his hand to fresh work—say, in the way of literary appreciation. For this he has many qualities worth developing, and if he would give his mind to it he might say something the world would listen to.

It is impossible to characterize a book which, like Mark Rutherford's *PAGES FROM A JOURNAL* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), includes about thirty different subjects in less than 300 pages. One is a short story; others are sketches that might be made into short stories; others are philosophical; others literary. The author discusses in turn Spinoza, Milton, Judas Iscariot, Goethe, and Byron, and fills the interstices of the volume with little essays which are provokingly short, considering the ability they show. Perhaps the gem of the oddly assorted collection is the clever correspondence between a young lady of advanced opinions and her old-fashioned and scholarly godfather. One wishes that there were more of these letters, and that, both here and in his other subjects, the author had pursued the matter further and had set himself a more serious task. As things are, the book affords pleasant, but extremely desultory, reading.

Police Court Philanthropy.

Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known police-court missionary, was assured not long since by a professor of phrenology that he ought to have been an actor or a writer for the *Daily Telegraph*. His book *PICTURES AND PROBLEMS FROM LONDON POLICE COURTS* (Arnold, 10s. 6d.) shows no particularly histrionic quality, but it is certainly written in a style and contains much information that might be welcome to "the largest circulation." Years spent in the attempt to alleviate the sorrows of the criminal and unfortunate have left Mr. Holmes cheerful and hopeful. The demented, the outcast, the utterly "bad hat" have still an adviser and often a hard-working friend, or agent, in the missionary—notwithstanding a thousand failures and misadventures. "It is in the sincere hope," he says "that the knowledge I have slowly gained of these individuals, of their characteristics and environments, may lead more influential persons to inquiry and study that I have written of them."

After an account of how he became a missionary Mr. Holmes writes with many new facts and wise deductions of such subjects as "Husbands and Wives," "Parents and Children," "Dipsomaniacs," "Criminals," and "Cranks." He is in favour of State reformatories for erring youth, and for criminals generally, "Short sentences; abolition of ticket-of-leave; interesting work and more of it; less time alone and more with the schoolmaster; gradual improvement in conditions as a reward for industry and good behaviour," and relaxations at intervals. He asks for no maudlin sympathy for criminals; he does not want them "coddled or patronized," but he does want punishment on common-sense

principles. Mr. Holmes has made personal friends of the derelicts, has planned and schemed for them, studied their instincts, their desires. His pictures of the "record breakers," Jane Cakebread and Kate Hennessey, contain the bitterest note of pathos; his account of how the poor live and die should be read by all who lead a sheltered self-centred life, and by all practical philanthropists. Yet "Pictures and Problems" contains many amusing pages, and the author is ready to see the humorous side of a situation even if the laugh be against himself. His book will help forward social reform; can any work of man do more?

Moralists in Slang.

The latest Dooley book is Mr. DOOLEY'S *PHILOSOPHY* (Grant Richards, 6s.). It is wonderful how well the author keeps up his standard of wit and humour in spite of his great productivity. No doubt there will be a falling-off presently, but we detect no signs of it as yet. One can only review the book as one would review a plum cake—by cutting off and offering a slice. This, for instance, is Mr. Dooley's contribution to the servant question:—

I see be letters in th' pa-apers that servants is insolent, and that they won't go to wurruk unless they like th' looks iv their employers, an' that they rayfuse to live in th' counthry. Why anny servant shud rayfuse to live in the counthry is more thin I can see. Ye'd think that this disreputable class'd give annything to lave th' crowded tinimints iv a large city where they have frinds be th' hundherds an' know th' polisman on th' bate an' can go out to hateful dances an' moonlight picnics—ye'd think these unforchnate slaves'd be delighted to live in Mulligan's subdivision, amid th' threes an' flowers an' bur-rds. Gettin' up at four o'clock in th' mornin' th' singin' iv th' full-throated alarm clock is answered be an invisible choir iv songsters, as Shakespere says, an' ye see th' sun rise over th' hills as ye go out to carry in a ton iv coal. All day long ye meet no wan as ye thrip over th' coal scuttle, happy in ye'er tile an' ye'er heart is enlivened be th' thought that th' childher in th' front iv th' house ar-re growin' strong on th' fr-fresh counthry air. Besides they've always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve ye'er mind be r-readin' half th' love story in th' part iv th' paper that th' cheese come home in, an' whin ye're through with that all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight an' ye're in bed.

Mr. Dooley's view of the essentials of the Transvaal problem is hardly less interesting and acute:—

Kruger, that's th' main guy iv th' Dutch, a fine man, Hennissy, that looks like Casey's goat an' has many iv th' same peculiarities, he says, "All r-right," he says, "I'll give thim th' franchise," he says. "Whin?" says Joe Chamberlain. "In me will," says Kruger. "Whin I die," he says, "an' I hope to live to be a hundred if I keep on smoking beure breakfast," he says, "I'll bequeath to me frinds th' English, or such iv thim as was here beure I come, th' inalienable an' sacred right to demand fr'm me succissor th' privilege iv ilitin' an Aldherman," he says. "But," he says, "in th' manetime," he says, "we'll lave things the way they are," he says. "I'm old," he say, "an' not good-lookin'," he says, "an' me clothes dont fl't an' they may be marks iv food on me vest," he says, "but I'm not more thin half crazy an' annytime ye find me givin' annywan a chanst to vote me into a job dhrivin' a mule an' put in an English prisidint iv this raypublic," he says, "ye may conclude that ye'er Uncle Paul needs a guarjeen!" he says.

Altogether Mr. Dooley's new volume is likely to make him many new friends without losing him any old ones.

FABLES IN SLANG (Pearson, 2s. 6d. n.) is a quaint little work written in the very latest styles of American argot by Mr. George Ade, with bold and highly comic illustrations after the manner of the old woodcut by Mr. Clyde J. Newman. At the first glance the phraseology of the fables will seem something of caviare to the general critic. Such a title and opening as this:—"The Fable of How He never touched George." "A Comic Lover named George was sitting on the Front Porch with

a good Side Hold on your old friend Mabel. They were looking into each other's Eyes at Close Range and using a rancid Line of Nursery Talk. It was the Kind of Conversation calculated to Jar a Person." But let the reader peruse his way through Mr. Ade's book, make the acquaintance of Mabel, and especially of Mabel's father, and he will find he is amused. "The Fable of Paducah's Favorite Comedians and the mildewed Stunt" is not a title that inspires any other emotion than that of curiosity. But the satiric history it tells of the music-hall "Artists" Zoroaster and Zendavesta is a vital piece of work; beneath its crude humour is the tragedy of two men who, by one note of a casual newspaper man, were puffed with pride, ballooned on to the "Vodeville" stage and then exploded, degraded, discharged. All the other fables, such as that of the preacher who flew his kite, the handsome Jethro who was simply cut out to be a merchant, the coming champion, the Bohemian, are queer satirical attacks upon American life as it is lived. Grasp the curious slang of the narrator, and you will find a rich mine of humour in this little book. It adds to our knowledge of America and of humanity, and we acquire our knowledge without exertion.

IN WELLINGTON'S MEN (Smith, Elder, 6s.) Mr. W. H. Fitchett is more editor than author. The book consists of extracts, suitably introduced and expounded, from four military autobiographies—Kincaid's "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade," "Rifleman Harris," Anton's "Military Life," and Mercer's "Waterloo." For one who follows the comparatively peaceful calling of a clergyman, Mr. Fitchett has a great turn for the sanguinary. In this volume he gets to very close quarters with it, giving us the depositions of eye-witnesses, and only intervening personally to link his excerpts together with a few appropriate words. The narratives are not in the least literary, but are not the less interesting on that account. They rank with those letters home from soldiers in Africa, which most of us have preferred to the more practised rhetoric of the professional war correspondents. The ground covered is the Peninsular War and the Waterloo Campaign; and Mr. Fitchett may be congratulated in his modest share in the work.

CASH AND HOW TO INVEST IT (Dawbarn and Ward, 1s. n.) is a handy manual of useful information concerning securities, speculation, bucket shops, and other matters of interest to those who have a little more money than they need to satisfy the exigent claims of the landlord, the butcher, and the baker. It is useful as far as it goes, but it only recognizes the investments which necessitate the employment of a stockbroker. There is nothing about mortgages or ground-rents, though these are, perhaps, the safest of all kinds of investments.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH POLE, by G. Barnett Smith (Nelson, 2s.), is a popular history of Antarctic exploration. It is not exciting, for the glamour of the Antarctic is notoriously less than the glamour of the Arctic. It has some good pictures, however, and might be an acceptable present for a boy with a taste for knowledge.

HALF HOURS IN JAPAN, by the Rev. Herbert Moore (Unwin, 6s.) is a brief account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the land of the rising sun. It is rather an unnecessary book, as there is no lack of literature on the subject, and the author has little, if anything, that is new to say. His pictures, however, are good, and there are more than seventy of them.

ART.

Sir Walter Gilbey has now issued, in two volumes, his ANIMAL PAINTERS OF ENGLAND (Vinton, £2 2s.), and we can congratulate him on a good conception which, so far as he has carried it out, is well and carefully realized. It breaks new ground in the history of art, but the exact limitations of the field which Sir Walter undertakes to cover remain somewhat obscure. His own inclination, we may perhaps say without disrespect, is towards the study of what may be called sporting art, shown particularly

in the careful delineation of the horse which received a new impetus after the publication in 1766 of "The Anatomy of the Horse," and which has been practised successfully by a school of artists essentially English. This appears from the author's interesting introduction, in which, among other things, he points out the value to breeders of studying the equine pictures of the older artists. Regarded as a history of the artists of sport the book will be of great interest to all cultivated sportsmen, as it includes well-written lives of the artists, complete lists of their works, with portraits and illustrations. The list seems to be exhaustive, save that there is no mention, in connexion with John F. Herring, of the fact that he had three sons, also animal painters—a fact which it is not unimportant to bear in mind, since it sometimes gives rise to uncertainty as to the authorship of Herring pictures. But Sir Walter Gilbey has, we think unwisely, not confined himself to the sporting artist. The title he has given to his book indicated a wider intention which is not satisfactorily fulfilled. The inclusion of Stothard as specially an animal painter is a little surprising; but it is not so surprising as the omission of any mention of Ansdell. Perhaps the limitation of the artists selected to "painters" may be held to disqualify Bewick; but it does not help us to explain the neglect of Morland. The book does not include living artists, but there has been time since his death to include an artist, not widely known, indeed, but deserving special recognition among animal painters, viz., Charles Jones, who showed many pictures at the Academy and elsewhere twenty years ago, and of whose works a special exhibition was held in Pall-mall in 1895. The animal painters of England present, therefore, a subject still waiting to be exhaustively treated; but as a study of the painters of sporting animals Sir Walter Gilbey's book may be welcomed. This school of artists has flourished in England during the last hundred and fifty years. Its work is of interest to the sportsman as much as, perhaps more than, to the artist; but it is well worthy of such a record as the present work provides.

The Royal Academy of Arts, being a corporate body, is popularly considered to have no conscience; but since the pathology of conscience is by no means an exact science no one has yet been bold enough to decide whether it is better to drug or stimulate it. As a study in the Royal Academic conscience, the winter exhibition at Burlington House is instructive. Of the 200 pictures and drawings by British artists deceased since 1850 now being exhibited no less than 108 are by artists who were not members of the Royal Academy, and the list includes Sir E. Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Cecil Lawson, John Linnell, David Cox, Alfred Stevens, Albert Moore, H. G. Hine, A. W. Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, Birket Foster, George Pinwell, William Hunt, Ruskin, Prout, Charles Keene, John Leech, and G. du Maurier. It is a question, therefore, whether the inclusion of pictures by these great "outsiders" is a posthumous recognition of merit or a sop to an uneasy conscience. From the showman's point of view Burne-Jones and Albert Moore, Cecil Lawson and Pinwell could not have been omitted, whilst the most memorable portrait is unquestionably that of Mr. Morris Moore by Alfred Stevens, and H. G. Hine's are amongst the best—if not the best—landscapes. As a set off to these, much display is made of Fred Walker and of George Mason, two of the brightest lights in a period of rare artistic renaissance, and it would indeed be difficult to regard as unimportant an exhibition which includes "The Harvest Moon," "The Bathers," "The Evening Hymn," "The Wayfarers," "The Plough," and "The Fishmonger's Shop." On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine that Frank Holl, J. E. Hodgson, J. F. Lewis, Sir John Gilbert, E. M. Ward, P. Falconer Poole, Edward Armitage, Alfred Elmore, and Vicat Cole, amongst the reputations retrieved by this exhibition, have recaptured any jot of reputation from the ruthless hand of time. They are all decently buried and their works are not destined to live after them. Even Lord Leighton and Sir J. E. Millais gain nothing from what the Academy has done for their reputations this year, and it is difficult to imagine why so large a failure as "Winter Fuel" is re-exhibited. John Pettie stands the ordeal

well, and nothing is shown to put the admirers of Hamilton Macallum, Henry Moore, Philip H. Calderon, and George Pinwell to the blush. H. G. Hine, a landscape painter with singular knowledge, demands affectionate study, but it is difficult to understand the amount of space given to works by Joanna M. Wells. The fact that she is the wife of an R.A. is neither excuse nor explanation enough. Those responsible for the exhibition should, moreover, explain why the visitor is treated so lavishly to works by Sir John Gilbert. Surely we need not be reminded that two at least of these pictures are the property of the Corporation of London. We should let bygones be bygones. The exhibition as it stands is a tribute to the artistic qualities of George Mason, Fred. Walker, and George Pinwell, with a very fine Stevens; no one at all interested in modern English painting can afford to miss it; and it will have a restraining influence upon some reputations and help to place one or two painters, John Pettie and H. G. Hine, for example, upon a higher plane than has been granted to them for some of their later work.

If so powerful a body as the Royal Academy has failed to get together an entirely satisfactory collection it is hardly to be expected that the Fine Art Society would fare any better. Their exhibition of the Water Colour Art of the nineteenth century is more remarkable for its omissions than for any new discoveries. Certainly the collection demonstrates—somewhat abruptly, as if the hangers became suddenly tired of the “old fogeys”—the extraordinary difference between water-colour painting, both in technique and choice of subject, as practised to-day and as somewhat sheepishly followed fifty years ago; and this is of great interest. There are, further, several water-colours in the second and third rooms, by Walker, Pinwell, Parsons, Whistler, Paterson, Aumonier, and Matthew Hale, which will well repay a visit to Bond-street.

FICTION.

IN MORRISON'S *MACHINE* (Hutchinson, 6s.) Mr. J. S. Fletcher tells, with a cunning which will be known to all readers of “*The Paths of the Prudent*,” the story of an inventor robbed, for a time at least, of the rewards of his wit and labour. Morrison's early sorrows, however, are at last transmuted into joy. His employer, Mr. Wridsdale, has succumbed to the temptation to appropriate the invention, under especially interesting circumstances. But he is eventually seized by that well-known stage disease of which the outward sign is that the patient lifts his hand to his heart and sinks heavily forward with a quick drawing of his breath. This happens, of course, when the game is up, and enables the author to record his confession and end an otherwise clever story in an atmosphere of convention.

LOVE OF COMRADES (John Lane, 3s. 6d.) is the engaging title of Mr. Frank Mathew's new book, but the story itself is not quite so pleasing. There is a fair outsetting when Margery Talbot starts forth “wearing big boots and a long sword at her side,” but halfway through one knows that Mr. Mathew has taken the line of least resistance, and contented himself with what is, artistically, ready-made and second-rate. Yet a seventeenth-century romance, with a girl in boy's dress and a huge captain in a scarlet coat, with fair curls and enormous moustache, is perhaps best handled in that fashion—if, at least, the author wishes to please the majority of readers.

To be Court physician to the Ameer of Afghanistan—whose life we reviewed last week—is a rare opportunity for a novelist, and Miss Lillias Hamilton is to be congratulated on making the most of it. In *A VIZIER'S DAUGHTER* (Murray, 6s.) she gives us, in the form of a novel, a graphic picture of many little-known phases of Afghan life, wisely subordinating ingenuity of plot to the delineation of her out-of-the-way characters. We are made to realize the corruption of the Court-life of Kabul, and the savagery of the Afghan nature. The tale is concerned with the grim episode of the Hazara rebellion, and

the adventures of the local vizier's spirited daughter, who is driven from her village home by the Afghan invasion. She proves impervious to the threats or blandishments of numerous unworthy suitors, but, in the end, the nobility of her last master, the Ameer's chief secretary, wins her love. We are given occasional glimpses of the Ameer himself, whose character shines out in marked contrast amid the atmosphere of evil that envelops the heroine's adventures.

Mr. Ackworth knows Lancashire life and brings it before us vividly in *THE MINDER* (Horace Marshall, 6s.), a story of a young Wesleyan minister, which begins with his unexpected appointment as a “minder” at some twenty-five shillings a week at the new Bramwell mill. His character is developed slowly and with truth and force. Indeed, Mr. Ackworth has a good eye for character, and some of those he presents stamp themselves on the mind unmistakably. Wilky Drax, the deformed broker, is a figure that Dickens would have liked to draw—a more amiable and Methodistical Quilp. Max Ringley, the buoyant and impulsive, is excellent; and the whole Wheeler family are drawn to admiration. Here is Lancastrian Nonconformity drawn from the inside, and very well drawn too. “*The Minder*” is some way above the average of novels.

LIBRARY WORK IN 1900.

The Jubilee year of the public library, the last year of the century, has been a memorable one in the library world. Moreover the progress of the last ten years has been greater than that of the forty years preceding. May this progress be more than maintained during the new century! There have been important changes in public library administration. The London Government Act has materially altered the conditions of the metropolitan libraries. Previously the appeal had to be made to the ratepayers. This was often no fair test of the feeling in a parish. The claims of the library were ill-considered and imperfectly understood. Now the power to adopt the Acts is placed in the hands of elected representatives, and this should certainly produce a better state of things. Against this we have to set a failure—only a temporary one we hope. The Public Libraries Bill, which was dropped in the Commons after passing the Lords, would have strengthened the libraries in doubtful points of law, such as that of rating, and of libel, and helped to facilitate the adoption of the Acts. Its failure was from want of time and not through opposition, so we hope the bill is only deferred for a time. The question of rating and assessment is not satisfactory; there is room for numberless anomalies in practice. The question whether a public library is exempt from taxation is often left to parochial wisdom to solve.

We welcome the movement for providing free lectures in libraries. The expense of these lectures has, in some cases, been borne by private philanthropy, but other means of support will, of course, be necessary. The success of the lectures shows that they are worthy of it. The present library rate is already strained to its utmost, but grants might fitly come from the Technical Education Boards. The *Daily News* has pointed out that the wealth of our public libraries is to a great extent wasted for want of proper guidance in reading. All readers are not like the new fellow of Pembroke, Mr. Joseph Owen, who, from the age of 13 educated himself with the aid of the Free Libraries, and afterwards of the University extension. We have just received a list of lectures for January and February from the Bootle Free Library, which seems to show a good deal of enterprise in the matter. Other features of the year have been the new opportunities afforded for children's reading, and the books provided in several libraries for blind readers.

The British Museum has played its part in the library year. The proposal of the authorities to disperse files of local newspapers, and to destroy printed matter deemed superfluous, raised a storm of opposition, and the bill was very properly

abandoned. Next came the controversy on the use of a Subject Index to supplement the Authors' Catalogue. Students generally consider the present catalogue with its cross references sufficient. The ordinary inquirer, with one subject to look up and no special knowledge, maintains the opposite. On the whole we think the authorities are well advised in beginning the work. It cannot fail to assist many readers other than scholars well used to digging about a library.

Of the various meetings of the year the International Conference for a Catalogue of Scientific Literature has been, perhaps, the most practical, as was shown by the article written by Prof. Rücker which we published last week. During the Exhibition there was a meeting of librarians at Paris, and a conference on bibliographical matters. But the scheme for an International Bibliographical Institute and a common classification is at present unrealizable. In England the Library Association met at Bristol. Sir Edward Fry issued a diatribe against pernicious books and deplored the excessive reading of worthless fiction. The Library Association of Australasia held a successful meeting in Adelaide, and the American Association visited Montreal with good practical results. These conferences are the best means of solving the difficulties of librarians and bibliographers confronted with the enormous output of books.

Correspondence.

THE "ROBUSTIOUS COMEDY" OF SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY V."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your accomplished contributor Mr. A. B. Walkley, in his review of the performance of Shakespeare's *Henry V.* at the Lyceum Theatre, detects some schoolboyish traits in the courtship scene with which the play ends. Mr. Walkley at the same time suggests that when, in my "Account and Estimate" of the piece (on which he bestows most kindly commendation), I speak of the "robustious comedy" of the scene in question, I mean, with him, that it is comedy of the school-boy type. Mr. Walkley is, of course, well acquainted with the fact that I borrowed the epithet "robustious" from a passage in the play itself. I should have hesitated to use it had its usage lacked Shakespeare's authority. When in the French camp before Agincourt the French officers are discussing the character of Englishmen, and they are debating how far the men of England resemble English mastiffs, the Constable remarks, "the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on" (Act III., Sc. VII., 163-5). This is the only occasion on which Shakespeare employs the word "robustious," and I believe that it and its context accurately characterize Henry V.'s mode of courtship. In fact I regard the courtship scene as a very practical commentary on this expression of opinion on the part of the French Constable respecting the English character. There are signs elsewhere in Shakespeare's work that the gibes of foreigners against Englishmen, which were no less common in Shakespeare's day than in our own, did not in his opinion always lack some justification.

Your obedient servant,

Jan. 5, 1901.

SIDNEY LEE.

EDWARD FITZGERALD AND T. E. BROWN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—An article in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* is devoted to the elaboration of a parallel between Edward FitzGerald and T. E. Brown of the "Fo'e's'le Yarns." The writer is obviously under the spell of both poets, and his parallel, or contrast, is for the most part just; but, like other writers on FitzGerald, he falls into one curious blunder:—

The one was a Celt, feeling intensely, passionate in his love of beauty, and brimming over with delicate fancy; the other was a Saxon, equable, reticent, and almost phlegmatic.

In reality, FitzGerald was anything but a Saxon, and not even the fact—or accident—that he was born and spent nearly

all his life in Suffolk is sufficient to make him one. Both his parents were Irish. Moreover, they were first cousins, his father being a Purcell, and his mother a brilliant and eccentric member of the FitzGerald clan. There may have been little of the traditional Celt in FitzGerald's whimsical and original nature, but such temperaments as his are assuredly not indigenous to East Anglia.

Yours faithfully,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The attention of the Society of Authors has been called to the fact that persons who are not members of the Society have, from time to time, asserted to publishers, editors, and others that they would call in the aid of the Society of Authors to support their claims.

Any one having reason to suppose that an unauthorized use is being made of the Society's name should communicate with the secretary, and give him full details of the case. The secretary, on receipt of such a statement, will be glad to give information as to whether the persons using the name of the Society are in fact members, and, if they are members, whether they are acting with the knowledge or sanction of the Society.

Yours truly,

G. HERBERT THRING,

January 9, 1901.

Secretary.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

"A History of Chinese Literature," by Mr. H. A. Giles, Professor of Chinese at Cambridge and formerly Consul at Ningpo, will be published on January 18 by Mr. Heinemann in his series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World."

We understand that the last volume in Mr. Nutt's series of "Tudor Translations" is to be the authorized version of the Bible. Meanwhile volumes 2 to 6 of Berners' "Froissart" will probably be published before June.

Wilkie Collins is still popular. Messrs. Chatto are next week following up the new edition of "The Woman in White" with "The Dead Secret," bound in uniform style, and probably with other novels by the same author. The same publishers also announce Mrs. Meade's new novel, "The Blue Diamond," for February 21. This week they are publishing Mrs. Alexander's new novel, "A Missing Hero," and announce "Max Thornton," by Ernest Glanville, for February 14, and "The Lesser Evil," by Iza Duffus Hardy, for March 1; also "The Path of Thorns," by E. A. Vizetelly, who has edited and written an introduction to "The Honour of the Army and other Stories," by M. Zola, which Messrs. Chatto will shortly publish.

Early in the spring Messrs. Sands will publish "The Story of Mary I., Queen of England," as told by Miss J. M. Stone. There will be numerous illustrations and portraits.

Before the end of the month Messrs. Hutchinson will publish "Thormanby's" new volume, "Kings of the Rod, the Rifle, and the Gun"—a companion work to his "Kings of the Hunting Field," which went out of print very soon after publication. Another biographical work which Messrs. Hutchinson have held over from last year will be ready within the next two or three weeks—the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's "Disciples of Æsculapius," in two illustrated volumes. Besides the biographies of forty-four distinguished medical scholars of the past, there is a memoir of the author by his daughter. "Pride of Race," by Mr. B. L. Farjeon, which touches upon the question of marriage between Jew and Christian, will also be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson.

"The Coming of Waterloo," a novel by Captain Cairnes, announced by Messrs. Constable, deals with the appliances of war and describes an imaginary campaign.

The Brothers Dalziel are preparing a record of their fifty years' work, 1840-1890. There will be selected examples of the work of the best men whose drawings came to them for repro-

duction, and autograph letters (some in facsimile) from Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Dante G. Rossetti, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, John Ruskin, and many others.

Mr. F. W. Maitland's articles in "Social England" on Early English Law attracted much attention in the United States, and are to be collected and published in one volume by Messrs. Putnams, of New York, and edited by Professor Colby.

Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. announce "The Church and the New Century Problems," a volume of Lectures by the Bishop of Durham, Canon Gore, Rev. A. Chandler, Canon Scott Holland, Canon Barnett, and others, and also "Laity in Council," a volume of Essays dealing with questions which affect Churchmen. The following have already contributed to the volume:—S. B. Boulton, Mr. Creighton, Ben Greet, H. W. Hill, J. M. Ludlow, G. E. Mead, G. W. E. Russell, G. J. Talbot, and F. Sherlock.

One of Mr. Unwin's first novels for the new year is said to have run through 175,000 copies in the United States within the last three months—"Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller.

Messrs. Stevens and Sons are publishing a revision of "Thring's Criminal Law of the Navy," under the title of "A Manual of Naval Law and Court-Martial Procedure." The scope of the work is enlarged and the size of the page increased. It will contain the latest revision of Court-Martial Procedure.

The first number of the Journal of Hygiene, the new quarterly to be published by the Cambridge University Press, is ready. The introduction by the editors—Dr. G. H. F. Nuttall, Dr. John Haldane, and Dr. Arthur Newsholme—includes a letter from Sir John Simon. Dr. Nuttall contributes one of a series of "Studies in Relation to Malaria," and Dr. Newsholme a paper on "The Utility of Isolation Hospitals in Diminishing the Spread of Scarlet Fever."

The *New York Evening Post* of to-day has a notable series of articles by well-known writers on thirty-eight main aspects of the nineteenth century, among which English Literature is treated by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Evolution and Religious Conceptions by Mr. Leslie Stephen. The series will be subsequently published in book form by Messrs. Putnams.

Books to look out for at once.

- LITERATURE—**
 "The Hoosier Writers." By Meredith Nicholson. Macmillan. 5s.
 [National Studies in American Letters.]
 "A History of Chinese Literature." By Professor H. A. Giles, Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge. Heinemann. 6s.
 ["Short Histories of the Literatures of the World."]
ART—
 "Hans Memling." (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) By W. H. J. Weale. Bell. 5s. net.
 "Painters of Florence from the 15th to the 16th Century." By Julia Cartwright. Murray. 6s. net.
TRAVEL AND FOLK LORE—
 "In Tuscany." By M. Carmichael, British Vice-Consul for West Tuscany. Murray. 9s. net.
 "Celtic Folk Lore, Welsh and Manx." By Prof. John Rhys. Frowde. 21s.
FICTION—
 "Morals and Millions." By Florence Warden. F. V. White. 6s.
 "The Leaven of Love." By B. Goldie. Routledge. 6s.
 "Eben Holden: A Tale of the North Country." By Irving Bacheller. Unwin. 6s.
 (See note under "Authors and Publishers.")
SCIENCE—
 "Text-book of Vertebrate Zoology." By J. S. Kingsley. Bell. 12s. net.
 "British Flies." Vol. 8. By G. H. Verrall. Gurney and Jackson. 31s. 6d.
MILITARY—
 "The Army from Within." By Author of "An Absent-Minded War." Sands. 3s. 6d.
 "Australia at the Front." By F. Wilkinson. J. Long. 6s.
 "The Biograph in Battle." By W. K. L. Dickson. Unwin. 6s.
 [The author took the biograph with Buller's force to Ladysmith and subsequently accompanied Lord Roberts's Army in the Transvaal.]
 "England's Armed Neutrality." By L. E. Henry. Young's Library. 6s. net.
EDUCATION—
 "Parlons Français: A Conversational Method of French." By F. Julien. Blackie. 2s. 6d.
 "Education and Life." By J. H. Baker, M.A., LL.D., President of the University of Colorado. Longmans. 4s. 6d.
 "Bookkeeping for Business Men." By J. Thornton. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
MISCELLANEOUS—
 "Eccentricities of Genius." By Major J. B. Pond. Chatto and Windus. 12s.
 [Memories of famous men and women of platform and stage. Portraits.]
 "Winchester." By R. T. Warner. Bell. 3s. 6d. net.
 [Handbooks to the Great Public Schools. Illustrated.]
 "How we got our Prayer-book." By T. W. Drury. Nisbet. 2s.
 "Practical Treatise on the Leather Industry." By A. M. Villon. Scott and Greenwood. 21s. net.

- "Epitome of the Law Relating to Charter Parties and Bills of Lading." By L. Duckworth. E. Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.
 "The Companies Act, 1900." By S. L. Wilkinson. E. Wilson. 3s. 6d.
 "Social Development under Christian Influence." By the Rev. M. Kaufmann. Kegan Paul. 5s.
 [The Donnellan Lectures. 1899-1900.]
NEW EDITIONS—
 "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering." Macmillan. 6s. each.
 [First two volumes of the new issue of the Border Edition of the Waverley Novels.]
 "The Dead Secret." By Wilkie Collins. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- BIOGRAPHY.**
 "The Life of E. Herber Evans, D.D." By Rev. H. E. Lewis. 8x 5 1/2 in., 387 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
 "Lord Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War." By Capt. W. E. Cairnes. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 331 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
 "Napoleon III. at the Height of His Power." By I. de Saint-Amand. Trans. by Elizabeth G. Martin. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 305 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.
 "Tales of Indian Chivalry." By M. Macmillan. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 223 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.
DRAMA.
 "Love's Disguises." A Book of Little Plays. By O. M. Hueffer. 8 1/2 x 4 1/2 in. Sign of the Rose. Hackbridge, Surrey.
EDUCATIONAL.
 "Caesar: De Bello Gallico, VII." (Cam. Series for Schools, &c.) Ed. by E. S. Schuchburgh. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 158 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 1s. 6d.
 "Xenophon: Anabasis, VI." (Cam. Series for Schools, &c.) Ed. by G. M. Edwards. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 100 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 1s. 6d.
 "A Second Latin Reader." By G. B. and A. Gardiner. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 184 pp. Arnold. 1s. 6d.
 "A Reading Book in Irish History." By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 220 pp. Longmans. 1s. 6d.
 "Macaulay's Essay on Pitt." Ed. by C. J. Battersby. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 112 pp. Blackie. 2s.
 "Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings." Ed. by J. Downie. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 208 pp. Blackie. 2s.
 "Tamango." By Prosper Mérimée. (Modern Language Series.) Ed. by J. E. Michell. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 66 pp. Blackie. 1s.
 "As You Like It." (The Picture Shakespeare.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 143 pp. Blackie. 1s.
FICTION.
 "The Wastrel." By Mary A. Dickens. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 348 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
 "Northern Lights and Shadows." By R. G. Taber. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 235 pp. Greening. 3s. 6d.
 "A Vagabond in Asia." By E. Candler. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 294 pp. Greening. 6s.
 "The Passing of the Dragon." By F. Jay Cough. 7 x 5 1/2 in., 82 pp. Cassell.
FOLKLORE.
 "Songs and Sayings of Gowrie." By Rev. A. Philip. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 319 pp. Oliphant. 5s. n.
 "Lancashire Humour." By T. Newbigging. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 135 pp. Dent.
HISTORY.
 "A Political History of Contemporary Europe since 1814." 2 vols. Trans. from the French of Charles Seignobos. 9 x 6 in., 881 pp. Heinemann. 28s. n.
 "The Destruction of Ancient Rome." By R. Lanciani. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 279 pp. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d.
 "The French Monarchy, 1483-1798." 2 vols. (Cam. Historical Series.) By A. J. Grant. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 311-314 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 9s.
 "Canada, 1760-1900." (Cam. Historical Series.) 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 348 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 6s.
 "Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects." Vol. II. (Cam. Historical Series.) By W. Cunningham. D.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 300 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 4s. 6d.
LITERARY.
 "Henley and Burns; or, The Critic Censured." Ed. by J. D. Ross, LL.D. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 106 pp. Stirling. Mackay. 2s. 6d. n.
 "The Kipling Reader." 7 x 4 1/2 in., 214 pp. Macmillan. 1s. 9d.
MILITARY.
 "The Tactics of To-day." By Maj. C. E. Callwell, R.A. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 153 pp. Blackwood. 2s. 6d. n.
 "The Salvation Army at Work in the Boer War." By Adj. Mary Murray. 7 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 112 pp. Salvation Army.
 "The Sick and Wounded in South Africa." By W. Burdett-Coutts. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 280 pp. Cassell. 1s. 6d.
MISCELLANEOUS.
 "The Clergy Directory, 1901." 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 838 pp. Phillips. 4s. 6d. n.
 "Dictionary of Quotations." (French and Italian.) By T. B. Harbottle and Col. P. H. Dalbiac. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 545 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.
 "The Advertiser's ABC for 1901." By T. B. Browne. 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 in., 1,070 pp. Browne. 10s. 6d.
 "Mrs. Boston's Cookery Book." New Ed. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 311 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s.
 "The Language of Handwriting." By R. D. Stocker. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 257 pp. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d. n.
ORIENTAL.
 "Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate." By G. Le Strange. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 381 pp. Clarendon Press. 16s. n.
POETRY.
 "The Lady Madeleine Wendmore; or, A Love from the Ideal, and other Poems." By A. Capleton. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 112 pp. Batts, Gresham Street. 3s. 6d. n.
 "King Marchaunt and His Ragamuffin." By Helion Bumpstead. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 66 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
 "Irene, and other Poems." By W. K. Honnywill. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 84 pp. "South-Eastern Herald." 1s. 6d.
 "Love Letters of a Fenian." By Mary Shorsa. 6 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 63 pp. Dublin. Gill.
 "Under Arms." By C. Doughy. 9 x 7 in., 30 pp. Constable. 1s. 6d. n.
REPRINTS.
 "Waverley." (New Century Library.) 6 1/2 x 4 1/2 in., 574 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.
 "Good for Nothing; or, All Down Hill." By G. Whyte-Melville. 8 x 5 1/2 in., 443 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
 "Horse in Honeypot." By Hugh Haliburton. 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 237 pp. Blackwood. 6s. n.
 "John Keats. Poems, &c." Vol. II. (The Complete Ed.) Ed. by H. B. Forman. 7 x 4 1/2 in., 243 pp. Glasgow. Gowers & Gray.
SCIENCE.
 "Text-Book of Zoology." Part III.—Invertebrates. By Dr. O. Schmiedl. Trans. by R. Rosenstock. 9 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. Black. 3s. 6d.
 "National Life from the Standpoint of Science." By K. Pearson, F.R.S. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 62 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d. n.
THEOLOGY.
 "Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the Greek New Testament." By E. Nestle, Ph.D., Th.D. (Theological Translations Library.) Ed. by A. Menzies, D.D. 9 x 5 1/2 in., 351 pp. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.
 "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." By F. G. Peabody. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 374 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.
 "Thoughts on Belief and Life. Sermons by H. J. Lawlor, D.D." 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 195 pp. Dublin: Hodges. London: Simpkin, Marshall.
TRAVEL.
 "Spanish Highways and Byways." By Katharine Lee Bates. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 448 pp. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXII.
By X. HAWKINS, U.S.A.
BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXIII.
By F. MEYER, Shrirardorf.
BLACK. 6 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 114, by A. Troitzky.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q R sq; R at K Kt sq; Kt at K B 2; pawn at Q 6. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R sq; R at K R 7; Kt at Q Kt 5; pawn at Q Kt 2. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 115, by A. F. Mackenzie.—White (9 pieces)—K at Q R 5; bishops at K R 8 and Q R 8; Kts at K B 6 and Q Kt 7; pawns at Q R 4, K 3, K Kt 2, K R 2. Black (8 pieces)—K at Q B 3; Q at K Kt 4; B at K Kt sq; pawns at K B 2, Q 4, Q 5, Q B 2, Q R 2. White to play and win. First prize in *British Chess Magazine* tourney, recently concluded.

SOLUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.—Problem No. 102, Varain (2), Q—R 8. Möller (3), 1. Q—Kt 8, R—R 6; 2. Q—Kt sq, &c. (See answers.) No. 104, Troitzky, White wins by 1. B—B 3, Kt—Q 3; 2. B×Kt, Kt—B sq; 3. B—Q 5 ch, K—R sq; 4. P—R 8 =Bishop, and must win the Kt and the game. End-game, Miles v. Biggs, White wins by 1. B—Kt 5, Q×B (if not, B×R wins); 2. Q×R ch, K×Q; 3. R×P mate. No. 105, Wainwright (2), B—K 2. No. 106, Pospisil (3), 1. Q—Kt 5, threatening mate by 2. B—Q 6, and 3. Kt—K 6, B—B 5 or Q×P mate. If 1. Q—Kt 5, Kt—Q 6; 2. Q×Q P ch, Kt×Q; 3. R—K 4 mate. No. 107, Behting, White draws by 1. K—R 6, K—B sq; 2. K—R 7, B—K 6; 3. K—R 8, B×P; 4. B—Kt 3, P—B 6; 5. B—K 6 ch and draws. No. 108, Zimmermann (3), 1. Q—Kt 7, K×Kt; 2. B—R 7 ch, &c. Or, 1. Q—Kt 7, R×Kt; 2. P—Q 3 ch, &c. Or, 1. R—R 5, B—K 6; 2. B—K 4, &c.

Correct Solutions:—R. M. Stiegmann (City), 102, 105, 108; R. W. (Hampstead), 105, 106; C. H. Waller (Kensington), 99, 102, 107; J. D. Tucker (Leeds), 99 to 102, 104 to 107; N. Buchanan (Hampstead), 99; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), 93, 94, 96, 97, 99, 100; F. Harling (Stroud), 99, 102; C. R. H. (Paris), 99, 102; A. C. W. (Bromley), 102, 104 to 108.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. C. W. and Others.—Q—B 6 in No. 103 is by far too obvious to be the key, but what everybody is sure to overlook is the subtle defence, R—R 8. This makes the problem especially notable and difficult. Thanks for useful notes.

W. H. M. and Others.—No doubt White can eventually capture the Kt in No. 107, Behting, but it is not assumed that this is possible in a move or two.

R. E. W.—Large diagrams would occupy all the space that can be devoted to chess. All that is necessary is that the positions should be readable and this seems always possible.

Several Correspondents.—If our form of solution is adopted, especially with names of authors, it will be much more convenient.

NOTES BY CORRESPONDENTS.—"No. 99 corrected seems to me most meritorious; there are near tries, especially notable being B—K 5."—C. H. W. "No. 108, a fine problem, and by no means easy. I am at a loss to say whether it is the more remarkable for unity or for variety."—A. C. W.

GAME No. LV.—Played between two masters:—

CENTRE GAMBIT.

WHITE. G. Maroczy.	BLACK. J. Mieses.	WHITE. G. Maroczy.	BLACK. J. Mieses.
1. P—K 4	P—Q 4	17. P×B	Q—Kt 2
2. P×P	Q×P	18. P—K B 4	P×P
3. Kt—Q B 3	Q—Q R 4	19. Q×B P	P—K B 3
4. P—Q 4	P—K Kt 3	20. K R—B sq	Kt—Q 2
5. B—K B 4	B—Kt 2	21. P×P	Kt×P
6. Q—Q 2	P—Q B 3	22. Q—K 5	Q R—B sq
7. Kt—K B 3	B—K B 4	23. P—K R 4	Kt—Q 4
8. Kt—K 5	Kt—B 3	24. P—R 6	Kt×Kt
9. B—Q B 4	P—K 3	25. P×Kt	R×R
10. B—K 2	Q—Q sq	26. R×R	B—B 2
11. Castles Q R	Kt—Q 4	27. H—Q 3	P—K R 3
12. Kt—B 4	Kt×B	28. R—B 6	Q—K B sq
13. Q×Kt	Castles	29. P—Kt 5	P×P
14. P—K Kt 4	P—K Kt 4	30. P—R 6	Q—R 6 ch
15. Q—K 3	B—Kt 3	31. K—Kt sq	Resigns (a)
16. Kt—K 5	B×Kt		

(a) The Centre Gambit gives scope for much study and analysis. This game is prettily played. At the finish White threatens P—R 7 ch and there is no defence.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

On Tuesday Next. With 163 Diagrams. Medium 8vo.
Price ONE GUINEA net.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE
TO
GARDEN PLANTS

BY
JOHN WEATHERS, F.R.H.S.

Late Assistant-Secretary to the Royal Horticultural Society,
Horticultural Lecturer to the Middlesex County Council,
Formerly of the Royal Gardens, Kew, &c.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS BOOK ARE:—

1. It deals with all Garden Plants—Flowers, Ferns, Fruits, Vegetables, Shrubs, and Trees—worth growing in the open air in the British Isles.
2. Every species is described, and information is given as to the methods of cultivation and propagation.
3. The species are arranged in their natural orders, and a full Index of English and Latin Names is given.
4. Practical Essays on the Life History of Plants and on the various gardening operations, illustrated where necessary.
5. A Glossary of Botanical and Gardening Terms, illustrated where necessary.
6. The Book contains 1,204 pp., medium 8vo., and the price is only ONE GUINEA net.

NEW ROMANCE BY MR. A. W. MARCHMONT.

In the Name of a Woman.

By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT,

Author of "By Right of Sword," "A Dash for a Throne," &c.

With Eight Illustrations by D. MURRAY SMITH.

Crown 8vo., 6s.

[On Tuesday next.]

SAMPLERS AND TAPESTRY EMBROIDERIES.

By MARCUS B. HUISE, LL.B., Author of "Japan and its Art," "Greek Terra Cotta Statuettes," &c. Also **THE STITCHERY OF THE SAME**, by Mrs. HEAD; and **FOREIGN SAMPLERS**, by Mrs. C. J. LONGMAN. With 30 Reproductions in Colours, and 40 Illustrations in Monochrome. 4to. Two Guineas net.

* The Edition is strictly limited to 600 copies.

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE. By JULIAN

CORBETT, Author of "Drake and the Tudor Navy," &c. With Four Portraits (Two Photogravures) and Twelve Maps and Plans. 8vo., 21s.

"Mr. Corbett's book is an extremely valuable addition to the history of the times, and is full of lucid information and of ripe judgment, marked equally by erudition and by the ability to group facts, and to give them their right proportion. The illustrations are good, and the volume should be widely read."—*Army and Navy Gazette*.

ST. KILDA. By NORMAN HEATHCOTE. With 80

Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs of the People, Scenery, and Birds by the Author. 8vo., 10s. 6d. net.

"If Mr. Heathcote really wished to keep St. Kilda as a happy hunting ground for himself and his intrepid sister he should not have written such an attractive book about it, and, above all, he should not have packed his book with alluring illustrations."—*Daily Chronicle*.

EDUCATION AND LIFE: Papers and Addresses. By

JAMES H. BAKER, M.A., LL.D., President of the University of Colorado. Crown 8vo., 4s. 6d.

[On Tuesday next.]

WORKS BY S. J. STONE, M.A.,

Late Vicar of All Hallows, City of London.

LAYS OF IONA, and other Poems. Crown 8vo., 6s.

THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION, and other Poems.

Seventh edition. Crown 8vo., 6s.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 170. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	41, 42, 43
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Poetry of the Nineteenth Century," by T. Herbert Warren	43
SOME NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS, 1900	44
PANTOMIME	45
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	47
REVIEWS—	
A Critical Examination of Irish History	47
The Letters of Thomas Gray	49
The Book of the Home	49
Sparks from Camp Fires—The Siege in Peking—With Christ at Sea—The Romance of Spain—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam—Scientific Papers—Treatise on Zoology—Studies in Fossil Botany—Chemistry as Exact Mechanical Philosophy—The Human Ear—Reprints—Lord Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War—Roberts of Pretoria—A Dictionary of Quotations—The Biograph in Battle—The Salvation Army at Work in the Boer War—The Journal of a Rabbit—A Vagabond in Asia—The Laws and Principles of Vint—Week Ends in Dickens Land—Savonarola—Études sur la Littérature Française—Lawyers and their Clients—Christ in Art—The Story of H.M.S. "Powerful"—Mother, Baby, and Nursery	50, 51, 52, 53, 54
Yolande the Parisienne—As a Watch in the Night—The Story of Ronald Kestrel—A Rogue in Love—Many Days After—A Son of Austerity—An Obstinate Parish—The Inner Shrine—Jenny of the Villa	54, 55
LIBRARY NOTES	55
OBITUARY—The Bishop of London—Mr. John Davis—Allen—M. Arthur Desjardins	57, 58
CORRESPONDENCE—"Ernulphe" (Ven. Archdeacon Cheetham)—The Abuse of the Possessive	57
MORE MAGAZINES	57
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	58
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	59

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Punch this week is much devoted to literature, and perhaps that is the reason why its text reaches an even higher standard of humour than usual. We can forgive the harmless amiabilities of "my Baronite," of whom, as an individual, we confess to being a little weary, for such an inspiration as Mr. Owen Seaman's "The Schoolmaster Abroad."

A body of schoolmasters, it seems, has chartered the steam yacht *Argonaut* from Messrs. Perowne and Lunn for an "educative visit" to Sicily, Greece, and the Isles. Mr. Seaman sings in the metre of the "Isles of Greece":—

Lunching upon the self-same rock
Whence Xerxes viewed the wine-red frith,
They realize, with vivid shock,
The teachings of "The smaller Smith";
With bated breath they murmur—"This
Is actually Salamis!"

Not theirs the course of crude delight
On which the common tourist wends,
From faith they move, by way of sight,
To knowledge meant for noble ends;
'Twill be among their purest joys
To work it off among their boys.

If Mr. Seaman, our chief of humorous verse writers, has written anything better than this poem as a whole, we would gladly know of it.

There is also an excellently funny dramatic sequel to *Hamlet*, in which Horatio, who has seized the vacant throne, is

adding a new wing to the Castle of Elsinore. Scene ii. gives us two clowns, formerly grave-diggers, now builders, working on the structure in their best leisurely fashion. They reason thus:—

1ST CLOWN (in his best Elizabethan manner).—Nay, but hear you, goodman builder—

2ND CLOWN (in homely vernacular).—Look here, Bill, you can drop that jargon. There's no one here but ourselves, and I ain't amused by it.

We can assure—shall we say Mr. Anstey?—that we were much amused by it. And, finally, there is a "Letter to a Young Publisher" which is instinct with the spirit of the Authors' Society.

Several of our poets saluted the dawn of the new century; only one, we think, essayed to tackle in verse the distracting theme of the past century; and the Pope, who has many advantages for compendious observation, has not shrunk from this rather forbidding task. He has dealt faithfully with the nineteenth century (the century that saw the end of the Temporal Power of the Papacy) in fifty-six verses of Latin *Alcaics*, published in the *Osservatore Romano*, and distributed among the College of Cardinals. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Lang, forgiving his old grievance with the Index, will give an English rendering of his Holiness's *Alcaics* for the benefit of the many who have not the Latin in these days of universal and advanced education?

We are glad to notice that Mr. Stopford Brooke's health is now sufficiently good to justify his resuming his Browning lectures. The fund, by the way, required for the Stopford Brooke Lectureship, of which we gave a full account more than a year ago, is not yet complete, but a sufficient proportion of the whole (£10,000) has been received to justify some practical steps being taken for its establishment.

With reference to the play by Mr. George Moore and W. B. Yeats, mentioned in our last issue as having been purchased by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it will, we understand, be first performed by Mr. F. R. Benson's company in Dublin, which has undertaken the production on the lines of the Irish Literary Theatre. Mrs. Campbell will afterwards produce it in London. The subject of the play is the same as that used in the opera of *Diarmid*, the joint work of the present Duke of Argyll and Mr. Hamish McCunn. The scene takes place in Ireland and Scotland. Mr. George Moore's non-election to the Irish Literary Society of London is, by the way, said to be due to the attitude he took up at the time of the Queen's visit to Ireland last year, when he wrote a letter to the Irish Press protesting against a cordial reception of "the English Queen."

At the beginning of the century it is natural to meet predictions of the Novel of the Future. The *Author* quotes an interesting opinion on the subject by M. Zola:—

Since, in the domain of science, ideas have enlarged, it would be singular if writers did not advance also—not towards more genius, but towards more truth. And if there be a

dénouement it will be that of the art of reality. The oscillations of the pendulum of literature are more and more lengthened towards truth, more and more shortened towards error. For myself, I am inclined to believe that—if there be a return to idealism—it will be temporary. The future belongs to the novel of observation.

It is a disputable conclusion—Mr. Arthur Symons is one critic who will dispute it—but it is interesting as giving the view of the most eminent of the realists.

* * * *

A correspondent writes :—Notwithstanding the death of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, noted in your columns recently, the pathetic delusion of which he was an eminent supporter has still a thousand lives. It is commonly supposed that the first attempt to dethrone Shakespeare was made by the writer of the article "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" in *Chambers's Journal*, 1852. This, however, is not so. The earliest-known Shakespearean sceptic was a New York lawyer and journalist, one Joseph C. Hart, who published, in 1848, "The Romance of Yachting," a colloquial account of a voyage to Spain, interwoven with discussions of various subjects. Hart's opinion was that Shakespeare could not have written the plays, though he cannot suggest the name of the probable author. The Baconian craze, of course, began with the articles by Delia Bacon in *Putnam's Monthly* during 1856. By-the-by, in Robert Burton's copy of the first edition of "Venus and Adonis," bequeathed to the Bodleian, there is no author's name on the title-page, but by the side of the printer's device is written "R. Burton," in his own handwriting. The words "by Wm. Shakespeare" seem to have been added later. Moreover, the then librarian of the Bodleian, in making a list of Burton's books, wrote over against the "Venus and Adonis" the mysterious words "His work." What should they mean? Surely, on the principles which commend themselves to esoteric criticism, that it was Robert Burton who wrote the Shakespeare poems and plays.

* * * *

The Society of Spiritists ^à has reason to believe "that the late Miss Florence Marryat is about to dictate a posthumous volume to a shoemaker in the Midlands, reputed to be a medium. It is certainly a sign of progress worthy of the beginning of a new century for the spirits of the departed to employ stenographers instead of guiding the hands of secretaries. Julia, we believe, never got so far. It promises to be an interesting question for the lawyers whether there can be copyright in a work thus produced, and in whom it would be vested. The Society of Spiritists certainly cannot claim copyright in the communication without abandoning their theory of its origin; but a recent decision might give colour to the claims of the shorthand writer.

* * * *

The John Carpenter Club is to celebrate its jubilee. The learned common clerk whose name it perpetuates was, after Richard Whittington and William Bury, one of the most liberal donors to the original library at the Guildhall. John Carpenter, who compiled the "Liber Aldus," bequeathed such good or rare books as might "seem necessary to the common library at Guildhall, and those discoursing to the common people." In the pages of John Stowe we find an account of the library and of how it was denuded by the Lord Protector. "Adjoining to the chapell on south side was sometimes a fayre and large librarie, furnished with bookes, pertaining to the Guildhall and Colledge; these bookes (as it is said) were in the raigne of Edward the 6 send for by Edward, Duke of Sommerset, Lord Protector, with promise to be restored shortly; men laden from thence three carriers with them, but neuer returned." Not till 1824 were steps taken by the Corporation to re-establish the library which to-day is of value to every student.

* * * *

The American correspondent of the *Author* mentions a new terror for authors and publishers. The other day, he says, a young and unknown writer, submitting a manuscript to a New

York publisher, asked for a guarantee that, in case the book was declined, her ideas should not be stolen consciously or unconsciously by the "reader." The publisher was first amused and then puzzled, perceiving that the request was not unreasonable. Finally, as the shortest way out of the difficulty, he refused the manuscript. To prove that the author's caution was not unreasonable, the correspondent relates an experience of Mr. Bronson Howard's. Mr. Howard told him he had once innocently embodied in one of his own pieces an episode contained in a friend's manuscript play, which had been submitted to him for his advice. The play he had forgotten, but the incident stuck in a corner of his mind, and when he found it there many years after it had all the earmarks of an original idea. His angry friend accused him of treachery and theft; and he thereupon vowed never again to read another's manuscript play. If any literary person doubts the likelihood of Mr. Bronson Howard's experience let him re-read some of the books he read in his own early manhood. He will be surprised how many of his own pet personal ideas he will find there.

* * * *

Dr. Walter C. Smith, whose ministerial jubilee was celebrated on Monday, was, fifteen or twenty years ago, well known as a popular poet. His "Olig Grange" appeared in 1872 (the author's name being given as "Hermann Kunst"), and the critics were surprised to find that it was the work of a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. For it is marked by a liberality not characteristic of the Scottish Churches of that day. In 1874 "Borland Hall" appeared, and in 1878 "Hilda among the Broken Gods" created almost as great a sensation as "Olig Grange." "North Country Folk" is the title of another admirable volume which came later from Dr. Smith.

* * * *

The vogue enjoyed by foreign writers in France, notably by Sienkiewicz, Rudyard Kipling, Wells, Tolstoi, was mentioned in the review of the French literary year in France which we published recently. On the very day when the article appeared M. Lucien Descaves published in the *Echo de Paris* an article entitled "Whose Turn Next?" He rallies his countrymen for their passion for foreign novelists, and says of Mr. Kipling :—

After the deserved success of the charming "Jungle Books," we were disenchanted by the stories that followed. As fantastic story-teller or realistic novelist, Kipling seems distinctly inferior to our J. H. Rosny, and if he shows in his work something resembling the "Vamirehs" and the "Xipehuzs," I see nothing thus far comparable in mastery with "Nell Horn," "Bilatéral," or "L'Imperieuse Bonté." So that we seek outside of France in order to burn our incense to the original writers whom we are incapable of honouring at home.

Mr. Wells' stories are for M. Descaves merely the sort of thing with which Jules Verne has regaled two Continents. "Résurrection," however, so he thinks, "dominates the contemporary novel like a lighthouse with repeating lights which, after having illuminated the nineteenth century, are to fling their radiance over the twentieth," while he thinks the success of "Quo Vadis" due to the puerility and conventionality of its substance. "Who next?" therefore, he asks. We have had Sudermann and Pérez Galdos and Strindberg, but Austria, Turkey, Holland, Greece, Finland, &c., still remain unexplored. Who next? The *Mercure de France* has been one of the first to reply. In its January number it publishes a spicy preface to the novel by Demolder which it announces for immediate appearance.

Our "Personal View," this week, by the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, is a view down the vistas of futurity.

Mr. Warren predicts that the new century to which *The Vistas of* we are gradually accustoming ourselves will not *Futurity.* be destitute of great poetry; he gives his reasons for thinking so, and offers some interesting speculations as to its prevailing characteristics. Such prophecies are

not, of course, intended merely to be filed for reference, but are also, and mainly, meant to stimulate thought and focus criticism; and this particular prophecy derives special interest from the fact that the accomplished author of "By Severn Sea" is himself poet as well as critic. The usual argument on the subject is that we are now passing through a period of storm and stress and crisis, and that periods of crisis in the history of nations are normally followed by golden ages of literature; but this rule, if it be a rule, is by no means a rule without exceptions. There are plenty of affirmative instances, such as the revival of English letters after the Napoleonic wars and the movement in German letters after Jena, and, perhaps, the revival of French letters after the *année terrible*. But negative instances are by no means lacking. The golden age of Athenian literature did not follow the Peloponnesian war, but preceded it; the Wars of the Roses stimulated no great writers for two or three generations; the golden age of Anne had no particular connexion with any clash of arms. Mr. Warren, however, does not adopt this popular generalization, and we need not pause to examine it further. He is sanguine of the spread of culture, sanguine of the elevation of the stage, sanguine that Empire and Science will furnish worthy themes of which the singers of the Twentieth Century will worthily avail themselves. As regards the elevation of the stage we are not sure that he does not generalize too rashly from a single instance, forgetting that one swallow does not make a summer; for the future only can show whether *Herod* will have as great a success as the poetical plays, emphatically inferior to it as poetry, of the late Mr. Wills. His arguments on the theme of Empire are more interesting:—

What is the poetry of Empire? Virgil and Horace sang the Roman Empire in. For about a century the provinces reinforced it. Then it sank into stagnation and silence. Will our Empire and its poetry go the way of the Roman? Tennyson, the English Virgil, was its first poet. Will he be the last? Hardly, for, unlike the Roman, it will have to struggle to maintain its existence. Unlike the Roman it rests not on the compelled obedience of tributary States, but on the spontaneous co-operation of young and growing daughter nations.

The line of thought here is not quite impervious to criticism; the parallel is not quite exact. There was notoriously a period at which the Roman Empire had to struggle to maintain its existence; and that was precisely the period when Latin poetry fell away from its old excellence. The golden age was actually the age of the Pax Romana. But, no doubt, that long peace did sap the energies of bards as well as of warriors, with the result that, when the hour of struggle came, the bards no less than the warriors were found wanting. That is the gist of Mr. Warren's argument, and it is sound; and it is also true that there are no present indications that the energies of those responsible for maintaining the supremacy of the British Empire will be allowed to rust for want of exercise. On the main point, therefore, we are in accord with Mr. Warren. Our readers will not fail to note, some of them perhaps with satisfaction, and some of them with disapproval, that he with apparent deliberation ignores the claims of Mr. Kipling among poets who sing of Empire. Mr. Kipling may not have many claims to be called the English Virgil; but one claim he certainly has. If Mr. Warren were asked to find a modern parallel to the famous—

Hoc tu, Romane, memento,

Hæ tibi erunt artes—paciisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos,

where would he find a better one than in the lines published in *Literature* on February 4, 1899:—

Take up the white man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Personal Views.

THE POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The English poets of the twentieth century, who will they be, what will they be like, of what will they write? Is it possible to foretell? Hardly; but it is interesting to speculate, and there are some suggestions which may be thrown out. I do not speak, of course, of those living poets older or younger whom the new century inherits from the old, though they have their influence, and a very potent one, in determining the character of the next phase, but of those who will both express and mould that phase itself when it has begun definitely to take shape.

First of all, then, will there be any worthy of the name? The question may seem rhetorical and idle, but when Chaucer died in 1400 England had to wait not only for one century, but half the next, before she saw or heard again a great English poet or a great English poem. What was the reason? Chance, and the incalculable complexity of human affairs, or the Wars of York and Lancaster? To some extent the former, though that is hardly an answer, but largely assuredly the latter. Certainly not the fact that one century had ended and another begun, for the date with a new initial is merely an arbitrary land-mark in a continuous progress, a pile driven into the bed of the flowing stream of history. Yet it has often coincided with a marked change in human affairs, the beginning or ending of an era, some great war which has made a dividing line, the death and birth of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties, and when it has so coincided it has emphasized the change.

When Chaucer died no great contemporary survived to be carried over into the next age. When the fifteenth century in turn came to an end it could again hand on no great poet to the sixteenth, for it had none of its own. Very different was the case when the sixteenth century drew to its close. Two of the greatest poets, it is true, did not outlive it, but died on or near the stroke of its midnight hour—Marlowe in 1593 and Spenser in 1599. But the generation carried over Shakespeare and Jonson, Ford and Massinger, Fletcher and Beaumont, Daniel and Drayton, and many another. Queen Elizabeth, it is true, only survived to 1603, but the Elizabethan age passed on into and deeply tinged, nay dominated, the Jacobean. The quaint, to us almost ludicrous language of the time reminds us of this continuity.

Those flights upon the banks of Thames

Which so did take Eliza and our James.

The Swan of Avon continued his flights for another decade, nor was his death-song heard on his native stream till 1614, while the great Elizabethan impulse under which Milton fortunately fell was felt through him and others more than half through the century. The poetic link between the age of Queen Elizabeth and that of Queen Anne is, of course, Dryden. Like Chaucer, Dryden died in the closing year of his century; once again of poetry there was little to be carried over. Even if we do not subscribe to the paradox of Matthew Arnold that Pope, and Dryden too, are great prose writers, not poets at all, Pope's poetry is certainly poetry of a very limited type, and little true poetry was heard till Burns in 1786 published his first volume, and the century was waning fast.

The eighteenth century closed fitly enough with the funeral dirge of Cowper. But already the bells were ringing up for the first chimes of the new era, and their music had begun to gather strength. Burns who had come and gone was not strictly an

English poet, anyhow belonged to no school and no century. His admirations were of the eighteenth century, Gray and Shenstone. His own genius was of no age, and, therefore, of all. But Wordsworth and Coleridge, though essentially poets of the new century, had taken their impulse from the great event which closed and broke up the old, and had published their first books in the eighteenth. With, and following them, there set in, as we all know, something like a hundred years of song which closed only the other day. The truth is that here again the old era ended with the century or a few years before. The change of date coincided with a real transition. Would it have been possible at the end of the sixteenth, of the seventeenth, of the eighteenth century, to predict the character of the poetry of the next age? To some extent it would. In 1600 the new era had already set in. In 1700 it would seem that from Dryden men might have predicted Addison, and Pope, and even Goldsmith and Johnson. In 1800 one thing which actually followed seemed clear to the poets, that the new age would be an age of freedom. The other characteristic, that it would be an age of material improvement, and applied science, was also dimly foreseen. Oddly enough the best prophecy came from one of the worst poets. It is one of the curiosities of literature that Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who published his poem in its complete shape in 1800 and died in 1802, foretold the triumph of steam—

Soon shall thine arm unconquered Steam afar,
Drag the slow barge or urge the rapid car.

He did not foretell, however, the triumphs of his own grandson, nor had the author of the "Botanic Garden" any inkling of the world in which the "Origin of Species" would produce so far-reaching a mental revolution. These are the things it is hardly possible to foretell.

Are we now again at the end of an era? Has an old order broken up; are we on the threshold of a new? The answer would seem to be that we are. The expression *fin de siècle* on so many lips ten years ago anticipated and discounted the real end of the century, because the era was even then already dead or dying.

When will the new age begin? What will it be like? Two things we seem to see, that it will be an era of Empire, or the struggle for it; an era perforce of larger national aggregations, and an era of scientific discovery, progressing in an accelerated ratio. An age of Empire. But what is the poetry of Empire? Virgil and Horace sang the Roman Empire in. For about a century the provinces reinforced it. Then it sank into stagnation and silence. Will our Empire and its poetry go the way of the Roman? Tennyson, the English Virgil, is its first poet. Will he be the last? Hardly, for unlike the Roman it will have to struggle to maintain its existence. Unlike the Roman it rests not on the compelled obedience of tributary States, but on the spontaneous co-operation of young and growing daughter nations. And Tennyson again—and it is another reason why, as the multitude of books being written about him show, he is still as popular as ever and is indeed, though dead, emphatically a poet of the twentieth century—was the first English poet of science. It was his view that in the development of science the poet of the future would have new material and more opportunity than the poet of the past. Such announcements as those of Mr. Tesla, even if premature, would have interested him profoundly. Once more he would have felt and sung how

Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest morn.

And poetry, again, like all art, is the expression not only of thought but of feeling—nay, even more of feeling than of thought. And it exists for delectation, even for amusement, yet more directly than for illumination, much less instruction. There are signs that the stage, which so many actors and managers have toiled to lift, has reached a really higher level and that it will bear and even welcome true poetry. There are signs, too, of a general elevation of the standard of literary technique through education. Such works as Professor Raleigh's on Style and on Milton are significant; significant in themselves, still more in their popularity. A new style will go with the new themes and tastes. Here then is much promise and certainly ample scope for poetry as fine, as great, as any we have heard before.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, one of the most gifted of the Victorian Elizabethans, in an ode of much dignity and grace, full of a solemn unearthly beauty, as of night and dream, has endeavoured to forecast what the new age will be. Happier, healthier—we shall have no war he tells us, and no death, or rather a death which will not be death, for it will not part us from our friends. But, alas! too probably we shall find that his is indeed a dream. Yet even so the reality of the morning may be less but also more beautiful. Happier times, happier poets; healthier lives, healthier song. Let us hope so. Anyhow the poets will be different and yet similar. For there are eternal canons in every art. The new poets may be different as Dante is from Virgil, Goethe from Sophocles, Wordsworth from Milton, Tennyson from Spenser, or Mr. Phillips, shall we say? from Marlowe; but perhaps not more different. Anyhow, let us hope that they will be yet happier and gentler, not less serious, not more voluptuous, but more "humane" voices of a serener world—

Ah earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after years those happier years,
And children weep when we lie low
Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

T. HERBERT WARREN.

SOME NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS, 1900.

If, in the minds of many, Thackeray be associated through his writings with the house in Manchester-square, where was opened last summer one of the most magnificent art collections ever bequeathed to the public, so, too, do other national accessions of the year derive interest from direct connexion with men of letters. At the National Portrait Gallery there is a rule which makes it impossible to hang a presentment of any living person, save only the ruling Sovereign or his or her Consort; moreover, should three of the trustees dissent, the portrait of a person deceased within ten years, even although accepted, need not be put on view till the expiration of that time. No objection was made, however, to the immediate exposure of portraits of several men of letters who died during 1900. For instance, soon after John Ruskin's death in January the trustees exhibited the late George Richmond's crayon drawing of him and the terra-cotta bust modelled by Boehm. Mr. G. F. Watts always shows eagerness to enrich our national collections, and to the National Portrait Gallery he has recently presented a portrait of James Martineau, painted twenty-six years ago; a fine presentment of the late Duke of Argyll, dating from 1860; and a portrait of Professor Max Müller, shortly to be hung. By an unknown hand is a portrait of Edward Young, author of "Night Thoughts," and there is a cast of Thomas Woolner's modelled medallion, 1855, of Thomas Carlyle, presented by the Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. The Shelley group in

Room XXV. has received two noteworthy additions. Save for a miniature representing the poet as a child, there is known but one portrait of Shelley studied from life. It is by Amelia Curran, and was painted at Rome in 1819, but, unfortunately, never finished; indeed, Miss Curran is said once to have had the intention of destroying it. This portrait, by bequest of Jane, Lady Shelley, has become the property of the nation. There now hangs below it what Trelawney regarded as an excellent likeness—that executed by George Clint for Shelley's friend, Jane Williams, widow of Captain Williams who was drowned with the poet. It is a direct study from the unfinished portrait by Miss Curran, and the artist had the advantage, if advantage it be, of the criticism of some of Shelley's acquaintances. He is also said to have been influenced by a lost water-colour from the hand of Captain Williams.

If we turn to the Print Room of the British Museum we shall find another portrait of Shelley interest. It will be recalled that on the *Ariel*, or the *Don Juan* as it was originally named, Shelley set sail on July 8, 1822, from Leghorn for Pisa, his companions being Captain Edward Elliker Williams and the boy Vivian, "quick and handy, and used to boats," according to Trelawney. The story of the wreck of the boat, and of how the bodies of Shelley and Williams were cast up on the Italian shore, and three weeks later that of the boy, is well known. Williams had with him on board a water-colour portrait of himself, and this was found on the *Ariel*, with Keats' last poems, doubled back at "The Eve of St. Agnes," and a volume of Sophocles. The drawing has now been presented to the British Museum by a grandson of Captain Williams. During the year the Print Room has been enriched, too, by a portrait in black and red chalk of Samuel Rogers, from the hand of Lawrence; by 270 drawings of Thomas Stothard, designs for the most part for Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory" and "Italy"; and by many proofs in earliest state of the *Liber Studiorum* series, several of them not previously in the Museum collection.

Students of Italian art are by this time familiar with the incomplete book of drawings by a Florentine craftsman, for long supposed to be Benozzo Gozzoli. Executed about the year 1460, the series is characterized by Mr. Roger Fry as the lowest common denominator of the work of the scientific realists of that period. In 1873 the set was acquired by Mr. Ruskin for £1,000, and fifteen years thereafter, when Mr. Colvin at Brantwood laid stress on their historical importance, Mr. Ruskin generously agreed to pass them on to the Museum at cost price, although they were worth double that sum at the time. Of how many leaves the original volume consisted it is difficult to say; in any case several drawings had been lost, probably among them the first of the series. Mrs. Severn has recently given to the Museum four of the missing pages—that is, eight drawings, since both sides are used. Perhaps it may be possible to reproduce these for the benefit of those who possess the admirable "Florentine Chronicle," issued, with an introduction by Mr. Colvin, two years ago. Mr. Colvin attributes the drawings to Maso Finiguerra, a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, to whom was falsely credited the invention of printing from engraved plates.

Of the 200 odd works bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the late Henry Spencer Ashbee, several possess literary interest. Mr. Ashbee's preoccupation with all that concerned Don Quixote is responsible for the presence here of twelve water-colours and pictures representing Cervantes' hero. By Cattermole is a presentment of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, seated in his study reading a volume, perhaps by his favourite author, Feliciano de Sylva; and there are other illustrative drawings by J. D. Watson, A. B. Houghton, Tony Johannot, and E. Gamba. Decamps' presentment of Quixote astride Rosinante, and Sancho Panza on his ass Dapple, riding through the cornfield, is particularly apt and delightful. By Michael "Angelo" Rooker, one of the early water-colourists, are half-a-dozen little drawings, reproduced in an edition of Fielding's works. This artist had a fund of inventiveness and a dainty touch.

The National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, has acquired a picture of rare beauty during the year. It is by Alfred Stevens, hitherto unrepresented as a painter in our public galleries, who is best known as the designer of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's and of the lions of the British Museum. The portrait is that of Mrs. Mary Ann Collman as a girl, finely conceived by an imaginative artist, wrought to great pictorial significance—see how the browns of the drapery merge into amethyst in the higher lights!—a picture with the true creative impulse behind it.

PANTOMIME.

Pantomime had its place in the ancient drama. Aristotle justified the introduction of comic representations if conjoined to tragedy, and on the testimony of Apuleius of Madaura the Sophoclean drama was succeeded by all manner of grotesque "variety shows"—jugglers, antics, mimics, learned horses, and elephants on the tight rope! When the drama eventually came under the patronage of the Church, in despite of the authority of the Fathers—although Luther thought the sacred stage plays of his time more profitable than many sermons: which is very possible—the comic element occupied a large place. In the programme or proclamation of one of the Chester Mysteries, written by Done Rondali, the monk—

In Pagentes set fourth, apparently to all eyne,
The Olde and Newe Testament with livelye comforte;
Interminglinge therewith, onley to make sporte,
Some things not warranted by any writt,
Which to gladd the hearers he woulde men to take yt.

To secure the popular attention it was necessary to tickle the palate with coarse buffoonery—to capture the shouts of the multitude with a white elephant. The dictum of Orestes is as true to-day of ourselves as it was yesterday of the Romans: the "people" can only be won in two ways—by force of arms or force of trumpery. In one of these religious plays Noah's wife is made to affect an acquaintance with "Stafford blew"—a local small beer, presumably; and to swear by the Virgin Mary. In another stage story, representing the Deluge, the same lady stayed out of the Ark, with womanly perversity, until the last minute, and the monkish author makes Shem give her a box on the ear. Adam de la Halle, known as the Hunchback of Arras, in the first specimen of French comedy, the *Marriage of Adam*, a piece abounding in fantastic gaiety, introduces Hellequin, which many have thought to be the prototype of the modern Harlequin. Contrary, however, to our usage, where Harlequin is mute, Hellequin takes no effective part except to follow the three fairy queens Arsile, Maglore, and Morgane, and to sing a comic song, "Say, fits my hat well?"

English Pantomime, as we know it to-day, is, however, peculiar to this country, and of recent origin. The Pantomime of Rich is usually quoted as the first, though, really, there was a ballet produced at Drury Lane in the early part of the eighteenth century called *The Loves of Venus and Mars*, wherein the mythical story was intelligibly told by narration and gesture only, and which was thought by a generation of bucks to be "pleasing and rational." Comic masques, "in the high style of Italy," were publicly performed as early as 1700. The critics were very much alive then as now, only more so; and some furiously opposed the innovation, Cibber, as might be expected, describing the plays as "monstrous medleys," a title not inappropriate to the present pantomime; while caterers for the public taste, which went unmistakably in favour of pantomime, were politely likened to bribers at political elections, "outvying each other in expense to secure the majority of the multitude," which is very scornful writing, especially the sarcasm of that "multitude." Theatrical managers have not altered much, it seems, from the first of the order, those Imperial managers of ancient Rome, who had the true theatrical instinct and spent fantastic sums to get "the hands" of

the multitude; they still outvie each other in expense, and their aim is still the same—the multitude, sometimes known as the “gods.” It is a commonplace that everything in the festival line came from Italy; just as our jokes now all come from America, and our Slys from Sheffield. The original ballet came from mediæval Italy, and the comic masques were borrowed from an Italian idea. So was the germ of the modern pantomime.

Rich's rivalry with Drury Lane was disastrous. He could not compete with the national house in the legitimate drama, so at Lincoln's Inn Fields he struck out a path of his own, the invention of the comic pantomime. He appears to have grafted his new policy on the old masques, which had become Englishized and really national, like the Moorish hornpipe which Handel considered characteristically English. The advertisement in the *Daily Courant* for 1717 names the pantomime as *Harlequin Executed*, and describes it as a “new Italian scene.” It was fashionable to like things from Italy, and the announcement gave the affair an *éclat* it would not otherwise have enjoyed. Anything really and absolutely English has always been taboo. The scene was of a “scaramouch, a harlequin, a country farmer, his wife, and others.” A description of this first pantomime is given in Davies' “*Dramatic Miscellanies*,” in which it is told that it consisted of two parts—one serious, the other comic. By the help of good scenery, fine habits, grand dances, appropriate music and decorations, Rich explained a story from Ovid's “*Metamorphoses*,” and interwove in the classical tale a humorous fable, consisting of the courtship of Harlequin and Columbine, with a variety of astonishing adventures and tricks produced by the wonder-working magic wand of Harlequin—“such as the sudden transformation of palaces into cottages, and cottages into temples.” The new pantomime came to stop. It successfully defied all soberer competition. Garrick reproached his patrons with want of interest in the drama, which they would not go to see, while they would

Send three days before the time,
To crowd a new-made pantomime;

which shows there was advance booking in the old days. Cibber was, as already noticed, specially severe. And Pope complains in his “*Dunciad*” that people went “twenty and thirty times” to see such extravagances as a

Sable sorcerer rise
Swift in whose hand a winged volume flies;
All sudden gorgeous birds and dragons glare
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth.
A fire, a jig, a battle on the ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown
Strikes out refulgent with a Heaven of its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
Forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods and dolphins in the skies.

Garrick could not, with Shakespeare, hold his own against such extravagance, for the people would only go to the pantomime—

They in the drama find no joys,
But dote on mimicry and toys;

although certainly the aristocratic patrons would go to see a dance—

Thus, when a dance is in my bill,
Nobility my boxes fill.

In 1753, the *World* proposed that pantomime should have the boards entirely to itself, because “people of taste and fashion have already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording.” The *World*, like Mark Twain, “rote sarcastic,” and it made a comic hit in expressing the hope that “Garrick, with his universal talents, will in time be able to handle the wooden sword with as much dignity

and dexterity as his brother Lun.” Rich's performance, says an old chronicler, was something more than dexterous, and Garrick himself appears as an impartial witness to the genius of exposition and the eloquence of motion of the pantomimist—

When Lun appeared with matchless grace and whim,
He gave the power of speech to every limb;
Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
And told in frolic gestures all he meant.

Rich was a consummate artist, and in his time the parti-coloured hero was the leading part. His vagaries and antics delighted every eye. In the hands of his successors the Harlequin steadily declined, and the genius of Grimaldi elevated the Clown into the principal rôle. The Harlequinade, with its rampant fun, is gone, and the shadow which is left is only tacked on to the “variety show” now in vogue in deference to long-standing custom.

It is interesting, as giving an idea of the old pantomime, to recall John Kemble's suggestion of a pantomime to Dibdin. It was then, as will be seen, something better than the modern production. It could open, he suggests, with three Saxon witches lamenting Merlin's power and performing an incantation by which they create a Harlequin—like Goethe's Wagner creating Homunculus. Harlequin would be able to counteract Merlin in his designs against King Arthur. As they proceeded in their magical rites, “the sky might brighten and the rainbow stretch across the horizon, which, when the ceremonies are completed, should contract and form a figure of Harlequin in the heavens.” There is a transformation scene! Dibdin was a prolific writer of pantomimes. In *Harlequin in his Element*, performed at Covent Garden in 1807, we get an idea of his method. There is the incantation; Ignoso, the spirit of fire; Aquina, the fairy of the fountain; Aurino, genius of the air; Terrena, spirit of earth. All combine to produce a Harlequin from parti-coloured flowers—

TERRENA: This cloud to form shall grow,
AQUINA: With dew refreshed—
AURINO: With vital air,
IGNOSO: And warmed with magic glow.

Earth sinks into a bed of roses, the water spirit into the fountain, air ascends—leaving Harlequin with the magic sword,

The powerful weapon your wants will provide.

Columbine enters dancing, and Harlequin follows her round the fountain in a sort of *pas de deux*. Sir Amoroso Sordid (pantaloon) makes appearance, followed by the Clown as running footman (taken by Grimaldi) imitating the movements of his master. There is the courtship which the fairies foster, and, interwoven, a Harlequinade full of practical jokes and “take-offs” on the habits and follies of the day. It is a coincidence that “Joey” Grimaldi (it is perhaps the most lasting memorial of poor Grimaldi that ever since his day the Clown, in the top notes of Pantaloon, has always been called “Joey”) and Charles Dibdin lie close together in the burial-ground of St. James's Chapel, Pentonville, now a recreation ground. Dibdin was not only the author of most of the pieces in which Grimaldi acted, but the composer of nearly all the songs he sang. For many years after the premature death of the old pantomimist (he took an affecting farewell of the stage at forty-eight, and died not long after—a broken, crippled, forgotten man) no pantomime would have been considered complete which did not include a rendering of his famous “Hot Codlings”:—

A little old woman her living she got
By selling hot codlings, hot, hot, hot;
And this little old woman who codlings sold,
Though her codlings were hot, she felt herself cold;
So, to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,
To fetch for herself a quarten of —

—the missing word being roared out with gusto by the “gods.” The last to sing the ditty was Harry Payne, the last of the old order of Clowns.

The frolic of the early pantomimes soon became adulterated with coarseness. Writing in 1860, Chambers says, "the Harlequinade is left to the so-called pantomimist to arrange, and is nothing but noise; Columbine and Harlequin are mere posturers, and Clown an acrobat and buffoon." There is a still further decadence to be noticed from the days of peg-top trousers and crinolines. The modern pantomime would hardly be recognized by Rich who created it, or by Grimaldi who led it to its height.

THE DRAMA.

"ROBUSTIOUS"—THE CENSORSHIP.

In a letter published in *Literature* for last week Mr. Sidney Lee has courteously explained the point of his phrase "robustious comedy," as applied to the courtship scene in *Henry V.* He says he had in mind Shakespeare's own use of the word "robustious" in Act III., Scene 7—"the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on." He regards the courtship scene as "a very practical commentary on this expression of opinion on the part of the French Constable respecting the English character," and adds "there are signs elsewhere in Shakespeare's work that the gibes of foreigners against Englishmen, which were no less common in Shakespeare's day than in our own, did not in his opinion always lack some justification." A cautious man will think twice before disagreeing with Mr. Lee on a Shakespearean question; nevertheless, I cannot subscribe to this opinion of his. He asks us to suppose that Shakespeare is deliberately presenting Henry in the courtship scene as the contemporary Frenchman's "comic Englishman," that we are to smile at Henry's "robustious" wooing as unconsciously bearing out the Constable's gibe, that the dramatist is making use of his hero to poke sly fun at an English weakness. In other words, Shakespeare is here writing in the vein of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Well, that is too "steep" for me. I can detect no irony in the scene, which seems to me to present, as every other scene in the play presents, the hero with the dramatist's absolute sympathy. Surely Shakespeare "wants the laugh" (as the theatrical jargon goes) for the King, not against him? Be that as it may, when I ventured to call the comedy of this scene "schoolboyish" I was thinking not so much of Henry's "robustiousness," as of the fun sought in the broken French and English. This linguistic fun is of the sort dear to schoolboys, i.e., persons who for the first time become aware that there are other languages than their own, and who begin by finding that simple fact extremely droll. A Frenchman to them (and to all illiterate persons) is comic by the mere circumstance that he does not speak English. In this respect the Elizabethan audience, and I submit Shakespeare himself, were in the school-boy stage. Linguistic fun abounds in *Henry V.* (the courtship scene, the French Princess's English lesson, Pistol and the French prisoner, Fluellen, the Scotch captain, the Irish captain), as it abounds in *The Merry Wives* and other plays. We all know why, we can all take the historical point of view, we can all find fun of this kind interesting as a "document," as a feature of Shakespeare's work and age; but can we nowadays frankly revel in it for its own sake? I, for one, cannot, "though Shakespeare had signed it a thousand times."

Harking back to the word "robustious," I note two very interesting statements in Mr. Lee's letter. The first is—that he would have hesitated to use the word "had its usage lacked Shakespeare's authority." If Mr. Lee consistently regulates his vocabulary on this principle I do not see how his life can be anything but one of almost continuous hesitation. But the second statement is by far the more important. It is, that this [i.e., *Henry V.*, Act III., Scene 7] is the only occasion on which Shakespeare employs the word "robustious." In that case, will Mr. Lee tell us who wrote "O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters" (*Hamlet*, Act III., scene 2)?

The old and rather tiresome question of the Stage Censor-

ship is, I see, still agitating many breasts. Mrs. Ormiston Chant lectured on it the other day before the members of the Brixton Literary and Discussion Society. She was for strengthening the hands of the Censor, and seems to have provoked Brixton to an outburst of free-and-easy sentiments—"Pagan, I regret to say," as Mr. Podsnap would observe—"la joie de vivre, ohé, ohé!" and so forth. In fact, Brixton became quite "robustious." Well, this is just the sort of question which I would willingly leave to the Brixton Literary and Discussion Society. But one gets dragged, willy-nilly, into the arena. Here is a country correspondent, Mr. Charles Heneage, writing to ask my support for his proposal that Parliament should be moved next Session to suspend the Censorship experimentally for a year, with a view to its total abolition. I can only express my regret to this gentleman that I am wholly unable to oblige him. The Censorship has its faults—like the gentleman's wooden leg in "Martin Chuzzlewit," it is "as weak as flesh, if not weaker." It has, e.g., passed at least two plays within the last twelve months which I think ought never to have seen the light without radical alteration. Nevertheless, I am for the Censorship *quand même*. It is of no use sitting on the fence; I "go baldheaded" for the Censorship "ticket." Mr. Heneage, and Brixton apparently, say the Press could do the business unaided. Yes, but at the best it could only do it a day after the fair. When a play has been once performed before some hundreds of people the mischief has been done. And Press protests do not, as a matter of fact, always, or often, extinguish naughty plays; they serve to advertise them, to create a *succès de scandale*. The stock argument that the Stage Censorship is anomalous, after the abolition of the literary censorship, is nonsense. People who say this overlook the essential difference between the effect of spoken words and visible deeds on a crowd and the effect of print on an isolated reader. I recommend them to look into Dr. Le Bon's "Psychologie des Foules," and then we ought to hear no more of their stock argument. Besides, there is another aspect of the case than that of public morals. There is a political and diplomatic aspect. Indeed, as we all know, but are apt to forget, Walpole's Licensing Act was established for a political purpose. Think of the case of a certain little amateur pantomime which has just been stopped in China. Further, I doubt if the abolitionists are aware of the number of absolutely impossible plays which are submitted to the Censor annually, and which, did he not burke them, would in many cases see the light by the aid of some "speculative" manager at some hole-and-corner theatre. No, I will never, never desert Mr. Mic—I mean, the Censor. But I shall keep my eye on him. The Brixton Literary and Discussion Society also has its eye on him. So has Mr. Charles Heneage. Evidently he will have to mind his p's and q's.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

ON THE TRAIL OF MR. LECKY.

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF IRISH HISTORY. Being a replacement of the False by the True, from the Elizabethan Conquest to the Legislative Union of 1800. By T. DUNBAR INGRAM, LL.D. In two volumes. (Longmans. 24s.)

The first two volumes of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" appeared in 1878, and the seventh and eighth volumes, which completed the work, in 1890. A cabinet edition of the history was published two years later in twelve volumes—the affairs of Ireland being separated from those of Great Britain, and dealt with exclusively in five of the volumes, entitled "Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." Mr. Lecky, influenced, no doubt, by his nationality, devoted what must appear to many readers as a disproportionate share of his great work to Ireland. It is, certainly, a curious fact that the two concluding volumes of the eight which make up what is called "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century"—as it originally appeared—should deal only with affairs in Ireland

during the last eight years of the century, though, it is true, during that brief period two such momentous events as the Rebellion of 1798 and the Legislative Union occurred. At any rate, the feeling which generally prevailed with regard to these two volumes, on their appearance in 1890, was that the final word had been said on the Rebellion and the Union. At least it was conceded that the materials for the formation of a sound judgment upon these events were at the disposal of the public, and that no one would dream for many a long year of attempting another exhaustive history of the last years of the Irish Parliament.

But in the two substantial volumes named above—which are brought out by the firm that published Mr. Lecky's history—Mr. Dunbar Ingram covers practically the same period. The work purports to deal with Irish history for over two hundred years—from 1595 to 1800—but most of it is concerned with affairs in the Irish Parliament in the years immediately preceding the Union. It is, in fact, in the nature of a controversial and somewhat abusive foot-note to Mr. Lecky's volumes. The qualities with which Mr. Lecky is most credited as an historian are thorough research and scrupulous accuracy. But, in the opinion of Mr. Dunbar Ingram, Mr. Lecky may be a fine writer, but as an historian he is partisan and ignorant. "Mr. Lecky," he writes, "is the most respectable among the teachers of the doctrine that no good can come out of the British Nazareth, and conveys his opinions in a more polished style. He is also the fittest representative of them, for he is a firm believer in all that they preach, and shares, in full vigour, the one-sided credulity of these writers and their incapacity to recognize real authorities. Like them, too, he accepts every utterance, provided it comes from an anti-English source, as confirmation strong." "Partial writers who had not a particle of the historic spirit" is another of Mr. Dunbar Ingram's descriptions of the authorities by whom, he contends, Mr. Lecky has been most influenced. One of them is Henry Grattan, jun., who wrote a life of his father, the orator and statesman. Of this work Mr. Dunbar Ingram writes—

The declamatory production of the younger Grattan is one of the wildest and most extravagant books in the English language. The five volumes of which it consists make up one continued laudation of his father, vituperation of his political opponents, and abuse of the British Government. Worthless as the work is, and useless for the purposes of history, it converted Mr. Lecky, who considered it, as he tells us, "much the amplest and best history of the closing years of the Irish Parliament"—that is, from 1782 to 1800. Influenced by Grattan, Mr. Lecky enlisted in the ranks of the detractors of the English and British Government. He very soon proved himself an apt disciple of a crazy master, and devoted many years to demonstrate that the policy of the sister country in Ireland has been a selfish policy, which has prevented the prosperity and industrial development of the island.

It is the old story. Every writer of history who has set himself to controvert the work of another denies his rival the possession of "the historic spirit," or the faculty of dealing, philosophically, with the facts of history. One of the most trenchant criticisms of Froude's "English in Ireland"—that vehement appeal for the use of the mailed fist in Irish affairs—was written by Mr. Lecky for *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1873. Froude's "worship of success" was, according to Mr. Lecky, antagonistic to "the historic spirit." "No system," he wrote, "can strike more directly at the root of all that is noble and generous in human nature than this deification of success, this worship of force as the incarnation of right, this hatred of all that is weak and all that is unsuccessful. It makes it the function of history to stand by the scaffold and curse the victims as they pass." As for impartiality, Froude had not a trace of it. "No historian was ever less judicial," said Mr. Lecky. "His style quivers with passion. In describing the deeds and character of men who for centuries have mouldered in the dust he is as fierce a partisan as the most fiery debater in Westminster." In his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Mr.

Lecky protests that he has no case to make, no cause to plead, as an historian. "There is," he says, "a method of dealing with historical facts which has been happily compared to that of a child with his box of letters, who picks out and arranges those letters and those only which spell the words on which he has previously determined"; and he adds—"I have endeavoured to write this history in a different spirit." Mr. Lecky, in his turn, is now told that he has perverted historical facts in order to draw up an indictment against England for, as he conceives it, the misgovernment of Ireland.

Mr. Dunbar Ingram is the author of two other works on Irish history. In one, entitled "Two Chapters of Irish History," he aims at proving that the alleged violation of the Treaty of Limerick—by which the Catholics of Ireland were guaranteed their liberties and property after the Revolution—is an historical untruth; and in the other, "A History of the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland," he contends that the Union was accomplished without the slightest taint of corruption. In his present work, his purpose—for Mr. Dunbar Ingram, like most historians, writes with a purpose—is to show that, despite the teaching of Mr. Lecky, Englishmen have no cause to hang their heads with shame—as, he says, they foolishly do—when the treatment of Ireland by England in the seventeenth century is mentioned in their presence. Going over a good deal of the ground which he has already traversed in his two former books, he protests that Irish industries were not destroyed by the English Parliament in response to the selfish appeals of jealous English manufacturers; that the penal laws against the Catholics, though undoubtedly passed, were extorted from an unwilling Government by the treasonable designs of the Catholics, and were never rigorously enforced; that the Irish Parliament was a worthless and incompetent assembly; that the rebels in '98 were not "the kindly and social Irish Celts," but "men of the mixed race in whose veins ran English and Scotch blood"; that the Union was opposed only by about half the Anglo-Irish Episcopalians, and that it was carried by the unbribed representatives of the nation who welcomed it as the salvation of their distracted country.

The work affords striking evidence of wide research. There is scarcely a page in which there are not several foot-notes referring the reader to the original authority for every statement advanced. And through it all Mr. Lecky is relentlessly pursued—

Mr. Lecky tells us "In Ireland . . . the Independence of the Parliament was supported by the strong pride and passion of Nationality," while in other pages of the same work he impresses on us the general contempt that was felt for that Assembly.

Mr. Lecky says, "The name taken by the Catholics (Defenders) implies that the Protestants were the aggressors." This misstatement as to the origin of the term and implied vindication of the Defenders can be traced. It first appeared in Wolfe Tone's cunning defence of the Roman Catholic sub-Committee; from that production it passed to a book, "Pieces of Irish History," compiled in New York by two United Irishmen who had escaped the well-deserved gallows. The younger Grattan adopted it, and from him Mr. Lecky borrowed it.

One could fill columns with extracted paragraphs bearing on the forefront the name of Mr. Lecky—a red and ragged irritant for this Irish bull. "Mr. Lecky's accounts of the Orange system are very inconsistent." "Mr. Lecky has furnished us with an amusing instance of the perfect confidence of ignorance." And on the subject of Mr. Lecky's "grave accusations against an International Treaty of Union," Mr. Ingram comes to the end of his tether, and asks—What punishment is due to the writer who circulates them and is unable to prove them?

We do not undertake to decide here between the warring historians. After all, an accurate account of a period of history can often only be obtained by a study of the researches and comments of several historians, each regarding the subject from a different standpoint, and mutually correcting each others' mistakes and false impressions. The zealous student will therefore accompany his perusal of Mr. Lecky's "History

of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century" by a reference to Mr. Dunbar Ingram's work, which the author so confidently describes as "A Replacement of the False by the True." He will, however, probably think that while Mr. Dunbar Ingram suggests the counsel for the plaintiff or the defendant, Mr. Lecky—though his history may be wrong—impresses one as a judge delivering a great judgment in a lofty, judicial temper.

GRAY'S LETTERS.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS GRAY, INCLUDING THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GRAY AND MASON. Edited by DUNCAN C. TOVEY. Vol. I. (G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d.)

We have here the first volume of a recension of Gray's correspondence, prepared by an editor who is already known as a scholar of wide erudition, and, in particular, as an elaborate authority upon Gray and his times. The present volume, which forms one of "Bohn's Standard Library," covers the period of a little over twenty years, from 1735 to 1757, which was the most productive and interesting in Gray's career. It includes the early letters to West and Walpole, the Wharton correspondence, and the animated interchange of ideas between Gray and Mason, besides a mass of other letters more occasional and scattered. The book is excellently printed, and, being published at a very moderate price, should become invaluable to students, for it is marked by many of the best qualities which distinguish the elaborate school of editing.

Mr. Tovey has, indeed, gone about his work in no half-hearted fashion, and the text of the letters, as here presented to us, is probably the most literally accurate that we are ever likely to obtain. For Mr. Tovey has carefully corrected existing copies of the Wharton correspondence from the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, and in a future volume will publish the result of similar research in the letters to Norton Nicholls. We cannot say that Mr. Tovey's labours, so far as we can judge from his notes to the present volume, have resulted in any very important corrections of early editors. Mr. Tovey is an enthusiast of the kind which grows garrulous over an added comma or a dropped full-stop; and, though he is able to point out a good many discrepancies between his own interpretation of the MS. and those of his predecessors, the errors of transcription which he detects are seldom of vital significance. That Gray wrote "Christophn," and earlier editors have printed "Christopher" might be a matter of some import had the conjectural "Christopherson" in question played any striking part in the context; but, when the entire passage is found to amount to no more than the statement that "Brown wrote a Month ago to Hayes and Christophn, but has had no Answer, whither or no, they shall be here at the Commencement," the matter cannot be said to be of much moment. Indeed, Mr. Tovey seems to us in his notes and appendix to make too much of trivialities, though that is not an unnatural foible in one who has clearly spared no pains towards the establishment of a literally accurate text. We are not ourselves sure that much purpose is served by the adoption of all Gray's eccentricities of spelling and punctuation, such, for example, as the commencement of a sentence with a "lower case" letter instead of a capital; but it is always difficult to discriminate in questions of editing, and Mr. Tovey has, at any rate, erred on the side of unremitting and meritorious labour.

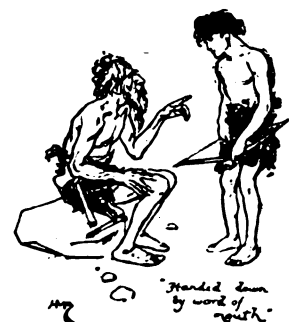
The original notes, are, perhaps, of even greater importance, and they seem to us to be admirable both in scope and arrangement. They have not, it is true, the charm of style and personality which the most felicitous of editors have contrived to introduce into the somewhat hide-bound exercise of annotation; but they are excellently considered and range over wide fields of erudition and research. We have tested them in many matters of rather intimate particularity, and have nowhere found them at fault either in statement or deduction. And they have the further advantage of not only explaining but illustrating their subject; they show a detailed knowledge of eighteenth-

century life and literature, and they apply that knowledge intelligently and clearly. It would be difficult for any one, equipped with Mr. Tovey's edition, to miss the significance of any important suggestion or allusion in the correspondence, and where so much is both suggestive and allusive, this implies an uncommon thoroughness of knowledge and of method. The least satisfactory part of the volume is its introduction. Every editor has his own shortcomings, and Mr. Tovey's strength is not upon the lines of literary exposition. His own style is unelastic and congested, marred at inconvenient moments by laborious efforts towards flippancy, and generally lacking in charm and persuasiveness. In his attempt to define the attitude of Gray to his time, and the influence of the period upon the poet, he has collected, as everywhere else, much interesting testimony and evidence; but he conducts an argument with little vivacity and arranges his material to its own confusion. The student who wants a clear and intimate picture of Gray will not find him here; and it would, indeed, appear from several of Mr. Tovey's own remarks that he is himself somewhat out of sympathy with that quick, intuitive faculty of the "born" biographer which builds up a character from a suggestion and illumines a trait until it reveals an entire nature. Yet this is, after all, the only way in which criticism can become creative.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF HOME LIFE.

A wonderful monument to the complexity of modern life is THE BOOK OF THE HOME, in eight volumes (Gresham Publishing Co., 5s. each vol.), of which five have now been published. That domestic life is a matter which requires

some study and gets far less than it deserves is a proposition the truth of which must have been recognized even by the dweller in stone huts on Dartmoor. For him, indeed, such recurring troubles as the choice of wallpapers, the iniquities of washerwomen, and the ascetic discomforts of a spring cleaning were unknown. When he had closed up the hole of his hut at night to keep the bears out, and taught the children not to fall into the oven, his household duties were pretty well exhausted. Yet his was a limited intelligence, and no doubt these and other simple maxims were handed down from father to son, as conceived by the artist of some amusing little "thumbnails" which embellish the prospectus of this magnificent book, and of which we reproduce three by the courtesy of the publishers. It is a far leap across



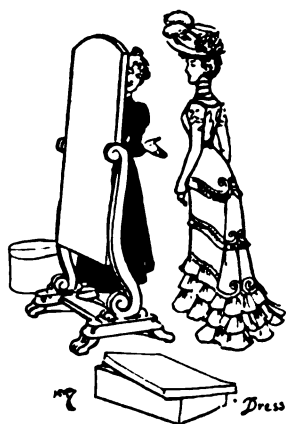
[From Prospectus of "The Book of the Home."]



[From Prospectus of "The Book of the Home."]

the centuries to the days of our grandfathers; and yet when we alight on the year 1800 how far are we still from the opening of the twentieth century! This book would have been a strange revelation to gentle-folk in the days of the Regency. Flat life was then unknown; so were sanitary fireplaces; so was the æsthetic movement. Home life is no longer the happy-go-lucky thing it was. It is no longer comprised in the wise saws of the experienced housewife handed down, like those of neolithic man, by word of mouth. It is a matter which requires to be expounded by specialists who can shed "the light of modern research into every corner of Home Life." And the general standard of life has been so enormously raised, art and science have so

vastly developed the possibilities of the home, that there is undoubtedly a scope for a work on a large scale to which students of the art of living—and every housekeeper should be one—can refer when the innumerable questions of domestic management present themselves for solution. This new book, which attempts the first exhaustive treatment of the subject, seems to us to be conceived in the right spirit. It is edited by Mr. H. C. Davidson "assisted by over one hundred specialists." It is divided into four parts:—First the house, choice of site, sanitation, furnishing, law of landlord and tenant, heating and lighting, the garden. Then comes a section on the servant question, which by the way includes in itself an entire cookery book. The third section takes those usual, and, indeed, necessary items of house furniture, the master and mistress, their duties, their pursuits, and their amusements—a very exhaustive disquisition including mending and cleaning, entertaining and visiting, books, bees, cycles, account books, with much



[From Prospectus of "The Book of the Home."]

else—and last, but not least, dress. Lastly is to come a section on the children. The work, it will be seen, is exhaustive. But its chief merit is that it is thoroughly practical. It wastes no space in "chat" or in any of the futilities to which the subject has so often lent itself; nor does it pad itself out with the obvious. The writers really do know their subjects and really do say something worth saying on almost every subject. From the artistic point of view they represent the taste and knowledge of the day at its best without indulging any capricious and pedantic extravagances. The illustrations, moreover, are copious and extremely clear and instructive. Mr.

Davidson has certainly gone far to satisfy his ambition of producing a "standard work of reference" on household management.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Army Reform.

Captain Creagh, late of the 1st Royals, is obviously a rather remarkable man, and it is, perhaps, easy to guess why so revolutionary and outspoken an officer did not rise to higher rank. In *SPARKS FROM CAMP FIRES* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) he relates with vivacity and courage many of his experiences in the Crimea. But, though he is entertaining enough in the chapters relating to that campaign, the real value of his book at the present moment, when Army reform appears almost hopeless before it is commenced, lies in his outspoken comments on Army training as he knew it. In his time the letter choked the spirit in military affairs as it appears to do at the present day, and the means to military ends became the ends themselves. Captain Creagh, who apparently speaks French well and has travelled among all the armies of the Continent, enjoyed greater opportunities than the ordinary officer possesses for becoming acquainted with the fatal results of the fossilized drill-book. His remarks on the French, Austrian, and Prussian methods might well be laid to heart by commanding officers at the present time. The audacious author of "An Absent-minded War" might find in "Sparks from Camp Fires" some more ammunition for his guns when he next opens fire in Pall-mall.

China.

Dr. W. A. P. Martin was besieged by the Chinese in Peking, but did not originally intend to write a book about his experience. When persuaded to do so he dictated *THE SIEGE IN PEKING* (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 3s. 6d.) "with all possible rapidity to a stenographer." The book is of the kind one would

expect to be produced in these circumstances. Much of it is padding, and the rest is mainly a string of anecdotes thrown off at random in no particular order. The author's point of view is that of the missionaries. He will not hear of any proposal to settle the Chinese question which does not give missionaries full liberty to propagate the Gospel in the interior of the country. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his book is the appendix, in which he prints some poems which he has translated from the Chinese language. It is very interesting to find Chinese poetry set to the familiar tune of "You are old Father William":—

"Spare the life of my guest, and touch not a hair;
I received him for your sake alone!"—

"For your sake, my mother, the stranger I spare,
But you've bartered the life of your son.

For you I have broken my chieftain's command,
My blood must atone for my guilt;"

So saying, the blade that he held in his hand
He plunged in his heart to the hilt.

"Farewell, Noble Soul!" the brave Tai-tsu exclaimed.

"My brother! your mother is mine.

"In ages to come you'll with honour be named,
And adored in our family shrine."

The most noticeable feature of Dr. Martin's book is his evident feeling that England and the United States ought to work together. As Mr. Robert Barr pointed out in an account of his travels in the Levant, this is the almost invariable sentiment of Englishmen and Americans who find themselves thrown together in a foreign country, even at times when their respective Governments are at daggers drawn.

The Paganism of the Ocean.

WITH CHRIST AT SEA (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is of a different kind from the stories by which Mr. F. T. Bullen is best known. It will excite the imagination less, and the reflection more, than his brilliant story of life on a whaler. He describes it as a religious autobiography; and it is, in fact, a species of seafaring Pilgrim's Progress from the day when his religious life began to the time of his finally settling down ashore. But it is much more than the history of his own religious experiences. It contains, indeed, little that such a phrase connotes, but treats of questions, general rather than personal, which are of vital importance to our merchant service. In Mr. Bullen's pages—and he writes only of that which he has seen and knows—most of the amenities and attractions of a life on the ocean wave vanish;

Laudatque cadit post paulum gratia ponti;

and their place is taken by a more prosaic course of hardship and blasphemy. It is to be hoped, though we have no reason to suppose it, that Mr. Bullen has been exceptionally unfortunate in the ships in which he has sailed. He mentions in his book seventeen or eighteen of them. One was a "miserable old barque," "with hull and rigging so rotten that it was constructive murder to send her to sea." Another was "frankly pagan," with a drunken skipper. Then comes another "pagan" ship, "the crew the cruellest in my experience." Others were "pagan," "godless," "utterly godless," and "too bad for description." Of two or three ships he speaks with grateful praise; but these are rare exceptions. The others seem to have been little better than floating receptacles of drunkards and heathen, whether their crews were British or came from all countries under the sun. He judges them, no doubt, by a somewhat exacting religious standard; but, even if we try to persuade ourselves that the picture is overdrawn, it is at the very least a sad and depressing state of things. The remedy is not easily found. Mr. Bullen says:—

Let those sneer at Christian effort who will—and God knows their name is Legion—there is no more effective agent for the personal elevation of man's body, as well as his soul, than this. Other agencies lop off decayed branches or

poisonous suckers; Christianity strikes at the giant tap-root, and this alone can meet the urgent necessities of the case.

There is, however, this practical difficulty, that the sailor is almost always beyond the reach of external human aids to religion, so that his religion, if he is religious at all, must necessarily be of an intensely spiritual and personal kind. Having said this much of the rather sombre complexion of the book, we may remind our readers that it is not a romance, but a real and true account of seafaring life, by one who certainly knows the ropes. How Mr. Bullen became so good a writer we do not know, but he excels in narrative, and has had many adventures, both great and small, in all parts of the world. The incidents, as he says, are not of his choosing. He relates them—and they deserve to be related—in the hope that good may result.

Spain.

THE ROMANCE OF SPAIN, by Charles W. Wood (Macmillan, 10s. n.), makes a very handsome volume, charmingly illustrated. Mr. Wood writes in a bright and readable fashion, and if his style is not literary, his reflections not profound or original—well, the average reader demands neither literature nor originality. What the average reader wants to find in a book of travels he is sure to find here—ready-made phrases, hackneyed observations, a light and genial tone easily assimilated by him who runs, and nothing in the least novel, perplexing, or intellectual. On every page at least once occurs the compound word “old-world”; infinitives are split with easy indifference; “dream” and “dreaming” are in excess quite as much as “old-world” and the hackneyed quotation “dim, religious light.” The mention of woman is always prefixed by “fair,” and a Spanish monk is made to describe himself as “il conte” instead of “el conde,” one knows not why. Mr. Wood, who has lived in Spain and seems to know Spanish enough to talk to Spaniards along his route, has a curious fancy to transform the Spanish “el” into the Italian “il.” There is a vein of very thin and cheap humour introduced by means of his travelling companion, one H. C., a susceptible youth, whom Mr. Wood, without any felicity or originality of observation or expression, represents as constantly in and out of love, and who affords him the gratification of referring frequently to the youth’s aunt, Lady Maria. It is difficult to explain the introduction of the Lady Maria into a book on Spanish travels, and we ask ourselves why the susceptible H. C. should be found at San Sebastian composing a sonnet *au sourire de Mademoiselle*, the innkeeper’s daughter. If Mr. Wood were in search of local colouring, why not use Spanish, since he is in Spain? If not, English is the natural alternative; but the French is absurd and inartistic.

Mr. Wood’s impressions of Spain are in the main commendable if commonplace. He is delighted with neglected and beautiful Segovia, and very properly so, for Segovia is one of the most delightful towns of Spain. It is a pity that among the illustrations of Segovia there is not one of the famous Casa de los Picos, which in its high corner over a lovely arch forms a radiant nook. There are two drawings of the House of Shells at Salamanca, while there might have been one of each of these celebrated houses. Mr. Wood is also right in his slighting remarks of Madrid, the cheapest and shoddiest capital of Europe, with nothing to recommend it to the traveller but its superb picture gallery. But when he reaches Toledo we are sorry for his readers. Mr. Wood gives a *résumé* of the town’s history which might with considerable advantage be left out. He turns two or three Moorish kings into one, converts the legendary Florinda into Zoraida, and proves to us once more that the hasty traveller, if he must touch at all upon history, had best do so in the lively and humorous fashion of Théophile Gautier, who treats it as pure romance. Thanks to the illustrations, Mr. Wood’s “Romance of Spain” is a pleasant volume, but the exacting reader, who wants his travels put in the form of literature like Gautier’s “*Voyage en Espagne*,” who wants wit and humour and freshness of style and observation, who clamours for charm such as abounds in M. René Bazin’s delightful and delicate “*Terre*

d’Espagne,” will turn from it impatiently. It is the sort of thing to delight the cheap magazine public, who naturally revel in “dreamy,” “old-world,” “dim religious light,” and “fair ladies.” They will doubtless also appreciate the fatiguing and uninteresting fugitive loves of H. C. and the continual references to Lady Maria, his noble aunt. But everybody will be interested in the charming illustrations.

More about Omar.

“This book has been written with a view to helping, if possible, those who, on their first introduction to Omar Khayyám, as interpreted by FitzGerald, find difficulties in the way of understanding him.” Thus Mr. Batson in his preface to still another book on the Rubai’yat, the full title of which runs as follows—THE RUBAI’YAT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM, translated by Edward FitzGerald, with a commentary by A. M. Batson, and a biographical introduction by E. D. Ross (Methuen, 6s.). We doubt whether those persons who, on their first introduction to FitzGerald’s poem, fail to understand it, will likely to acquire a taste for it through Mr. Batson’s paraphrases and commentaries. This is how he explains the two famous quatrains XI. and XII., which begin respectively “With me along the strip of Herbage strown,” and “A book of Verses underneath the Bough”—“Not disingenuously had he” (Omar) “assured Nizam ul Mulk, when invited to take his place among the rich and powerful, that he wanted none of their favours. To sit in a meadow with a golden girl as fair as the houris is, for him, a Paradise which no mere kingly boons could equal, &c.” There is not only a touch of vulgarity in the remark, but it is also misleading in every particular. There is no proof that Omar ever knew Nizam ul Mulk at all. The idea of houris never comes into FitzGerald’s poem, or into the Persian sources from which he drew his inspiration; and the only person whom Omar ever directly addresses is his Sa-ki or cup-bearer, who was always a boy. The prefatory “Life and Times of Omar Khayyam,” by Professor E. Denison Ross is a useful compilation containing all that is at present known of Omar from Oriental sources; and Messrs. Macmillan have allowed the entire text of FitzGerald’s fifth and last edition to be incorporated in the book.

Science.

Following the excellent example set in several cases of late, Professor Osborne Reynolds has collected together the papers on physical and mechanical subjects which he has contributed to scientific societies and periodicals. He republishes them in a convenient form under the title SCIENTIFIC PAPERS (Cambridge University Press, 15s. n.). The first volume, lately issued, includes some forty papers written between 1869 and 1882. These are placed in strictly chronological order, the appearance of disconnectedness inseparable from such an arrangement being atoned for by references, both forward and backward, to other papers on the same subjects. The topics discussed are of considerable diversity. They include astronomical phenomena, the refraction of sound by the atmosphere, rolling friction, the steering of screw steamers and the behaviour of the propeller, the study of fluid motions by means of colour bands, &c. The most elaborate memoir of all deals with certain dimensional properties of matter in the gaseous state, and includes some of the author’s inquiries respecting the radiometer.

The second volume to appear of the TREATISE ON ZOOLOGY, edited by Professor Ray Lankester (Black, 16s. n. each volume), is also the second part of the whole work, and deals with the Porifera and Coelentera. An introductory chapter on the great divisions of the Metazoa is supplied by the editor, but the most important section is Professor E. A. Minchin’s very full account of the Sponges. This takes up nearly half the book. The other sections are on the Hydromedusæ and Scyphomedusæ by Mr. G. Herbert Fowler, on the Anthozoa by Mr. G. C. Bourne, and on the Ctenophora by the same author. Each of these sections forms a index in itself, complete with separate pagination and a copious index. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, and the text is written with all the unflinching severity of style that is proper in a work which addresses itself to serious students only.

In *STUDIES IN FOSSIL BOTANY* (Black, 7s. 6d.) Dr. D. H. Scott, F.R.S., reproduces the substance, with considerable additions, of a course of lectures he delivered some years ago at University College. The book does not pretend to be an exhaustive manual of fossil botany, but aims simply at putting before the reader a general view of such results of palæontological inquiry as are of fundamental importance from the botanist's point of view. Dr. Scott confines himself to the Pteridophyta and the Gymnosperms, in which so far the bulk of the results have been obtained, and shows how the botanist's conception of those two divisions of the vegetable kingdom and of their mutual relations has been modified by recent study. The book has many excellent illustrations, and the facts are presented in the clear, and at the same time balanced and impartial, style that botanists have learnt to associate with Dr. Scott's writings.

In *CHEMISTRY AN EXACT MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY* (Churchill, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Fred. G. Edwards, "inventor of atomic models," propounds a theory that the atoms of the chemical elements are built up from "one primordial material whose atom is a tetrahedron the sole function of which, including the property of elasticity, is to occupy effectually an infinitesimal space." The hydrogen atom consists of two of these tetrahedra placed base to base. Symmetrical arrangements of such pairs, in numbers corresponding with the atomic weights, form the atoms of the various elements, while compound bodies are the result of further agglutinations of these hydrogen atoms as grouped together in the elements. Mr. Edwards is somewhat severe on the "occult" force which he alleges has hitherto been supposed to hold together the atoms in molecules. It is therefore the more regrettable that he omits to give any clear account of the forces which hold together his tetrahedra. He does not explain why a number of them bound together to form, say, water can be torn asunder by the chemist and divided into groups, whereas another set bound together to form iron remain inseparable. Another dark matter is that these atoms are not all exactly regular in shape, the distortion being greatest in the elements of greatest atomic weight. Surely this assertion is tantamount to saying that there is no one primordial atom, but that the atoms of each element are different. But perhaps the function of the single tetrahedrons, a pair of which compose the hydrogen atom, is the most remarkable of all. These, the author opines, are the atoms of the ether which is material, and if it is objected that in that case they would cause friction on the surfaces of the planets and so bring them speedily to rest, he answers they may have peculiar motions which render them a "veritable ocean of perfectly-balanced friction-rollers," so that they have no retarding effect whatever. After this it is not surprising to learn that hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are perfect gases because they are not easily liquefiable.

THE HUMAN EAR, by Miriam A. Ellis (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d. n.), is a strenuous attempt on the part of the authoress to show that the ear is a real index of character and means of identification. Given accurate copies of the ears of an eminent Oxford musician, or lexicographer, or Assyriologist, she is able to prove how completely impossible it would have been for the owners of these ears to excel in anything but music or lexicography, or the accumulation of curious lore on ancient languages. "Otomorphology" is not yet an exact science, and many of its dogmas seem to depend more on the *ipse dixit* of its exponent than on any definite scientific proof; exception, however, must be taken to such statements as this, that warts are "only a nervous complaint of the skin" (p. 4). The book gives a rather depreciatory account of earlier workers at the subject, from Pliny down to M. Bertillon, the French graphologist, and will, no doubt, increase the resources of those who can tell the character from the lines on the hand, the bumps on the head, or the look of the handwriting.

Reprints.

The first volume has now appeared of Sir Arthur Helps' *SPANISH CONQUEST OF AMERICA* (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.), of which we recently spoke—a book, apart from its literary value, of great interest in the history of the dealings of conquering civilized nations with

aborigines. On one or two points, such as the character of Isabella, the best opinion is now opposed to Sir Arthur Helps, but his book still remains in great measure a standard work, though the researches of Mr. Ulick Burke and others have somewhat expanded our knowledge.

Two more plays added to the Chiswick Shakespeare (Bell, 1s. 6d.), *JULIUS CÆSAR* and *TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA*, show that Mr. Byam Shaw is beginning to adopt in his illustrations a manner rather less black and heavy, and there are also two more of Mr. Lane's delightful little "Flowers of Parnassus"—a selection and re-arrangement made by Mr. F. B. Money Coutts from Percy's *NUT-BROWN MAID*, and Sir John Suckling's *BALLADE UPON A WEDDING* (1s. n. each). Both are illustrated with great taste by Mr. Herbert Cole, one of whose pictures we reproduce.



"EACH AND EVERY MAN WITH DISH IN HAND."

[From "A Ballade upon a Wedding" (Lane).]

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN (Dent 1s. 6d. n.) is a pretty little reprint of Matthew Arnold's poem, "decorated" by Jean C. Archer.

Messrs. Methuen's excellent little "Library of Devotion" now includes a considerable number of religious classics, to which is now added *A GUIDE TO ETERNITY*, the "*Manuductio ad Cælum* of Cardinal Bona (1609-1674)," Englished by Sir Roger L'Estrange, the Royalist Surveyor of the Imprimerie under Charles II. It is well edited, with an Introduction by Canon Stanbridge. That in the "Temple Classics" *CRANFORD* (1s. 6d.) should be added to the already formidable list of editions of Mrs. Gaskell's story was inevitable; and Mr. Gollancz, the editor of the series, has done wisely in confining himself to the briefest possible note on the book and its author. Equally indispensable in the "Temple Classics for Young People" is such a book as *FAIRY TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS* (Dent, 1s. 6d.), to which Mr. T. H. Robinson contributes twelve skilful pictures.

Two little Rossetti volumes are *THE BLESSED DAMOZEL* (Lane, 1s. n.), which Mr. Money Coutts adds to his "Flowers of Parnassus," with illustrations in the Rossettian manner by Mr. Percy Bulcock, and another volume of the "Siddal Edition," containing poems mostly of Rossetti's youth, with an introductory note by Mr. W. M. Rossetti (Ellis and Elvey, 2s. 6d. n.).

Uniform with the "Colloquies of Erasmus" we now have the book *IN PRAISE OF FOLLY* (2s. 6d. n.) from Messrs. Gibbings.

We cannot applaud this edition as we did the former volumes. There is not a sign of information as to what translation is made use of; nor as to who is the author of the life of Erasmus prefixed to the volume, in which both the English style and the information are alike unsatisfactory.

Lord Roberts.

Captain W. E. Cairnes has made a high reputation as a military critic during the Boer war. He is an interesting writer, and he would even be a good writer if he would take a hint from a civilian critic who sometimes wonders how so busy a man can find time to split so many of his infinitives. His *LORD ROBERTS AS A SOLDIER IN PEACE AND WAR* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is the best biography of the Commander-in-Chief that has appeared, though it is only a narrative of the great general's public career, and does not pretend to touch, whether with or without authority, on his private life. It is a contribution not only to biography, but more particularly to military history. The famous Afghan campaigns are related at length and critically. The part which luck played in some of Earl Roberts' earlier successes is made clear; the glory of the great march to Kandahar, romantically exaggerated by so many enthusiasts, is reduced to its true proportions, which, it need not be said, are still considerable. Perhaps, however, the greatest virtue of the narrative consists in its instructive production of parallels to those "unfortunate incidents" which have lately caused outcries against the inability of generals to subjugate completely and definitely a foe beaten in the open field. The Afghans were an enemy very like the Boers; they fought in a very similar country; and the campaign against them dragged on in much the same way, though the public did not follow its course so closely. Captain Cairnes' book is written graphically, and with admirable judgment and taste.

Another life of the Commander-in-Chief is contributed by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, under the title *ROBERTS OF PRETORIA* (Methuen, 6d.). It might easily have been worse, and it might easily have been better. As compared with Captain Cairnes' biography, which appears at the same moment, it need only be said that it is cheaper by 5s. 6d.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein publish a first instalment of a *DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS* (7s. 6d.), by Thomas Benfield Harbottle and Colonel Philip Hugh Dalbiac. It is impossible for such a work to contain everything that every one will want, and it is hard to say how far the detection of omissions justifies complaint. Still, in the French section at all events, we missed a good many old friends, including "de l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace"; "il faut souffrir pour être belle"; "souvent femme varie"; "pour être dévot on n'en est pas moins homme"; "charbonnier est maître chez lui"; and "le tricolore a fait le tour du monde, votre drapeau rouge n'a fait que le tour du Champ-de-Mars." But it provides for a "felt want" and will be invaluable for the innumerable persons who earn their living by pointing morals or adorning tales.

THE BIOGRAPH IN BATTLE, by W. K.-L. Dickson (Unwin, 6s.), is the diary of a gentleman who went to war in search not of glory but of moving pictures. A magazine article would have given him less trouble to write and might easily have contained all that he had to say. There must surely be some error in his statement that "Mr. Rhodes gave me a letter to his college chum, Lord Kitchener," seeing that Mr. Rhodes was an Oriel man and Lord Kitchener a Woolwich cadet.

THE SALVATION ARMY AT WORK IN THE BOER WAR, by "Adjutant" Mary Murray (1s.), shows both the war and the Salvation Army from a new point of view. The Salvationists seem to drop most of their eccentricities when brought into contact with practical affairs in which such eccentricities are not required; and their adaptability is, no doubt, one of the secrets of their success.

The illustrations of *THE JOURNAL OF A RABBIT* (Grant Richards, 1s.) are so excellent that the fact that the letterpress is a little dull and ends with a wholly gratuitous tragedy is

easily forgiven. We do not know the artist who signs the drawing "E. B. L.," but he or she certainly possesses a remarkable talent for black-and-white illustration in its simplest form. We trust soon to see the same draughtsman's work adding interest to a more amusing book.

A VAGABOND IN ASIA, by Edmund Candler (Greening, 6s.), is a book of travel, not very interesting or important. The author journeyed overland through Siam to Cochin China; but he "does not pretend to speak authoritatively on matters Oriental," and he describes his experiences only moderately well. The Himalayan Sketches included in the volume are also rather disappointing. The photographs, *per contra*, are exceptionally good.

The ancient game of whist has given rise to several variations. Bridge is one of them; another, which is at present unknown, or all but unknown, in this country, is the Russian game of Vint. *THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF VINT* (D. Nutt, 2s. 6d.) will no doubt help to popularize it. It comes to us with high credentials as a scientific combination of Whist and Preference, and we should say that it would be well worth while to give it a trial. Mr. Frank W. Haddan, the editor of the volume before us, has been thoroughly coached by two Russian gentlemen who are expert players, and his explanations are so lucid that, as far as we can see, they leave no point of procedure doubtful.

Our customary praise of the guide books published under the auspices of the Homeland Association may properly be extended to *WEEK ENDS IN DICKENS LAND*, written and illustrated by Duncan Moul (St. Bride's Press, 1s.). As the title suggests, the book is about Rochester, Gadshill, Cobham Hall, &c. It is the right sort of guide for the right sort of tourist; the pictures are particularly charming, and the letterpress is no less entertaining than instructive.

In the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is a MS. of Savonarola's meditations on Psalm LI. and part of Psalm XXXI. They illumine the character of the Reformer, showing the source of his strength to lie in a close and devout study of the Scriptures; and, written as they were in prison and in the face of death, there is an intense pathos about the pure and humble spirit of piety which they breathe. The thoughts contained in this beautifully illuminated manuscript formed in the Middle Ages the devotional food of thousands. Twenty-one editions were published within two years of Savonarola's death in 1498; translations were made, though printing was as yet in its infancy, into five European languages before the middle of the sixteenth century, and the exposition of Psalm LI. was embodied in the English primers. To the Master of Corpus, Dr. E. H. Perowne, we now owe a scholarly translation into modern English of the meditations—*SAVONAROLA* (Cambridge University Press). It is finely printed in a large quarto volume, with two facsimiles from the manuscript, and forms a book of devotion of singular beauty and interest.

The article by M. René Doumic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last July on the young French poets, to which we alluded recently, has been reprinted in a volume published by Perrin, entitled *ÉTUDES SUR LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE*. It figures here with thirteen other essays by M. Doumic reprinted from the same review. Among them is a notice of the Duc de Broglie's "Voltaire Avant et Pendant la Guerre de Sept Ans" (Calmann Lévy) and there are also studies of Baron Gourgaud's "Journal de Ste. Hélène," of Karenine's "Life of George Sand," of Tolstoi, M. Paul Adam, M. Marcel Prévost and of M. Bourget, *à propos* of the new edition of his works which we reviewed in our last number. M. Doumic, the critic and spokesman of the *bien pensants* among French readers, discusses M. Bourget from M. Bourget's own point of view, which is not identical with ours. It is the more incumbent upon us to recommend his book because it represents the best expression of a certain reactionary literary attitude now observable in France in other quarters than M. Brunetière's pages.

LAWYERS AND THEIR CLIENTS (Wilson, 2s.) gives a history of the Bar and a history of the profession of solicitors, but is

apparently mainly written for the purpose of introducing potential clients to take the opinion of counsel without seeking the services of solicitors as go-betweens.

THE STORY OF H.M.S. POWERFUL (Horace Marshall, 1s.), said to be compiled "from the diary of a Powerful man," is a bright, breezy, and not very grammatical book, but gives a good idea of the life of a modern sailor on foreign service. The right sort of book to give to the right sort of boy.

MOTHER, BABY, AND NURSERY (Unwin, 1s.), by Geneviève Tucker, M.D., should be of much practical help to all parties—except perhaps the baby. We are told some things which even "father" knows already, but the bulk of the book, especially the chapter on "Posture," is most informing. The pages are dotted over with admirable illustrations of all kinds of babies.

ART.

Christ in Art.

Mr. Joseph Lewis French quotes the lines from Browning's "Fra Lippo Lippi" which run—

For don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.

If I drew higher things with the same truth,
That were to take the Prior's pulpit place,
Interpret God to all of you,

as "the note" of his interesting brochure entitled *CHRIST IN SACRED ART* (Jarrold, 6s.), and for those who do not know well the pictures of the great masters in which Christ appears his volume will be welcome. As he says, there is no one greatest picture of Christ but rather a series of them. From Giotto to Herr Guger, the German artist; from Velasquez to that "painter of pain," Verestchagin, is a wide field for one convenient volume to cover, but Mr. French succeeds in a manner at once sympathetic and popular. Some thirty photographic reproductions of the most famous pictures are given, and the works are divided by the author into four sections—the "Christ-Child," "Christ as Teacher and Healer," "Christ as Martyr," and "Christ Dead and Arisen." We do not always quite agree with Mr. French's deductions however. For example, he writes:—

The æsthetic spirit has gradually become a commanding influence in general civilization, and, aided by the great accessions to the resources of technique, which have developed within the past half-century, it has given us from the hands of a few of the European masters some of the most important contributions to religious painting that have been produced.

Who, we wonder, among the European masters of the last half-century has improved upon the technique of Velasquez's "Christ at the Column," and where among the moderns are religious painters that compare in importance with the early Italians?

It would require a painter of greater strength than Sir W. B. Richmond to support the twofold tax of a private view at the New Gallery to which a paltry two hundred—rather than the customary four thousand—had been invited, and a one-man show which chronologically provokes comparison with the achievements of Millais, Watts, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Alma-Tadema. Portraiture, unless it is the work of genius, offers but small scope for a popular exhibition, and the alternative—Sir W. B. Richmond's uninspired classical *genre* pictures—is not exciting. Leighton occasionally gave freshness of treatment, if not of conception, to well-flogged classical war-horses; but Sir W. B. Richmond is seldom really inspired, and his classicism is generally pedantic. This will not provide a popular exhibition. "The Bath of Venus" leaves us unmoved, "An Audience in Athens during the Representation of the *Agamemnon*" impresses us with the conviction that an Athenian audience consisted entirely of "deadheads," and "The Death of Ulysses" causes us to question the accuracy of Sir W. B. Richmond's authorities.

"Prometheus released by Hercules" shatters all our preconceived ideas of the Titan, and in "The Body of Sarpedon carried by Sleep and Death" we recognize more the humour of the modern delineator than the sublimity of the classic thought. We pass from these pictorial platitudes to a branch of art in which Sir W. B. Richmond holds his own with many of his contemporaries—his portraiture. Here we find him almost convincing. The dignity and breadth of the "Lady Wantage," the rugged unconventionalism of "William Morris," the elegance of "Mrs. W. G. Rawlinson," the finish of "Miss Gertrude Lewis," the rare richness of "The Viscountess Hood," the intellectuality of "Miss Helen Gladstone," and the characterful "Holman Hunt" help us to forget the comparative feebleness of the "Gladstone," the "Dr. Lightfoot," and "Bishop Westcott." If anything justifies the devotion of the New Gallery to an exhibition of the works of Sir W. B. Richmond it is, without doubt, the facility with which he paints a more than presentable portrait. If the organizers of the show had remembered that there was another Richmond in the field, and had included the best work of George Richmond also, the lovers of portraiture would have had small cause to complain.

Some recompense for the disappointment in connexion with the two large winter art shows at the Academy and the New Gallery will be provided by the forthcoming exhibition at the Guildhall. The Director of the Corporation Art Gallery has for the past eighteen months been preparing an exhibition of works by Spanish artists, and arrangements are sufficiently advanced to give promise of the opening of the show in April. The large room on the lower level will be devoted to Velasquez and his contemporaries, while in the two smaller galleries will be hung examples by Goya and later artists.

In the gallery of the "Old" Water Colour Society, Pall-mall East, on February 4, there will be opened a Ruskin exhibition, limited, as we understand, to works from the critic-artist's own hand; drawings in various mediums, some architectural, others of landscape, manuscripts, and the like. The show will remain open until the end of the month.

We have received from Messrs. Virtue the twenty-second annual issue of that very comprehensive handbook *THE YEAR'S ART*, 1901 (3s. 6d.), which Mr. A. C. R. Carter, the editor, has adorned on this occasion with portraits of seventeen War Correspondents. Much interest also attaches to Mr. Heathcote Statham's article on Architecture in 1900.

FICTION.

Manners and Mysticism.

Mr. Phœbus, of "Lothair," favoured us long ago with the *dictum* that "the originality of a subject is in its treatment," and bearing this in mind, perhaps, Mrs. Lucas Cleeve has sought to give some feeling of newness to the novel of manners and mysticism by a very unconventional treatment. In *YOLANDE, THE PARISIENNE* (Long, 6s.), all thoughts of the vraisemblance of life are cast aside, and in its place a dull and rather nebulous world is depicted under the vague title of a "dream of the twentieth century." When early in the book Yolande's voice sounds "like mountain torrents breaking loose from the ice," and you realize that "her heart had broken and pieces of it were being carried away in her voice," you know also that restraint and truth will not be the leading features of the novel; and when the "Marseillaise" is sung, and "it seemed as if the meaning of the song hurtled above us and explained the music," one realizes also that the author does not cultivate the virtue of lucidity. The idea of the novel is good, but Mrs. Cleeve, who knows well enough that "only he who seeks the mystic can understand nature," has not the power to convince. She attempts a task that genius alone could carry through.

We get a full measure of occultism in Mrs. Campbell Praed's *AS A WATCH IN THE NIGHT* (Chatto, 6s.), in which one becomes acquainted with many aristocratic personages and a beautiful lady who lives in this world of ours as well as in another and less material one. Dorothea Queste would be intensely interesting if Mrs. Campbell Praed permitted us to believe in her. But the author of "As a Watch in the Night" has not that particular

gift which enables the reader of the weird and impossible to be convinced. Yet she has many other gifts and the novel is boldly original and occasionally entertaining. The two worlds, ours and that of ancient Rome, are depicted with skill, but one requires something of Dorothea's "fourth-dimensional faculties" to fully understand the inner meaning of some of the situations. Mrs. Praed's new book takes us into a new fictional environment, and refreshes rather by its force and courage than by means more artistic and conventional.

Mr. A. J. Dawson.

Mr. A. J. Dawson prefaces his novel, *THE STORY OF RONALD KESTREL* (Heinemann, 6s.), rather quaintly with the lines, "Work done solely that the doer may live; that is 'shop' if you will. Life lived, for the more part, that the liver may work; that is life by your leave. So, to my story, with an open mind and kindly, if you please." Nothing would please us more, but the author has already prepared us for a lack of humour. This bad promise of the preface is confirmed on reading the adventures of Ronald. But for the absence of comedy, one of the most damaging lacunæ in an author's equipment, Mr. Dawson's book would be a work of great charm. The early pictures of Oriental life, the accounts of London days, the struggles and victories of a writing man, the development of life in New South Wales, the influence of those women who "run into you, and there remain absorbed," are given with no small skill. Peace comes to Ronald at last, and the moral of the book is this—be hard-working and marry, and do not have a sense of humour and live in Australia.

Mr. Tom Gallon.

Mr. Tom Gallon's reputation is established, and, in spite of one or two crude books hastily put forth, well founded. Some people have boldly described him as the Dickens of to-day. He is certainly the only writer who directly, and sometimes slavishly, founds himself on "Boz," though certainly without "Boz's" comic creative gift. Nevertheless, perhaps some may think that he has a truer idea of pathos in fiction than had the author of "The Old Curiosity Shop." In *A ROGUE IN LOVE* (Hutchinson, 6s.) Mr. Gallon has the pathetic tale to tell of how a released gaol-bird of a somewhat humorous turn of criminality wins his way back to a better life by the loving respect with which the presence of a young English girl inspires him. Joe Badgery's is a really affecting tale. It were kinder not to give the story away; even by a hint, for it deserves to be read. But, Mr. Gallon, please do not speak of a single individual as "a good Genii!"

MANY DAYS AFTER, by C. Howell (Digby, Long, 6s.), is a powerful study of the tortured mind of an upright and honourable man, who is nevertheless guilty of unpremeditated murder. How the sufferer finds his way out of life and its burdens is told with extraordinary force and skill, and the gloom of the book is lightened by some humorous character-drawing.

A SON OF AUSTERITY, by George Knight (Ward, Lock, 6s.), is not powerful enough to make up for its unattractiveness. The scene is laid in a squalid brickfield, and the characters, including a deformed blind girl and a mad gardener, are ghastly company. Their story is little less than repulsive.

The cry of "No Popery," the keynote of *AN OBSTINATE PARISH* (Unwin, 2s. 6d.), seldom fails to stir up passions, but we fail to find any merit in Mr. M. L. Lord's book. There is an air of unreality about parish and parishioners; and especially about the vengeance of the latter upon their vicar, whom they duck, with appropriate oaths, after burning his house.

The title of *THE INNER SHRINE* (Harpers, 6s.) suggests esoteric mysteries of the deepest dye, but Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's book is in fact as simple, straightforward, and sincere a piece of work as any of the novels by, say, Mrs. Andrew Dean. The adventures of her heroine Celia are such as might befall any young lady of gentle training who happened on the world without worldly riches. Beauty of face and form and character win her the man she loves, and that is almost as pleasant, we suppose, as marrying a title and a palace. We do not remember to have read a book so

thoroughly "nice" in the worst meaning of the word as "The Inner Shrine" for these many years, unless, indeed, it should be *JENNY OF THE VILLA* (Arnold, 6s.), by Mrs. C. H. Radford, but then in the latter there is a hint or two of *méchanceté*, and a good deal about social reform. Neither book will make the welkin ring, but both are agreeable, well written, the work of cultured women, who possibly know the world well, but do not care to say so.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will shortly publish a "Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction" by Ernest A. Baker, M.A., Librarian to the Midland Railway Institute, Derby. This is an annotated guide to the more noteworthy works of fiction in English, including translations from foreign languages; several thousand works receive separate notice. The books are arranged into classes according to the nationality of the authors, each class being divided into chronological periods, within which the order is alphabetical. The English novels of the last quarter of a century, for example, will be found altogether. To facilitate every kind of reference, there are two indexes, an author and title index and a subject index, the subject index giving references to all important topics dealt with. Historical novels are arranged chronologically by the periods treated of in an appendix. American fiction is fully dealt with and foreign literature is well represented. The notes are characterizations, stating briefly the subject, the intention, and the writer's method. Dates of first editions, biographical dates, and the full names of authors are given, with other useful details. Such a handbook as this has long been noted as a *desideratum* by public librarians; it is needed as a book of reference by such organizations as the Home Reading Union, and is intended to be of use to novel readers generally. There is practically nothing of the same kind in existence at present.

The Trustees of the British Museum are to be congratulated on having issued in pamphlet form the "Rules for Compiling the Catalogues in the Department of Printed Books." Every librarian ought to possess it. A study of the principles which underlie the catalogue at the Museum might well result in the improvement of smaller efforts, and further impress the public with the knowledge that there is both science and art in the making of good catalogues.

Busts of Charles Lamb and John Keats are to be placed in the Public Library at Edmonton. We referred to Lamb's connexion with the place when the old Bell Inn was sold last summer. He lived in Bay Cottage, Church-street, and died there in 1834. His body lies in the churchyard close by, and his sister is buried beside him. Keats, as a boy, also lived in Church-street, Edmonton—in his grandmother's house—and remained there from his fifteenth year, 1810, until he broke off his apprenticeship to the local surgeon, Hammond. Both writers were also connected with the adjoining parish of Enfield. Keats went to school there, and it was the master's son, Charles Cowden Clarke, who first encouraged him in his literary ambitions.

The late Mr. R. C. Christie, Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester, was a distinguished figure in the library world. The beautiful Christie Library which he presented to Owens College at a cost of £20,000 will probably become the home of his fine private library. This is rich in works on the Renaissance, editions of Horace and books from the Aldine Press. Mr. Christie's interest in the public library movement was great and constant. He was president of the Library Association in 1889, and his bibliographical attainments rendered him invaluable to the members. He leaves a permanent memorial in the buildings raised through his munificence and in the memory of many kindnesses which the world will not willingly let die.

The new London boroughs are already busily adjusting themselves to their libraries. At Wandsworth there are four libraries, and the proposal was made that there should be one librarian for the whole borough; but the Council after a lively discussion decided to adhere at present to the existing plan of having a librarian at each of the four libraries. The Finsbury Council wish to discourage betting. To this end they will only place one edition of the evening papers in the reading-room.

The London Government Bill creates a difficulty as to the Chelsea Branch Library at Kensal Town, which is part of the

borough of Paddington. The Privy Council has settled that the maintenance of the institution shall fall on the Paddington Borough Council. We only hope that this will in time lead to the adoption of the Acts throughout the borough of Paddington.

From Carlisle we have a list of new books in the subscription department attached to the lending library. These supplementary book clubs appear to be in favour at many of the smaller public libraries. From Manchester comes an "Index to the Owen MSS. in the Reference Library." These MSS., consisting of eighty volumes, comprise materials for a most researchful history of Manchester and locality. The sections devoted to Monumental Inscriptions and Parish Registers are most important, but the whole collection is important for the catholicity of its contents. The list is compiled by Mr. Ernest Axon, Assistant Librarian. He has done his work well, and has written an excellent introduction. A bibliography of Sir Arthur Sullivan is a capital feature in the *Quarterly Record* of the Manchester libraries. There is also a classified list of additions to the libraries, and a useful index of authors of anonymous works.

Mr. Passmore Edwards has offered to Newton Abbot a public library as a memorial to his mother, who was a native of the town.

A striking example of the progress of Free Libraries in the United States is given by the State of New Jersey. Fifteen years ago a really free circulating library was hardly known. Now all the most important towns have taxed themselves for the support of free libraries, and, when all the arrangements are completed, involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, New Jersey will have seventy-seven libraries, mostly free. Their present circulation is 1,604,000 books a year, and it is anticipated that this will rise to 2,000,000. There are also forty-eight travelling libraries which circulate in thirty or forty cities. The oldest library in the State—that of Burlington City—comes down from colonial times, and its charter bears the seal of George II. Four years ago it was converted into a free library, supported by the municipality.

OBITUARY.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Comparatively brief as was Dr. Creighton's tenure of the See of London he had not disappointed those who recognized in him the many and rare qualities which separate the great from the average Bishop. Much has justly been said of his ability and administrative power, of his tact, his sympathy, his breadth of view. Yet there can be no doubt that he will chiefly live in England's memory as an historian and as a man of letters of most diversified gifts. And this, we believe, is what he himself would have wished. The story has indeed been told that when discussing the question of writing one's own epitaph he said, "I only want this over me, 'He tried to write true history.'"

It is comparatively easy to win a name for fairness in historical studies of certain epochs; but when attention is chiefly given to that stirring period of change, the sixteenth century, so thick with theological rancour, it seems almost impossible for any one of strong personal convictions to pen anything worth reading without the display of prejudice. Dr. Creighton achieved this difficult task. All thinking men bear testimony to the soundness of his judgments and the fairness of his methods, whether in dealing with Cardinal Wolsey or Queen Elizabeth, in compiling an historical primer on the whole of the period, or treating in many volumes the great question of the Papacy during the first period of the Reformation struggle. Cardinal Manning, in reviewing one of Dr. Creighton's earlier works, said that, though dealing with an eminently controversial subject, there was hardly a single sentence or phrase with which any intelligent (Roman) Catholic need quarrel. One or more of his historical primers are, we believe, the handbooks in use at leading Nonconformist schools. The same power that made the Bishop so sympathetic a companion to men of opposite schools of thought enabled him to take a calm and intelligent grasp of an historic situation.

Both of our great Universities are much indebted to Dr. Creighton for being mainly instrumental in fostering a school of faithful and conscientious historians. Particularly was this the

case with Cambridge from 1884 to 1891, during which period he was Professor of Ecclesiastical History. But in no way did he make his influence more felt than by the founding of the *English Historical Review*, which was under his active editorship from 1886 up to the time of his acceptance of the Bishopric of Peterborough. It invited the co-operation of all who loved historic truth and who were trying to find it, and brought together into more than paper juxtaposition such zealous labourers as Lord Acton, Professor Freeman, Professor Seeley, and Messrs. Gairdner, Cunningham, Elton, Rashdall, Simeon, and many others, who were all contributors to the first volume. In a prefatory note Dr. Creighton gave an excellent definition of what history should be, which yields a keynote to his own manner of treatment. History may, on the one side, be regarded as a record of public events; on the other, as a picture of the whole past, including all that has been wrought or thought by man. The Bishop could not find satisfaction in either of these views; the former was too narrow, and the latter too vague. In his opinion, it was best "to regard history as the record of human action, and of thought only in its direct influence upon action."

When the time comes for taking a general survey of the activity of this great mind, now (according to human judgment) so prematurely stilled, many of Dr. Creighton's brief papers, that attracted but little attention at the time, will be brought to light. He never undertook anything without giving it an undivided attention. He wasted no time in mere word-painting or in wearisome introduction. An instance occurs to us in connexion with the Visit of the Royal Archaeological Institute to Cambridge in the summer of 1892. The Bishop delivered the opening address in the historical section. The title of his paper was "The Fenland." It covered merely ten pages when printed. Yet in it he condensed the most vivid and accurate picture of that wilderness of water, marsh, and islands, which used to prevail throughout the district, that has probably ever been penned. He led his hearers back to the time when "Lincoln, Peterborough, and Cambridge had as good a right to be reckoned as seaside towns as has Lynn to-day." Then, in a wholly original way, he showed that policy, asceticism, and personal convenience had combined to make the Fenland the special home of monasticism, and sketched in a few masterly paragraphs the reasons that led to the selection of Cambridge as the site of a University. Possibly Dr. Creighton was at his best on the platform, with an intellectual audience before him, and his notes or manuscript ready at hand. Yet so excellent was his memory and so happy his gift of language that he was fully able to dispense with such aids when he had made a subject his own. He could rivet the attention of a highly trained audience whilst he poured forth the vivid tale of the life of Savonarola, or keep enthralled for over an hour a crowd of shoemakers and artisans at the Saturday "popular talks;" in Northampton Town-hall whilst he discussed St. Benedict and his monks—and all this without the aid of a single scrap of paper.

Dr. Creighton had presentiments on coming to London that the stress of work would prove too much for him. He recognized with regret that he could never complete his great "History of the Papacy"—began at the north country living for which he left his tutorial work at Merton, Oxford, continued during his tenure of the Cambridge Professorship and the Worcester Canonry, and not abandoned when he became Bishop of Peterborough. He kept making resolves to cut himself off absolutely for a time from literary effort, but his love of historic work and his desire to encourage it proved too much for him, and he was ever ready to yield to somewhat inconsiderate pressure. It was entirely through his agency and suggestion that the boroughs of Northampton and Leicester have published their records. For the former since he has been in London he wrote an able preface, and in the latter he took the keenest interest. Almost on the eve of his death he wrote, as we noticed last week, a preface for a biography of that great ornithologist, Lord Lilford, a foremost resident in his Peterborough diocese.

Indeed, continuously full as his life was of clerical work, he may yet as an historical writer almost be called prolific—helped, no doubt, by the never-failing encouragement and sympathy of his wife, herself a writer of distinction. When the Bishop was entertained a year or two ago as the guest of the evening at a literary club, the chairman remarked that after some time spent in refreshing his memory as to the publications catalogued under the name of Creighton, he had suddenly become aware that it was Mrs. Creighton's historical books and not the Bishop's that he had been studying. At Oxford, in 1875, Creighton published a *Roman History Primer*, which was followed in the next year by a *Life of Simon de Montfort*, the well-known little work on "The Age of Elizabeth" and "The Tudors of the Reformation"; the Cambridge period produced a "Life of Wolsey" and a "History of Carlisle"; and the Peterborough period (during which the Bishop was Rede Lecturer at Cambridge and Romanes Lecturer at Oxford) produced "Persecution and Tolerance," "The Early Renaissance in England," the "English National Character," and "Queen Elizabeth" in Messrs. Goupil's well-known series of illustrated quarto biographies of Royal personages. His latest book was "The Story of some English Shires." As an historical writer Dr. Creighton was more remarkable for weight, judgment, and a proper perspective than for any special grace of style, just as his preaching was marked by thought, shrewdness, and sincerity rather than by natural eloquence. But that he had the gift of popular and attractive exposition no one could doubt who heard him lecture on any of his favourite subjects.

It is a month short of a year since the Bishop of London delivered a memorable charge to his clergy of his diocese in St. Paul's Cathedral, a masterly utterance suitable to the stress of the times, which closed with this characteristic utterance:—"With the cry sounding in our ears, 'Arise, shine,' how can we waste time by disputing about the shape of our lanterns?" And if he was primarily a great historian, yet the very qualities which made him so—breadth of sympathy, balanced judgment, and wide culture—also made him a great Bishop.

Journalism has lost one of its notable members by the death of Mr. JOHN DAVIS-ALLEN, of the Imperial South Africa Association. It is true that he was best known as a persuasive public speaker. But he had an intimate knowledge, which he turned to good use in the Press, of South African affairs, and he was a ripe scholar who might have made his mark in many branches of learning.

One of the first authorities on International law has just passed away in M. ARTHUR DESJARDINS, the author of "*Traité de Droit Commercial Maritime*." Perhaps he was better known to the majority of English readers for his famous articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on "The Hague Congress" and the "Transvaal War." The impartial view he took of the African question had great influence in France.

Correspondence.

"ERNULPHINE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In Huxley's "Life and Letters" (i. 203), in reference to the clamour occasioned by the publication of "Man's Place in Nature," the following passage occurs:—

Personally, like the non-covine personages in the Ingoldsby legend, I did not feel one penny the worse. The book reached a wider public than I had ever hoped for, being largely helped, I imagine, by the Ernulphine advertisements to which I have referred.

And again he says (ii. 355), "may St. Ernulphus' curse descend on all influenza microbes."

As no explanation of this is given by the editor, some of your readers may perhaps be glad to be told what is referred to.

It is, of course, evident that the curse is of the same kind as that denounced in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," which had such remarkable effects on the covine personage. But Ingoldsby says nothing of Ernulphus. This name Huxley, no doubt, took from Tristram Shandy. There (part 3, ch. 10) Mr. Shandy reaches down "a form of excommunication of the Church of Rome, a copy of which my father had procured out of the ledger-book of the Church of Rochester, writ by Ernulphus, Bishop"; and a very pretty piece of cursing it is.

"The ledger-book of the Church of Rochester" is the book which is commonly known as the "Textus Roffensis," a compilation made by direction of Bishop Ernulph, early in the twelfth century, of documents which he supposed that it would be useful to the Church to preserve. Mr. Shandy says that he had "procured" a copy; but there is little doubt that Sterne copied the curse from Hearne's edition of the "Textus" (1720), a copy of which would probably be found in the Cathedral library at York.

Yours faithfully, S. CHEETHAM.

Precincts, Rochester, Jan. 15, 1901.

THE ABUSE OF THE POSSESSIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I had no intention of returning to this subject, when I came across the following passage, which is so apposite that it may prove interesting to your readers, and is so entirely in agreement with my own contention as to be gratifying to myself.

The passage occurs on page 58 of Vol. II., 2nd edition, of Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary, in a letter from S. T. Coleridge to Robinson, dated June, 1817:—

"Oh, Robinson! if I could, or if I dared, act and feel as Moore and his set do, what havoc could I not make amongst their crockery-ware! Why, there are not three lines together without some adulteration of common English, and the ever-recurring blunder of using the possessive case, 'compassion's tears, &c.,' for the preposition 'of'—a blunder of which I have found no instances earlier than Dryden's slovenly verses written for the trade. The rule is that the case 's' is always personal; either it marks a person, or a personification, or the belly of some proverbial personification, as 'who for their belly's sake' in 'Lycidas.'"

Striking as is the resemblance of these sentences to some of my own, I may say that I had never seen or heard of the letter till this very day.

Yours faithfully,

E. D. LITTLE.

MORE MAGAZINES.

The *North American Review* of January 15 is a notable number, the interest of which space forbids us to do more than indicate. Politicians will at once be attracted to the important article by Sir Robert Hart on China and her foreign trade, and to M. de Blowitz's "Past Events and Coming Problems," a study mainly of the position in France; while the position in England is discussed by the Duke of Argyll. Some interesting speculations on the newspaper of the future are given by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who thinks the power of journalism is declining and contemplates a great newspaper trust. And Mr. Howells—to mention one more item from an interesting list—discusses in a style full of his familiar personal hesitations and his dislike of a "plain answer to a plain question" the progress of American poetry.

The policy of the new *Twentieth Century Magazine* is to enlarge the print and shorten the articles. It has a long list of contents, largely political, leading off with an interesting paper on the Foreign Office, by Mr. E. H. Parker, and discussing elsewhere at length the future of Liberals and Unionists. It does not depend for success on names in the "contents" bill, but it is readable and very varied.

The *Lady's Magazine* is a new venture of Messrs. Pearson, of which the chief feature at present is the serial publication of

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City." There is a good deal of other fiction in the first number; also an article on "Besieged in Kumassi," by Lady Hodgson, and "Hints from a Mother's Life," by the late Mrs. Gladstone. The other matter is of the familiar type.

The *Argosy* is much improved in print and appearance, and has some capital photographic illustrations. Moreover, its January number has much intelligent and well-selected matter of a kind not too familiar. For example, Lady Gregory's very interesting account of the Irish bard Raftery, a true poet of the people though little known to the literary critic. As a peasant said to Lady Gregory, "Many who go to America hear Raftery's songs sung out there." Mr. Augustus Hare writes on "St. Peter's at Rome," and there are pleasant articles on "An Indian Garden" and on "Pidgin English," besides a good deal of fiction.

The *Architectural Review* has a magnificent appearance which cannot but increase the public respect for architects. From a host of interesting articles we may select for mention Mr. A. E. Street's account of "The Architect in Fiction," Pecksniff, Paul Astier, of "L'Immortel," M. Anatole France's Quatrebarbe, Mr. Sturgis' architect in "John-a-Dreams," and "George Somerset," of "A Laodicean," are, so to say, stood in a row and inspected. The result of the inspection is that "the public, as represented by the writers who cater for it, declines to take architects at their own valuation." So far as our recollection goes, the only people who do get accepted at their own valuation in novels are novelists. The rest of us—from Cabinet Ministers to charwomen—can condole with the architects for the good reason that we suffer with them.

The *School World* publishes the gist of some inquiries as to the effect of the war on South African education. The number of schools closed by the end of 1899 was 215, and the number of scholars missing was 4,730, and, "as for the teachers, it would seem that the majority of them moved outside the fighting lines," with the result that they may reasonably hope to live to teach another day. Other articles are "Common Examination Errors," by H. T. Evans, and "The Teaching of English Literature," by A. T. Addis.

Other magazines, which it is impossible to notice this month, are:—The *Reliquary*, the *Harnsworth Magazine*, and the *Public School Magazine*.

The "Easter Art Annual"—the spring extra number of the *Art Journal*—will be devoted to "Sir John Tenniel, his Life and Work," by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, with forty illustrations of Sir John's work.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Dr. Creighton published most of his works through Messrs. Longmans, though Messrs. Macmillan are the publishers of his early book, the little "History of Rome." His "Age of Elizabeth" belonged to Longmans' "Epochs of Modern History," and his "The Tudors and the Reformation" to their series of "Epochs of English History" which he edited, and for which he wrote "The Shilling History of England" as an introductory volume. In the same year he was editing their "Historical Biographies," which includes a life of Simon de Montfort by himself. Mrs. Creighton wrote several of the most successful volumes in these two series—"England: A Continental Power" in the "Epochs," and the volumes on the Black Prince, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Duke of Marlborough in the "Historical Biographies." Mrs. Creighton also published with Messrs. Longmans her "First History of England," "First History of France," and "Stories from English History."

The six volumes of the Bishop's "History of the Papacy" were published by Longmans during the years 1882-04, and meantime he was bringing out his life of Cardinal Wolsey in Macmillan's half-crown series of English Statesmen and his volume on Carlisle (his birthplace) in Longmans' Historic Towns

Series. In 1895 the Cambridge University Press published his Rede Lecture on "The Early Renaissance in England," and in 1896 the Oxford University Press followed with his Romanes Lecture on "The English National Character." For Messrs. Longmans Dr. Creighton also edited the series of "Epochs of Church History" in fifteen volumes, and he was announced by the Cambridge University Press as one of the contributors to the forthcoming history of modern times, edited by Lord Acton.

For a long time past the French National Printing Establishment has been preparing a "History of Printing in France," and visitors to the Exhibition were able to see the first volume of this superb work. The book is in itself the perfection of French printing, and it gives the most complete and erudite account of the history of book-making in France which has ever yet seen the light. The first volume is now ready for delivery upon the following terms:—Japan paper edition, 250 francs; *velin* edition, 200 francs. Purchasers in ordering Volume I. must send, in addition, the price of Volume II. Volumes III., IV., and V. may be bought separately. Orders to be sent to Monsieur le Directeur de l'Imprimerie Nationale, Paris.

"Travail," M. Zola's new novel, the second in his present series of four, will shortly appear in book form; and his English admirers will also at once have ready for them Mr. Vizetelly's English version from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Neither condemnation nor unwelcome amnesty has power to check M. Zola. So far as literary production goes, he is a prime authority on "Travail" and "Fécondité." Meanwhile the same publishers issue Mr. Vizetelly's rendering of "Germinal"—the novel that deals with the strike of the miners. In the view of many critics it is one of the best, though it has not been one of the most successful, of the "Rougon-Macquart" Series. The subject gave an opening to the "lyrical temperament" which so often breaks in upon M. Zola's realism.

Besides the biographies which Mr. Murray has in hand for the spring, which we have already mentioned he has "The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, 1st Marquess Townshend," who fought at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden, and the capture of Quebec, and concluded the capitulation which gave Quebec to England. Townshend was also Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His life has been written by Lieut.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend from documents preserved at Raynham, and gives much information hitherto unpublished. A more recent Lord Lieutenant of Ireland figures in the new list—the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, whose "Speeches and Correspondence on the Affairs of British North America" will be published by Mr. Murray in the spring. Lord Carnarvon brought forward his bill for confederating the British North American provinces nearly twenty years before he took his Irish appointment. The book is edited by the Hon. Sir Robert G. Herbert. Mr. Murray also announces "The Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers" (Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1883 and Home Secretary in 1886), by his son, Lieut.-Col. Spencer Childers, R.E., in two volumes, and "Recollections of the Old Foreign Office," by Sir Edward Hertslet, who was librarian and keeper of the archives at the Foreign Office until a few years ago.

"Inter Amicos," a correspondence between the late Dr. Martineau and Professor William Knight, chiefly on the doctrines of Unitarianism and the Trinity, is announced by Mr. Murray, who is also publishing a new volume of essays by Professor Knight, entitled "Varia: Studies on Problems Ethical and Philosophical." Mr. Murray's other announcements for the spring include:—"The Reformation: A Religious and Historical Sketch," by the Rev. J. A. Babington; "A Commentary on the Psalter: Devotional and Analytical," by the Rev. R. M. Benson, formerly head of the mission of St. John the Evangelist, Cowley; "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music," by W. J. Henderson, and "Song and Song Writers," by H. T. Finch. South Africa again plays a prominent part in Mr. Murray's list. Besides General Mackinnon's book on the C.I.V., and the account of the work of the Portland Hospital during the war, entitled "A Civilian War Hospital," he announces the official report of the South African Native Races Committee under the

title of "The Natives of South Africa: Their Economic and Social Condition." The committee was formed in 1899, and the report enters fully into the liquor question and the present position of the labour question, land tenure, &c.

Messrs. Longmans announce a work called "Egypt and the Hinterland," by Mr. F. W. Fuller, containing a *résumé* of the political question and of the military operations down to the death of the Khalifa; a Coptic section; and the necessary indications for those who wish to visit Khartum by the Sudan military railway. They have also in hand a book by the Hon. Mrs. Oldfield containing some records of the later life of her grandmother, the Countess Granville.

Messrs. Putnam's new list will include "Episodes from 'The Winning of the West,' 1769-1897," by Vice-President Roosevelt; two books by Herman Melville—"Moby Dick; or, the White Whale" (with an introduction by Louis Becke), and "White Jacket; or, The World in a Man-of-War"; and "Visiting the Sin; a Tale of Mountain Life in Kentucky and Tennessee," by Emma Rayner, the author of "Free to Serve." One of the first books to be published by Messrs. Putnam will be a study of "The Method of Evolution," by Professor H. W. Conn, of the Wesleyan University, who in a former work, "Evolution of To-day," summarized the evidence for and against the general theory of organic evolution.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, author of "The Coming of Cuculain," "The Flight of the Eagle," and other Irish romances, has become a publisher as well as a newspaper proprietor in Kilkenny. He promises a series of works to be called "The Library of the Nore." The first volume has already been published in the form of a booklet by Mr. F. W. Rolleston, entitled "Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature," and Mr. O'Grady announces two other works for immediate publication—a volume of poems by Mr. Paul Gregeen, a promising young Irish poet, whose verse has appeared chiefly in the *All Ireland Review* (Mr. O'Grady's own paper), and a collection of essays by "John Eglinton," whose "Two Essays on the Remnant," issued some years ago, attracted much attention. "John Eglinton" is the pseudonym of Mr. William Magee, an assistant in the National Library of Dublin.

Mr. John Long makes the following announcement, which would seem intended to be served with a pinch of salt:—

"The Master Sinner,"

By a Well-known Author.

Dedicated to all those inspired persons who quarrel among themselves whilst attempting to instruct the world by means of religious novels.

... This extraordinary work is by a clever writer whose identity is certain to be widely discussed by all readers of latter-day religious novels. In boldness, in originality, in strength, in deep feeling, in fervour, and occasionally in ghastly cynicism, it exhibits lineaments of surpassing and sustained power. ... Followers of all denominations and creeds will read the book with unalloyed interest, and there can be no doubt it will be much talked of.

The Publisher has printed a very large first edition, but the orders already received have necessitated his preparing another large edition.

As a result of the competition for the best essays on "The Sieges of Limerick and Derry," instituted last year by the Irish Literary Society of London, Mr. Henry Mangan, a clerk in the employment of the Dublin Corporation, has won the first prize of £50, and Mr. Hugh Law, a son of the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the second prize of £25. These prizes were offered by Mr. William Gibson, and the essays were adjudicated upon by Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., and Mr. Justice Mathew.

Messrs. J. M. Dent will publish shortly a new book by Mr. Leonard Courtney, entitled "The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom." It will cover the whole ground of Imperial, national, and local institutions.

Under the title "First on the Antarctic Continent" Mr. Borchgrevink, the commander of the recent Antarctic expedition, has now completed the account of his voyage in the *Southern Cross*. It will be published by Messrs. Newnes.

The first of Messrs. Newnes' "Our Neighbours" Series will be by Miss Hannah Lynch, and entitled "French Life in Town and Country."

"Memorials of Old Buckinghamshire" is being published by Messrs. Bemrose, under the editorship of Mr. P. H. Ditchfield.

The Cambridge University Press announce the fourth volume of the translation of the Pali Jakata or "Buddha Birth-stories," the last volume of which was published in 1897. The series is expected to fill six or seven volumes, but at present only five volumes of the Pali text (published by Messrs. Kegan Paul) have appeared. The fourth volume has been translated by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse.

An English translation has been arranged of Professor Pasquali Villari's history of "The Barbarian Invasion of Italy," the second volume of his Italian series of historical manuals. Mr. Fisher Unwin will be the English publisher, but the work will probably not be ready before the autumn. It will occupy two volumes, with maps and illustrations.

Messrs. Rivington announce for immediate publication "The Pilgrim's Path: a Book of Prayer for Busy People," with instructions and illustrations, compiled by the Rev. Frederick E. Mortimer, Rector of St. Mark's, Jersey City.

The Paris exhibits of the Oxford University Press have been transferred to Oxford, where they are to be exhibited in the Examination Schools.

Books to look out for at once.

- LITERATURE—**
 "English Miscellany." Presented to Dr. Furnivall in honour of his 75th Birthday. Oxford Univ. Press. 21s.
 [Fifty contributions by English and foreign scholars. Edited by Professor W. P. Ker. With plates and portrait.]
 "The Paston Letters," 1422-1509. Ed. by J. Gardner. Constable. 10s. 6d. n. [Introduction and supplement to the reprint of the 1872-73 edition.]
 "Bret Harte, a Treatise and a Tribute." By T. E. Pemberton. Greening. 3s. 6d.
 ["English Writers of To-day." Portrait and bibliography.]
 "The Poet of Home Life." Centenary Memoirs of William Cowper. By A. J. Symington. Home Words Office. 3s. 6d.
THEOLOGY—
 "Two Lectures on the Gospels." By F. C. Burkett. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
 "Sermons on Faith and Doctrine." By the late Benjamin Jowett. J. Murray. 7s. 6d.
 "Facsimiles of the Fragments Hitherto Recovered of the Book of Ecclesiasticus in Hebrew." Oxford and Camb. Univ. Press. 21s. net. [Sixty leaves, collotype.]
 "Christianity in the Apostolic Age." By G. F. Purves. Smith, Elder. 6s.
 "The Last Years of St. Paul." By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated by George F. X. Griffith. Longmans. 9s.
 [Maps and plans.]
 "Bread in the Wilderness." By the Rev. H. J. W. Buxton. Skeffington. 2s. 6d. [Twelve addresses to communicants.]
 "Scriptural and Catholic Truth; or, the Faith and Worship of the Primitive, the Medieval, and the Reformed Anglican Churches." By the Rev. F. Meyrick. Skeffington. 5s.
 "The Soul in Light." By Eleanor Tsee. Skeffington. 2s. 6d. ["A book for the recently bereaved and those who are afraid to die."] "Thoughts, Memories, and Meditations." Translated from the French by Constance White. Skeffington. 3s. 6d. [Devotional meditations from the diary of Madame Hoskier, who lost her life at the fire in the Charity Bazaar in Paris, May, 1897.]
HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—
 "History of the People of the Netherlands." Part III. By Professor P. J. Blok. Putnam. 12s. 6d. [To be completed in five parts. Translated by Ruth Putnam.]
 "Welshmen: Their History, &c." By T. Stephens. Spriggs. 3s. net.
 "Life of Henry George." By Henry George, junior. W. Reeves. 7s. 6d.
POLITICS AND PHILOSOPHY—
 "A History of Political Parties in the United States." By James H. Hopkins. Putnam. 12s. 6d. [With a reprint of the several Party Platforms.]
 "A Sketch of the Development of Philosophic Thought." By L. Noire. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
 "Greek Thinkers." Vol. I. By Professor T. Gomperz, Vienna University. J. Murray. 14s. net. [Translated by Laurie Magnus, M.A.]
CHINA—
 "China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce." By E. H. Parker. J. Murray. 8s. net. [Nineteen Maps. The author was Consul-General in Corea, 1886-7; Consul-General in Kiung Chow, 1891; and in 1892-3 Adviser in Chinese Affairs to the Burma Government.]
 "China's Only Hope. An Appeal from her Greatest Viceroy." Oliphant. 3s. 6d. [An English translation of a book by Chang Chih Tung, said to have reached a circulation of a million copies in China.]
FICTION—
 "Amusement Only." By Richard Marsh. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
 "The Prettiness of Fools." By Edgar Hewitt. Greening. 6s.
 "The Aftertaste." By Compton Reade. Greening. 6s.
 "Trowen: A Welsh Tale of the Thirties." By R. M. Thomas. Unwin. 6s.
 "The Lost Land: A Tale of a Cromwellian Irish Town." By Julia M. Crotte. Unwin. 6s.
 "A Little Grey Sheep." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Hutchinson. 6s.
 "The Coming Waterloo." By Captain Cairnes. Constable. 6s.
SCIENTIFIC AND CLASSICAL—
 "Modern Astronomy." By Professor H. H. Turner. Constable. 6s. net.
 "The Method of Evolution." By H. W. Conn. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
 "Qualitative Chemical Analysis." By F. M. Perkin. Longmans. 3s. 6d.
 Oxford Classical Texts, published by the Oxford University Press:—
 "Thucydides." Tom. II. (Libri V.-VIII.). By H. Stuart Jones. 3s.
 "Cæsar." De Bello Civili. By R. L. A. Du Pontet. 2s. 6d., 3s., and 7s.
 "Ciceronis Orationes." Pro Milone, Cæsarianæ Philippicæ I.-XIV. By A. C. Clark. 2s. 6d. and 3s.
MEDICAL—
 "Contribution to the Study of Blood and Blood Pressure." By G. Oliver. H. K. Lewis. 7s. 6d.
 "Studies in Comparative Pathology." By W. Hutchinson. H. J. Glaisner. 12s. 6d. net.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 171. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901.

CONTENTS.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN	61, 62, 78
NOTES OF THE DAY	62, 63, 64, 65
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Decadent Metres—A Reply," by Charles Camp Tarelli	65
THE ART OF FENCE AND ITS LITERATURE.....	66
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	67
REVIEWS—	
A History of Chinese Literature.....	68
Theology—	
Christian Conference Essays—The Works of Bishop Butler— Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation—Pro Patria—The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer—Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—Christ the Truth—Clue—The History of the Romeward Movement	69, 70, 71
Hans Memling	74
A Practical Guide to Garden Plants—Helena Faucit—Twelve Great Actors—Twelve Great Actresses—Woolings and Weddings in Many Climes—The Emperor Frederick—Morris Steiner—Arch- itects of English Literature—F. C. Tait—Adam Duncan—Daniel Defoe—E. Herber Evans, D.D.—Joshua Clarkson Harrison—Irene Petrie—From Suffolk Lsd to London Merchant, &c. ...	71, 72, 73, 74
Foes in Law—A Gentleman—The Clayborough Endeavourers— Deacon Bradbury—The Madness of David Baring—John Charity —A Scholar of his College—Love in Our Village—Parson Peter	75, 76
ART NOTES	75
THE QUARTERLIES	77
CORRESPONDENCE—"Robustious" (Mr. Sidney Lee)—Pecksniff and the Sirens—Robert Burton and Venus and Adonis—A Dictionary of Quotations	77
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for.....	78, 79
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	80

NOTES OF THE DAY.

For the nation and the Empire, for all English journals, however special their scope and their interests, one event this week overshadows the rest. We are looking back over the ceaseless march of national development during the past century, forward into the luminous haze which heralds the dawn of a new one; and at the moment of transition we have been watching, full of memories, the ebbing of a life which comprised in itself all that was noblest in England's past, all that was most full of hope for England's future. Sixty-four years of rich growth and virile energy in the world of action and the world of thought—scarcely a decade without its ringing note of life—in literature, in politics, in science, in philanthropy, in Imperial expansion; and through it all the one central figure whose name was sacred upon the lips of three generations—that of the great Queen who inspired alike the statesman, the warrior, the poet, and the historian; and who has lived to give England the opportunity of proving that personal worth is the foundation of its greatness, and that personal devotion to the great qualities of its Sovereign can still inform its public service.

Whatever else the rule of Queen Victoria may have done for the higher life of the nation, literature and art owe to her one debt of gratitude beside which all other obligations become insignificant. From the moment when, at her first Council, as recorded in the Greville Memoirs, "she bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her Speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment," to the last sad days at Osborne, every action of the Queen has been marked by an absolute sincerity. She was always

simply herself. It is the one virtue which is at the foundation of all that is excellent in letters, in art, and in life. Upon this woman, so conspicuously simple in her life, so pure and true in her emotions, so singlehearted in her motives, the eyes of a vast Empire have been concentrated for nearly three-quarters of a century. Who shall say what ideals such a spectacle has inspired, what incentives to honest work it has supplied, what insincerities it has swept away, what affectations it has put to shame!

Throughout her reign it is this quality which has marked her relations with her subjects, and it is this which has shone so brightly in her own writings and in the personal records of those who were admitted to her intimacy. Of the latter, two books at once occur to the mind as giving a picture of the Queen more touching at the moment than any other—Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, and Lord Tennyson's *Life of his father*. We quote from the former a passage referring to the last illness of the Prince:—

The listlessness and the irritability so foreign to the Prince's nature, but so characteristic of his disease, continued; and at times his mind would wander. But when, later in the day, the Queen read "*Peveril of the Peak*" to him, he followed the story with interest, and by his occasional remarks showed that he did so. When her Majesty returned to him after dinner, she records with a touching simplicity, "He was so pleased to see me—stroked my face, and called me '*liebes Franchen*' ('dear little wife') . . . Precious love! His tenderness to me this evening, when he held my hands and stroked my face, touched me so much—made me so grateful."

It was shortly after the Prince Consort's death that Tennyson had his first interview with the Queen. From the account of it and of his after relations with her given in his *Life* we get a singularly interesting picture of the Queen's personality, and also of her wide literary interests.

He said that she stood pale and statue-like before him, speaking in a quiet unutterably sad voice. "There was a kind of stately innocence about her." She said many kind things to him, such as "Next to the Bible, '*In Memoriam*' is my comfort." She talked of the Prince, and of Hallam, and of Macaulay and of Goethe and of Schiller in connexion with him. "Madam," wrote Tennyson to her in a later year, "when I left your presence, those lines of our Shakespeare in his *Henry V.* came across my memory—

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,

What infinite heart's ease must Kings neglect
That private men enjoy.

And, again, in the words of the Queen herself—

When I took leave of him I thanked him for his kindness, and said I needed it, for I had gone through much, and he said "You are so alone on that terrible height; it is terrible. I've only a year or two to live, but I shall be happy to do anything for you I can. Send for me whenever you like." I thanked him warmly.

It was the transparent simplicity of her nature which formed one, though not the only, merit of her Majesty's two series of "*Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*." In

sending a copy of the second series to Lord Tennyson she described herself as "a very humble and unpretending author." And, of the book, she said, "Its only merit is its simplicity and truth." Tennyson, a man equally free from any taint of hypocrisy, was able to take a less modest critical estimate of a book containing, as he said, "The lofty and tender sentiments and the hearty enjoyment of nature, expressed in pure English, which cannot fail to make a book interesting; apart from the special interest which must of necessity belong to this particular volume."

* * * *

The Queen's long life has been in a real sense one with the life of the nation, and we need not here trace again the literary features of the Victorian era. In another column will be found some particulars about the existing Lives of the Queen to which there will now naturally be given an increased popular attention. The long work, in which England has played so great a part, of civilizing the world, the slow growth of freedom and enlightenment, the nation's life broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent—over all the Queen has watched, and through it all has moved her guiding hand. For all who peruse the record of a life which reaches so far back into history, and sums up in its own vigorous and unfailing vitality the long course of national development, the verses (of which we quote two stanzas) written by the late Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers in celebration of the Queen's eightieth birthday fitly express the emotions such a story will evoke:—

To her whose patient eyes have seen
Man's knowledge wax thro' ebb and flow,
Till some have felt, those bars between,
Wind of the Spirit blow:
Tho' some, heart-worn with doubt and strife,
Would bid the doomful thunder fall,
Bind as with bands the cosmic life,
And dream the end of all:

Beyond, beyond their wisdom's bound
Thro' fairer realms the Queen shall roam,
Till soul with soul the Wife hath found
Her mystic wedded home:
While her long-rumoured glories stir
The blue tide's earth-engirdling wave,
With love, with life, her Prince and her
The All-Father shield and save!

There was a literary side to the career of the late Duc de Broglie. He was an admirable historical writer. Less than two years ago he gave us a delightful volume on Voltaire as diplomatist (Calmann Lévy). Besides contributing his excellent periodic articles to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he founded the *Correspondant* with Montalembert, the review in which he wrote a series of articles forming his first volume, "Histoire de l'Eglise Chrétienne et de l'Empire Romain au quatrième Siècle." In 1862 the Academy chose him to succeed Lacordaire. Later on he translated Leibnitz, wrote an essay entitled "La Souveraineté Pontificale et la Liberté," and, after 1885 his two well-known volumes "Le Secret du Roi" and "Marie Thérèse et Frédéric II." He discovered many fresh documents for this period in the archives of his chateau de Bernay. He was also an *habitué* of the great Paris collections, spending many hours of study amid the archives of the Foreign Office. He was the grandson of Madame de Staël and the great-grandson of Necker. The family de Broglie had been French, however, only since the latter half of the seventeenth century, having its origin at Chieri, in Piedmont. Classical serenity was the chief characteristic of his work.

The German theatre in London is doing admirable work, much too little appreciated. Its representation of *Faust* at the Comedy Theatre illustrated in a manner invaluable to students of German literature the true greatness of Goethe—viz., that he compels us to think; and he has, perhaps even in a higher degree than other great poets, that felicity of language which makes the most complicated thoughts clear and simple. The *Faust* story in any form makes a strong appeal to the thoughtful; so many of us unconsciously resemble him. No one can live, in the true sense of the word, solely by his intellect, and without a proper sense of what Carlyle so aptly calls the importance of one mortal to another. Faust dimly discerned this. He aimed at perfection; he would have all knowledge, natural and supernatural, all love; but his success did not satisfy him, for it did not imply sacrifice. When he freed himself from the tempter—that is, from his baser self—the riddle became clear. Man must earn his bread; he must work; he must, so to speak, reclaim the marshland and make it fit for habitation and cultivation; and that is the only road to happiness.

* * * *

This is scarcely the classical interpretation of the *Faust* story. But such are the thoughts that the admirable representation of Goethe's great poem-play lately given by the German actors in London impressed on the mind. It is really a reproach to English culture that so fine a performance should be played in London to so sparse an audience. No student of *Faust* could watch it without realizing that its chief literary charm lay in the unique combination of philosophic thought with natural feeling. This conviction was confirmed by Herr Nollet's rendering of the part of Faust. He declaimed his lines with rare taste and excellence, and made clear the marvellous simplicity of language in which Goethe clothes his deepest philosophy. Herr Nollet was better as the old Faust than as the young, perhaps because the weariness of the foiled seeker after truth is less usual on the stage than the impetuosity and tardy repentance of the young lover. Fräulein Marthe Elbrig (of Hamburg) was a charming Gretchen, simple and graceful in the early scenes and rising to tragic height in the last. The Mephisto of Herr Behrend carried out the ordinary stage traditions adequately, while the Marthe of that versatile actress Frau Josefine Dora left nothing to be desired.

* * * *

Faust has been followed by Sudermann's latest play, *Johannisfeuer*. It will not rank among the dramatist's greatest achievements. It lacks the stern philosophy of *Die Ehre*, the tragic clashing of wills in *Heimat*, or the poetry underlying *Das Glück im Winkel*; but it is, nevertheless, a wonderful presentment of the eternal conflict between happiness and duty. Whether Sudermann sees duty in the right perspective it is wiser perhaps not to discuss. The belief that it is better for two persons to be happy than for three to be wretched is a moral heresy that the dramatist does well to shun.

* * * *

The literary character of the play has already been fully discussed in these columns, and we may therefore confine ourselves to its stage aspects. The more often we see Sudermann's and Hauptmann's plays acted—and Londoners owe the committee of the German theatre a great debt of gratitude for giving us the opportunity of seeing them—the more we are impressed with the fine dramatic effect they attain without any of the usual theatrical devices. We forget we are looking at a play; everything seems as natural as the daily life around us; and this is the highest art, because it is art concealed. The dialogue, too, is strikingly simple and restrained, yet far more telling, and at the right moment more humorous, than the elaborated epigrams of our contemporary stage. The acting was good, especially that of Georg Worlitzsch as Vogelreuter. He realized the simplicity, obstinacy, and vanity of a man who, while he invariably means well and is always sure that he sees all there is to see, is blind to what is actually taking place under his eyes. It was good evidence of the artistic aspirations of the company that

that most excellent actress, Josefine Dora, was content to play the thankless part of a drunken old gipsy woman who only appears on the stage for about five minutes—a part, nevertheless, which in less capable hands might easily have spoiled the whole. The next performance is of L. Treptow's *Unsere Don Juans*.

With our next number there will be an Educational Supplement containing articles on educational subjects by Mr. Francis Storr, Mr. A. H. Gilkes, and Mr. T. E. Page, and a Personal View by Mr. Frederick Wedmore on "Fiction and the Public."

Scarcely with surprise, though certainly with regret, we hear that Mr. Baring Gould has been ordered to take a prolonged rest. It is hard to conceive a more industrious and fertile literary career than his. His first book was published before he was of age; he is now within a week or so of his sixty-seventh birthday; and in the interval his pen can hardly have been a day idle. For nearly forty years scarcely one year has passed without at least one new book from his pen, while some years have produced two or three. Yet the mass of his work is not without considerable merit; in much of it the merit has been conspicuous. In fiction, in hagiology, and in what way be called romantic topography he has done excellent work. "Mehalah," "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," "The Lives of the Saints," and "Songs of the West" would alone satisfy many men's literary ambition; but each of these is but one sample of a well-filled class. We sincerely hope that Mr. Baring Gould will attend to his doctor's advice; yet it is hard to believe but that his holiday will result in the production of fresh volumes.

Every one knows the story about the Eton, Harrow, and Rugby boys, the lady and the chair. There have been one or two similar neat differentiations of Oxford and Cambridge, though the epigrammatist has not sharpened his wits on modern University characteristics so often as one might expect. A contemporary recalls the motto of the late Bishop of London that Oxford men went about the world as if it belonged to them, Cambridge men as if they did not care to whom it belonged. Another way of putting it less complimentary to the latter University was that of the lady who found that if an Oxford man was asked if he had been at Oxford, he said "Yes," in a tone of complacent reserve. If a Cambridge man was asked if he had been at Cambridge he always replied "Yes; why should you think that?"

Many will be interested to learn that a book on "Roman Catholicism as a Factor in European Politics," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, is to be published by Messrs. Skeffington. To the learned, Mr. Conybeare is known as an erudite student of ecclesiastical history; to the wider public as the author of a trenchant volume on the Dreyfus case. Many readers of that volume looked for a sequel dealing with the subsequent history of the case and the trial at Rennes. But, as it now appears, Mr. Conybeare was attracted by the larger question of the whole relation of the Roman Church to modern politics. Mr. Conybeare has an almost fanatical dislike of the Jesuits, as we know from his book on the Dreyfus case, and there can be no doubt in which camp he will fight.

Two studies on Ruskin that appeared last week in Paris ought not to pass unnoticed. Thirty-six years ago M. Milsand's book, "L'Esthétique Anglaise," first drew the attention of any large body of Frenchmen to the author of "Modern Painters." Taine, in his "Notes sur l'Angleterre," seven years later, curtly dismissed his work:—"C'est l'Esthétique d'un homme du Nord spiritualiste et protestant." Then Guyau put Ruskin's ideas into two volumes of philosophy which appealed only to a special public. At times he even adopted his style. But the mass of

cultivated readers in France were not familiar with Ruskin's name until M. Robert de la Sizeranne produced his "John Ruskin et la Religion de la Beauté." It has been translated into English, and since 1897 four editions have appeared in French. Ruskin was taken up by the reviews, and his ideas began to colour the prose of the younger French writers. M. de la Sizeranne's book was not, however, complete. And this is pointed out by M. Jaques Bardoux, whose "John Ruskin: Le Mouvement Idéaliste et Social dans la Littérature Anglaise au XIX. Siècle" has just been published by Calmann Lévy. M. de la Sizeranne made no attempt at an adequate analysis. There was room for M. Bardoux's work, as also for M. Brunhes' "Ruskin and the Bible," just published by MM. Perrin (3fr. 50c.). The detached point of view of the foreigner is always of interest, and instead of taking Ruskin as a high priest of beauty, these two more recent writers consider him as a "prophet astray," and not as an æsthete, but as a moralist. M. Brunhes writes as an accomplished psychologist of the modern school. His book is far removed in its steadiness and competence from the impressions of the mere literary essayist.

Mr. William Archer in the preface to the new edition of Ibsen's prose dramas confesses that his translations have erred "by laying too great stress on the colloquialism of the poet's [why 'poet's'?] dialogue," and he has revised it accordingly. For one thing, he is not going any more to give us "I'm," "you're," "he's," &c. "This," he says, "may seem a mechanical matter, but it is far from unimportant." Equally mechanical but equally important is the way of printing the dialogue. For some reason or other Ibsen's dialogue is always printed with the name of the speaker in the middle of the page, which impresses the reader with the idea of an oracular pronouncement to follow. If the plays were only printed like other peoples' plays the absurdities would be much less apparent. This is surely the apotheosis of the commonplace:—

ASTA.

Oh! Alfred, I hope you've never told Rita this?

ALLMERS.

Yes, I believe I did once tell her.

ASTA.

Oh! Alfred, how could you do that?

ALLMERS.

Well, you see—one tells one's wife everything—very nearly.

ASTA.

Yes, I suppose one does.

"Irish Literary Ideals" have so greatly changed during latter years that more interest than usual attaches to the volume of essays which, edited by Lady Gregory, is to be published shortly by the Unicorn Press under the above name. The writers are nearly all well-known Irish literary men, and include Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Standish O'Grady, Dr. Hyde, Mr. George Moore, Mr. George Russell (the mystical poet who signs himself "A. E."), and Mr. Edward Martyn. Most of the contributions to the volume have already appeared in Irish papers and magazines. Though the tendency of all of them is in the direction of "the de-Anglicisation" of Ireland, the making of a more Irish Ireland (which does not necessarily mean anti-English in the political sense), the essays are far removed in spirit from the furious diatribes which until recently made up the sum of that literature which might be called propagandist Irish literature.

Among the Gaelic books which are to be published soon are two important items. Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, the editor of "Silva Gadelica," has been long engaged upon an edition of the great Irish historical tract known as "The Wars of Turlough," and intends to publish the text with a translation and notes in two volumes. Mr. Thomas O'Neill Russell, of Dublin, editor of several Irish books, is also preparing for immediate publication a modernized version of the old text which is known as "The

Leinster Tribute." This remarkable work, describing the imposition of a tribute upon the men of Leinster by the High King of Ireland, is found in the famous manuscript (now in the Royal Irish Academy) called "The Book of Leinster," and has already been printed in its ancient form by Mr. O'Grady in his "Silva Gadelica." The object of Mr. Russell is to provide a new text by a modernization of the old spelling, &c. It will be ready in a week or two.

* * * *

M. Jules Barbier, who has just died at the age of seventy-six, was the most prolific and successful librettist of our time. He was the author, in co-operation with Michel Carré, of the librettos of the most famous operas and comic operas which French composers like Ambroise Thomas, Victor Massé, Charles Gounod, and Reyer have produced. *Faust* was his work, as also were *Romeo et Juliette*, *Hamlet*, the *Reine de Saba*, *Mignon*, *Paul et Virginie*. He received annually as author's rights never less than 30,000f. and sometimes as much as 100,000f. But by these successes he set little store. He was tormented by the desire to produce a great tragic play. To write for Sarah Bernhardt or for Mme. Bartet was his dream. His *Lucie Desmoulins* was his most serious effort to realize this ideal. It was an instant success with the public, but it was not Mme. Sarah who played it, nor yet Mme. Bartet. He also published several volumes of lyric verse. But for the association of penury with the term he might be called a sublime "hack."

* * * *

Victor Balaguer, the most celebrated among the Catalan poets, has just died at Madrid at the age of 77. He was one of the promoters of the Catalan Literary Renaissance and one of the organizers of the autonomist movement in Catalonia. This movement was at first confined to literary decentralization, but it soon became political, and its adherents separatists. He wrote several works. Among them are a "History of Catalonia and Aragon," a "History of the Troubadors," and numerous historical dramas and tragedies. Balaguer founded in Catalonia a *Felibrige* organization, modelled upon that of Mistral. He was Minister of Public Works in 1872 and Colonial Minister in 1886, and had been Vice-President of the Cortes and Governor of the Philippines.

* * * *

The serial "Eve Victorieuse," in the *Revue de Paris*, by Pierre de Coulevain, is, perhaps, the most powerful psychological study of the American society woman ever attempted by a French author. When his former work, "Noblesse Américaine," appeared, it was thought that the author was an American writing under a French pseudonym. An American could not give so faithful a study of his own compatriots. Pierre de Coulevain is essentially French, and has made a life-long study of the "âme Américaine"; the result of his study is the production of this novel. The heroine of the story, the victorious Eve, is a highly intellectual and refined woman, belonging to the best American society; and in the background we have portraits of an American *savant*, a *fin-de-siècle* society girl, a French aristocrat of the old school, and a young Italian nobleman and his mother in their magnificent old Roman palace.

* * * *

From America :—

"Methuen's Library of Standard Literature" now being published in London is also put before the American public as "Putnam's Library of Standard Literature." "The Early Poems of Lord Tennyson," edited by John Churton Collins, has been very popular.

There is a great demand in America for books on the South African War. Captain Mahan's "The War in South Africa," with a preface by Sir John Bourinot, Clerk to the Canadian House of Commons, has just been published by Mr. R. H. Russell, and

Louis Creswicke's "South Africa and the Transvaal War" is now in course of publication by Messrs. Putnams. The volumes already published give a history of events up to the outbreak of war. The fifth and sixth volumes, which will be published in America in February and shortly afterwards in London, bring the history down to the present time. Both books will be of interest to Englishmen as the estimates of unprejudiced observers.

Another American book to be noted is "The Thirteen Colonies," by Helen A. Smith—the first attempt to trace their history in a comprehensive way, and likely to interest English families whose ancestors were among the founders of the thirteen colonies. Of the "History of the Scotch-Irish Families in America," by Charles A. Hanna, soon to be published, we have already given some account. A History of the Parish of Trinity Church, in New York, by the present Rector, Dr. Morgan Dix, is also a notable book coming from Messrs. Putnams, for this ancient endowment came into existence in May, 1697, with Dr. Henry Compton, the Bishop of London, as Rector, and its history for the past 200 years is an evidence of the vitality of the Anglican Church on a foreign soil. Trinity Corporation more nearly resembles the ancient Anglican endowments than any other ecclesiastical organization in America.

The Egyptian Exploration Fund are about to distribute among the principal American Universities 118 rare Egyptian papyri discovered in recent excavations.

A curious point has just been decided by the Court of Appeals at Chicago on the law of copyright. The American Book Company, who publish a large number of school books, found that another firm had acquired hundreds of thousands of second hand copies in various stages of preservation. These were trimmed up, the edges of the leaves cut, rebound, and sold, and the Court held that this was no invasion of copyright, provided that a notice was stamped on the cover that the book was a second hand copy. The Public Library of Chicago, U.S., had for December the largest output of books ever attained in that period in the United States. The issue for the month was 159,789 books for circulation among readers.

The alarm note of the day is the commercial competition of America. That enterprising country means to outsell us in still another industrial product—the book. This is the idea of a writer in "The World's Work," who says :—

We have as yet taken no thought of foreign bookselling . . . but we must soon do so. We sell to the English houses editions of American books, which they in turn sell to the colonies. It certainly will not be many years before we are seeking and finding foreign markets of our own, just as other American manufacturers are doing.

They have been much disturbed in America over the list of names which the New York University proposed to inscribe in their contemplated "Hall of Fame." No people will ever agree on its most famous men. The selection is a harmless pursuit for individuals. In the case of books and authors we are overdone with the annual invitations to the public to supply lists of their favourites. To those who are fond of the pastime we may commend the remarks of the Rochester (U.S.) *Democrat and Chronicle*, which reduces *ad absurdum* the "Hall of Fame" agitation. Any University, it remarks, can erect a Hall of Fame, or any private person can have a Hall of his own, if dissatisfied with existing erections, either "in his front or his back yard."

The selection of names to be honoured would afford pleasing and instructive occupation for the family during the long winter evenings. The Hall of Fame would make an attractive play-house for the children, and would serve excellently as a place of storage for the lawn-mower and other garden tools. Reflecting that an entirely competent Hall of Fame can be easily and economically instituted by merely inscribing, in chalk and the proper spirit, on the woodshed door the legend "Hall of Fame," we are tempted to assert, as to the Hall of Fame, boldly and without qualification, that "no family should be without it."

Meanwhile the New York University have fixed upon 29 distinguished Americans, and is going to select 21 more names in two years' time, and to complete the roll at a later date. It is preparing notices by well-known writers of each notability chosen, giving the reasons why the name is selected. They will be published in book form by Messrs. Putnams next month.

It was the fate of the late Mr. Frederic Myers, as it was that of Matthew Arnold, to devote powers fitted to accomplish much for literature to the often wearisome task of testing the knowledge of little boys in elementary schools. The *Few* and official world knew him as an inspector of schools. *the Many*. It is more regrettable and more significant that the wider public of to-day knew him almost solely as the secretary for the Society for Psychical Research. It is significant because it helps one to touch the real evil in modern culture. Seldom, we believe, has there been so widespread an interest in literature. Never before have the English classics been so widely read. Never has there been so large a body of readers who can enjoy much that is excellent in the productions of living writers. We would even go further and affirm that the general standard of criticism has never been so high. Yet, save in the select aristocracy of letters, a poet, a critic, and a prose essayist of the stamp of Mr. Myers has little honour. Such a state of things is due to the fact that literature has become democratic. The successful *littérateur* must be fertile, prolific, must have an insistent personality. Mr. Myers fell behind those who possessed these qualities. And though the general average of criticism is of sound quality, it comes in too great a volume and with too swift a rush to admit of nice distinctions. Real literary insight such as Mr. Myers showed in his Wordsworth, or in his Essays, has no time or opportunity to assert itself and achieve the place which is its due. But above all the public has lost its taste for distinguished, scholarly, and lucid English prose. Some there are who can still write melodious dignified English in which the art is unobtrusive, which leaves the reader conscious of the thought conveyed, but unconscious at the moment of the beauty of its expression—such writers, for instance (among others) as Mr. Frazer, Mr. Gosse, and (when he does not give us jottings from a notebook) Mr. Andrew Lang. The prose of the new fashion on the other hand must be "nervous"—the muscles always tense, the effort unconcealed; or it must be of the smart variety and "brightened up" by familiar slang and tags of quotations; or even in the hands of distinguished literary critics it may be clumsy and formless, and the public will never know the difference. Such writers as gathered round Mr. John Morley when he undertook to edit "The English Men of Letters" Series, or round Mr. Humphry Ward when he compiled "The English Poets," many of whom are happily still living, had before them a better ideal, and Frederic Myers was not the least distinguished of them. He was, of course, a poet himself, as he showed in his "St. Paul," published at the age of twenty-four, and in his later volume, "The Renewal of Youth," and his poetic gift he used to good purpose recently in some verses which we quote elsewhere. How high a standard he aimed at in the work of poetical criticism he showed in the letter appended to the "Life of Tennyson" on the need of a classical training "to judge the highest poetry aright." But it was the polished prose style of his criticisms which should, for its classic restraint as much as for its fine imagery, have placed him, had he been more prolific, among the *dii majores* of English writers. Thus we find him closing his fine Essay on Shelley with an application to the poet himself of a metaphor from his own poem:—

The hues of sunset also have for us their revelation. We look, and the conviction steals over us that such a spectacle can be no accident in the scheme of things; that the whole universe is tending to beauty; and that the apocalypse of that crimsoned heaven may be not the less authentic because it is so fugitive, not the less real because it comes to us in a fantasy wrought but of light and air. We have too little of that sort of writing, because there is so small an audience to which it can appeal.

Personal Views.

DECADENT METRES — A REPLY.

An irresponsible writer of personal views is at liberty to differ from all the world; and though he may hesitate to criticize the personal views of another writer, yet even this, perhaps, may be permitted to him. To me, at least, Mr. J. E. Patterson's views on "Decadent Metres" are too interesting and too provocative to be allowed to pass unchallenged. Whether there really is such a want of metrical variety in contemporary verse as Mr. Patterson complains of; whether our minor poets would really do better if they took themselves less seriously; or whether it is quite just to include Mr. Kipling among these minor bards, I will not stay to inquire. To be sure, Mr. Kipling does not write exclusively in iambics; and it has been held that excellence in poetry is not to be attained without seriousness. But what astonishes me in Mr. Patterson's article is the school to which he would send our poets to learn melody, the models which he exhibits for their imitation. "What," he asks, "of the 'Boat Song' in the *Lady of the Lake*?" Well, it is vigorous and spirited, as Scott's verse usually is, but—

Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew—

can a poet who writes like that teach us any secrets of beauty or melody? Does Mr. Patterson think "happy" a beautiful or appropriate epithet to apply to dew, or does he find in these lines the true dactylic rhythm? I can hardly believe it; and yet he seems to find "haunting melody and beauty" in Byron's "Song of Saul." Doubts of Byron's poetic greatness must be held secretly, for fear of Mr. Henley. But however great he may be, and whatever be the qualities which make him great, magic and loveliness of rhythm are not among them; and the poet who in metre shall take Byron for his model, without doubt he shall perish *in æternum*. As for Scott, let us hope the time is far distant when men will cease to delight in his bustling narrative, in his skill at catching the tone and movement of the old ballad poetry, in the spirit and gusto of his verse; but the gift of melody and the gift of metrical beauty were certainly not his.

But this is not the worst. "Of all the people under heaven's wide cope," Moore is to be the model for our youthful poets in the cultivation of the lilting anapaest. I do not wish to be inurbane, but it is difficult to keep from violence with a critic who can still admire the lyric genius of Moore. Moore's pathos I will not discuss; at that "let those who will, if any, weep." But "what melody he did have!" says Mr. Patterson. What melody indeed!

There was a time, falsest of women!

When Brafeni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee in thought.
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

There is melody! And again—

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and
shame?
I knew not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

But this, perhaps, is hardly fair to Moore ; let us take him at his best.

Oh ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

It would be hard to find in Moore anything better than that ; but if that were the best that could be done in anapaests, ought it to surprise Mr. Patterson that the anapaest has lost its vogue ?

But it is not the best. Mr. Patterson thinks that we shall never have another lyrist of Moore's kind. That we cannot tell ; but we may be certain that no lyrist of that kind will ever win such praise as Moore won in his day, for our ears have become habituated to a nobler and rarer music. Coleridge and Keats and Shelley brought back into English verse the fairy melodies and the spherul harmonies which the eighteenth century had forgotten, and which Byron and Moore never knew ; and these have been developed by later poets until the Moore-ish rhythm has come to affect us like the twanging of the Jew's-harp. How shall we delight in Moore who have heard such strains as this ?—

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of death, and of honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

Or as this ?—

What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas ?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife ;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life.

I know not if Mr. Patterson would call these dactyls or anapaests ; I doubt if it is wise to apply any such terms to them. The laws of English metre cannot be accurately expressed in terms of classical prosody, and it was not by careful measurement of longs and shorts that Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne acquired their wonderful rhythm. A fine sensitiveness to the melodic value of words, an exquisite feeling for the subtle effects of movement, accent, and pause—there is the whole secret. It is a secret, perhaps, which cannot be communicated ; yet if it is to be learned it can only be by the study of those masters who possessed it ; if it is to be preserved and developed it can only be by constant practice on the lines which those masters have laid down. If our poets are really so poor in metrical resources as Mr. Patterson thinks, they will not enrich their art by borrowing from singers poorer than themselves, and such, I must repeat, Mr. Patterson's idols were. Scott, Matthew Arnold tells us, had the balladist's mind ; in verse he certainly had no more than the balladist's art. Byron had many gifts, but an ear for rhythm was not one of them. Moore's was a tongue that could not be silent ; his sentiment was hollow and false, his verse a monotonous jingle. While the world was listening to these writers, the main stream of English poetry was flowing in other channels. The calm intensity of Wordsworth, the golden phrase of Keats, the strange enchantments of Coleridge, the ethereal splendours of Shelley—these were the true riches of that time,

and in the verse which enshrined them were all the possibilities of the future. These veritable Olympians have been worthily succeeded by the two great poets whom I have named, and if English poetry is to keep its high estate it must never be allowed to lose the suppleness and variety of rhythm which they have given it. We do not want poets who follow Tennyson like an echo, or who put on the mannerisms of Mr. Swinburne like a garment ; but still less do we want men who wilfully neglect the masters who have most to teach them, and set their thoughts a-dancing to the jiggling measures of Tom Moore. We do not know what the future will bring ; whether poetry will decline or disappear, or whether the spirit which bloweth where it listeth will produce new periods of fruitfulness. We do not know what forms of verse will be most in favour with our coming singers—whether the slower measures which Mr. Patterson calls iambic, or the rapid measures which he calls dactylic and anapaestic. It may be that new eras of experiment will arise, and that new forms will be added to our metrical stock. But at least let us hope and pray that English verse will never permanently lose the great and beautiful qualities which it possesses—its force and freedom of movement, its inexhaustible variety of cadence, its infinite richness and suggestiveness of sound.

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

THE ART OF FENCE AND ITS LITERATURE.*

The art of Fence has suffered for many years from the needless difficulty with which its science has been too often surrounded. The divorce between the theory and practice of swordsmanship has before now grown to exaggerated dimensions ; for as soon as men began to write about the sword at all they felt constrained to show off their knowledge with such encyclopædic completeness that the weapon itself became hopelessly involved in the meshes of interminable argument. At the present day it may be hardly fair to take the opinion of any average Englishman on a subject which ceased to interest all his compatriots, save a very few, as soon as duelling was chased across the Channel. Yet there are a select few, even now, in this country who appreciate the virtues of a Salle d'Armes, and they know even better the difficulty of persuading a novice that the art of Fence is worth his notice. Neither from the technicalities of text books nor from the superfluities of most professors has the newcomer been able to extract the gist of what he wants. So he has very naturally given the matter up in despair. But he has no further excuse now that Mr. Felix Clay has put into his hands the admirable conversations of the Baron de Bazancourt.

Originally delivered in a country house full of French sportsmen, these sparkling dialogues lose nothing of their wit in the excellent English of Mr. Clay's translation. They are interesting from two points of view especially—as the protest of commonsense against futility, and as the final modern development of a fatally fascinating art. That development has been slow indeed. We need but turn to pages so well-known as *Romeo and Juliet* to see how different is the use of the point-to-day from the old cut and thrust of the Elizabethan rapier. Quite early in the play we read of Tybalt's sword, which " He swung about his head, and cut the winds." A little further on and Mercutio expresses the very same revolt against " the schoolmen of the sword " as does reforming Bazancourt. " O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion : rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom ; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentle-

* "Secrets of the Sword." Translated from the original French of the Baron de Bazancourt by C. F. Clay, with illustrations by F. A. Townsend. George Bell.

man of the very first house, of the first and second cause : ah, the immortal passado ! the punto reverso ! the hai !” The phrases ring with scorn of so much detail, and one of them is curiously reproduced in that “Paradoxe of Defence,” disinterred from too long oblivion by Mr. Egerton Castle, which was first published in 1599 and has this year been reprinted by Captain Matthey. “Signor Rocco,” writes old George Silver, describing his friend Mr. Austen Bagger’s high disdain of such new-fangled foreign fancies, “thou that art thought to be the onely cunning man in the world with thy weapon, thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon anie button. . . come out of thy house, if thou dare for thy life. I am come to fight with thee.” The learned Italian did come out, was promptly tripped up, stamped upon, and, after every rule of accurate fencing had been violated, was permitted by the valiant Bagger to depart, an act of “good nature” which the English author heartily applauds. This may sound exaggerated, but it is a true picture of the feeling that has always been prevalent in this country against intricate instructions in so simple a matter as a thing of life and death.

But the complications of the bookmen went on all through the duelling period. You may see it in all those comedies of “Spada e Cappa,” which Lope de Vega was writing at the time. While every roysterer was “as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat,” and was ready to fall out with one man “for coughing in the street,” and “with another for tying his new shoes with an old riband,” the use of the sword was really far less fatal and effective than it is in days when the duel does not exist at all in England, and is comparatively rare even on the Continent. Baron de Bazancourt’s pages are a complete explanation of the paradox. His work was not originally published till 1862. It was the first treatise which considered every fencing lesson from the point of view of the actual duel, and made recommendations to the fencer which would be of real service to the duellist. “No more dancing-master posturings ! Away with complicated feints ! Imagine yourself stripped to the waist, defending your whole frame, from top to toe, against your enemy, and eager to slip your point neatly into him. This is no child’s play either of graceful convention or of applied mathematics. You have to hit your man somewhere, or you will be hit. Think of that first, and think of it all the time. A pair of parries and about three simple thrusts are all you need, if you will use your legs and make a swift wrist work at perfect service with your eye. Never get flurried. Watch your man. Forget all rules save that your left hand must never touch your enemy’s blade. This is as much a strife of will and character against character and will as of one sword’s point against another. If you are as good a man as he is, you can run him through.” These are not the Baron’s words, but they fairly convey the meaning of his book, and it was rather startling doctrine to the student of his day. Like all reformers, M. de Bazancourt is a trifle iconoclastic now and then. He recommends the “assault” too frequently, and, above all, too early. But he knows the heart of the matter, and he is as nimble with his pen as with his sword. Both Mr. Clay and Mr. Townsend are to be congratulated on their successful association with so brilliant a performer. These lively little pictures are accurate yet not pedantic ; full of movement yet without a technical mistake. They are fit companions of a sound translation.

THE DRAMA.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—MACKLIN’S SHYLOCK.

In essaying *The Merchant of Venice* the Benson company seem to me to have bitten off a little more than they can chew. To say, as must be said, that Mr. Benson’s Shylock is painstaking is, of course, to say that it is not Shylock. That he has the right conception of the part as we now understand it—a reservation of some importance to which I will return in a moment—I do not doubt. He sees that Sir Henry Irving’s Shylock is of a too colossal majesty, the feat, to speak colloquially, of putting a quart into a pint pot. He sees that Shylock

is rather the fox on the scent and trapped than the lion on the prowl and at bay. He sees, no doubt, all sorts of things ; but, once again one must insist on the point, clear vision is not enough for an actor, the chief part of his business is adequate expression. Mr. Benson’s physical means, particularly his voice, are not on this occasion quite adequate. His Shylock is undoubtedly interesting—Mr. Benson in all his parts contrives to interest the spectator—but it interested me as much by what it left out as by what it exhibited. Nor was Miss Calhoun’s Portia, intelligent, persuasive, womanly as it was, quite the Portia of one’s dreams. It lacked authority, it was not sufficiently *grande dame*. The Antonio was unnecessarily, and the Gratiano absurdly, heavy. A heavy Antonio may be excused as merely an over-emphasis, but a heavy Gratiano is a counter-sense. But there was Mr. Weir, as usual, to make amends. The comic sententiousness of his Launcelot Gobbo was the very thing.

And now for a brief excursus on Shylock. Noticing the performance in a daily newspaper I referred parenthetically, and without explanation, to the “comic Shylock” of Macklin. The unexpected adjective “comic” seems to have puzzled a matter-of-fact reader, who has read, like the rest of us, that Macklin was famous in his time for his restoration of Shylock as a serious personage. That is true ; nevertheless, I think my epithet is not necessarily untrue. Shylock is a notable illustration of what (in an opuscle so little likely to have caught the attention of the general reader that I shall make no apology for quoting from it here) I have called, after Alfred Allmers, the “law of change.” In Shylock, as we all know, Shakespeare touched up an older, and coarser, stage-figure, promoting a low-comedy character to semi-tragic honours. Now, “in a ‘mixed,’ or tragi-comic, character, a blend of the serious and the grotesque,” I said, “it is the serious element which waxes in process of time, while the comic element wanes. The reason is that our forefathers were more thick-skinned and brutal than ourselves, nearer the child, who even to-day will laugh at a humpback or the village idiot. Sheer ugliness, for instance, revolts us ; it merely amused the Greeks, and Aristotle classified the ridiculous (τὸ γελοῖον) as a species of turpitude. Even Cicero thought that bodily deformity was ‘satis bella materies ad jocandum.’ The Elizabethans laughed, and were intended to laugh, at the madness of Hamlet, the despairing rage of Shylock, and the helpless contortions of Caliban. Molière’s patrons laughed, and were intended to laugh, at the venomous malice of Tartuffe, the stiff unworldliness of Alceste and the atrocious sufferings of George Dandin. Nowadays these characters have all undergone the ‘law of change,’ and we ask in wonder how our ancestors could have had the heart to find them ‘comic.’ The general rule, then, is that when a character (or a scene, or a play) is compounded of two colours, tragic and comic, it is the comic colour which fades and the tragic colour which remains ‘fast.’” But there is another reason for this rule besides the gradual change in the public idea of the ridiculous. It is this—that leading actors, in playing tragi-comic characters, inevitably tend to emphasize the graver elements of their part. It comports better with their own dignity. A leading actor, which is only another name to-day for an acting-manager, is *ex hypothesi* a man of commanding temperament ; he does not choose, literally, to make a fool of himself. Hence the courtly elegance and Machiavellian profundity of Febvre’s Tartuffe—Tartuffe whom Molière designed as a low, unmannerly rascal. The same process is very noticeable in all Sir Henry’s impersonations—his Shylock, his Malvolio, and even his Macaire.

This second reason could not have operated in the case of Macklin, who was essentially a low-comedian. Apart from his Shylock, his great successes were in the low comedy of Scrub and Sir Pertinax ; when he tried sheer tragedy (e.g., *Richard III.*) he lamentably failed. While there can be no doubt (I refer readers to Mr. E. A. Parry’s careful little *Life of Macklin*, 1891) that his Shylock seriously impressed his contemporaries, I suspect the effect of this performance to have been over-estimated. Macklin described it to his biographer Cooke when he was a very old man, with his memory, but not

his vanity, almost extinct ; and Cooke was by no means a trustworthy reporter. There is, to be sure, some external evidence. Macklin's Shylock is said to have frightened George II. ; but many things, I fancy, frightened George II. which would by no means excite our terror to-day. And there is the famous doggerel attributed to Pope :—

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.

But that doggerel has been generally misunderstood. It was not so much an opinion on Macklin's acting as the record of a simple fact, the fact that Macklin (in 1741) restored Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* to a stage which had been occupied ever since 1701 by Lord Lansdowne's perversion *The Jew of Venice*. Lord Lansdowne had made Shylock a mere buffoon, so that Downes, the prompter of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, could write of Doggett as "the only Comick original now extant ; witness Solon, Nikin, the Jew of Venice," &c. By comparison with such a version, any performance of Shakespeare's Shylock must of course have appeared serious. But I still hold the opinion that the Shylock of the low comedian Macklin, however serious it may have seemed to an age used to Doggett, would appear comic to an age used to Sir Henry Irving. Macklin brandished the scales and knife like a butcher. In Zoffany's picture his face is grotesque. He must have been in short a fee-faw-fum Shylock. And to-day the fee-faw-fum is a species of the comic.

Perhaps I ought not to have used the adjective without explanation ; it was puzzling to the plain man. But does not the daily Press carry the cult of the plain man a little far ? To give him a tweak, to fright him from his propriety by an unexpected adjective, is a temptation not always to be resisted. It got the better of me, I own, on this occasion. A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

CHINESE LITERATURE.

A HISTORY OF CHINESE LITERATURE. By HERBERT A. GILES, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge and late H. B. M. Consul at Ningpo. (Heinemann. 6s.).

Mr. Herbert Giles tells us in his Preface to this volume, which forms part of Mr. Edmund Gosse's series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," that it "is the first attempt made in any language, including Chinese, to produce a history of Chinese literature." We may begin our remarks on this book by complimenting Mr. Giles on the courage which inspired him to write it, and also on the high degree of success that he has attained in making his theme both interesting and instructive. Failure to attract the sympathies of the English reader or to elucidate an intricate subject would have been pardonable in an enthusiastic sinologue naturally predisposed by his own studies to place an undue value on the sophistries of Chinese writers. Such a failure cannot be charged upon this work, which gives, with complete success from every point of view, a remarkable survey of Chinese literature from the beginning of its history down to the present time.

Mr. Giles confines himself to a brief description of pre-Confucian literature, although it includes the Five Classics, the fifth of which—viz., the Chun Chin or Spring and Autumn Annals—was contemporary with and probably in part the production of Confucius. The second group of works in Chinese literature is represented by the Four Books, which include the grand teaching of Confucius and practically all we know of the great exponent of the doctrine of neighbourly love and duty, and also the sayings of that second national prophet and philosopher Mencius. The study of the Four Books is judged the necessary precursor among Chinese scholars to that of the Five Classics, and it may be affirmed that most of them are content to take their views of the earlier literature through the light reflected on it in the Analects and in Mencius. The preservation of all

the early Chinese literature must be considered most fortunate, because in the year 213 B.C. the great Emperor, who founded the Tsin dynasty and built the Great Wall of China, caused all the books on which he could lay his hands to be burnt. There is no doubt that much of the ancient literature, written on bamboo tablets with a style, was then permanently destroyed ; but by the devotion of students all over the country enough was preserved to enable the texts of the various works cited to be pieced together and restored. Some of these books were not discovered for several centuries, and it is recorded, for instance, that the "Book of History," one of the Five Classics, was found by Kung-An-kuo, twelfth in descent from Confucius, when pulling down the old house of his ancestor.

The burning of the books probably stimulated inventors to make improvements in writing materials. The clumsy bamboo tablets and style were discarded, and Moung-Tien, the great general of the Hans, who succeeded the Tsins as rulers, is credited with having invented the camel's hair brush which is still in use to-day. At first strips of cloth or silk were used to receive the written character, and brickdust and water did duty as ink. The invention of paper in the first century of our era gave an immense impetus to literary activity, at the same time that it was conducive to the easier preservation of the national literature. Mr. Giles remarks incidentally that any changes in the written character were due to the modifications necessitated by the changes in the materials employed. A final stage in the development of the mechanical agencies at the disposal of writers was reached with the invention of printing from wooden blocks in the tenth century. The Chinese Caxton was an individual named Fêng Tao. Fêng Tao, says our author, presented himself at Court, saying that "he had no home, no money, and very little brains, a statement which appears to have appealed forcibly to the Tartar Monarch, who at once appointed him grand tutor to the heir-apparent." A Chinese reader would see in this emphatic repudiation of capacity the possession of superlative merit. The only work of his that will be remembered is his introduction of wooden block printing, which became general under the Sung dynasty. Some Chinese commentators declare that printing had been introduced before Fêng Tao, and it seems to be as difficult to say positively who was the very first printer in China as it is in Europe.

Leaving aside the ancient writers of whom Mencius may be termed the last, the golden periods of Chinese literature occurred under the Han, Tang, and Sung dynasties. Ssu-ma Chien, called the father of History, illustrated the first-named ; Li Po, "China's greatest poet," the second ; and Ssu-ma Kuang, the author of the "Mirror of History," the third. The passage translated from Ssu-ma Chien's history of the rise of the Hans will scarcely compare favourably with one from Herodotus or Thucydides, but it contains a description of a tragedy that has never been surpassed in connexion with the burial of the First Emperor—that is to say, Tsin Che Hwangti, who built the Wall. After explaining how his tomb was prepared during his lifetime by tunnelling under a mountain, the historian goes on to say that his successor compelled those of his widows who were childless to perish with him, and then, on some one suggesting that the workmen employed in preparing the grave would let out the secret as to the treasure hidden in it, he caused the outside gate at the entrance to the mausoleum to be secretly closed after the burial ceremony, so that not one of the workmen escaped. Of Li Po's poetry Mr. Giles gives several specimens. He was a Chinese Anacreon, who met his death in his cups by falling out of a boat while trying to embrace the moon's reflection. This was not very surprising on the part of one who wrote :—

What is life after all but a dream ?
And why should such pother be made ?
Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
And doze all day long in the shade. . . .
Overpower'd with the beautiful sight,
Another full goblet I pour,
And would sing till the moon rises bright—
But soon I'm as drunk as before.

Another poet of the seventeenth century conceived the original idea of composing a farewell poem while seated in his coffin, and probably no similar instance could be found in history, more especially as he lay down and died when he had finished his composition. It may not be equal to Hadrian's prayer, but the poem was not without merit :—

An eternal home awaits me,
 shall I hesitate to go ?
 Or struggle for a few more hours
 of fleeting life below ?
 A home wherein the clash of arms
 I can never hear again !
 And shall I strive to linger
 in this thorny world of pain ?
 The breeze will soon blow cool o'er me,
 and the bright moon shine o'erhead.
 When blended with the gems of earth
 I lie in my last bed.
 My pen and ink shall go with me
 inside my funeral hearse,
 So that if I've leisure " over there "
 I may soothe my soul with verse.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with novels, plays, proverbs, and other branches of literature, on all of which Mr. Giles throws the light of his erudition and playful fancy. The author does not attempt to establish any comparison between Chinese literature of the nineteenth century and earlier ages, or to say whether the standard of literary excellence has declined. But when we remember the ideals that the Chinese literary classes place before themselves, and that their test of excellence is approximation to the style and sense of the ancient sages, it is not difficult to come to the conclusion that literature in China, like everything else there, has for centuries been moving in a vicious circle. The Chinese are unquestionably a lettered people ; they possess a great love of nature, and they have a keen sense of humour, and the sound of their language is sufficiently euphonious to make it triumph over the cumbersome written character, which demands in the literary man as much excellence in calligraphy as in style. But they long ago reached the summit of attainable excellence. Their great writers were in the past, and most of them in the remote past. The conditions under which he labours preclude the possibility of any modern writer surpassing them, or even of his attempting any original work. Mr. Giles has undoubtedly conferred an immense service on those who are in any way interested in the affairs of China by showing that she possesses an ancient literature of which any people might be proud, and which entitles her to a place among cultured races that recent occurrences have done something to obscure.

THEOLOGY.

LIBERAL THEOLOGY.

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE ESSAYS. Edited by A. G. B. ATKINSON, M.A. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. The BISHOP OF HEREFORD. (Black. 5s. n.)

It is a pity that the value of this remarkably cheap book is hidden behind a defective title-page ; the Bishop of Hereford contributes the slightest of papers—and his name ; Mr. Atkinson has only to describe in a short preface the Christian Conference (of which he is now joint secretary) and to make "superabundance" a plural noun. The real importance of the book lies in the contributors whose names are hidden away in the table of contents. They are all men of some eminence, they include members of very different religious bodies, though most of them are Anglicans, and they are united by a common desire to simplify Christianity in the light of modern thought. The key-note of the book is struck by Professor Auguste Sabatier—the one member of the band who can be described as a great theologian—and the book is worth buying if only for the sake of his long article on "Christian Dogma and the Christian Life."

The rest may almost be described as a commentary on M. Sabatier's text.

The danger that confronts Christianity is, he says, the drying up of its inner life through a divorce between science and conscience, between thought and action. The one hope is that Christians of all sorts should unite to free the faith from the swaddling-clothes of an extinct formalism, should in fact believe in inspiration with something of the living faith of the first Christians. Round this idea all the other writers are rallied. The Unitarian Dr. Brooke-Herford, for instance, complains that, while the iron methods of the Roman Church have made Christian thinking impossible for its clergy, the Reformers have equally failed to bring us back to the Christianity of Christ, because they were content to go but a little way behind the Medieval schoolmen, and on the rigid orthodoxy which they borrowed from St. Augustine orthodox Protestantism has been content to rest. All over Christendom the various Churches are content to proclaim dogmas which once were living symbols but are now mere formal utterances, with the result that multitudes of Christian-minded thoughtful men find themselves separated from that religion with which they are essentially agreed. It is, however, in the Church of England that many of the writers find their hope, Mr. F. R. Statham even including the Oxford movement, as a legitimate development in that Church and as tending now to greater intellectual freedom ; indeed it might have been further pointed out that the insistence on the practical, devotional, and administrative sides of Christianity gives the best opportunity for the quiet readjustment of intellectual problems without loss of spiritual vitality. That is one view of liberal Anglicanism—as a strongly corporate religion, freed from Tractarian exclusiveness, and tending to be satisfied with practical rather than theoretical conformity. An article on this side of the problem would have materially broadened the basis of the "Christian Conference."

The view which does find a place is that of Dean Fremantle, whose mission it is to hand on Dr. Arnold's theory of the Church as the nation in its religious aspect. The great value of this theory is, as Dr. Arnold's greater son so often insisted, that an establishment fosters freedom of thought by protecting the liberal theologian against the repressive tendencies of ecclesiasticism. Keep us the establishment, is in effect the cry of more than one of the "Christian Conference" writers, or we shall be turned out of the Church. It is indeed remarkable that even in the narrowest of Churches, that of Russia, the fact that it is established preserved the iconoclastic Tolstoy from excommunication till only last year. But it is when Dean Fremantle would extend the principle until the Church is eviscerated so as to include everybody in the nation, until it becomes only the nation under another name, and Judges and mayors are recognized as Bishops because they "are presiding agents of a system of Christian righteousness"—it is then that we realize why Dr. Arnold's theory has not commended itself to practical men. Dr. Fremantle's essay is one of the best in the book. Many will agree with his desire to free the English Church from the "black-letter" theology of the Thirty-nine Articles, and of the Athanasian Creed, at least in its present form ; but all the same there is more practical hope in Canon Barnett's judicial estimate of the advantages and disadvantages of Nationalism, which leads him to the conclusion that the people should be given more control over their Church and their ministers ; more hope, too, in the marked drawing together of Churchmen and Nonconformists which Mr. R. E. Bartlett estimates, pointing to the large possibilities of future progress that are opened out thereby.

But everything centres round the intellectual and spiritual position which M. Sabatier sketches with so masterly a hand. The nineteenth century, he says, has been the age which discovered history, not in the history-schools alone, but in evolutionary science, and in theology—it all comes to that. The Jehovah of early Jewish literature, of Genesis and the Book of Joshua, has disappeared from theology. "But," he asks, "do you really regret him ? Was not your conscience uneasy when you read of such violence and trickery attributed to the God

whom you adored?" Of the New Testament again, he says, "Compare what we lose with what we gain"; we lose a collection of classic texts, of *dicta probantia*; we gain a living voice, as pre-eminently in St. Paul, whom now at last we can understand. And if we lose the old dogmatic forms, it is not Christianity that we lose but Christianity cast in the mould of Greek thought and language—"the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, of the Stoics and Neo-Platonists of the decadence." For dogmas are symbols and not mathematical truths, and if we "render traditional dogmas really useful by renewing their interpretation," we are but following the example of Christ who dealt in the same way with the law and the prophets. Such in brief is the position of M. Auguste Sabatier.

Bishop Butler.

THE WORKS OF BISHOP BUTLER, edited by J. H. BERNARD, D.D. (2 vols., Macmillan, 15s.), is, on the whole, the most satisfactory edition of Butler's works that has hitherto appeared. It is scholarly, careful, and complete; it is attractively printed, in volumes of convenient size and shape; and it is further commended by the "Introduction" to the series of which it forms part, contributed by the late Bishop of London. The particular selection of works embraced in the "English Theological Library" may be open to criticism; but the general design is commendable. The Bishop of London remarks justly that "It is better to read one great book than a series of little books. It is better to seek for the truth where its issues were most seriously felt than to rest content with tabulated arguments in its favour. Theological students will profit by contact with great minds. . . . They would gain in power to face the problems of our own time if they were better acquainted with the great heritage of the past, and were animated by the same spirit as their predecessors, whose lot was cast in no less difficult days." The work of an editor could scarcely be better done than it is in the present case. In an "Introduction," appreciative but discriminating, Dr. Bernard points out the change which has come over our conceptions of miracle and prophecy since the days of Butler. In language which recalls a notable lecture of Dean Church's, he describes the "dominant principle which governs Butler's thinking . . . the principle of the greatness of God and the littleness of man." We regret, indeed, that Dr. Bernard should have limited so strictly the scope of his introduction. A fuller treatment of Butler's character and intellectual standpoint would have been valuable. In the lecture above mentioned Dean Church dwells on the "singular seriousness" of Butler, his sense of the awful greatness of the universe, and "the enthusiasm which lies under the language of reserve." Dr. Bernard's introduction would have been improved by a similar "appreciation" of Butler. It would have added a touch of human interest to the "Sermons" and the "Analogy." With this reservation we admire the editor's judgment and tact. The notes are excellent, especially the appended notes (e.g., on the doctrine of probability, the immateriality of the soul, the function of motive in the formation of habits, &c.). They give real and necessary assistance to a modern student of the "Analogy." A fuller note on Butler's "too narrow" definition of prophecy might have been desirable. The "argument from prophecy" needs to be restated in its modern form, and Butler's famous sentence, "Prophecy is nothing but the history of events before they come to pass," might have furnished the text for a note which no one could have compiled more skilfully than Dr. Bernard. This edition of Butler deserves a word of special commendation for its completeness. It comprises not only the correspondence between Butler and Samuel Clarke, but also the very interesting fragments preserved in the British Museum. These with a portion of the Bristol Charge, delivered by the Bishop in 1749, have only once before been published and are little known. The indices are useful. The index to the "Sermons" has been compiled by the editor himself.

Biblical Apologetics.

IN LINES OF DEFENCE OF THE BIBLICAL REVELATION (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Mr. D. S. Margoliouth publishes a series

of papers contributed by him to the *Expositor*, adding a chapter on the "Principles of Criticism." In spite of its ingenuity and learning, the book, as a whole, is curious rather than convincing. There is, moreover, a want of connexion in the argument, which makes Mr. Margoliouth rather difficult to follow. It is more easy to mention the chief results to which his researches lead than to feel much confidence in the reasoning on which they are based. Theocritus, he argues, borrows not only from the "Song of Solomon," of which he may have been the translator, but also from Isaiah. It is even "practically certain" that a passage in Theocritus Idyll xxiv. is modelled on Isaiah, ch. xi. An even more paradoxical "result" is the conclusion that Isaiah made use of the Book of Wisdom (in its original Hebrew), and that that book itself may claim Solomonic authorship. That Mr. Margoliouth should defend the literary unity of the Book of Isaiah is not so surprising as that he should maintain that the psalter was compiled in the age of Solomon.

The fact that the national history, as it appears in the Psalms, closes with David, makes the Solomonic age the most likely period for the compilation of the book. That some of the references to the exile are inserted by editors who had no intention of letting them count as the work of David is obvious; but whether the references which are found in the body of the Psalms are necessarily signs of post-exilic origin cannot be determined till the whole phenomenon of prophecy has been brought within the domain of science.

Mr. Margoliouth's arguments are based for the most part on linguistic considerations—particularly on the supposed light which classical Arabic throws on the usage of Hebrew words. He asserts that the Hebrew, or Canaanitish, language is unquestionably "a vulgar dialect of Arabic." The literary peculiarities of such a book as "Job" may be explained, he thinks, if it is translated from an Arabic original. Hence the process of critical analysis or "dissection" as applied to such a book must be "excessively premature." We are bound to say that of all the ingenious suggestions put forward in this book there is only one which strikes us as effective for apologetic purposes. That is the argument for a special inspiration of the Hebrew race, based upon its "most patent want of originality." Mr. Margoliouth is, no doubt, right in urging the need, for the purposes of criticism, of systematic excavation in the Holy Land. For the rest we do not think that he succeeds in shaking to any appreciable extent the main conclusions of the "Higher Criticism." As to the battle between Mr. Margoliouth and the leaders of Biblical Criticism, at whose perversity and blindness he occasionally hints, we can only say *ipsi viderint*.

A Humane Preacher.

Fifty years ago Deans were made for their knowledge of Greek roots. At the present day the average Dean, if he is less scholarly, is certainly more useful than his predecessors; and yet the fact that Dr. Stubbs has few fellows among his kind shows that progress has still to be made before the English Church makes the most of the decanal position. There are indeed other men of his stamp; but not many Deans. Yet surely this is the stuff of which the heads of our great cathedrals should be made; for her cathedrals give the Church a splendid opportunity of correcting the narrowness and professionalism of the ordinary parish church, of appealing to the national conscience at large, of welcoming the half-sceptical, half-religious man of the world, to whose intellect as well as to his sense of reverence and of beauty they can make the largest and best appeal. For the head of such an institution as a cathedral is wanted a man whose mind is intensely reverent without being merely ecclesiastical, a man, too, who is cultured enough to appreciate and utilize the glories of a medieval building, who loves the past while he trusts the future.

Dr. Stubbs is all this, and he has also the gift of writing sermons that cry out to be printed, so graceful are they in style, so rich in suggestion, so wide in their range. The sermon which gives its title to the volume *PRO PATRIA* (Stock, 6s.) was preached on the Sunday appointed for intercession on behalf of

the war. From its claim for those virtues which make for true patriotism, we pass to the second sermon on behalf of international peace which was preached at The Hague in connexion with the Peace Congress the year before. Then in a sermon on "All Saints and Benefactors" he pleads for the truth which Positivism has proclaimed by its calendar of great men; and later on, in a sermon full of graceful fancy, he draws his lessons from the cult of the angels in the Roman Catholic "Rosary of St. Michael." If the word "broad" had not been narrowed by party use, there would be no one to whom it might be more justly applied; for he is broad by virtue of his affirmations and not of his denials. Literature and painting also furnish subjects for this humane preacher; there is a "Thanksgiving Sermon for Shakespeare" preached at one of the anniversaries at Stratford-on-Avon; and another on Mr. Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents," when that picture was acquired for the Liverpool Art Gallery and was placed in the chancel of the church during the service at which the sermon was delivered. The Dean is also one of that handful of clergymen whose preaching evokes the enthusiasm of working-men; for, without being a partisan, he has all his life devoted himself to the cause of social reform. In this volume is printed one address, blended of hopes and warnings, which was delivered in Bristol Cathedral on May Day, the "May Festival of the Church and Labour"; and two Church Congress papers, one on religion and village citizenship, the other on sanitation—no, not sanitation, but on "the Health Right of the People." The volume concludes with a "Creed of Christian Socialism," a finely expressed summary of Christian duty, very clear and decided, but yet containing little with which any consistent Christian could disagree, though much which Christians often forget. The principles of social duty are further laid down in the four University sermons preached by the Dean on *THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF THE LORD'S PRAYER* (Wells Gardner, Darton, 1s. 6d.). They are dedicated to another well-known member of the Christian Social Union, Dr. Huntingdon of New York, in a letter wherein Dr. Stubbs acknowledges his debt to the Cambridge movement (not less momentous than that of Oxford) of Maurice and Kingsley, Lightfoot, Hort, and Dr. Westcott. Preached all the same in Oxford and dedicated to the Church in America, they are a happy example of that blending of religious views in a wider outlook upon humanity which is the note of the Church of England at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The Rev. J. A. Beet's *COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) in its ninth edition embodies the results of the author's most recent studies; and is, in fact, re-written for a new generation of students. The writer rightly claims for his commentary that it is a contribution to doctrinal theology. The short but scholarly studies of single words—e.g., "Holiness," "Flesh," "Spirit," "Election," &c., are excellent. It is a great merit, in view of the readers for whom Dr. Beet writes, that he refrains from printing the Greek text, and that he does not overload his pages with illustrative matter. His exposition is both sound in scholarship and impartial in tone.

In *CHRIST THE TRUTH*, by the Rev. W. Medley (Macmillan, 6s.), the writer's motive has been "a deep, quick sense of the loss so many intelligent Christians suffer because they have never been able to relate in any vital way their faith in Christ with those wide provinces of human interest which claim them as intelligent, educated, and cultivated men." He has read widely and thought deeply; and his aim is to show that religion both embraces and transcends the conclusions of logic and philosophy, and that it includes all essential elements of the moral life. Perhaps the most striking passages are those which describe Mr. Medley's conception of religion. Religion—the true life of the soul—consists for him in fellowship, in the "personal relation of spirit with spirit"; faith implies not only an absolute trust in a personal object, but an "infinite progress" towards it. The lectures are clearly based on a careful study of recent philosophy and the characteristics of present-day life. The

modern dislike of dogma is traced not so much to "the superficiality and levity of the age in which we live" as to "a more eager and even passionate desire to get at the truth of things than has ever prevailed before"—and this desire is itself due to the prevalence of the scientific temper. The book makes rather difficult reading, but this is due more to the abstruseness of the subject than to any lack of clearness in Mr. Medley's style.

CLUE, a guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture, by Edwin A. Abbott (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.), is the first of a series of short volumes, to be called "Diatessarica," dealing with the interpretation of the Gospels. The hypothesis of an original Hebrew gospel is not finally established, but new light has been thrown upon it by the recovery of the lost Hebrew of certain passages in Ecclesiasticus, and the statement of Papias that Matthew composed the logia in the Hebrew language has acquired additional weight. Dr. Abbott's real aim is to show how mistranslations of Hebrew into Greek account for discrepancies in the synoptic narratives. It is a wide field of inquiry, but as seven parts are to follow Part I., criticism of details would at present be premature.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROMeward MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, 1833-1864, by Walter Walsh (Nisbet, 10s. 6d.), cannot strictly be intended for a "history." It is a more or less accurate chronological sketch of certain events which happened between the years 1833 and 1864; but Mr. Walsh has no qualifications for the task of an historian. He misinterprets both the epoch of which he treats, and the real significance of the Reformation itself. The Reformation vindicated certain rights which had been obscured or withheld; it restored a liberty which had been lost. Much that the Reformation overthrew in the way of restrictions on "private judgment" Mr. Walsh would re-establish. But, in any case, no history can be worthy of the name in which everything is painted black. No one who has heard of Francis of Assisi can believe that the medieval Church was the home only of darkness and iniquity. Nor will any one who has heard more than the mere names of Newman and Keble, Pusey and Charles Lowder, suppose them to have been the hypocritical, narrow-minded "Romanizers" depicted in Mr. Walsh's book. If Mr. Walsh had read the letters written by Newman between 1845-1847, he could not have so misjudged him as to question his motives for not having succeeded earlier than he did; nor, if he had studied the "Apologia" could he have suggested that Newman had as early as 1833 been re-ordained in the Roman Church. It is difficult to see how far Mr. Walsh's own allegiance to the Articles extends, but the question is not one of great importance. What is clear is that Mr. Walsh, in spite of his Protestantism, gives a picture of the Movement coloured by the fond hopes of those prominent Roman Catholics who naturally watched the course of events with interest, and whose letters and statements are quoted by Mr. Walsh whenever they seem likely to be useful. Instead of describing a great Movement, with far-reaching issues, in a broad and intelligent spirit, he deals chiefly with personalities; and in no single passage does he give one tribute of appreciation to men who, with all their mistakes, certainly rendered great services to the cause of religion. We should advise Mr. Walsh to read R. L. Stevenson's open letter on Father Damien, addressed to the "Reverend Doctor Hyde of Honolulu," before he fulfils his promise of completing the "History" at a future date.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Last Word on Gardening.

Those who "cultivate the genius of the ground" have so grown in number of late years that many publishers have been at some pains to discover authors who will keep pace with the demands of the conscientious amateur. But that *A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO GARDEN PLANTS* (Longmans, 21s. n.), occupying nearly 1,200 closely printed pages of concise and carefully

popularized information would have found, a score of years back, the enthusiastic welcome which must be accorded to Mr. John Weathers' volume we venture to doubt. Nothing so good has been previously placed at the disposal of the amateur, and we believe that the time is ripe for its publication. The work is exhaustive, it is scientifically unassailable, and the voluminous information is presented in a readily accessible form. If, for example, the amateur is uncertain under what natural order he will find the information he requires, the very full index at the end, giving the English and Latin names, will immediately tell him. The work deals exhaustively with all garden plants—flowers, fruits, vegetables, ferns, shrubs, and trees—worth growing in the open air in the British Isles. Every species is described, and information is given as to cultivation and propagation. It is a practical working gardener's book, and ignores those plants which can only be grown under specially favoured conditions with much risk and unremitting attention. The glossary has been formed with a view of grouping together all technical expressions which, if employed without consideration throughout the work, may confound the less learned brethren; and the necessary technical and botanical terms here gathered together are further elucidated by the use of numerous thumbnail sketches. It is obvious that Mr. Weathers' book has been well considered and most carefully written up from data accumulated during many years of practical experience, and the fact that it excludes almost all plants that require artificial warmth in this climate, shows how thoroughly the author has endeavoured to place himself in the position of those amateur and professional growers who have the beautiful English garden as it is under their personal care. It is a relief among the mass of gardening books to which we recently called attention, to find a really practical guide, of a character unique in the annals of the literature of the garden. It only remains for Mr. Weathers to add a Kalendar of Gardening operations to his work to make it conform with every requirement of the ambitious amateur. A merit to which we have not previously referred is the clearness of the literary style—a quality so often absent in technical literature.

An Actress and some Actors.

Helena Faucit may perhaps be said to have been the last great actress the English stage has known. Not that the supply of dramatic talent has been arrested at its source; but our appreciation of fine acting has lain dormant. We have not been worthy of great artists; therefore the great artists have delayed their coming. Genius to be appreciated must come at the right moment. Helena Faucit was born just in time. If she had not reached an age to take the world by storm while Macready flourished and kept the poetic drama alive by the force of his personal talent and his energy in seeking talent in others, it is doubtful whether she would ever have won a full recognition of her marvellous art. She knew herself how valuable her association with Macready had been to her. She wrote that the breaking up of the Drury Lane company in 1843 was to her a heavy blow.

Severe as my labours had been, the delight in them far more than outweighed the fatigue. Drury Lane Theatre, conducted as it then was, was an arena in which every gift I had found scope for exercise. My studies were all of an elevating character: my thoughts were given to the great types of womanhood drawn by Shakespeare's master hand, or by the hands of modern poets—Browning, Marston, Troughton, Bulwer-Lytton, and others—anxious to maintain the reputation of the national drama.

This letter, or reminiscence, is one of the many quoted by Sir Theodore Martin in his *HELENA FAUCIT, LADY MARTIN* (Blackwood, 10s. 6d. n.). It is no disparagement of his literary skill to say that Lady Martin's own words give the book its chief interest. She was a woman of remarkable mind. While she was quite a child, she was familiar with great thoughts, with the characters of Shakespeare, the grand abstractions of Milton, the allegorical figures of the "Pilgrim's Progress." She had the same intuitive faculty as Mrs. Siddons for projecting her personality into that of a character impersonated. And to this she joined

a trained intellect (as her "Women of Shakespeare" showed) and a noble simplicity of character that left no room for theatrical tricks or strivings after effect for the effect's sake alone. Her sense of art was lofty, and the littleness of the theatre continually jarred upon her nature.

Oh, dear friend, you do not know, you cannot tell what my profession is, when you are forced to deal only with the mechanical matter-of-fact side of it! How I wonder sometimes at the vain dreams I have of it! If you could sit by and listen to the insipid things that I am obliged to hear, generally summed up by praise or dispraise of a dress or a bunch of feathers or what not, you would not be surprised that my heart sinks into a very deep pit now and then. It may be all an illusion; and my art may not be the instrument for good and the help of all high and noble things I believe it and have ever felt it in myself. If so, how gladly would I be undeceived! I would leave it at once without a pang or regret.

It was this high conception of the actor's aim, this determination to exalt her art and sink her individuality, that made Helena Faucit great. She spoke to the souls of men and women, pierced through the core of carelessness or cynical indifference, and forced home the great truths of Nature and of Art. She could make Christopher North alter his conception of Lady Macbeth; a poet and critic of Matthew Arnold's calibre could send her a play (*Merope*) in which everything was to turn "upon the nobleness, seriousness, and powers of feeling of the actor"; a man of wide culture and experience like Sir Archibald Alison could discover that "a young woman of 25, without any advantages of fortune or situation, was not only fully equal but in many respects superior in conversation to a man of 50 whose life had been spent, with the aid of far greater facilities, in the constant study of literature and the arts."

In short, she was a great actress because she had a great soul, and this Sir Theodore Martin's book makes clear. It is longer than it need have been, and it has those drawbacks that always attend biographies written by husbands or wives or any near relation. But it does make this clear, and that is, after all, the main point.

Sketches of the lives of famous players can always be made readable. The life of the theatre has an attraction for most of us, and players to be great must have a great deal of what we call "human nature" in their composition. We smile indulgently over their foibles—vanities, jealousies, eccentricities; we are touched by their generosity, their kindness of heart. *TWELVE GREAT ACTORS and TWELVE GREAT ACTRESSES* (Putnam, \$5.00) are pleasant books to read. Mr. Edward Robins gossips cheerfully and his sketches have a wholesome literary flavour. His trick of referring constantly to actresses as "the Brereton," "the Mason," "the Jordan" is a little irritating; and he is now and then a slave to an epithet, as when for the sake of heightening an effect he speaks of "the trembling Boswell." Bozzy never played Jacques Strop to Johnston's Macaire; when the Doctor thundered, his admirer enjoyed it; "trembling" is no epithet for the genial, self-satisfied little Scot. But Mr. Robins writes generally with an entertaining and a well-informed pen. William E. Burton is the only actor of less than world-wide repute who finds a place among the twenty-four celebrities. His "greatness" is, we think, scarcely recognized beyond the United States. For the rest, the names are those one naturally expects to find—all British or American except Rachel and Ristori, and, after all, the Anglo-Saxon race seems to have as good a claim as her native Italy on the actress who brought to vivid life Lady Macbeth, Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart. The portraits in the two volumes are nearly all very good.

Wedding Bells.

All women, we believe, love weddings, even the weddings of other women. On this account Mrs. Miln's stout volume of *WOONINGS AND WEDDINGS IN MANY CLIMES* (Pearson, 16s.) will appeal to the majority of readers. And this majority is likely to extend to Mrs. Miln the indulgence she needs for pages "well

pock-marked with *egos* "—the phrase is her own—even though her style is slovenly, and overloaded with *clichés* and familiar quotations. The subject itself is interesting, since if all women love a wedding, all mankind loves a lover. And if you have the forbearance to accept Mrs. Miln as your guide, she will show you lovers from one pole to the other, and the whole world round. Amongst almost all peoples some kind of a marriage rite is to be found, which progresses from simplicity to complexity. But amongst the lowest human beings of the scale, the Australian bushmen, there is no sort of ceremony at all. The bushman often buys his wife from her parents before she is born, and when she reaches nubility, either lives with her, or eats her, according to circumstances! On the other hand the most complicated marriage rites predominate in the oldest civilization of any—viz., the Chinese. Here, Nature has been dropped so far behind that all natural wishes are counted disgraceful. The Chinese parent desires to see his daughter married, but may not take a step to further his desire. Hence the necessity for the professional match-maker, or "go-between." The Chinese girl looks upon her marriage as the one essential thing in life, yet she must devote a whole week to simulated lamentation at having to forsake her father's house. It is even etiquette for the young bridegroom to hide himself in an upper chamber, and have to be called thrice before he will come down. Between these two extremes, every sort of marriage ceremony may be found, from that of the North American Indian who leads his bride out of her father's house to the nearest stream of running water where, joining hands across it, they swear to be true to one another so long as the water runs, to that of the gipsies who, less poetically, but more symbolically, are married "across the tongs." The signification is obvious; in union lies their value, but take one from the other, and both become worthless. If there are no fewer marriages in England than in other countries there are very many more old maids; while in Turkey, Algiers, and east of Suez, generally, such a class is quite unknown. Old maids exist in Russia, but they will not admit their own existence, and when a Russian girl finds herself still single, and getting on in years, she leaves home for a time to announce on her return that she married while abroad, and her husband died upon the honeymoon. No embarrassing questions are asked, for in Russia it is not etiquette to speak of a dead man to his living widow. Most women marry in France, but there the craving seems rather for motherhood than mere wifehood; so, at least, the anecdote of the author's Brittany servant-maid seems to point. This woman, when she said her rosary at bed time, used to have lying on the bed before her a tissue-paper parcel. One night her mistress, having something to say to her concerning the next day's breakfast, went in, and saw spread out a baby's little gown, flannel, and cap. The servant explained that these were given her by the nuns who brought her up, in readiness for her marriage; a marriage she had not made, and now probably would never make.

It made me feel very strange, for she was work-worn and no longer quite young. And guessing, or fancying that I did (sic) what her prayer had been when I blundered to the door, and interrupted those well-worn beads, a fear stuck in my throat. So I told her that it didn't really matter what we had for to-morrow's breakfast, and slipped away, and left her to her rosary, and her marriage present.

There is an ill-compiled index; and some fifty excellent illustrations, reproductions of photographs, mostly portraits. For these alone the book is worth having, and would be particularly valuable to black and white artists in search of types.

Some Biographies.

THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK (Harpers, 12s.) is compiled from the German of Margaretha von Poschenger and has an introduction by Mr. Sidney Whitman. It naturally tells a certain number of things that were not known before, but not things of any great importance. Those who plough through the book in the hope of discovering the true inwardness of such

matters as the dispute between Sir Morell Mackenzie and Professor Bergmann will be disappointed. On the other hand, readers who like to pore over long accounts of Royal weddings will be pleased. There is plenty of that sort of thing, with long lists of illustrious names, and descriptions of jewelry, wedding presents, and bridal dresses. The Emperor Frederick gets plenty of praise, which he no doubt deserved. But his life is not here so written that his personality stands out clearly, and the general impression is that a good deal that would have been interesting has been purposely left out.

An interesting combination of the artistic and commercial temperament goes to make THE REMINISCENCES OF MORRIS STEINERT (Putnam), compiled and arranged by Jane Marlin, well worth the telling. Morris Steinert might be described as a quick change artist, not in clothes, but in enthusiasms. He has now a certain reputation in Germany and America as an authority on the history of keyed instruments, of which he has a wonderful collection. But in his day he has been an optician, a brewer, a teacher of music, a conductor of several orchestras organized by himself, and a performer on the violin, violoncello, flute, accordion, guitar, banjo, cornet, organ, horn, clavichord, harpsichord, and spinet. Quite late in his career, on discovering that music, always his chief interest, was not as lucrative as he wished, he all but entered upon the hoop-skirt business, but decided in the nick of time to become a vendor of musical instruments, and so made his fortune. The story of his travels in these several capacities from town to town in Germany and America is full of colour. His habit of observation, his fund of humorous anecdote, and above all his devotion to music, more than reconcile the reader to his rather florid style. Pictures of some beautiful specimens from his collection of instruments are reproduced. He has himself invented an instrument—the Steinertone—for which he claims a combination of the old world sweetness of the clavichord and the "rhythmical tone-production of the pianoforte."

ARCHITECTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by R. Farquharson Sharp (Sonnenschein, 5s. n.), is a series of twenty-four biographical sketches of great English and American writers, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. They are the sort of biographical sketches that might be produced by a careful man who read up his subjects in "Chambers' Encyclopedia" and the "National Dictionary," closed the books, and tried to reproduce them from memory. There is no criticism worthy of the name, but there are notable omissions and some inaccuracy. The sketch of Carlyle does not mention the destruction of the MS. of the French Revolution by Mill's housemaid; and in the sketch of Byron we read that the poet's amours "were never entered upon without his affections being genuinely engaged"—a strange statement in view of what Byron himself said concerning the affair with Miss Clairmont. The most interesting feature of the book is the reproduction in facsimile of examples of the handwriting of the authors, with whom Mr. Sharp deals in the manner of a safe commentator who may always be trusted to note the obvious, if not to salute it with the welcome due to an old friend.

Affection probably accounts for the publication of F. C. TAIT, being the life, letters, and golfing diary of the popular young officer of the Black Watch who met his death at Koodoosberg, by J. L. Low (Nisbet, 6s.). It is well enough written, and Mr. Andrew Lang contributes an introduction; but so far as the general public is concerned there was no pressing necessity to write Mr. Tait's life at such a length. We freely accept all that his friends say as to his personal charm. His letters reveal an ordinary athletic, stout-hearted young man who might be relied upon to do his duty according to his lights, but whose range was limited. His letters are about golfing, duck-shooting, or fishing, and seldom touch any subject of wider interest. Such men are useful to their country, but their lives need not be written, and the newspaper reports of their sporting performances need not be reproduced.

Messrs. Kegan Paul have been well advised to include a sketch of the life of ADAM DUNCAN (2s. n.) in the series

named "The Westminster Biographies." Mr. H. W. Wilson may be congratulated upon the clearness and utility of the manner in which he has dealt with the career of the very remarkable commander who won the victory of Camperdown only a few months after he had patiently struggled against a mutiny of exceptional strength. The career of Admiral Lord Duncan remains to his countrymen as a precious heritage, not alone because of the bravery and patriotism of the officer, but also on account of the noble altruism and wisdom of the man. A giant in stature, a courtier in manner, and a sincere Christian in faith and action, Adam Duncan is a hero of English history for whose memory British boys and girls may be taught to cherish unstinted reverence and admiration. DANIEL DEFOE, by Wilfred Whitten, is another life added to the same series. It is well enough written; but there were so many things that the author was obviously obliged to say that he had little space left to be original or critical. The get-up of these little volumes is everything that could be desired.

Biographies such as those of E. HERBER EVANS, D.D. (6s.), and of JOSHUA CLARKSON HARRISON (3s. 6d.), both published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, hardly call for detailed criticism. Both men became chairmen of the Congregational Union; the former essentially a preacher, a fighting Welsh minister and politician, the latter a London pastor of high character and great influence, who, as his anonymous biographer says, "might have passed in general society as an admirable specimen of the English rector untroubled by tithe questions." Both biographies—that of Dr. Evans is by the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis—are well written and admirably suited to the particular class of reader to which they appeal. The purely religious Nonconformist biography has a wide *clientèle* of its own; and readers who may probably have never heard the names of those whose lives, sincere, influential, and whole-hearted, are thus recorded may unquestionably find in these volumes documents very illustrative of the religious life of the time, and, in the case of Dr. Evans, throwing much light on the aspirations and methods of Welsh Nonconformity.

Those whose ideas of women interested in missions are based on Mrs. Jellyby should read Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson's biography of IRENE PETRIE (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). Miss Petrie died while travelling in Tibet after three years' labour among the natives of Kashmir. The annals of the C.M.S. and her fellow-workers alike testify to her success. But to bring home her work and the beauty of her character to a wider circle Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson should have kept her well-written book shorter; and occasionally she shows the lack of a due sense of the ridiculous. "Some friends she (Irene Petrie) incited to Bible reading by giving a Revised Version, when an Authorized Version might have hinted in an offensive way that she doubted if they were Bible students already." Truly a subtle use of the Revised Version.

FROM SUFFOLK LAD TO LONDON MERCHANT (Arrowsmith, 2s.) is the life of James Harvey, the son of a yeoman, who became a London merchant, occupied himself with religious and philanthropic movements, and did good work in connexion with the early closing movement—a very worthy if not a very interesting man. The book is written by his son, the Rev. Alfred J. Harvey, Vicar of Shirehampton.

THE ADVERTISER'S A B C (T. B. Browne, 10s. 6d.) is an admirable Press directory, and has some good articles on subjects of interest to newspaper readers. An essay on "The Newspaper Press of the Nineteenth Century" is particularly good. We may take an extract for the benefit of those who are depressed at the decadent qualities of modern journalism. The reference is not to the new journalism but to the old:—

The tone of the Press was low. Much appeared in the papers of those early days which was coarse, vulgar, and even indecent. Articles were published with impunity which no lady would think of reading aloud, and which would certainly banish

any paper from the family circle which ventured to insert them to-day. The columns of the papers were largely filled with society notes and comments upon fashionable doings. Short paragraphs were popular. Gossip was the mainstay of the papers.

We have received the 1901 edition of the CLERGY DIRECTORY (Phillips, 4s. 6d. n.), which has been got ready a couple of months earlier than usual, and LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE (Hurst and Blackett, 36s. 6d.), which attains its 78th edition. A list of the Royal household has been added to its contents.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LOVE LETTERS (Unicorn Press, 2s. 6d. n.), with its dainty white binding and pink (not green) riband, will seem perhaps less heartless and more amusing than it would a couple of months ago. It is a clever skit in which the great mystery is thus cleared up, in Letter W. —

My poor Dear,—I must be brief with you. It is the truest kindness. My mother has reasoned with me. She has been reasoning with me for weeks. I have reasoned back. Ah! how I have reasoned! Yet it has come to this! You must cease to be literary or—we must say good-bye.

THE STORY OF THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE, by General F. D. Lugard (1s. 6d.), is added to Messrs. Horace Marshall's Story of the Empire Series. The author's knowledge of the subject is more conspicuous than his talent for writing about it. His work with difficulty permits itself to be read, though the provision of information is ample.

We are glad to welcome a new edition of that invaluable work Mrs. BEETON'S COOKERY BOOK (Ward, Lock, 1s.), much enlarged and improved to suit the needs of the times in cooking pure and simple, and also containing much new matter about serving meals, kitchen arrangements, housekeeping, and housework generally. The price-list of provisions is a most useful feature.

ART.

HANS MEMLINC. By W. H. JAMES WEALE, Associate of the Royal Academy of Belgium, late Keeper of the National Art Library. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) (G. Bell. 5s. n.)

The latest volume of Messrs. Bell's "Great Masters" is devoted to the great Flemish painter, Hans Memlinc—as it appears we are now to call him. The name recurs no less than forty-nine times in contemporary documents, in thirty-two cases with the ending *inc*, in fifteen with *ync*. Once, it is spelt *yneghe*, and once *ynghc*, but never *ing*, a termination, we are now told, that is never met with in family names of the period. Both the editor and publishers of the series are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in securing so distinguished a critic for the task. Mr. Weale has spent the best years of his life in studying Early Flemish and Dutch painters and is a recognized authority on the subject. The present work is the fullest and most accurate biography of the master that has yet appeared, and gives us the few certain dates and facts concerning the old Bruges painter that have been discovered of late years.

Everything about Memlinc, however, is uncertain. The year of his birth, the precise origin of his family, his training, even as we have seen, the spelling of his name, are still open questions. What little we do know is chiefly due to Mr. Weale's own researches. He was the first to brush aside the absurd modern fables which represented the artist as a sick and wounded soldier, and a drunkard who repented of his sins and painted the pictures in the hospital of Bruges out of gratitude for services rendered to him by the Brothers of St. John. Mr. Weale tells us that Hans Memlinc was probably born between 1430 and 1435, at the village of Mümling, near Aschaffenburg, and that he served his apprenticeship under some German painter of Köln or Mainz. He was already a master painter when he came to Bruges in 1467, in the service of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. In this year he painted the portrait of the Arezzo medallist, Spinelli, who engraved seals and gems for the Duke, and in 1468 he executed the fine triptych of the Donne family now at Chatsworth. Sir John Donne was sent to Bruges by King Edward IV. to attend the marriage of the Princess Margaret of York with

Charles the Bold, and Memline in his capacity as Court painter was among the artists employed to prepare the decorations for the wedding.

The remainder of Memline's life was spent at Bruges, where he married Anne de Valkenaere, and in 1480 bought a "large stone house" as well as other property, from which we may conclude that he was a man of substance. Most of his best pictures are still to be seen at Bruges, either in the Academy or in the Hospital of St. John, which is a complete museum of his works. One remarkable triptych, representing James Floreins, the brother of the Master of the Hospital, with his six sons and twelve daughters, is now in the Louvre, and a smaller altarpiece of Our Lady with an angel playing a lute and St. George standing behind the kneeling donor adorns the National Gallery. The famous shrine of St. Ursula, at Bruges, was only finished in 1480, and the Passion picture in the Cathedral at Lubeck bears the date of 1491, after which we have no more information as to the painter's life and works. But in 1889, a Belgian Jesuit, Father Dussart, discovered the following entry, from the diary of a notary of Bruges, in a manuscript of the public library at St. Omer. "On the 11th of August, 1494, there died at Bruges, Master Hans Memmeline, who was considered to be the most skilful and excellent painter in the whole of Christendom. He was a native of the Principality of Mainz, and is buried at St. Giles."

Mr. Weale does ample justice to the devout and gentle art of this old master of Bruges, whom he places next to Hubert Van Eyck, among the Early Netherlandish painters. Although Memline never produced anything equal to Hubert's masterpiece "The Adoration of the Lamb," and fell short of John Van Eyck in technical execution, his conception and treatment of religious subjects far excelled those of that artist and of his other contemporaries. "As compared with the other masters of the Netherlandish school," says Mr. Weale, "he is the most poetical and the most musical . . . and many of the subjects he represented have never been so delicately and delightfully expressed by any other painter, with the exception, perhaps, of Fra Angelico." To the end of his life he retained his love of open air and running streams—"he was," as Sir Martin Conway remarks, "the first painter who drew the form of a river bank correctly"—and enlivened his landscape backgrounds with all manner of animals and objects, with Romanesque architecture of the most fantastic type, with dogs and horses, camels and monkeys, swans and boats.

The numerous illustrations which accompany Mr. Weale's letterpress are well chosen, but their quality is decidedly unequal. The reproductions of Memline's finest altarpieces, such as the Louvre and Chatsworth triptychs, are particularly disappointing, and those of such crowded compositions as the Passion pictures at Turin or the Calvary at Lubeck could hardly prove satisfactory. On the other hand, the lovely group of the Virgin and Child in the Hospital of Bruges, the portraits of the wealthy burgomaster-grocer William Moreel and his wife and daughter, above all the splendid bust of Martin van Nieuwenhove, kneeling with clasped hands and with his Book of Hours open before him, are all admirably reproduced, and show us Memline in his best and happiest moments.

There would be but small hope for the English Art of to-day if the exhibition of the Society of Oil Painters, at present open in Piccadilly, represents the ideals. It is respectable, without any great achievement, and with few efforts to rise above the merely commonplace. The members who paint well show their handicraft neither to better nor worse advantage than usual, and the members who paint badly continue to paint and are gibbeted by the conscientious critics with the same monotony as of old.

Not, indeed, that the painters represented are worse—some of them are even better represented than on some former occasions—but they present the spectacle of men complaining of lack of patronage. It is apparent in their work. They lament the frequent gaps between the desirable red stars, and yet make no efforts to shine. And the reason for this lack of patronage is obvious. Only a few men—and still fewer women—

want to buy pictures, and in a time such as the present only men who really love art care to pay for it. The rest are content to leave it to the house decorator's persuasive representative, and although a self-respecting painter fears the time when his works find a ready mart in the Tottenham-court-road, his fear seldom prompts him to try and satisfy the higher requirements.

There is, frankly speaking, nothing unusual to complain of in these 491 canvases contributed by men whose names have appeared in "The Year's Art" for a decade. The majority of them satisfy no want, it is true, but they would have been considered "good enough" thirty years ago. To-day no one seems to hanker after them, and if any one does he has only to go into a respectable dealer's shop to have his wants promptly and gratefully gratified. Exceptions may be taken to the Margetson in the West Gallery, "The Sacred Spaces of the Sea," which is another of the simple spaceful successes of the painter of "The Sea hath its Pearls," to the "Dorothy," a very tender sketch by Mortimer Menpes, hung over a conscientious "Rosemary" by Miss Janet Archer, to the beauty of the background of "The Kelpie," more successful as a picture than convincing as a presentment of incident, by Byam Shaw, to "The Ghost" of Gabriel Nicolet, which is a subtle and fascinating portrait study somewhat damaged by a catch-fancy title, in the Central Gallery; and to the large and almost brutally true "Stirling" of D. Y. Cameron, the decorative and—in spite of its eccentricities of femininity—deserving "Groves Elysian" by Cecil Rea, the healthy, glowing "Dreams" by Miss Isö Rae, the natural and accurate, if somewhat close, "Harwich Harbour" by Fred. G. Cotman, and the tender, well-drawn "Sheepfold on the Hillside" by Arthur G. Ball, in the East Gallery. These pictures at least have the merit of being unexpected. For the rest—the well expected that is—Chevallier Tayler, in spite of his nice fancy for a dainty form, makes a conscious technical effort to interest us in a very unlikely "Committee of Taste"; there is a solidly drawn "Stopham Bridge" by Yeend King; a worthy, sandy "Bamburgh" (we question the spelling) by Niels Lund; a fanciful "London Fantasy" by A. Birkenruth; a good Edwin Hayes; a solid Terriek Williams; a well-drawn "Scholar" by George Hare; a thoroughly true "Rough Pasture Land" by Harold Waite; a broadly painted portrait of "Mrs. Rennell Rodd" by Melton Fisher; a tender "Spring" by Miss Elsie Atkins; a delicate "Departing Day" by Sidney Moore; a faithful drawing of "Appledore" by H. Trier; a Spenlove of the right kind; a large landscape by Claude Hayes; and a greater mystery by Dudley Hardy. No one need be ashamed to be included in this list. But of the remaining 400—who cares why they were painted?

FICTION.

Miss Broughton.

The spirit and vivacity which inspired Miss Broughton when she wrote "Cometh up as a Flower" or "Nancy" have not deserted her even in *FOES IN LAW* (Macmillan, 6s.), which must be about the sixteenth novel from her pen since 1867. To have sustained one's ardours for so long is no small achievement, but we can assure her readers that Miss Broughton is no whit less amusing and acute in the twentieth than in the middle of the nineteenth century. Lettice Trent, her latest heroine, is the daughter of an old county family. She endeavours to find "the real thing" in life and love, and discovers she has made a bad shot—before it is too late. This does not sound a promising plot, but Miss Broughton is telling it. Lettice's brother has married into a large, amusing, Broughtonesque family, the Kergonets, whose function it is to brighten up the story. Marie Kergonet, who becomes the foe-in-law, is a lively stage figure; she does not convince, but she does a number of other pleasant things—and leaves one amused. Miss Broughton has her faults, of course. She makes her characters speak, and then tells you why and how they did it in a way that seems a little old-fashioned; but there is so much of lightness and fun, and often more than a touch of delicate feeling, in her work

that one likes to pass over such defects as there may be and recommend the reader to try "Foes in Law" after dinner, beside the fire, of a winter's night.

"A Gentleman."

With these unequivocal and inspiring lines—

My papa's a gentleman,
My mamma's a lady ;
I'm a girl of consequence,
And you're a dirty baby—

does the Hon. Mrs. Walter R. D. Forbes open the prologue to her entertaining novel, *A GENTLEMAN* (Murray, 6s.). The lines at least inspire the mother of Raymond White, a suburban dress-maker, to make "a gentleman" of her son, and the book skilfully describes how that transmutation, which is generally supposed to take at least three generations, is achieved in a very short period. All Mrs. Forbes' people are boldly sketched, her knowledge of men and women is sound, and her story wisely planned. It may have some inner democratic meaning, and be all the better for it ; but judged merely by externals it is bright and enjoyable, from the prologue in which his little nurse-girl sings the hero to sleep with her satiric quatrain to the epilogue in which many fine political ladies and gentlemen congratulate him on his return to the House with a majority of 2,000. If the story is just a little pat, the incidental pictures make up for it. "*A Gentleman*" is never dull.

Religious.

THE CLAYBOROUGH ENDEAVOURERS (Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.) is something out of the ordinary run of fiction. Mr. G. H. Hemsoll deals in this little volume with the efforts of a Congregational minister and his friends to evangelize a manufacturing town in a country district. Into this is woven the history of Mr. Frank Vaughan—his rise in life, his election to the council, and finally his prophesied elevation to the Mayoralty of Clayborough. It is an honest if rather dull attempt to write the spiritual history of a body of Nonconformist worshippers in a country town.

There is power in Mr. E. A. Dix's careful study of the religious perplexities of *DEACON BRADBURY* (Macmillan Company, 6s.). This village Prometheus is driven by misfortune into rebellion against the decrees of Providence, and the effects of the loss of a lifetime's faith upon a naturally noble character are skilfully and subtly traced. But the best part of the story is its charming picture of every-day life in a New England township. Mr. Dix has observed closely and recorded with loving fidelity, and his minor characters are well chosen and individual. The love interest is chiefly welcome as a relief to the sombreness of the deacon's mental struggles. The author is an enthusiast on dialect. Realism in the guise of phonetic pedantry is apt to be wearisome.

The Familiar Moralist.

THE MADNESS OF DAVID BARING (Hodder, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. Joseph Hocking, is a fair specimen of that class of novel which dabbles in theories of life. The hero's madness consists in his forsaking a comfortable property that had been left him unexpectedly to join a socialistic brotherhood in Devonshire. There is much of the usual conversation with intelligent artisans in the East End (where a large proportion of the property lay), and a good deal of talk on the part of David Baring and his friends on the great subject of "Wealth—its use and abuse." The moral Mr. Hocking intends to point—one is confident that some lesson is intended—seems to be that socialistic brotherhoods cannot last, and that, though sticking-plaster remedies are useless, the millionaire can but try to help his poorer brethren as best he may. Riches, in fact, are a trust. The thought is not novel, but we confess to some pleasure at seeing David Baring recover his sanity at the close. These excessively high-minded young men are sometimes rather a strain.

Long Ago and Far Away.

Among the many "romances" of the Cape and Sword period, one which deals with the life of yesterday is especially welcome.

JOHN CHARITY (Murray, 6s.) purports to be written by a yeoman of Cranberry-Orcas, in Hampshire, who tells of his adventures in Alta California, and is edited, according to the title-page, by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, whose book "*The Procession of Life*" novel readers will remember. We confess to a prejudice at starting. The first sentence we know too well :—

It was in the year 1837, when her Gracious Majesty Victoria ascended the throne of England, that I, John Charity, left England for Alta California. But before setting down the adventures that befell me 'twere well, doubtless, to give the reader some brief information in regard to my birthplace,

and so forth. This "opening" is tedious enough and generally leads to a comfortable "mate" in some half-dozen moves, but Mr. Vachell soon interests one and continues the process until the story ends. His style, with a touch of eighteenth-century classicism, is well adapted to his story ; the pictures of Spanish rule in the Californias is historically and dramatically convincing ; the general result of his labours is an interesting piece of fiction with the ring of truth in it.

At the University.

A SCHOLAR OF HIS COLLEGE (Blackwood, 6s.) is considerably better than the common run of novels describing the undergraduate, though it is by no means wholly concerned with the University. Mr. W. E. W. Collins steers clear of the ridiculous errors often made in novels of University life, and writes well enough in a healthy, breezy vein of optimism. He describes a day's covert shooting or a cricket match with relish, and his characters, especially the dons, are not amiss, though he is apparently too healthy a man himself to draw a convincing villain. Mr. Collins' inventive genius is not the best part of his equipment, and it probably cost him considerable thought to plan out a satisfactory termination of his hero's pecuniary difficulties. As it is, we have to put up with a kindhearted solicitor who has more money than he knows what to do with, and is never so happy as when smoothing away the difficulties that beset the course of young love. It is something novel to find the solicitor thus playing the stage divinity. The different love-interests in this story are somewhat overwhelming, but the general effect is distinctly pleasing, and the parts which deal with life at St. Hilary's are very good indeed.

The Genius Loci.

LOVE IN OUR VILLAGE (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is a volume of short stories of life in Dorset by the author of "*Jan Oxber*"—a novel which had at all events the success attaching to good Press notices. Orme Agnus knows his country well, and has got as near as any to the heart of the rustic character in a district that has been singularly fortunate in its interpreters. In passages of native humour Orme Agnus can bear comparison with the best of his predecessors, and in "*The Poet's Love*" he displays a genuine and unstrained pathos. This story, and "*The Dethronement of the King*," each in its own fashion, are the best, but all the stories are eminently readable, at any rate by those who can put up with plenty of dialect. And the majority of them do not sacrifice sweetness to power ; the love affairs progress to everybody's satisfaction, and when some rare chance sends a lover astray he is promptly punished for his misdeeds. The book is wholesome, humorous, and written with a rare observation.

The author of "*Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*," Mr. Arthur H. Norway, knows the county of the Dart so well that in *PARSON PETER* (Murray, 6s.) he can transport us backward some hundred years, and yet preserve the *genius loci* intact. Fiction and fact have both told of many an eighteenth century parson who viewed with a sympathetic eye the smugglers among their flocks, but seldom has so vivid and engaging a figure of the kind been presented as that of Parson Peter. The plot is highly interesting ; from the earliest chapters the atmosphere of the country side, freshened and made clear by a touch of the sea, is delightfully sustained.

THE QUARTERLIES.

The *Quarterly* urges the claims of the poet Crabbe, declaring that "the neglect and forgetfulness into which the poems of Crabbe have been allowed to fall is not creditable to the present generation of English readers and critics." Their excuse must be that "the world is so full of a number of things" that some of the things are bound to get undeservedly neglected. There was a time when even Byron was neglected. We note the *Quarterly's* theory of the reason why Crabbe has not been popular. It was because, though he wrote in the nineteenth century, "he nevertheless retained to the last the literary impress of the eighteenth century." His position, in short, was like that of a *chef* who should insist upon serving tea and a smoked haddock for dinner. The excellence of the haddock would hardly save such a cook from condemnation. Similarly Crabbe's couplets sound to modern ears not a little like parodies of prize poems, though when one has got used to them one perceives that they are nothing of the sort. Another interesting paper is on Professor Huxley. It is in effect, though not in form, a palinode, the *Quarterly* having, as all the world knows, put up a Bishop to hold the fort when Darwin and Huxley were storming it. The present reviewer bears no malice—there is, indeed, no reason why he should—but even goes so far as to admit that the Bishop did not get the best of it in the subsequent passage of arms at the meeting of the British Association. The paper on "Virgil and Tennyson" is not, as might have been expected, a demonstration of the indebtedness of the English to the Roman singer, but an attempt to "parallel" the lives of the two poets after the fashion of Plutarch. A not very hopeful view of the future of the drama is given in a paper on "the Victorian Stage."

There are many good articles in the *Edinburgh*. The political paper on "Our South African Troubles" is particularly sane and statesmanlike, though not in the least sanguine "that lasting peace will prove to be the result of this most deplorable war." The article on Madame du Deffand shows a graphic power and grip of the subject that reminds us of Macaulay's essays, though Macaulay, fortunately for his popularity, usually preferred more obvious subjects. "Fiction and Politics" is a review of "Quisanté," "Senator North," and "The Mantle of Elijah." Incidentally the reviewer expresses the opinion that the best novel of English politics ever written is Trollope's "Phineas Finn," and the greatest character in political fiction Mr. Plantagenet Palliser; and he shows, accurately as it seems to us, why it is so difficult to make this sort of novel at once interesting and true to life. It is because "heroics" are out of place in Parliament.

Indeed, if you look for heroism in politics, it is apt to be not unlike the heroism of the gentleman in *An Enemy of the People* who became a martyr for conscience' sake upon a question of drainage. Ibsen's doctor, who insisted on reporting that the town drains were in an unsound condition, although the mayor and corporation urged upon him that no good citizen would bring inevitable ruin on the watering-place of which he was a burgess, is a true type of the hero in politics, be they Imperial or municipal. But it is very hard to make him a sympathetic figure, and most people declare that *An Enemy of the People* is not a play at all, much less a tragedy, but a squabble about sanitation.

Mr. Wilkins' "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen" is also reviewed in the number.

The function of the *Economic Review* is to reduce to simplicity the most complex problems of the dismal science. In the number before us that service is rendered to the questions of Trusts and Sugar Bounties. Having read the articles one feels not only that one understands all about these dark subjects, but also that they are not really either difficult or obscure.

Correspondence.

"ROBUSTIOUS."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I much regret my error in stating in your columns that Shakespeare only used the word "robustious" once in his works. He used it twice. Mr. Walkley quite justly calls me to account for a stupid lapse of memory. At the same time I do not think the effect of my argument was really weakened by my forgetfulness. I will not, however, go over the ground again

just now, but, whenever I return to it, I shall certainly pay very great consideration to all that Mr. Walkley urges.

Yours obediently,
SIDNEY LEE.

108, Lexham-gardens, Kensington, W., Jan. 19.

MR. PECKSNIFF AND THE SIRENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am pained to note that under the heading of "The Drama" Mr. A. B. Walkley misquotes his Dickens and applies to Mr. Podsnap (all honour to the creator of "the young person!") a memorable phrase uttered by a far greater man than Podsnap i.e., the immortal Pecksniff. I have not my "Martin Chuzzlewit" by me, but believe the sententious reflective "Pagan, I regret to say" bore reference to the Sirens, and, so far as I recollect, the remark ran "The Sirens were fabulous creatures—Pagan, I regret to say."

No; it is far too delicious an affectation of disapproval even for Mr. Podsnap to monopolize. It is Pecksniffianism in excelsis.

Yours faithfully,
National Liberal Club, Jan. 18. ARTHUR RICKETT.

ROBERT BURTON AND VENUS AND ADONIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With regard to your interesting allusion to the MSS. note in Burton's Copy of Venus and Adonis, we have, in that quaint and delightful volume, "A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" (second edition, London, 1628), by that sturdy child of mystery Richard Verstegan (Richard Rowlands was his Oxford name), an eulogy of the writer, signed "R. B.," written in the stanza of Venus and Adonis. Since, according to Robert Chambers, Burton's verses on Melancholy inspired some of the best lines of Milton's "Penseroso," anything that may have emanated from the poetic pen of Democritus Junior (*Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus*) seems of interest, and therefore I subjoin the three verses, with modern punctuation and spelling. I leave, however, the old word "stygh"—i.e., to soar—which shows that the author was not so lost in classic lore as to be unable to make a good Saxon pun on his friend's name:—

In Commendation of the Author's Travel
Employed in this Work.

Man's eye is pleased in the beauteous light,
Bred forth of Phoebus' bright arising rays,
But more the mind by taking inward sight,
Of that chief consolation of his days—
Sweet soul-enriching Knowledge, Reason's guest!
Which doth distinguish man from brutish beast.

Endeavour then to know what may be known,
To ignorance permit not any place;
Let never time transport what is our own,
Let wit and learning hold him still in chase;
Let travel search, let searching lastly find,
Let finding please the kind accepting mind.

Industrious then, Verstiegan! forwards stygh,
Raise up thy nation's ancient worthy fame,
Bear on thy wings their glory up on high,
And rise the reputation by the same.
If Envy bite what thou hast here set forth,
She makes herself a witness—'tis of worth. R. B.

Yours faithfully,
H. F. HALL.

Sheffield, Jan. 21.
P.S.—Donnelly, by the way, found reasons for believing that Bacon wrote the "Anatomy of Melancholy!"

THE DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS
(FRENCH—ITALIAN).

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of the 19th inst. appears a notice of a Dictionary of Quotations by myself and Colonel Dalbiac.

Your reviewer refers to it as the first instalment. Had he

looked at the preface he would have seen that it was the third, collections of English and of Classical Quotations forming part of the series having already appeared.

Your reviewer goes on to specify certain omissions in the French portion. As he justly observes, it is impossible that a work of this nature can contain everything that any one may look for, but of the six "omissions" three are in the book. "De l'audace" is in its right place, on page 38, and is indexed under "audace." "Souvent femme varie" is under "Toute femme varie," the older form, but is indexed under "souvent" and "femme," so should not be hard to find. "Ah ! pour être dévôt" is in its right place on page 5, and is indexed under "dévôt." I am afraid your reviewer did not consult the index, an indispensable preliminary to declaring that a quotation is missing. The other three are not in the book, though the old Italian proverb which is the basis of "Il faut souffrir pour être belle" is to be found on page 261, and is indexed in the English section under "beautiful." I did not during my researches discover the French and more familiar form, nor did I find the other two sayings in French literature, and, as your reviewer may perhaps have noticed, only such proverbs and sayings are quoted in the book as have literary authority. If your reviewer or any of your readers could give me chapter and verse for any of these three I should be extremely grateful.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Walton-on-Thames, Jan. 22.

THOS. B. HARBOTTLE.

. Our reviewer certainly read the preface, otherwise he would not have known that the volume is, as a matter of fact and despite what Mr. Harbottle says, "a first instalment." The authors there state that "the mass of material was found to be too great to include in one volume; it was therefore decided to issue the first, the present, volume, containing quotations from French and Italian sources only, to be followed in due course by a further volume from German, Spanish, and other sources." We know well and value the Dictionaries of English and of Classical Quotations already published. It would, perhaps, have been clearer if our reviewer had referred to them. But Mr. Harbottle's criticism of what he said is certainly not justified. We are glad to publish his remarks on the quotations which were alleged to be missing; but we confess that in a list of quotations alphabetically arranged we think "souvent femme varie" (the accepted form) should have come under "souvent," and "Ah ! pour être dévôt, &c." should have come under "pour." Nevertheless, we can repeat what our reviewer said as to the value of the book, and assure Mr. Harbottle of our sense of the care with which he and Mr. Dalbiac have performed a difficult task.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The death of the Queen is likely to unsettle the book trade for some time, and the spring publishing season may be thrown back several weeks; but while many books may be held over for the time—for the season promised to begin early this year—there is certain to be a flood of Royal biographies to take their place. One important branch of the business will be seriously affected, for the death of the Sovereign makes the existing Prayer-book obsolete. A number of devotional books will be affected in the same way. The chief difficulty in the case of the Prayer-book, we believe, is that no alteration can be made to the text without official authority, and this may lead to some delay in bringing out the new edition.

The Queen, reluctant though she was to make her first appearance as an author, had the gratification of seeing her two books, "Leaves" and "More Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," run successfully into eleven editions between them. The first book, edited by Sir Arthur Helps, was originally published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, at 42s., but it is now obtainable in a third edition at half-a-guinea. It also appears in a popular half-a-crown edition and a

"People's Edition" at sixpence. It has been translated into Hindustanee. "More Leaves" is now in a fifth edition at half-a-guinea, and also appears in a popular form at half-a-crown. Mr. Humphry Ward's "Reign of Queen Victoria," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, in 1887, is, we understand, out of print, as also is their "Early Years of the Prince Consort," with notes by her Majesty, prepared under the Queen's direction by General Grey. Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," however, which was also prepared under the Queen's direction, and published by Smith, Elder, in 1867, is still obtainable, the five volumes being now in the following editions:—Vol. I., seventh edition; Vol. II., fifth edition; Vol. III., seventh edition; Vol. IV., fifth edition; Vol. V., fourth edition. A people's edition is also issued of this life.

There is a bewildering list of lives of Queen Victoria in the British Museum catalogue—nearly a hundred items under "general biography" alone, while the writings, speeches, and works dealing with separate events run to several hundred more. A large percentage of the biographies are jubilee books, and the remainder range from the collection of reminiscences of the Queen's accession, under the title of "The First Year of a Silken Reign," by Andrew Tuer and Charles Fagan, published by the Leadenhall Press, to Mrs. Oliphant's "Personal Sketch," published by Messrs. Cassell only a month or so ago. There are lives published at all prices, from one penny (the jubilee narrative issued by Messrs. Partridge, which had an enormous circulation) to the handsomely-illustrated three-guinea volume by Mr. Richard Holmes, the Librarian at Windsor, in Messrs. Goupil's "English Historical Series"—several copies of which, we are informed, are still for sale. It will be remembered that a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Holmes' life, with a supplementary chapter bringing the record to the Queen's visit to Ireland last year, was published recently by Messrs. Longmans.

Dr. Tulloch's "Life of the Queen," as in the case of his "Life of the Prince Consort"—both published by Nisbet—was revised by her Majesty, and has had a very large sale. Other successful biographies during the last fifteen years have been Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's "Victoria, Queen and Empress," published by Heinemann in 1893, but now out of print; Dr. James Macaulay's "Jubilee Life," published by the Religious Tract Society; Robert Wilson's "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," in two volumes, Cassell, 1888; G. Barnett Smith's "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," published by Routledge in 1886; and Mr. Fawcett's Life in the "Eminent Women Series," 1895.

The books of the late Dr. Moses Coit Tyler, mostly published by Messrs. Putnam, did not have a large sale in England, but were widely read in America. His sound scholarship, engaging style, and fearless energy made him a standard authority on the subject of American literary history. He had, however, many literary friends in England, where he spent several years in the sixties, after resigning the pastorate of the first Congregational church in Poughkeepsie, New York. Dr. Tyler worked hard while Professor of the English Language in the State University of Michigan (1867-1881), publishing his "Brawnville Papers" (Boston) in 1868; acting as literary editor of "The Christian Union," 1873-74; contributing frequently to reviews and magazines; and publishing his political, social, and literary "Glimpses of England" (Putnam), as well as the first two volumes of his "History of American Literature During the Colonial Period" (Putnam) in 1878 and his "Manual of English Literature" in the following year. In 1881 he became Professor of American History in Cornell University, the post which he filled up to the time of his death. His "History of American Literature"—now in a new edition, revised—and his "Literary History of the American Revolution," in two volumes (Putnam), are invaluable to every student of American literature. His other publications were "Three Men of Letters" (Berkeley, Dwight, Joel Barlow), published by Putnam, and his "Life of Patrick Henry," in the "American Statesmen" Series (Boston, 1888). He was engaged upon a work entitled "A Century of American Statesmen." Some portion, if not the whole, of the work, which was to be in four volumes, will no doubt be issued. Another volume upon which he worked intermittently was a "Literary History of the American Republic During the First Half-Century of its Independence, 1783-1833," intended to supplement the previously-published volumes.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson writes to *The Times* from the War Office :—

May I, as the official historian of the war in South Africa, claim the courtesy of your columns to ask officers and others who have been engaged in the South African campaign if they will be kind enough to lend me, for the purpose of completing the official history of the war, letters, diaries, sketches, &c., which throw light on any of the operations? I may add that all comments, criticisms, and personal reflections will, if desired, be treated as strictly confidential, and that no document will be allowed to pass out of my own possession until returned. Without the aid of regimental and private records it will be almost impossible to give due prominence to the work done by different corps, or to make the history as instructive as it should be.

Mr. Lane is publishing a volume of verse by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, to be called "The Queen's Chronicle and Other Verses." The first and longest appeared in the *Anglo-Saxon*, most of the others in the *Spectator*, and one in *Literature*.

The Emir Emin Arslan, Consul-General of Turkey at Brussels, has just completed the first portion of a treatise of international law in Arabic. No work of the sort has ever before appeared in the language of Mahomed. The Emir is engaged on the second portion, which will treat of naval warfare.

Messrs. Cassell have begun the publication of the new "Century" edition of their "Illustrated History of England." It is to have a large number of very interesting coloured plates—the first instalment reproduces Ernest Normand's design of "King John Granting Magna Charta" in the Guildhall. The history will also be brought down to the beginning of the twentieth century. When completed it will be a fine edition with nearly 2,000 well-selected illustrations by leading artists.

The Cambridge University Press promise "The Charters of the Borough of Cambridge," edited for the council of the borough and for the Cambridge Antiquarian Society by Professor F. Maitland and Miss Mary Bateson, Associate and Lecturer of Newnham College. With a few exceptions, all the Kings and Queens of England from Henry I. to Charles II. are represented in this book. The work of transcribing and translating the charters was first undertaken by Mr. F. C. Wace and Mr. J. E. L. Whitehead when respectively mayor and town clerk of Cambridge some years ago, and after being subsequently taken up by Dr. Maitland was completed by Miss Bateson.

Messrs. Chatto are bringing out a sixpenny edition of "The New Arabian Nights." The same publishers hope to have Sir Walter Besant's "East London"—part of which has been appearing in the *Century Magazine*—ready on March 1, illustrated by Mr. L. Raven Hill, Mr. Phil May, and Mr. J. Pennell.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has several new volumes in hand for his "Story of the Nations Series," among them being "The Papal Monarchy; from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII." (700 years), by Dr. William Barry—whose new novel, by the way, entitled "The Wizard's Knot," will be published by Mr. Unwin on March 18th. In his book on the Papacy Dr. Barry, says the announcement, deals only with facts, not with speculations, and is neither Roman nor Protestant. Three other volumes are announced in the same series—"Mediæval Rome, 1073-1535," by William Miller; a history of "The American Colonies," by Helen Ainslie Smith, from their formation to the declaration of Independence, 1625-1783; and "The United States of America (1783-1900)," by A. C. McLaughlin, Professor of American History in the University of Michigan.

Three devotional volumes are announced for publication by Messrs. Sands—"How to Walk before God: Being the Practice of the Divine Presence," translated by M. S. Dalton from the French of Père Vaubert, S.J., with a preface by Dr. Robert Butler; "Meditations on Psalms Penitential," by the author of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office"; and "Coram Sanctissimo," by Mother Mary Loyala, of the Bar Convent, York, edited by Father Thurston, S.J. Among the first novels to be published by Messrs. Sands are a romance of the war, entitled "The Fugitives," by Mr. Morley Roberts, and "The Heritage," by Mr. Edwin Pugh.

Messrs. J. Pearson and Co. issue a very elegant priced catalogue of "First Editions of One Hundred Masterpieces of Literature" (with full descriptions and many facsimiles), ranging from the classics, through the Middle Ages, down to Maupassant—a representative selection from all the centuries in which the collector of first editions searches for his treasures.

Following on "Constantinople" and "Assisi" in Messrs. Dent's "Mediæval Towns" series, the next new volume in the same series will be Mr. Norwood Young's "Rome," illustrated by Miss Erichsen.

On February 1 a new bi-weekly Franco-Hellenic review called *Pallas* will begin to appear at Athens, edited by Mr. Alexandre S. Patrickias.

Messrs. Virtue announce a work by Dr. Hugh Macmillan on the Highland part of the course of the River Tay, illustrated with over fifty pictures of the district by Mr. Scott Rankin.

Messrs. Fremantle will publish in February a novel of Norwegian peasant life, entitled "Peasant Lassies," by Mme. Jutta Bell-Ranske, the Norwegian lecturer and teacher of voice production.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing a new edition of Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh's "Waterloo." Many alterations have been made, a note has been added as an appendix, and an index.

Mr. John Milne writes :—

"I have received the following letter from the author of 'An Absent-Minded War,' a work of which I am the publisher :—
18-1-01.

Dear Sir,—I shall be greatly obliged if you would contradict the reports which have lately been put into circulation as to the authorship of my book, reports curiously wide of the mark.

Yours very truly,

THE AUTHOR OF "AN ABSENT-MINDED WAR."

I shall be glad if you will kindly insert the above in an early issue of your paper."

Messrs. Spottiswoode will shortly publish "The New Century Cookery Book," dealing with everything pertaining to the important art of gastronomy.

The volumes to be added to the "Reformer's Bookshelf" are Mr. Collett's "Taxes on Knowledge" and Mr. Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden," in two volumes. A popular edition is also to appear of Professor Villari's "History of Florence," hitherto only obtainable in two volumes.

Mr. Edward Stanford has removed his head office to Nos. 12, 13, and 14, Long-acre, W.C.

Books to look out for at once.

BIOGRAPHY—

- "Our Naval Heroes." By various writers. Murray. 16s.
- [Short Lives of Nineteen Admirals. Ed. by G. E. Marinden, M.A., with a preface by Lord Charles Beresford.]
- "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun." By "Thormanby." 2 vols. Hutchinson. 24s. net.
- [Companion volume to "Kings of the Hunting Field."]
- "Famous American Belles of the 19th Century." By V. T. Peacock. Lippincott. 15s.
- "Algernon C. Swinburne: A Study." By T. Wratlaw. Greening. 3s. 6d.
- ["Great Writers" Series. Portrait. Bibliography.]

THEOLOGY—

- "Christ the Life and other Sermons." By the Rev. T. Jordan, D.D. Skeffington. 2s. 6d.
- "St. Francis of Assisi: Lessons from a Noble Life." By the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley. Skeffington. 2s.
- [Six addresses for Lent.]
- "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament." By Professor G. A. Smith. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
- [Yale Lectures on Preaching.]

HISTORY—

- "The Story of Rome." By N. Young. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.
- [Medieval Towns. Illustrated.]
- "History of the Congregational Independency in Scotland." By J. Ross. Maclehose. 5s. net.

MUSIC AND POETRY—

- "Song and Song Writers." By H. T. Finck. Murray. 5s. net.
- [Murray's Musical Series. Portraits.]
- "Burns from Heaven and other Poems." By H. Hendry. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.
- "Self's the Man." A Tragi-comedy. By John Davidson. 5s. net.
- [The new play commissioned by Mr. Tree.]

FICTION—

- "The Sin of Jasper Standish." By Rita. Constable. 6s.
- "Rival Claimants." By Sarah Tytler. Digby and Long. 6s.
- "Domestic Dramas." By Paul Bourget. Downey. 6s.
- "Marked with a Cipher." By W. T. Taunton. Downey. 6s.
- "The Bishop's Gambit." By T. Cobb. Richards. 6s.
- "The Invaders: A Story of Britain's Peril." By Louis Tracey. Pearson. 6s.
- "The Man who Forgot." By John Mackie. Jarrold. 6s.
- "A Wayside Weed." By A. F. Slade. Hutchinson. 6s.
- "Four Red Night Caps." By W. Chesney. Macqueen. 6s.
- "The Tragedy of a Pedigree." By Hugo Ames. Greening. 6s.

SOUTH AFRICA AND CHINA—

- "At Pretoria." By Julian Ralph. Pearson. 6s.
- "Martyred Missionaries; or, the China Inland Mission." By M. Broomhall. Morgan and Scott. 5s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY—

- "Helwan and the Egyptian Desert." By W. P. May. G. Allen. 3s.
- "The Oak Hamlet: Oakham, Surrey." By H. St. J. H. Bashall. Stock. 5s. net.

"Rambles Round the Edge Hills and in the Valley of the White Horse." By G. Miller. Stock. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL—

"Self-Educator in German." By the Rev. J. Adams. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.

["Self Educator" Series.]

"A Short French Grammar for Use of Upper and Middle Forms." By H. Wall. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Domesday and Feudal Statistics." By A. H. Inman. Stock. 10s. 6d.

"Early English Printed Books in the University Library, Cambridge, 1475-1640." Vol. 1. Camb. Univ. Press. 15s. net.

"The Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology." By Professor Jacques Loeb. Murray. 6s.

["Progressive Science" Series.]

"Deeds of Glory: Stories of our Empire." Jarrold. 2s.

"The Mind of the Century": A Series of Essays. Unwin.

NEW EDITIONS—

"Finn and His Companions." By Standish O'Grady, with illustrations by Jack B. Yeats. Fisher Unwin. 1s.

[Children's Library.]

"Evolution of the Idea of God." 7s. 6d. net. Grant Allen. Grant Richards.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

The Painters of Florence. By Julia Cartwright. 7½×5in., 373 pp. Murray. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Life of Phillips Brooks. 2 vols. By A. V. G. Allen. 9½×6in., 650+956 pp. Macmillan. 30s. n.

Saint Nicholas I. By Jules Roy. Trans. by Margaret Maitland. 7½×5in., 200 pp. Duckworth. 3s.

Fifty Years of Work in Canada. Scientific and Educational. By Sir W. Dawson, C.M.G., &c. 7½×5in., 308 pp. Ballantyne.

My First Voyage. By R. H. Sherrard. 7½×5in., 176 pp. Digby, Long. 3s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Three Plays for Puritans. The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra, and Capt. Brassbound's Conversion. By Bernard Shaw. 7×5in., 308 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Temple Continuous Readers. Books 1, 2, & 3. 7½×5in. Dent. 9d. each.

The Temple Girls' Readers. Books 1, 2, & 3. 7½×5in. Dent. 1s. 3d. each.

The Temple Nature Readers. Books 1 & 2. 7½×5in. Dent. 10d. each.

The Temple Literary Readers. Book 1. 7½×5in. Dent. 10d.

A Short History of Sierra Leone. By J. J. Crooks. 6½×4in., 214 pp. Dublin. The Nation Printing & Pub. Co.

FICTION.

The Coming Waterloo. By Capt. Cairnes. 7½×5in., 364 pp. Constable. 6s.

The Leaven of Love. By Beryl Goldie. 7½×5in., 383 pp. Routledge. 6s.

Driscoll, King of Scouts. By A. G. Hales. 7½×5in., 386 pp. Arrowsmith.

Love Has No Pity. By F. Langbridge. 7½×5in., 308 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

A Wheel of Fire. By Jean Middlemass. 7½×5in., 308 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Daddy's Girl. By L. T. Meade. 7½×5in., 340 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.

LITERARY.

Macaulay. A Lecture at Cambridge on Aug. 10, 1900. By Sir R. C. Jebb, M.P. 7½×5in., 59 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 2s.

An English Miscellany. Presented to Dr. Furnivall in Honour of His Seventy-Fifth Birthday. 8½×5in., 500 pp. Clarendon Press. 21s.

MILITARY.

Australia at the Front. By F. Wilkinson. 7½×5in., 286 pp. J. Long. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eccentricities of Genius. By Major J. B. Pond. 9×6in., 564 pp. Chatto & Windus. 12s.

An Englishman's Love-Letters. 5½×3½in., 71 pp. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n.

Book-keeping for Business Men. By J. and S. W. Thornton. 7½×5in., 185 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

The Meaning of Good. A Dialogue. By C. L. Dickinson. 7×4½in., 231 pp. Glasgow. Maclehose. 3s. 6d. n.

The Antiquary. Vol. for 1900. 10×7½in., 388 pp. Stock. 7s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

Whence and Whither. An Inquiry into the Nature of the Soul, its Origin, and its Destiny. By Dr. P. Carus. 8×5½in., 188 pp. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

Imitation; or, The Mimetic Force in Nature and Human Nature. By R. Steel. 7½×5in., 197 pp. Simpkin. 4s. 6d.

A Sketch of the Development of Philosophic Thought from Thales to Kant. By L. Noiré. 9×5½in., 359 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

John of Damascus. By Douglas Ainslie. 7½×5in., 129 pp. Unicorn Press. 5s. n.

Phaëthon. By Henry Abbey. 6½×4½in., 126 pp. Kingston, New York: Styles. \$0.75.

POLITICAL.

China's Only Hope. By Chang Ching Tung. 7½×5in., 151 pp. Oliphant. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS.

Bones and I. By G. Whyte-Melville. 8×5½in., 259 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

American Notes, &c. (New Century Dickens.) 6½×4½in., 416 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.

Guy Mannering. (New Century Scott.) 6½×4½in., 532 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.

The Adventures of Philip. (New Century Thackeray.) 6½×4½in., 744 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.

Carlyle's French Revolution. (The Minerva Library.) 7½×5in., 624 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

SCIENCE.

Modern Astronomy. By H. H. Turner, F.R.S. 7½×5in., 286 pp. Constable. 6s. n.

Electricity Simplified. By A. T. Stewart, A.I.E.E. 7½×5in., 165 pp. Chambers. 1s. 6d.

In Nature's Workshop. By Grant Allen. 7½×5in., 240 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Fatal Opulence of Bishops. By H. Handley. 9×6in., 149 pp. Black. 5s.

Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. II. Ed. by Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D., and J. S. Black, LL.D. 11×8in. Black. 20s. n.

Sermons on the Books of the Bible. Selected from the Volume of Village Sermons by the late F. J. A. Hort, D.D. 7½×5in., 143 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

In Tuscany. By M. Carmichael. 8½×5½in., 335 pp. Murray. 9s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXX.

By L. A. CARDOZA, Braga, Brazil.
BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CCXI.

By KARL KONDELIK, Bohemia.
BLACK. 13 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White mates in three moves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. L. S.—1. What you, in common with many of greater experience, forget is that a pawn arriving at the 8th rank may become either Q, Kt, R, or B at the player's option.

2. You may have half-a-dozen queens at once.

W. M. E. (Croydon).—You showed too great a readiness to exchange, thus somewhat spoiling the interest of the game. You also allowed your opponent to win a pawn when a simple exchange of pawns (move 8) was advisable.

THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT.—The entries for this event, due February 5, are likely to include Blackburne, Gunsberg, Marshall (New York), Lipschütz, Mieses, Tschigorin, Alapin, Schlechter, Marco, Janowski, and Reggio (Italy).

BRILLIANT END-GAMES.

A. BLACK.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and win.

B. BLACK.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
Black to play—White wins.

Note.—In Game "A" White, who is several pieces to the bad, wins easily, mating, we believe, brilliantly in four moves. In "B" White (Mr. Gunston) has just played Q-Kt2 and Black replied P×Kt3 hoping if Q×Q to regain that piece with effect by Kt-B7 ch. &c. White now wins by a brilliant combination, e.g.—1. Kt-K7 ch, K-R sq: 2. Kt-K6 ch, K-Kt sq (or Q×Q ch wins): 3. Q-Q5 ch! This was one of the Llandudno games.

GAME No. LVIII.—Played by correspondence:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Dr. F. Liharszik.	E. R. Feyerfeil.	Dr. F. Liharszik.	E. R. Feyerfeil.
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	22. B-R3	P-K Kt4
2. P-K B4	B-B4	23. B-B sq	Q-Kt3
3. P-K3	P-K3	24. R-Kt sq	R-K B2
4. B-Q3	B×B	25. B-Q2	P-R4
5. Q-K B3	Q-Q2	26. R-K B sq	K-Kt2
6. Kt-K B3	Kt-Q B3	27. Q-R-R sq	R (B2)-R2
7. P-B3	Kt-B3	28. P-Kt3	B-K2
8. Castles	B-K2	29. B-B sq	P-B5
9. Kt-K5	Kt×Kt	30. Q×Q ch	K×Q
10. B P×Kt	Kt-K5	31. K P×P	P×P
11. Kt-Q2	Kt×Kt	32. P×P	R×R P
12. B×Kt	Castles K R	33. R×R	R×R
13. P-Q Kt4	P-K B4	34. K-Kt2	B-B sq
14. P-Q R4	P-Q Kt3	35. P-R4	K-B4
15. R-R2	P-Q R4	36. R-B2	R-R8
16. P×P	R×P	37. R-B sq	B-R3
17. K-R-R sq	Q R-R sq	38. K-Kt sq	K-Kt5
18. B-B sq	P-Kt2	39. K-Kt2	R-Q Kt3
19. R-Kt sq	P-Q B5	40. P-B5	R×B
20. Q-B2	B-Q sq	41. P×P	R×R
21. R-Kt4	Q-K B2	42. P-K7	R-B sq & wins (a)

(a) There is a little novelty here in the opening. 2. P-K B4 being unusual. The game proceeds evenly until the end, when Black gets the better game. It seems that White relied upon his moves 40 to 42, which Black cleverly met.

GAME No. LIX.—A brilliancy in Russia:—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
B. Schawrow.	A. Donetzki.	B. Schawrow.	A. Donetzki.
1. P-K4	P-K4	17. Kt×Q B P	K×Kt
2. Kt-Q B3	Kt-Q B3	18. P-Q5	B×Kt
3. P-B4	P×P	19. Q-Kt3	Q-B sq
4. P-Q4	Q-R5 ch	20. P×P ch	K×P
5. K-K2	P-Kt4	21. P-Kt	P×P
6. Kt-B3	Q-R4	22. P-K5 ch	K-K2
7. Kt-Q5	K-Q sq	23. P×P sq	B×P
8. K-B2	P-K R3	24. B-B5 ch	K-Q sq
9. B-Q3	B-Kt2	25. B-Kt6 ch	K-K2
10. P-B3	P-B3	26. B-Kt6	B-Q4
11. P-K Kt3	P×P ch	27. Q-Kt4 ch	K-Q2
12. P×P	Q-K sq	28. K-R-Q sq	Q-Q Kt sq
13. P-K3	P-R3	29. R×B ch	P×R
14. P-R4	P-Q3	30. R-B7 ch	Q×R
15. Q-R-B sq	B-Kt5	31. B×Q	K×B
16. P-B5	Q-K3	32. Q-B5 ch	Resigns

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 172. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POEM—"The Queen," by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B.	81
NOTES OF THE DAY	82
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Fiction and the Public," by Frederick Wedmore	83
REVIEWS—	
An English Miscellany	84
China's Only Hope—Self's the Man	85
The Coming Waterloo—The Visits of Elizabeth	86
OBITUARY—Signor Giuseppe Verdi—Mr. H. R. Haweis	86, 87
AMONG THE MAGAZINES—I.	87
CORRESPONDENCE—The Poetry of the Twentieth Century (Mr. T. H. Warren)—Decadent Metres	88
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	89
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	90

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT—

CONFERENCES AND A COUNCIL OF PERFECTION, by Francis Storr	1
THE POSITION OF ASSISTANT MASTERS. I.—By A. H. Gilkes. II.—By T. E. Page	2, 3
REVIEWS—	
Classical	4
Modern Languages	8
English	9
Science and Mathematics	10
Miscellaneous	10
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS	11, 12

THE QUEEN.

I.

The Century that to the grave is gone,
Whose birth was fear, confusion, and lament,
Parted in joy, beholding ere it went
High jubilee of happy Albion.
Another step of Time's long stair is won ;
O'er widening life an ampler prospect lent ;
New morning streams o'er isle and continent ;
Where is the glorious Light that was our Sun ?
Yet, Britain mine, though chiefly o'er thy coasts
The all-eclipsing shade broods dim and blind,
And tears more sad from springs more sacred flow,
Thine is but one among the mourning hosts.
Thy sorrow is the sorrow of mankind,
And the wide world is darker for thy woe.

II.

Yea, the wide world is darker for thy woe !
What blast of all the many-roaming gales
But speeds or thwarts some errand of thy sails,
And waves thy Empire's banner to and fro ?
Where the brief sun shines dim on mounded snow,
Where luxury of summer never pales,
Where frost with fire is poised in even scales,
Hearts beat to bleed, eyes ope to overflow.
The great confederate Land decree divine
Dissevered from her Mother, so to lend
Thy language and thy laws yet wider reach,
Droops, what to foe did never yet incline,
Her constellated flag ; and sighings send
The swarthy nations, skillless of our speech.

III.

The swarthy nations, skillless of our speech,
Where neath the starry Cross the suppliant throng
Sue for thy sword to remedy their wrong,
And rule humane and equal right beseech :—
Or where late laurel veils the baleful breach
Where Gordon died, and speed of Nilus strong
Rolls on rich wave the liquid life along
Thy science stores, thy care divides for each :—
Or where from Comorin to Cashmere reigns
The British Peace, and fly to gloomy lair
The fiends of Plague and Famine overthrown :—
Or where new drops for their decrepid veins
The dateless empires from thy fount would share :—
By these for theirs is thy bereavement known.

IV.

By all for theirs is thy bereavement known !
Around earth's circle tolls the heavy bell ;
In thousand tongues the thousand nations tell
Of orphaned multitude and stricken Throne :
And prudent Kings and counsellors grey-grown
New writing on the wall discern, and spell
The silent sign and script irrevocable,
And reason of the things that shall be shown.
But lost is a nobility from Life
Not soon restored, for Time by Time repairs
Slowly a cedar-crest of Lebanon.
More gravely garbed, with moodier musings rife,
The youthful Age upon its journey fares
Than that which to the sepulchre is gone.

RICHARD GARNETT.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

If a biographer of the Queen sets about to utilize the immense mass of newspaper matter which has been written about her Majesty during the past fortnight, he will certainly have to devote himself to selecting the wheat from the chaff—the really discriminatory " appreciations " and the really authentic details from the general journalistic matter. Few, we suppose, will hesitate to put the complete historical life given by *The Times* at the head of set biographies. Among collections of " reminiscences " one of the best we have come across is that of the *Record* of January 25. It is, of course, mainly confined to the religious life of her Majesty ; but it shows how much material there is for a biographer to collect from various books and papers such as the *Life of Archbishop Tait*, the *Life of Archbishop Benson* by his son, Mr. Hodder's *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, the *Rev. W. Tulloch's Life of the Queen*, and various papers in provincial journals.

* * * *

Queen Victoria was herself an artist as well as a patroness of art. Save for a study in crayon of a little girl, made in 1829, one of the earliest of her known drawings is that dated

Kensington Palace, March 7th, 1833. It is after Hayter, and represents a Georgian mother teaching her little girl to play the guitar. The drawing is one of several executed at Kensington Palace in the early Thirties, when Richard Westall taught the young Princess. Another is a study of two Roman peasant girls moving with palls on their well-poised heads. That a girl of fourteen or fifteen should have executed these drawings gives some colour to the remark of one of her masters that "she would have made the best female artist of her day, if she had not been born to wear a crown."

Soon after her marriage, the Queen caused a room at Buckingham Palace to be fitted up with all appliances for etching—apparently her favourite medium. Among the best of the etchings is a full-length portrait of a girl, signed, and dated 1840. She is in simple frock, and stands in simple attitude, with the right foot placed on a bank in front of her. The original copper plate is at the Tussaud exhibition, as are two others, one of a female head, dated December 27, 1840, and the other of a seated female figure, executed in February of the following year. Some years ago the Queen presented several water-colour drawings and a set of proof etchings to the Royal Anglo-Australian Society of Melbourne. The etchings included the earliest portrait of the Princess Royal in the arms of her nurse, her attention being momentarily attracted by a caged parrot; the same little lady at the age of one, seated on the floor playing with her ball; "Victoria on January 1, 1844, in the costume of the late Princess Royal, after West"; the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, dated 1840; and the late Duke of Coburg, in all the pride of three summers, wearing sailor dress and an old-fashioned naval hat. Signed proofs of the last two were contributed by her Majesty to the Artists' War Fund of 1900, adding thereto the sum of 280 guineas. In September, 1840—it may have been under the influence of Landseer, whose animal studies she so much admired—the Queen made an etching of her favourite Skye terrier, "Islay, from nature."

There are etched portraits by the Queen of nearly all the Royal children: of "Louise," 1851, of "Alice," 1850, of "Alfred," 1852, of "Albert," in the same year, and of "Victoria," 1857, besides many plates of the Duchess of Kent. In these studies the Queen had a comrade in the Prince Consort, from whose hand came many examples, including the "Head of a Man," dated 1840, which, with an autograph specially written by her Majesty, realized 34 guineas at the War Fund sale.

Mr. W. L. Leitch was one of several of her Majesty's masters in the domain of water-colour, and he has left a record of the first lesson which he gave her Majesty. He was impressed with the intelligent and earnest interest taken by his Royal pupil in colour principles, which, apparently, had till then been unexplained. In this kind there are now in the public collection at Melbourne portraits of "Arthur" (Duke of Connaught) at the age of three, a full-length figure in reddish brown frock; of Princess Victoria, executed at Balmoral on June 5 and 6, 1875; of "Killa of Hesse"; and of Princess Alix, begun on May 20, 1875, in a pink and white frock. Perhaps the most successful work in any medium is a sketch of a girl bending, hands folded before bosom, over a table, where lies open a devotional book. Conceivably this may have been suggested or copied from a picture by Lawrence. In any case the treatment is most graceful; the attitude is good, and the main lines have not been set down at mere haphazard. It is said that the Queen could draw with considerable effect on stone, but we cannot remember that any of her lithographs have been exhibited.

The first book to be issued by the Doves Press at Hammer-smith, the "Agricola of Tacitus," will be ready for subscribers very soon. Mr. Emery Walker and Mr. Cobden Sanderson intend to do their best to keep up the traditions of fine printing which William Morris left. They were both personal friends of Morris, and the Doves Press is very near Kelmscott House, whence the famous Kelmscott Press took its name. Their type is an adaptation of a fount by Jenson, who flourished at Venice in the fifteenth century. The specimens that have been issued show that it happily combines a dignified seemliness of aspect with ease in reading, that other necessary quality of type which enthusiastic printers have sometimes overlooked. Other works, besides the "Agricola," edited by Mr. Mackail, are "The Ideal Book or Book Beautiful," a tract by Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who speaks with authority on such a subject; and Ruskin's "Unto This Last," which will be published by Mr. George Allen. The most interesting project which the Doves Press has in contemplation is the printing of the authorized version of the Bible by arrangement with the Cambridge University Press. The publication would be in five parts, priced at about 60s. each; and the parts would be published by subscription. The idea is not likely to be without fruit. There must be a great many people who would be glad to possess the Bible printed in a gracious type with all the beauty that the printer's art can suggest, and, so far as we know, there is not any modern Bible that answers this description.

* * * *

A correspondent criticizes our remarks on the printing of plays with the name of the speaker in the middle of the page. What we said was perhaps a little sweeping, but we were speaking only of the English custom, and we are quite aware that among Englishmen the modern dramatist is becoming fond of the habit. Mr. Bernard Shaw nevertheless is one playwright who is still content to print his dramas in the manner which is thought good enough for Shakespeare and Sheridan; and we adhere to our opinion that the new fashion often gives a reader a wholly wrong impression of the give and take of dialogue.

A few years ago the notion that our commercial supremacy was dependent upon the efficiency of our educational institutions would have been treated with genial derision. A long period of prosperity had satisfied the successful business man of his ability to keep ahead of all foreign rivals. Education of some sort or other, like measles or other infirmities of childhood, was in his eyes a necessary evil, but hardly worthy of a sensible man's serious attention. Soon, however, foreign competition ceased to be the bogey of the lecture-room, and entered the arena of practical economics. The bewildered merchant recognized that each year was diminishing the profits of his business, and that the despised foreigner was pushing his way into markets that had hitherto been closed to him. To bear the blame of such a deplorable state of things some scapegoat had to be found. After long groping in the dark, the British public in its collective wisdom bethought itself of the schoolmaster, and decided that the root of the mischief lay in the deficiencies of our modern education. Lord Rosebery recently assumed the prophetic mantle and warned his hearers that they must be prepared for a "war of trade," in which the victor's spoils would be the commercial supremacy of the world. The best preparation for such a contest was, in his opinion, a higher and more extended system of commercial education.

The publication of our Educational Supplement suggests some considerations as to the provision that is being made for the educational equipment of our future soldiers of commerce. Little need be said of those special but vitally important branches of industrial education, primarily concerned with the manufacture of commodities. The progress which technical education has made within the last few years is very encouraging. Much has been done by the munificence of private benefactors, supplemented by Government subsidies and the unstinted support of the County Council, to put us on a level

with our Continental competitors. Commercial education, on the other hand, is still embryonic. We cannot be said as yet to have passed the stage of reports, committees, Royal Commissions, and all the other outward and visible signs of hesitancy and indecision. Only here and there has any serious attempt been made to introduce systematic instruction in strictly commercial subjects. The London Chamber of Commerce and the London School of Economics are doing good work in this direction. To many the successful organization of commercial education on the Continent suggests a close imitation of their methods as the best solution of our difficulties. But in estimating the value of, let us say, German schools of this type, we must remember the special inducements which they can offer to their students. The remission of a year's military service to those who hold the leaving-certificate of a Realschule is in itself for an ambitious lad an inestimable privilege. Moreover, the State offers to all who have completed their full course in a Realschule exceptional facilities for entering the public service as well as many of the more lucrative professions, and additional privileges to those who have worked their way through the more elaborate curriculum of an Oberrealschule. Employers have proved ready enough to follow the lead of the Government. With practical unanimity they insist on their clerks holding the leaving-certificate. The same state of things with slight modifications exists in France and Belgium. A successful course of study in a Higher Commercial School is becoming an essential preliminary to a business career. Clearly any attempt to reproduce similar conditions in English life would be doomed to failure. The country would strenuously oppose State regulation of the conditions of entrance into this or that occupation. Nor is there any sign that employers are as a body anxious to secure specially trained clerks. Many of our most successful merchants, in fact, have expressed their conviction that the best commercial school is the business itself. A good secondary education, they think, is a better introduction to a business career than the specialized course of a purely commercial academy. But if there is no necessity for specifically commercial schools it is none the less the duty of the schoolmaster to shake himself free from traditional methods. It is in the re-organization of secondary schools that we must place our hopes of maintaining commercial pre-eminence. The large and well-endowed schools, there is little doubt, will be fully equal to the task. The Modern Side, too frequently in the past the dumping-ground of the dullard, must be kept closely in touch with the varying requirements of business life. A course of study, comprising the mastery of two foreign languages, a knowledge of the principles of political economy, and a thorough grasp of the mechanism of commerce, would be at once a liberal education and an admirable preparation for the work of life. The smaller schools, where the endowments are quite unequal to any exceptional strain, present more difficulty. Many of them, for the sake of the grant, have reluctantly transformed themselves into organized schools of science, and pass to a large extent under the control of South Kensington. Science is a jealous mistress. She makes imperious demands, and it is very doubtful whether her devotees will find much opportunity for the development of the commercial side of their training. A glance at the time-table of a German Realschule shows that, although science is not excluded, it is at least duly subordinated to the main objects of the school. For the successful adaptation of existing educational institutions to their new work, the active co-operation and support of the Chambers of Commerce will be necessary. There are on all sides abundant indications that their help and guidance will not be withheld. Possibly they may be inclined to do more than merely advise. The endowment of Travelling Scholarships would enable clever boys on the Modern Side to obtain the highest commercial education. And such a step would also help to provide a supply of competent language masters. It is only by some such joint action on the part of educational and commercial experts that the difficulties in the way of educational reform can be overcome, and our existing types of secondary school so modified as to meet successfully the new needs of modern life.

Personal Views.

FICTION AND THE PUBLIC.

There is not one public, but many publics—that is the beginning of the whole matter. When a bookseller says "the public wants this" or "the public does not want that," he is speaking, really, not of the world of English readers, but of an assemblage of persons sufficiently large to compass what he would call the success, or prevent what would seem to him the failure, of a book. Very few are the books in any one generation that reach the English-speaking world. Many great English Classics have never reached the English-speaking world at all—or never the mind of that world. They are published in cheap agreeable form, when the copyright has expired, and are illustrated prettily by Anning Bell or Byam Shaw, and are put into pretty covers; and the world that does not read them at all, or that reads them only fifty years after they were written, thinks fit to buy them and put them on the table—tasteful decorative objects, nice little pieces of furniture.

There are many publics then, larger or smaller, and they are of different kinds. Presently I shall try to say a word as to what the kinds are, and how their approval is to be won; but first I will say this one thing, with all possible earnestness—a writer's real business is to disregard these publics altogether. A writer must study life. He must study the Masters. And he must let the public, larger or smaller, wiser or more foolish, come to him if it will, or stay away from him altogether, if that is what it prefers to do. In any case he will have done his work; though of course if he wins approval, by which I do not mean popularity, he will have done that work in the warmth of sympathy and under the glow of support. And if, on the other hand, no approval has been vouchsafed to him—not even the approval of the wise and the few—he will have done his work, savagely perhaps, but he will have done it, still.

And now to speak for a moment of the different publics, and what these publics want; for I know that my last paragraph—my recommendation to disregard the contemporary, outside verdict—will seem to many only a "counsel of perfection," not a practical matter at all. This public, then, which the practical writer is supposed to be trying to catch at—shaping his imaginative work either much or a little in deference to its needs—what does it really want? It wants at different times different things; but there are two or three methods of practice which it, or a part of it, never ceases to want, or at least never ceases to be content with.

The immediate success—which not once in a thousand times turns out to be the lasting one—is scored often by the dexterous treatment of topics uppermost in the public mind. The topic may be theological. There may be a tendency in the particular day to revert to an older order of ideas, which have been considered outworn. Or there may be a newer tendency towards tolerance, breadth, what is called "progress," and the sufficiently equipped writer, who takes advantage of a widely-spread interest in these things, has his reward almost surely. Are we concerned not exactly with Theology, but with the apparently irrepressible influence of occult forces?—the things in Heaven and Earth not dreamt of in our philosophy—these things are a mine for the writer who knows how to work it. Again, the bait of Reality is constantly an effective one: an immense piquancy, in the opinion of stupid people, resides in the fact that a thing happens to be true. Still more engaging must the matter be if it can be

artfully suggested that it is not certain whether it is true or not true. A not inconsiderable public, with little else to occupy itself about, will settle down to the judicial examination of this question, and many an edition of a quite insipid work may be happily worked off before that public, which is concerned with the matter, has made up its mind on the all-important question. Then, again, there is the order of success that is attainable by the merely rousing some little curiosity as to a book's authorship. It is by nobody in particular, probably; but it has been published anonymously, and, if a book is published anonymously, is there any reason why it should not have been written by Hardy or George Meredith, by Mr. Balfour in the intervals of golf playing, or by the Lord Chief Justice during the Long Vacation? At all events an enormous number of readers are quite unable to say or see that there is any reason; and the immense multiplication of newspapers has placed some critical pens in the hands of foolish persons.

Again, there is always a certain public sure to welcome a novel that deals rather grossly with the relations of the sexes. For a real study of the Psychology of the matter there is a very small public, but there is quite a large one for the rough, crude, garish handling of sexual affairs. The treatment of sexual affairs that suits this particular public is not a treatment concerned in the least with the individualities of character and temperament—with the clash and contact and magnetism of particular natures at particular crises. The treatment deals only with that which is thought to be common to all, and it is a vulgar treatment. I read very sparingly—I must crave leave to admit—the novels of the least illustrious of my contemporaries; but word is brought to me now and again by enterprising people who have leisure and courage to journey into these obscure fields; and, from the word that is brought, I am permitted to gather that the licence of expression gets greater every few years—that what was thought indecent ten years ago was only improper five years since, and is now a matter of course and nothing at all to find fault with.

But even while all this is going on—while a great *succès de vente* is being secured by the coarse and common, the absolutely inartistic treatment of themes permitted to the master but withheld from the dunce—the public, or a large public, a public that makes a success, has a fit of simplicity, and reads, with sudden avidity, bald tales about village life, country town life, not necessarily in England at all, and reads them under the impression that it is reading a “Cranford.”

One other condition under which a novel presents itself favourably to the public, it occurs to me to mention. It has a great advantage if it can present itself as foreign. Hospitality to the stranger is now a leading characteristic of the English novel-reading world. Far are we from the days when we deserved, if we ever deserved, the reproach of André Chénier, who said of us that we were ridiculous admirers of ourselves alone, that we were “*du génie étranger détracteurs ridicules*.” Guy de Maupassant's work, clever and forcible, decisive if a little superficial, has had the fullest justice done to it by the average Englishman and by the critical writer. Zola's work—some of which is work of genius—has been admitted by the whole reading public. But, notwithstanding all that I have said about the acceptability of grossness, would the particular naughtiness of Guy de Maupassant and the occasionally irrelevant hideousness of Zola have been received at all if these writers had been English instead of foreign? Undoubtedly not; though I am aware, of course, that in marking the difference in their

reception, it is reasonable also to take account of the fact that we may forgive fairly enough work that is done from a standpoint that could not be our own. Turguenef's success, Tolstoi's success, is due, in part, to a certain interest created by the remoteness of their themes. Their very subjects, the lands in which their stories pass, insured a measure of novelty—and novelty is always the comfort of the *blasé*. One other comfort is reserved to him, too—let it be his to welcome, and his ridiculously to overrate the value of, those many pages by Gabriele D'Annunzio which are animalism and brutality, brutality and animalism alone.

I am afraid I seem to have been dwelling a good deal upon successes attained by means not at all the worthiest, and upon an order of book that lies outside the range of many not altogether unwise people. But how many readers amongst the English public has the one delightful and consummate artist amongst French novelists got to set against the troop of readers attracted by exotic grossness? Anatole France is read in England chiefly by his smaller or greater fellow-artists; he is not eagerly asked for by the novel-reading public, but his audience is of the kind that bestows upon him the blue ribbon of his craft. Is André Theuriet very much read? Is Victor Cherbuliez? Has René Bazin a crowd of devotees? With us, I fear, the readers who avoid the offensive are a little apt to neglect the purely artistic. The artistic problem, the technical achievement, does not much interest, does not much concern, the average *bourgeois* mind; and the conventionally educated person, the “tired clergyman,” the cultivated spinster, the reader who swears by the *Spectator*, wants either pleasant novelty or pleasant familiarity of subject, but never wants Art.

Although the novel-reading public of one kind and another must now be infinitely larger than in the days of Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, I doubt if it is as good a public. The better part of that good public of old days exists still, but it is swamped, its tastes are overruled; it is to some extent itself led away by that larger, more superficially educated, and more thoughtless public which ensures the commercial success of work which, if not by any means always vulgar or unworthy, is at all events inferior. We are in a time of transition. Sooner or later the public, I believe, will itself be a better public, and sooner or later there will be more writers to add to the scanty few who now, according to their lights, uphold in narrative Fiction the interests of literary Art. Fiction, the long story or the short story, cannot be produced for ever out of moulds long accepted—dare I say long used up? Individuality of method—the expression of your mind and message in your own and nobody else's way—will come hereafter to be more and more aimed at by writers; and in the public there will be increased receptiveness, a more diffused alertness, to accept each man's new method, each man's sincere and careful view of the world as he finds it.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

Reviews.

THE FURNIVALL BIRTHDAY BOOK.

AN ENGLISH MISCELLANY. Presented to Dr. Furnivall in Honour of his Seventy-Fifth Birthday. (The Clarendon Press. 21s.)

Perhaps there is no man now living to whom the historical study of English owes more than to the veteran Dr. Furnivall, whose seventy-sixth birthday falls on Monday next. We are glad to think that his claims to just honour have not been neglected by the chief living students of our language. About

a year and a half ago it was decided by some of his friends, "chiefly students and professors of English literature," to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday in some fit way. Accordingly a fund was raised, which it was felt could be spent—as to part of it—in no better fashion than in giving Dr. Furnivall a new boat. He has long been able to say, with the hero of James Thomson's poem, "Most of all I love and prize This boating on our river," and he was a partner in the work of building the first narrow wagger-boat launched in this country, as long ago as 1845. He refused, in a letter equally characteristic in style and spelling, to accept a new boat. "The fact is," he wrote, "that at Richmond a randan can't be kept in a boathouse and run in and out as you want her; she is too heavy and the banks are too high. She has to lie out in the river all the season, getting rub'd by other boats, so that at the end of the season a new boat looks just like an old one. I couldn't take a new boat. But I will gladly accept a second-hand one, wh can be knockt about and lent to friends." The Committee managed to persuade Dr. Furnivall to sit for his portrait, and the rest of their fund, amounting to four hundred guineas, has been devoted to the Early English Text Society. We are rejoiced to see that part of it is to be spent in reissuing the very interesting "Handlyng Synne," by Richard of Brunne, which Dr. Furnivall edited nearly forty years ago for the too exclusive Roxburghe Club. The last, but not the least, interesting portion of the birthday present now appears, just a year late, in the form of the "Miscellany"—what the Germans call a "Festschrift"—which has been prepared from the contributions of some fifty well-known students of English in Europe and America. No disrespect is intended to them when we say that the most remarkable of all the contributions to it is the bibliography of Dr. Furnivall's own work, which covers just half a century of strenuous, inspiring, and self-denying labour. It is enough to mention, among the admirable pieces of work which it includes, the Six-Text Chaucer and the Shakespeare Quartos to which every modern student owes so much, and to add that Dr. Furnivall founded the Early English Text, the New Shakespeare, and the Chaucer Societies, besides others of minor note. He also became secretary to the Philological Society in 1854.

Turning from the recipient of this handsome birthday book to the book itself, we cannot profess an intention of criticizing the work in detail. The names of the editors—Professors Skeat, Napier, and Ker—are sufficient warrant for its quality. Whilst, as was only to be expected, some of the contributors have sent in rather trifling notes, others have provided matter of considerable interest. First we have Mr. Henry Bradley's suggestive "bunch of guesses" as to some prehistoric river-names. They deal with the Avons (i.e., simply "rivers") of the south-west. In prehistoric times Mr. Bradley thinks all these rivers must have had special names of their own. He suggests, for instance, that the old name of Shakespeare's river may have been the Wrangon, which gave its name to Warwick, the Caer Wrangon of Welsh tradition, which became in English mouths Waeringe-wic. This is rather a nebulous fabric, but it is the sort of thing that may any day be made an important hypothesis by other discoveries. Then we come to an interesting voice from a leading American University in the shape of Mr. J. W. Bright's fragment on "grammatical ictus in English verse," which contains some acute speculations on the conditions of reading poetry aloud, and incidentally raises the question why poets often read their own work so differently from other people. Dr. Earle sends a weighty though brief and disjointed disquisition on "the place of English in education," urging that the educational advantages gained through Latin might be gained more directly and naturally through English grammar. Professor Oliver Elton, who has just been promoted from Manchester to Liverpool, has written a very striking paraphrase of part of the Book of Judith in alliterative verse. Mr. Israel Gollancz has edited, for the first time, a quaint and rather pleasing "alliterative religious lyric" of the fourteenth century, called by him "The Quatrefoil of Love." Here and there it shows a really charming lyrical faculty, and it is a pity that its author cannot be traced—for he was certainly

not Huchown. Mr. F. B. Gummere traces out an interesting anthropological question, the "nephew-right" or importance of the "sister's son" in English and Scottish popular ballads. M. Jusserand—writing, as is his wont, in English—sends a delightful "note on pageants and 'scaffolds hye,'" in which he wears his learning, as ever, lightly as a flower; with it one may couple Mr. Sidney Lee's lecture on the probable attitude of the Elizabethan playgoer to Shakespeare. Professor Ker criticizes Panurge's English, or rather Scotch, and Professor Napier describes the well-known Franks Casket, with photographs. M. Gaston Paris, Professor Skeat, Professor York Powell, Mr. Sweet, Dr. A. W. Ward, and Mr. Paget Toynbee send characteristic contributions. We must call special attention to the series of notes signed by such German names of eminence as Brandl, Förster, Kluge, Koepfel, and Morsbach, though they appeal solely to the specialist. The book has for its appropriate frontispiece an excellent portrait of Dr. Furnivall, with his autograph.

A Chinese Viceroy's View of China.

CHINA'S ONLY HOPE (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 3s. 6d.) must be read by all those who want to know what Chang Chih-Tung thinks. He is a Viceroy of proved probity and a patriotism none the less sincere because he is willing that the heads of foreign devils should remain upon their shoulders. His great desire is that China should accept reforms not for the advantage of Europe, but for her own advantage, and he has the courage to hold up to his countrymen the example of the Japanese, who have exploited Europe instead of permitting Europe to exploit them. He wants a big army, and a big fleet, and plenty of railways, and plenty of foreign books, and an improved system of education. He is also in favour of religious toleration, and draws his own distinction between the religious wars of Asia and Europe:—

In the latter country the strife has been waged for mastery by the ambitions of men. In China the fight for Confucianism against Taoism and Buddhism has been for principle.

No doubt he would say the same of the fight for Confucianism against Christianity; but as he also offers an elaborate demonstration that it is not true that Christian patent medicines are made of the powdered eyeballs of Chinese babies, he has the honour of being taken in hand, translated, and introduced by missionaries. The translation is by Mr. Samuel T. Woodbridge, and the introduction by Mr. Griffith John, who opines, differing from Chang Chih-Tung, that "Christianity alone can form a safe and adequate basis for the reformation which the Viceroy seeks." It is a notable little book, the publication of which is said to have precipitated the *coup d'état*, and may be studied with profit by any one who wants to know how the Chinese intellect works.

Mr. Davidson's New Play.

Mr. Davidson's play SELF'S THE MAN (Grant Richards, 5s.) would probably act better than it reads. It is described as a tragic comedy; that is, it is not particularly tragic, nor yet particularly comic; but it contains several highly dramatic situations which, though poison and dagger fail to do their work, will be effective enough on the stage. The difficulty is to interest oneself in a period so remote and so little known as the eighth century; or in the kingdom of Lombardy, which was then coming to an end, in spite of the triumph with which Mr. Davidson concludes his play. If this one difficulty can be overcome, it will be found that the drama is constructed with a great deal of skill, and that the central figure, the elected King of Lombardy, is a solid piece of character drawing. It must be said, however, that the author's strength is not so much in his poetry as in his management of the scenes and the plot. The play is in blank verse, and much of it is very blank indeed. It is a metre that becomes extremely tedious when, as too often happens, two or three speakers combine to make a single line; and it needs more passages of good poetry than we have been able to find in this work. Here and there one comes across ten or a dozen lines that may fairly be called poetry, but the rest is verse of an ordinary kind, which sometimes sinks into simple colloquialism.

The following lines are, perhaps, as good as any, and we only wish, from the reader's point of view, that the author had more often written up to their level :—

Once on a time the broad earth was my room.
Between the curtains of the day and night
I strode from east to west, and hourly held
Communion with my great imaginings ;
And now this prison is the only space
That's left me in a universe of worlds !
A dying rat is happier in his hole !
Had I a star to go to, even a waste
Abandoned orb, that fallen spirits shun,
My soul could live at ease. Nothing is mine
Without my kingdom !

FICTION.

The latest "war of the future" book is *THE COMING WATERLOO*, by Captain W. E. Cairnes (Constable, 6s.). Reckoned as fiction it is devoid of interest and importance. There is no story, and the characters are so little individualized that it was hardly worth while to give them names. They might as well have been lettered like batteries or numbered like torpedo-boats. If we are to treat the book as military criticism, we have less confidence in our judgment ; though we do not believe it would be feasible, as Captain Cairnes suggests, to land two army corps at Berck. The tide there runs out for a distance of about three miles over sand full of puddles often as much as three feet deep ; there are quicksands about that would have to be very carefully avoided ; and the roads into the interior are fringed with dunes and frequently a foot deep in sand. Let us hope that these facts, ignored by Captain Cairnes, are familiar to the War Office of which he is such an unsparing critic. The general moral of the book is that, if the British Army is to go everywhere and take everything, it had better be made as efficient an army as possible :—

"We have now learnt that the strongest navy cannot bring a war to a conclusion, and that modern weapons are of little value if you do not take the trouble to make your men experts in their use. Every improvement in weapons strengthens my argument. The highly-trained few will annihilate the half-trained multitude in the fighting of the future."

They would hardly do so if they landed with their guns and transport at Berck ; but that is a detail. In his main contention Captain Cairnes is no doubt right, though he has chosen to prove it in a literary medium in which he is not qualified to shine.

The letters from a young English lady to her mother which go to make up the novel called *THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH* (Duckworth, 6s.) are almost remarkably clever. The author, whose name or pseudonym is Miss Elinor Glyn, just misses giving us an excellent picture of social life as seen through the eyes of a bright, highly-connected, attractive young lady of seventeen. Unfortunately, from the point of view of conviction, Miss Glyn has determined never to be dull and to be *risqué* rather than realistic. The result is that we cannot quite believe in her pretty and gay *ingénue*, and suspect her amusing *naïveté* is affected with the view of entertaining us. But many are prepared to accept full measure of artificiality in comedy, and therefore Miss Glyn's clever picture of life in country houses both in France and at home is sure to please a section of readers. Elizabeth's experiences must have entertained her invalid mother immensely if that lady was as irreproachable as her quoted remarks would lead one to suppose. If, on the other hand, the mother of Elizabeth had lived a good deal in the world and read, occasionally, say, the *Sporting Times*, she would have already been acquainted with some of the situations in her daughter's letters, and have been a little inclined to doubt some parts of her naughty narratives. As some of Miss Elinor Glyn's

letters appeared from time to time in the *World* they seemed to us brilliant above the common ; it is only in volume form, quick upon the heels of one another, that one notes the trick of caricature and the preparation for the wicked little jokes and farcical situations. Next time, when Miss Glyn does not ask us to believe in the utter simplicity of her "dainty rogue in porcelain," say, when she permits Elizabeth, who marries her English marquis, to write her memoirs, as Lady Valmond, a really delightful book will, we believe, be produced. We look forward to it, for there are not many novelists at the present time who possess the gaiety and skill of the author of "*The Visits of Elizabeth*."

OBITUARY.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

The late Giuseppe Verdi was the brilliant composer of some of the most popular melodies ever listened to in the opera-house. But he was more than this. By his death the poet has lost almost as convincing an advocate as Richard Wagner. Italy was no less the stronghold of conventional opera than the land of song ; and for the composer who set to music such inane productions as the books of *Ernani* and *Un Ballo in Maschera* to give *Otello* to the world in his seventy-fourth year was an occurrence without parallel. The youthful Wagner, after the indiscretions of *Die Feen* and *Rienzi*, at once set out with the avowed purpose of reforming opera into some semblance of dramatic unity. Verdi, on the other hand, did not depart from the old conventional forms until 1871, when *Aida* advanced the dramatic method which had been tentatively considered in *Rigoletto* (1851).

The stereotyped arias and the set pieces of the horsehair furniture period disappeared in a great measure from the grand musical spectacle which was commissioned by Ismail Pasha, but even in *Aida* Verdi committed the strange solecism of allowing the priests of Isis to play upon nineteenth-century trombones. Yet in 1887 the veteran composer produced an opera which was as advanced as the most ardent musical revolutionary could desire. Viewed as absolute melodies only a few of the themes in *Otello* are very striking, but the whole opera grew from the book, a poetic libretto, faithful to the great original. Verdi's orchestration had now undergone as much change as his treatment of the voice. The celebrated passage for the double basses which accompanies *Otello's* entry into Desdemona's chamber and the pathetic delivery of the "love motif" from the duet at the end of the first act, repeated at the close of the opera, were without parallel in Verdi's former works. The close of the third act was indeed unknown to Shakespeare, and the final tableau in which Iago stands with his foot upon the swooning *Otello*, exclaiming "*Ecco il leone!*", is too obviously introduced for the sake of an effective curtain. But the progress of the then greatest living Italian composer towards dramatic truth was one of the most remarkable artistic events of our time. Not content with this, the veteran closed his career with *Falstaff* (1893), a robustly playful musical comedy in which musicians entirely failed to recognize the thin instrumentation which had satisfied him during the period of *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, and *Il Trovatore*.

Verdi was conspicuously fortunate in his librettists. The part played by the poet-musician Arrigo Boito in his later works showed as much appreciation of the altered conditions of opera as of the complete change in the composer's treatment. At the outset Verdi had a poet, Temistocle Solera, to write his book, and it was some time before the two parted. Then came Scribe and finally Boito. The author of the scarce two hundred little pages of "*Il libro dei Versi*," of the drama for music which he founded upon *Otello*, and of the lyrical comedy which he adapted from *The Merry Wives of Windsor* ranks amongst the most eminent of living Italian poets. The success of Verdi has been no less the triumph of the librettist.

In the midst of his clerical and philanthropic work the late Mr. HUGH REGINALD HAWES found time for lecturing and writing books, and at one time edited Cassell's Magazine and Routledge's World Library. He was a Wagnerian before it was fashionable to be so, and wrote several books on music, such as "Music and Morals," "Old Violins," and "My Musical Life." But he was a copious religious writer in a style characteristic of one who was a delegate at the Chicago Parliament of religion, but also a cultured traveller. His chief publications were "Thoughts for the Times," "Arrows in the Air," "The Key," "The Broad Church," "Travel and Talk," "The Dead Pulpit," "Winged Words Current Coin," "Speech in Season," "Ashes to Ashes," a work on Christ and Christianity, "Poets in the Pulpit," "Sir Morell Mackenzie," "Ideals for Girls," "American Humorists."

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.—I.

The *New Liberal Review* (1s.) is to wage "warfare, unwaried and unceasing, against the Unionist Party." It is an attractive publication and, whatever one's politics may be, it may be welcomed as likely to promote a healthy public opinion. Its Liberalism is Imperialist and non-Home Rule, and it has a wholesome perception of what the Liberal programme of the moment should be. Apart from the political items—a symposium on the Liberal leadership, an article by Lord Crewe on the reconstruction of the Cabinet (which contains many good things, especially some capital remarks on the effects of numbers at a Cabinet meeting), an account of the Progressive work of the L.C.C., and an article on Registration Reform—there is an interesting article on Mr. Kipling's poetry by Prof. Dowden. He expresses admirably what that poetry is, but we should have liked a little more consideration of what it is not. Mr. Max Beerbohm, who is a master in the art of general discourse round any familiar subject that may occur to him, writes on the demolition of a Hanover Square Club. Mr. E. T. Cook describes Ruskin as the prophet of many of the ideas which have led to the *New Liberal Review*. There are other articles and poetry, and the only subject not quite up to the standard is one on Mr. F. Carruthers Gould and his Work. Can we not be satisfied with enjoying Mr. Gould's work without talking about who he is and how he does it?

The *Fortnightly* reverts to the policy of publishing short stories. There is one by Mr. Maarten Maartens, who has been somewhat in the background of late. The leading article by Mr. Kipling throws light on "Railway Reform in Great Britain" by means of an Oriental parable, amusing, and, if properly studied, telling, but not, perhaps, the literary medium most obviously adapted to the matter in hand, or most likely to attract the attention of directors. Mr. Andrew Lang reviews the new edition of "The Golden Bough," and "cannot accept Mr. Frazer's theory of the origin of religion any more than his theory that probably the runaway slave of Aricia 'lived and died as an incarnation of the supreme Aryan God, whose life was in the mistletoe or Golden Bough.'" Mr. H. G. Wells' recently published criticisms of the Cyclist Drill are severely handled by Colonel Balfour, of the London Scottish, who holds that Mr. Wells "must now sit revealed as the arm-chair ignorant person posing as one who has but imaginative knowledge." The mysterious "Calchas" says his say about "The Crux in South Africa." His remedy is Federation—to be applied immediately. The article likely to attract most attention, however, is Sir Robert Hart's "China and Non-China." Sir Robert's bugbear is extra-territoriality: "Could we but give up this and relations would at once right themselves, rancour disappear, and friendliness rule instead." Possibly; but this, we take it, is the one experiment that is absolutely certain not to be tried so long as torture is permitted by the Chinese penal code, and so long as the Chinese prisons are what we know them to be. The number also contains a Sonnet of much dignity and feeling on the death of Queen Victoria.

Corahill prints some beautiful and pathetic verses written by a well-known authoress, who lost the use of speech, to her husband, and his reply. Mr. George Smith continues his reminiscences with some entertaining stories of libel actions, under the apt title "Lawful Pleasures." There are some curious speculations by Mr. Oscar Eve "on the pleasures of texture." He foresees the possible development of a new world of æsthetic enjoyment in the sense of touch. Some instructive points of view on the Chinese questions, especially as regards the missionaries and their beneficial influence, are urged by the Rev. R. Allen. There are more of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's "Blackstick Papers," more St. Helena matters, more about "The Great Mutiny" from Mr. Fitchett, and, among other items, a story by Mr. Gissing.

The *Library* has an interesting article by Mr. Austin Dobson on Isaac Walton's quotations, the curious thing being that, although apparently they are given from memory only, Isaac prints them as if they were textual. Bibliographers will be attracted by Mr. Oscar Jennings on "Some Old Initial Letters" in his possession which are very curious. We give three reproductions which may perhaps invite further study of Mr. Jennings' paper.



[From Lübeck Josephus.]

The *Monthly Review* has struck a new note by having opinions of its own expressed in editorials which have so far been moderate and thoughtful, if a trifle ponderous. This month we have the true view of war expounded as opposed to that of the uncompromising peace-lovers; a paper on the housing problem, supporting a minimum standard of accommodation enforced by public authority; and a list of books best worth reading, or, in the phrase of the writer, to be hung "on the line," to criticize which would be unprofitable, though we may note that "The Cardinal's Snuff-box" is rather *vieux jeu*. The training of the Navy and of the Army is fully discussed, the latter by Colonel Maude, whose main contention is that we are at least not as bad as other people. "Giotto" is a good subject for a well-illustrated article by Mr. Roger Fry, because so poor an idea is presented of that painter in our National Gallery. Mr. Matthew Sturlaw's dissertation on "Naturalism and Musical



[From "Delitiosa Explicatio de sensibilibus, delictis paradisi." Published at Verona by Lucas Antonius, 1504.]



[From Bible published by Eihel at Bâle, 1477.]

Æsthetic" is worth reading, but, like the author of "The Origins of Art," which we reviewed the other day, he does not get much further in musical æsthetic than to say that music is an expression of the emotions. Sir Henry Roscoe, on the "Outlook for British Trade," sees the deficiency, of which we say something elsewhere, in our secondary schools, and wants a High School for Science in connexion with London University; and Mr. T.

Hodgkin discusses Cromwell. The sensation of the number, however, is a poem by "the writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," over whose untimely end tears were shed when the letters first appeared.

Our readers will remember a Personal View on "Translations" by M. Henry D. Davray. The argument was that French translations from English authors might very well be better than they generally are. Some amusing remarks on the same theme, pointing to the same conclusion, are made in an article entitled "French and English," contributed by Mr. George H. Ely to *Macmillan*. A fine collection of blunders is brought together; the most interesting of them being taken from a French version of "Sartor Resartus."

The Biblical sentence, "Out of the eater cometh forth meat, out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," is by some amazing psychological conjuring transformed into, "Sans ce mangeur, nous ne mangerions pas, nous, aujourd'hui; sans cette Brute, nous ne serions pas les délicats d'à présent."

Among other articles we may note one on Christ's Hospital, and one on "The Missionary in China and Elsewhere," by Mr. H. C. Macdowall.

Miss Kingsley is written of, this month, in the *Good Words* series of "Celebrated Lady Travellers." Why not Woman Travellers? There is also an amusing account of an ascent of Mount Rainier by Mr. Arthur Inkersley, who was "put through" by the local Alpine Club—the Mazamas. It appears that it is the custom of those climbers to shout in chorus

Rainier! Rainier! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sluiskin! Sluiskin! Ma-za-ma!

The *Sunday Magazine* has an instructive paper on "Jewish Schools in Palestine at the Beginning of the Christian Era" from the pen of Dr. A. Schwartz.

As we indicated last month, the scheme of the editor of the *Badminton* is to a great extent a colour scheme. His four coloured plates once more command our respectful admiration. The pictures in black and white are hardly less meritorious, and the periodical is distinctly one of those that are improving. The most topical article is by Mr. P. F. Warner on "The Throwing Question." Other games dealt with are football, golf, and hockey; and those who take an interest in sport outside the confines of our island have the opportunity of reading what Mr. William Van Ness has to say about "Big Game Shooting and Exploration in Rhodesia," and what Mr. Edward C. Strutt observed "With Fox and Hounds in the Roman Campagna."

Correspondence.

THE POETRY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In my "Personal View" on the "Poetry of the Twentieth Century," which you did me the honour to print last week, I certainly did not mean to ignore the claims of Mr. Kipling among poets who sing of Empire. It is obvious that Mr. Kipling is a poet and that he sings of Empire, and of the many who have often admired and enjoyed his song, the outcome of his vivid and vivifying genius, I should wish to be considered one. You justly rate him highly.

The fact is that I did not intend to speak critically, as I said in my opening words, of the well-known and distinguished living writers who were poets of the nineteenth and are now poets of the twentieth century. If I seem by implication to have done so, this is due to a too great compression of some of my remarks, and I can only regret that, to use the phrase of Horace, in endeavouring to be brief I may have been somewhat obscure.

We are all thinking of the change of era and century in a very different way from what was in our minds when I wrote the paper, and perhaps it is hardly worth while making this explanation, still I shall be obliged if you will kindly let me do so.

I am yours faithfully, T. H. WARREN.

Magdalen College, Oxford.

DECADENT METRES. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I note Mr. Charles Camp Tarelli's "Reply" on this subject, and am sorry that it reaches me at a time when work far outweighs good health. Yet such is Mr. Tarelli's evident

misconception of what I meant to convey in the article (or was it the density of my putting the matter? Did I commit that error of expression—the burying of my grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff?) that I must do myself the justice of answering his "Reply."

The underlying subject of my text, that on which I sought to labour, was "melody"—the euphony of words obtained by the use of an acknowledged correct metre—not by such tricks of genius as are coined by Mr. Swinburne. By his coining the latter proves his genius. To be a genius is to be great. (A critical platitude here compelled.) I wrote of the minor poet. And although ninety-nine per cent. of us are minors in this until elevated into maturity by the chrysallizing hand of death, I did not refer to, nor thought of, those of the living who have proved their title-deeds to the inner domain of poetry. Yet my dear opponent seems to have less respect. Or is it that he brings up the big guns of verse to crush my poor array of insignificant infantry? If it be this, his fighting is unfair; and he the while proves his unfinished apprenticeship in the manner of his handling them.

As above said, my subject was "melody" gained by legitimate means—a fact shown on the face of the article. Mr. Tarelli proves that he saw it, then drags in "And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky" as a melodious off-set against the perfect rhythm of "Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade." Does not this compel me to ask, Where is my critic's ear for the proper disposition of syllables? Here he has brought from a really musical poet one of that poet's proofs of truth in the old literary proverb, "Even the good Homer nods." Were this even the comparative good of the master whom Mr. Tarelli quotes I should be inclined to turn his words on himself and say, "How shall we delight in Tennyson (i.e., his melody)—we who have read such lines as these?" As for English metres and classical prosody, what is classic but that which has sustained time and usage? And are not our four proper metres five hundred years old?

Half the troubles of life are caused by misunderstandings. Let me not be wrongly understood here. I did but cite Moore, Scott, and Byron in the matter of euphony. To our present verse-makers, great and little alike, having the virtues of thought, imagery, and sentiment, I readily acceded. Their lack of lyrical sweetness was my target; this Mr. Tarelli saw, admits seeing, and writes at—I know not what. For, to me, his article seems to be too much beside the mark, as, on his own showing (intentional or not), he also thinks us lacking the lyrist for whom many of us look longingly up to Olympia. He writes of "a nobler and rarer music." "Nobler" I freely admit; "rarer" I am glad of, and shall always be so whilst such discords are allowed to creep into it as exist in the verse quoted by Mr. Tarelli from Tennyson—a jarring mixture of iambs, trochees, and other metres; a piece of verse saved from doggerel solely by feeling, and the quoting of which makes one say, "Oh, save us from our friends who lack the critical faculty!" (All literary game is the rightful prey of the critic, and I have but followed where my antagonist has led.) In "Decadent Metres" I, in a small way, pointed to what melody can be gained by a judicious use of pindarics, which is but the iambic measure freely used in the matter of metre (line). Thus, if our bards have the true lyrical gift (such as went to the making of "To Mary in Heaven," "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," "O saw ye not fair Ines?" and scores of other lyrical gems), they may bring a harvest into our famine-time without even resuscitating dead metres; their not doing so is but another proof that melody in verse is dying out. And whilst critics view the matter with a too tolerant eye, young poets will be careless as to the smoothness of their verse.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

J. E. PATTERSON.

8, Ocean-terrace, Felixstowe, Jan. 26.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As the writer of the "Personal View" in *Literature*, January 26, aptly says, "We do not want poets who follow Tennyson like an echo, or who put on the mannerisms of Mr.

Swinburne like a garment"; but, for all that, we do want poets who, if the divine flame is not within them, will at least write with an eye and ear on their greater forerunners. Of what nature is the Laureate's last poem? What art is it that pens a line such as this:—

All that, more than, I was there.

It might stand as an exercise in parsing, or for a foreigner's perplexed endeavour to write English. And if it be unfair to detach a line from its context, let us read:—

Looking thence I still will be,
So that you forget not me,
All that, more than, I was there,
Weighted with my crown of care.

Is not even the "jigging measure of Tom Moore" more pleasing to the ear and eye than this? Of the meaning intended to be conveyed I say nothing; a man may write obscurely and yet musically. But where is the "fine sensitiveness to the melodic value of words, the exquisite feeling for the subtle effects of movement, accent, and pause" in this harsh concatenation of syllables? If a singer cannot feel himself in a singing mood on every public event, and the most mercurial temperament might find it difficult, let us be given a fine sonorous prose, or at least a cultured prose, in place of a crippled, halting, uncouth rhyme. Yours faithfully, ARTHUR HOOD.

Lowlands, Bungay.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

King Edward VII. has had little leisure for literature in the course of his busy life, but one of his biographers states that in his youth he was an ardent lover of Sir Walter Scott. Dean Stanley tells us that the Prince during the tour in the Holy Land strongly recommended him to read "East Lynne." Students of his Majesty's life will find that very few biographies worthy of the name have yet been published. Books like Greville's *Memoirs*, Dean Stanley's *Recollections*, the *Life of the Prince Consort*, and so on, are, of course, indispensable for the King's early years, and various other writers have dealt with isolated chapters in his career. Sir W. H. Russell, as the official historiographer of the Indian Tour, was appointed honorary private secretary to the Prince in order that he might perform that task in addition to his journalistic duties as *The Times* correspondent, and he was attached to the Prince's suite when he wrote that other delightful volume "A Diary in the East during the Tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales," published in 1869. Sir W. H. Russell also prepared an account of the Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales for publication in the United States in 1863—collected from the description in *The Times*—and the "Memorial of the Marriage," which appeared in London in 1864. Other publications relating to the Indian Tour are "Notes of the Visit to India of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, 1870—1875-6," by Sir John Fayrer, who accompanied the Royal tourists as physician, privately printed in London in 1879; "Letters from India during his Royal Highness's visit, from W. S. Porter to his Sister," privately printed in London in 1876; "The Prince of Wales' Tour: A Diary in India," by W. Simpson, the artist; and "The Prince of Wales in India, or from Pall Mall to the Punjab," by J. D. Gay, published in Toronto in 1877. Several works relate to the American visit—"The New England Tour of the Prince of Wales (Baron Renfrew)," which ran into several editions after its publication in Boston in 1860; "The Tour of the Prince of Wales through British Columbia and the United States," by a British Canadian, published at Montreal, 1860; and "The Prince of Wales in Canada and the United States," by Nicholas A. Woods, London, 1861.

The first two attempts at a biography seem to have been made in 1872, after the Prince's illness, when Messrs. Marlborough issued a little souvenir entitled "Mémorial of the Prince from Birth to Convalescence," and a life of the Prince was

included in Beeton's Series of Penny Books. The next attempt was a separate biography bound up with a life of the Queen, by Marc Gilchrist, published by C. E. Johnson in 1884, with a preface by Sir Roper Lethbridge. Five or six years later came Sir Henry Burdett's "Prince, Princess, and People," which, though dealing mainly with social progress as illustrated by the lives of the Prince and Princess, was the first biographical work of any importance, and is still very useful. Messrs. Routledge published a "People's Edition" of this book in 1890. Another contribution is Mr. F. H. Beavan's "Marlborough House and its Occupants." The two most popular memoirs, however, are "The Prince of Wales: An Account of his Career," &c., the anonymous work published by Grant Richards in 1898, and "Our Future King: The Story of the Prince of Wales' Life," by Charles Lowe, published a few months afterwards by Macquenn. The latest biography, we believe, is "Britain's Prince and Princess: The Story of their Lives," by Thomas Paul, brought out last year by J. F. Shaw and Co. Mr. Murray also publishes the "Speeches and Addresses of the Prince of Wales, 1863-1888," edited by Dr. J. Macaulay.

Messrs. Longmans announce a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Richard R. Holmes' authorized life of Queen Victoria—the text being reproduced from Messrs. Goupil's edition of 1897—with a supplementary chapter bringing the narrative to the end of her Majesty's reign.

"Victoria the Good; Her Life in Portraits" is the title of a new work announced by Messrs. Cassell and Company.

We may congratulate Dr. Joseph Wright, so well-known as a German scholar, as a philologist, and to a still wider public as the editor of "The English Dialect Dictionary," on his election to succeed Mr. Max Müller in the Professorship of Comparative Philology at Oxford. As we have before mentioned, Professor Wright, besides editing "The English Dialect Dictionary," is collecting phonographic specimens of English dialects, partly to enable him to check the material for a comprehensive comparative grammar of all the English dialects in the United Kingdom—to be included in the last volume of the Dialect Dictionary—and partly to hand down to posterity a faithful record of the dialects as spoken at the end of the nineteenth century. Later particulars of his work appeared in the last number of the *Periodical*, the interesting little magazine published from time to time at the Oxford University Press. Dr. Wright's plan, in the case of people who have no knowledge of English grammar, is to send the "specimen" to some educated person in the district from which the dialect is derived, and as soon as one of the natives has been taught to repeat the specimen in good genuine dialect Dr. Wright goes to the place and phonographs the result. When the specimens have served their purpose, Dr. Wright proposes to hand them over to some public library or institution for preservation. It is expected that the preparation for press of Volume IV. of the Dialect Dictionary will be finished by about the end of next June.

Messrs. Longmans announce a Life of the late Bishop of London, to be written by Mrs. Creighton, who will be much obliged if any persons who have letters from the Bishop will kindly forward them to her at Fulham Palace, S.W. It is believed that materials exist for a volume of literary essays and for a volume on Church affairs, which last may probably be issued under the title of "The Church and the Nation."

Books to look out for at once.

- THEOLOGY**—
 "Counsels for Church People, from the Writings of Bishop Mandell Creighton." E. Stock. 5s.
 "Short Studies: The Gospels." By John Smith. Oliphant. 3s. 6d.
 "Follow to Calvary." By the Rev. H. Wilson. Church Shop. 2s. 6d. n.
HISTORY—
 "A Century of Scottish History." 2 vols. By Sir Henry Craik. Blackwood. 30s. net.
 ["From the days before the Rebellion to Living Memory."] "British History from the Earliest Times to the Victorian Era." Simply told for Children. Illustrated. Warne. 2s.; sewed, 1s.
TRAVEL—
 "Modern Abyssinia." By A. B. Wylde. Methuen. 15s. net.
 "Abyssinia." By Herbert Vivian. Pearson. 15s.
FICTION—
 "A Narrow Way." By Mary Findlater. Methuen. 6s.
 "The Master Sinner." By a Well-known Author. Long. 3s. 6d.
 "The Lost Land." By Julia M. Crotty. Unwin. 6s.
 "Naomi's Exodus." By L. H. Montagu. Unwin. 3s. 6d.
 "Quality Corner." By C. L. Antrobus. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 "A Path of Thorns." By Ernest A. Vizetelly. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 "Trodies, Us and Others." By R. Andom. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
 "The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler." By R. Marsh. Pearson. 6s.
 "The Believing Bishop." By H. Bates. G. Allen. 6s.
 "May Silver." By A. St. Aubyn. F. V. White. 6s.
 "The Golden Wang-Ho." By Fergus Hume. Long. 6s.

EDUCATION—

"New Method of Education." By J. L. Tadd. Low. 8s. 6d. net.

[On art, manual training, and nature study. Illustrated.]

"Concerning Children." By Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Putnam. 6s.

SCIENCE—

"A Text Book of Applied Therapeutics." 2 Vols. Edited by J. C.

Wilson and A. A. Eshner. Saunders. 30s. net.

"Elements of Statistics." By A. L. Bowley. P. S. King. 10s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Irish Leaves: Poems and Songs." By John Robinson. Long. 7s. 6d.

"Industrial Social Organization." By J. C. Van Marken. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

"The Wildfowler in Scotland." By J. G. Millais. Illustrated. Longmans. 30s. net.

[With a Frontispiece by the late Sir John Millais.]

NEW EDITIONS—

"The Private Life of the Queen." By one of Her Majesty's Servants. Pearson. 2s. 6d.

"Victoria, Life and Times of." By Author of Grace Darling. W. Scott. 2s. 6d.

"The Life of Queen Victoria." By R. R. Holmes, Librarian to the Queen. Longmans.

[Brought down to the end of the Queen's reign.]

"The Life and Times of Queen Victoria." Part I. Cassell. 6d. net.

[New Serial issue in weekly parts. Illustrated.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Hannah More. John Knox. (Literary Hearststones.) By Marion Harland. 7½x5in. Putnam. 6s. each.

Bret Harte. (English Writers of To-day.) By T. E. Pemberton. 7½x5in., 284 pp. Greening. 3s. 6d.

The Poet of Home Life. Centenary Memories of William Cowper. By A. J. Symington, and Others. 8x5½in., 224 pp.

"Home Words" Office.

Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford. By Rev. G. A. Payne. 7½x5in., 118 pp. Manchester: Clarkson. London: Gay & Bird.

Boniface Louis André de Castellane. 1758-1837. 18 Engravings and 5 Portraits. By the Comtesse de Beaulincourt-Marles. 9x5½in., 378 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr. 7.50.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

"Home Words" Office.

Histoire de France depuis les Origines jusqu'à la Révolution. By Ernest Lavisse, and Others. Fascicules 5, 6, and 7. 9½x7½in. Hachette. Fr. 1.50 each.

LAW.

Railway Law. For the "Man in the Train." By E. T. Edalji. 7x4½in., 129 pp. E. Wilson. 2s. n.

LITERARY.

The History of Early Italian Literature to the Death of Dante. By A. Gaspary. Trans. by H. Oelsner, Ph.D. 7½x5in., 414 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d.

La Comédie Espagnole en France de Hardy à Racine. By Ernest Martineau. 7½x4½in., 434 pp. Paris. Hachette. Fr. 3.50.

MILITARY.

At Pretoria. By Julian Ralph. 8x5½in., 377 pp. Pearson. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Mind of the Century. Reprinted from the "Daily Chronicle." 7½x5in., 141 pp. Unwin. 2s.

Côtes et Ports Français de l'Océan. Le travail de l'homme et l'œuvre du temps. By Charles Lenthéric. Maps and Plans. 7½x4½in., 400 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr. 5.

ORIENTAL.

Contributions Towards Arabic Philology.—I. Ed. by Dr. P. Brönnle. 9½x6in. Luzac. 7s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

Self's the Man. By J. Davidson. 8x5½in., 221 pp. Grant Richards. 6s. n.

Eyes in Solitude. By Rev. W. Moore. 8x6½in., 109 pp. Stock. 6s.

Survivals. By L. F. F. Randolph. 8x5½in., 89 pp. Putnam. 6s.

From Mayflower to Mistletoe. By Sarah J. Day. 7x5in., 95 pp. Putnam. 6s.

Ballads of Ghostly Shires. Folklore Verses. By G. Bartram. 7x4½in., 129 pp. Greening. 2s. 6d.

Burns from Heaven, with some other Poems. By Hamish Hendry. 7½x5in., 95 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

The Evolution of the Idea of God. (Cheaper Ed.) By Grant Allen. 7½x5in., 447 pp. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. n.

Le Médecin Malgré Lui. (The Temple Molière.) 5½x4½in., 81 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

SCIENCE.

Deschanel's Natural Philosophy. Part 3—Electricity. By J. D. Everett. 9x6in., 358 pp. Blackie. 4s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

The Risen Master. A Sequel to "Pastor Pastorum." By Rev. H. Latham. 7x5in., 488 pp. Bell. 6s.

Truth and Reality. By J. Smyth. 7½x5in., 244 pp. T. & T. Clark. 4s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Kirkwall in the Orkneys. By H. B. Hosack. 10½x8½in., 490 pp. Kirkwall. Peace.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXXII.
By J. C. J. WAINWRIGHT, U.S.A.
BLACK. 8 pieces.



WHITE. 14 pieces.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXXIII.
By K. FRITSCH, Germany.
BLACK. 6 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 124.—The following is from the Swiss Magazine referred to below. White (8 pieces)—K at Q R 2; Q at Q 5; B at K R 2; Kt at K R 3; pawns at K Kt 3, Q 4, Q Kt 2, Q R 3. Black (5 pieces)—K at K R 3; Q at K Kt 3; R at K Kt 5; pawns at K B 4, Q R 5. White (to play) continued Kt—B 4, and Black drew the game. What was the play to bring this about?

NOTES AND NEWS.

Chess in Russia is very brisk. Two large tournaments began recently at Moscow, in both of which Tschigorin, Schiffers, Janowski, Lebedev, Bartolitsch, Jankovitz, Kulomsin, and other well-known players are competing.

Pillsbury's absence from the Monte Carlo tournament is explained by the fact that his marriage was fixed for January 20 at St. Louis. He is going to the Pacific coast on one of his professional tours. He was 28 on December 22 last.

It is not generally known that her late Majesty Queen Victoria was a devotee of chess, and there are well-authenticated stories current of encounters over the board which gave her Majesty much pleasure. Her favourite opponent, when they could meet, was the Empress Frederick, who was decidedly the stronger player, no doubt because the Empress could devote more time to practice, and to the German "Handbuch," which was her constant companion. The Queen could appreciate a good game played by the masters.

Marshall has become Manhattan C.C. champion through winning the club tourney; but he has been beaten at Brooklyn. Souweine taking the lead in the club's tournament recently concluded.

In the correspondence match, North v. South of England, South leads by 23½ to 10½.

A capital chess monthly has been started in Switzerland, entitled the Schweizerische Schachzeitung. It is edited by U. Bachmann, Max Pestalozzi and Dr. Th. Schaad, and is issued at Aschmann's, Predigerplatz, Zurich. Yearly subscription about 3s. There is a good deal of chess played in Switzerland and this magazine will be useful as a source of information of chess doings.

GAME No. LX.—Played in a college match :—

QUEEN'S GAMBIT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
H. Cleveland.	T. T. Robinson.	H. Cleveland.	T. T. Robinson.
1. P-Q 4	P-K 4	12. Castles	P-B 5
2. P-Q 4	P-K 4	13. Q-B 2	Kt x Bch
3. P x K P	P-Q 5	14. P x Kt	Kt-K B 3
4. P-Q R 3	Kt-Q B 3	15. B-K Kt 5	Castles K R
5. Kt-K B 3	B-K Kt 5	16. K R-K sq	P-Q 8
6. Q-Kt-Q 2	P-Q R 4	17. Q-Kt-Q sq	Q R-Q sq
7. P-K Kt 3	B-Q B 4	18. Q-B 2	Kt x Kt
8. B-Kt 2	Q-K 2	19. B x Q	R-Q 7
9. Kt-K 4	B x Kt	20. Q x R	Kt x Q
10. B x B	Kt x P	21. B x B	Resigns
11. Q-Kt 3	P-Q B 3		

GAME No. LXI.—Played in Prague :—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. Vitacek.	O. Duras.	J. Vitacek.	O. Duras.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	14. Q-B 3	Kt-Q 5
2. P-Q 4	P x P	15. Q-Kt 3	B-K 3
3. Q x P	Kt-Q B 3	16. P-B 5	B x R P
4. Q-K 3	P-Q 3	17. P x Kt P	R x P x P
5. Kt-Q B 3	P-K 2	18. P-Kt 5	B-R sq
6. B-Q 2	P-K B 4	19. B x P	R-K 7
7. Castles Q R	Kt-K B 3	20. Q-R 4	Q-K 2
8. P-K R 3	P x P	21. Q-R 6	Q R-K B sq
9. Kt x P	Kt x Kt	22. B-B 3	Q-K 6 ch
10. Q x Kt	Castles	23. B-Q 2	Q x B ch
11. B-Q 3	P-K Kt 3	24. R x Q	R-B 8 ch
12. P-K Kt 4	B-B 3	25. R x Q sq	Kt-Kt 6 ch
13. P-K B 4	R-K sq	26. P x Kt	B x P mate (a)

(a) A beautiful finish. We have often had occasion to call attention to the superior excellence of Bohemian chess.

Literature

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

CONFERENCES AND A COUNCIL OF PERFECTION.

[By MR. FRANCIS STORR.]

The Christmas holidays are over, and Paterfamilias who compares the five or six weeks of loafing that his boys have had at home with the days or week at most that he himself has stolen from his chambers or counting-house, or with the bare week allotted to the French or German schoolboy, fires off a letter to *The Times* complaining that the length of school terms varies in inverse proportion to the length of school bills.

Yet to some of us schoolmasters these Christmas holidays have been anything but playtime—holidays only in the sense that any change of work is in itself a relaxation. *Strenua nos exercet inertia*, and as we go back to our “gerund-grinding and death in longs and shorts” we cannot help asking ourselves what good has come of it all, this “roaring month” of parleying and palaver. “Were it not better done as others use,” to play golf at Hoylake, toboggan at Grindelwald, or go on pilgrimage to Rome?

And yet educational conferences, whether we believe in them or not, assist at them or stay away, are now looked upon by all as an inevitable necessity, and it seems almost incredible that some thirty years ago the institution was unknown. It was in December, 1869, that the first conference assembled at Uppingham on the invitation of Edward Thring, an apostolic gathering of twelve headmasters, none of them from the great public schools, meeting as it were in an upper chamber to discuss common interests and express the united voice of the profession. To have started such a movement and carried it to a successful issue, in the face of the then dominant individualism and in spite of the *vis inertiae* that had to be overcome, is, perhaps, the most signal proof of Thring's genius and force of character. A typical answer that he received to his invitation from a leading headmaster is worth quoting as a sign of the times:—“I doubt whether I shall ever be able to attend the proposed meetings, so strongly do I value the perfect rest of the holidays and the privilege of complete independence in dealing (so far as — is concerned) with such educational difficulties as may arise.” Well might Thring boast (modesty was not his foible), when addressing the Conference of Headmistresses that met at Uppingham eighteen years later, that out of the mustard seed he had planted a mighty tree had grown with branches spreading on every side.

Whether the Headmasters' Conference as a stimulant to educational progress has quite fulfilled the hopes of its founder seems to his biographer, Dr. Parkin, an open question; and one who has attended its meetings and reported its proceedings for the last twenty years must reluctantly acknowledge it, viewed as an educational Parliament, a comparative failure, though as a debating society and a dining club it has fully served its purpose. The Headmasters' Conference, plebeian in its origin, has become our Educational House of Lords. Its constitution is exclusive, it averages about a hundred members; its annual meeting for two half days proved too great a tax on its time and its resources; it has never made any pretence of dealing with education as a national concern.

The Incorporated Association of Headmasters, on the other hand, admits all headmasters of endowed and proprietary schools, and now counts 430 members. Its energy and activity can be gauged by the Report of the Council for 1900, a volume of 170 closely-printed pages. If the Headmasters' Conference is our House of Lords the Association may be justly styled our House

of Commons. At starting the two bodies were, if not antagonistic, at least mutually exclusive, but at the present moment the majority of the Conference are also members of the Association. What just cause or impediment is there why these two bodies should not be joined together? The same questions were debated this year at Bradfield and at the Guildhall, and almost identical resolutions passed. An incident that I well remember in a Committee-room of the House of Commons may suggest *le mot de l'énigme*. Professor Simon Laurie was giving evidence in favour of the compulsory training of teachers, and was asked, apparently as a poser, by one of the Committee, whether he was prepared to insist on Eton masters being trained. “I see no reason,” the Professor answered, “why Eton boys should be worse taught than boys in a National school.”

But this amalgamation which must take place sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, suggests a larger question which has lately come to the fore. Why should we not have an educational council drawn from all ranks of the profession, a body of experts, unfettered by any party ties, unbiased by sectarian or social prejudices, to focus and voice (in Thring's words) “the skill of the skilled workmen,” and so to regulate and guide “amateur authority?”

It may be argued that we have already such a body in the Consultative Committee created by the Board of Education Bill of last year, and now sitting to determine the conditions for the registration of teachers. But though the Duke of Devonshire well deserved the compliment that Sir Joshua Fitch paid him at the Headmasters' dinner for his selection of a committee so non-official and independent, yet it can hardly be maintained that these eighteen distinguished ladies and gentlemen are competent or fitted to do the work of a national council. In the first place they cannot of themselves take action. They can only discuss matters referred to them by the Board. Secondly, they represent the administrative rather than the practical side of education. No one would dream of committing to them the work assigned to the French Conseil Supérieur—the determining of curricula, the creation of faculties, &c. Is it not strange, by the way, that while the inspection and examination of schools is one of the statutory functions of the Board, there is not among its advisers a single member who is conversant with inspecting and examining?

The need of a general educational council must have been borne in on any one who attended these last winter meetings or perused the reports of them in the newspapers. We find the Headmasters discussing at the Guildhall the appointment and dismissal of assistant masters, wholly regardless of what the assistant masters, who are sitting a few streets off, have to say upon the matter. So, in the debate on higher-grade schools, the views of those directly concerned could only be gleaned from a letter which was nearly being ruled out of order. The Modern Language Association ventilate their grievances. Modern languages are snubbed by headmasters and ignored by Oxford. An hour a day for French or German seems a modest request. The science masters make a similar complaint and prefer the same modest demand. With still greater force the shameful neglect of the mother tongue and the claims of English literature are insisted on in a third conference. An hour a day is the least that can be given to English. But there are only 28 working hours in the week, and it is no wonder that the typical headmaster, Mr. Lyttelton, bewildered by a multitude of rival professors, falls back on his *belle Marquise* and the *beaux yeux* of Latin versification.

There is need for a general council, but I greatly doubt

whether the time is ripe for it. The meeting in the Botanical Theatre of University College was (the word must out) a *flasco*. The nine tailors of Tooley-street who convened the meeting (I can nickname them without offence, as I was one) miscalculated their powers; and a little rift within the lute—the assignment of ten members to the National Union of Teachers—was enough to break up the concert. It introduced the vicious principle of proportional representation—of a parliament of teachers instead of what is wanted, a privy council. It suggested that the three estates of the profession—primary, secondary, and tertiary—must be evenly balanced; it gave to the principals of Government training colleges as many votes as to Oxford and Cambridge combined—as if, forsooth, there was a danger lest Sir R. Jebb and Sir W. Anson on a question of elementary schools would out-vote Mr. Yoxall. The scheme was ill-conceived, and I doubt whether the committee will have the courage to summon again the adjourned meeting.

Meanwhile, I see no reason why the Consultative Committee should not become in time the mouthpiece of the profession, and do all that is so well done by the *Conseil Supérieur*. Its functions at present are limited, but if it performs the work it has in hand with judgment and discretion it will gain the confidence of the teachers and of the public, and the Minister of Education will be only too glad to throw on its shoulders part of his responsibility, and delegate to it all knotty and thorny professional questions, questions that are now fought out by amateurs on the floor of the House of Commons—the delimitation of schools, the *status* of private schools, the tenure of masterships, the subjects to be taught, the provision for technical and commercial education.

THE POSITION OF ASSISTANT MASTERS.

[By MR. A. H. GILKES.]

This question is receiving much attention, but not more than it deserves. All questions connected with schools are important to the country; and among these questions one of the most important is the constitution of their government. In this question three conditions of authority are concerned; that of the governors, that of the assistant masters, and that of the headmaster. The object of the existence of a school is not to establish any of these three in any particular position, but simply to secure the good of the boys in it, and thus also of the national life which they will affect. In a perfect condition of school government, the question of the exact relation of these three authorities will not arise either frequently or acutely; each authority will simply work for the good of the boys, and under such circumstances acute differences will seldom occur. But there is no such thing as perfection, and troubles will sometimes arise.

The view generally taken about fifty years ago as to the right condition of things is shown in the statutes either already in working then or framed then for new schools. These statutes place assistant masters entirely under the direction of the headmaster, and make them liable to dismissal by him, without obliging him to give any reason for the dismissal. Such statutes are generally in force now; but they meet with a considerable quantity of criticism. The objections to them are given as follows. It is said that assistant masters are not only competent to form opinions with regard to school matters, but are often, with regard to some particular matter, the only people competent to form them; that it is not just nor politic to make assistant masters, who are necessary to a school, and whose work may easily be scamped, impotent to control or advise, excepting so far as one man may think fit to allow them to act, or to ask them for their opinion; and, consequently, that there should be provided by statute a means for the expression of this opinion, by the establishment of masters' meetings as a necessary part of school life. But furthermore a complaint is made which is much more serious than this; it is said that it is not right that assistant masters should be dependant for their position on the will of one man;

that the mere fact of their dependance is likely to make them either subservient or despairing, that it irritates them while they remain in their position, and menaces them continually with ruin.

It may be true that the position in fact is not so dangerous or so disagreeable as it might be made; and that good assistant masters, or, which is nearly the same thing, assistant masters who like their calling, are among the happiest of men. But it does not follow that a position is what it ought to be, because it is not so bad as the conditions of tenure might make it; and probably most people who consider the question will think that there is something wrong in it. It will be accepted by most people as a doctrine, that it is right for every man to have as much freedom of thought and of action, and as much security, as he can have without detriment to the rest of the world, and, consequently, that it is right for assistant masters to have as much freedom and security as the interests of their school permit. Would then the interests of the school suffer if they had more than the present statutes allow them to have? Of course, in fact, much more is theirs, and generally all that they desire to have; but if they have it in fact, is it not right that they should have it in law? Is it right that they should be nearly alone among men in having no statutory rights, and only statutory duties? Could there, in short—for the question seems to narrow itself to this—be any harm to the school in the recognition by statute of "masters' meetings," which are in most, if not all, schools already in existence, and in allowing to assistant masters in some way and in some degree an appeal to the governing body of a school either in the case of dismissal or otherwise?

Perhaps it may be well to mention the considerations which may have induced the framers of the present school statutes to frame them as they are. They probably felt that divided responsibility was a bad thing, and that since the headmaster was responsible to the governing body for the condition of a school, it was fair to leave him a free hand in managing it; that in every society some one must have the final word, since otherwise a deadlock may at any time arise; that dissensions among authorities are dangerous to discipline, and that to a headmaster should be given the power of ending them, even by the dismissal of a colleague. They counted on the fairness and good judgment of the headmaster, who is presumably chosen for the possession of those qualities. They thought that the fear of alienating the sympathies of his colleagues, who would be likely to stand together, would keep him from any hasty or unjust action. Perhaps also they thought that, if an assistant master were unjustly dismissed, the governing body would probably hear of it, and would be able to admonish a headmaster so as to prevent at all events a repetition of the improper exercise of his authority. To these safeguards which all undoubtedly exist now, and which are undoubtedly very strong, must in these days be added three more, as powerful, perhaps, as any—the existence of a powerful body ready to protect assistant masters, the fear of public opinion as shown in the Press, and of the sympathy of a jury as shown in the Law Courts. It is possible also that the framers of these statutes had in their mind the nature of the work of a headmaster, and also the composition of governing bodies of schools, either then existing or at some future time to be formed; that they thought that it is about as hard to manage a school as a battleship, or, perhaps, harder; that it requires special knowledge to do both; and that the governors of a school do not necessarily possess, nor are indeed likely to possess, this special knowledge; and yet, perhaps, are not likely always thoroughly to realize that they are without it; and that thus to put them in the place of the headmaster, in the very emergency which in fact he was more especially elected to meet, would be a mistake. Probably they thought also that in many cases it would be very difficult for a headmaster to set down in words reasons for an action which yet the interests of the school might demand; that incompetence or improper habits of any kind were difficult to prove; and that some governors either from prejudice or inexperience or from ignorance, or from a desire to emphasize their own importance or from other causes, might not see the bearings of a statement made by the

headmaster, and send back an unsatisfactory master to the school again to its ruin.

It seems plain from what is written above that the question is one of much difficulty and delicacy; and that false steps in settling it are absolutely dangerous. Perhaps I may express the following opinions with regard to it, the reasons for which are practically given above. As to the first part of the difficulty—the provision for the expression of the opinion of assistant masters—it may be remarked, first, that it is not a very terrible thing to any one, either to a headmaster or to an assistant master, that on ordinary matters his opinion should be overruled; secondly, that no headmaster has much temptation to overrule the opinion of any assistant master unfairly; thirdly, that some one must at last decide every question; and, fourthly, that probably the headmaster is the proper person to make the decision, both because of his position, and also and chiefly because no assistant master is so likely as a headmaster to know and consider all the interests involved in any question. Thus it seems to be a good thing for the avoidance of deadlocks and mistakes to leave at last with the headmaster the decision of a question; but if this is done, it seems to be without harm to a school to make “masters’ meetings” not only habitual, as indeed they are now, but also a necessary part of the constitution of a school.

As to the second question—of appeals by assistant masters to the governors—they seem likely, if they are allowed, to produce uneasiness, uncertainty, intrigue, and disloyalty, which are four very bad conditions, tending to the paralysis of school life and work. I do not think that an individual governor should ever receive them; less mischief is likely to result if they are made to a full Board; but I think that they are likely to be mischievous even so. I think that it is right that they should be made through the headmaster only; but that the headmaster should be bound to make any representation to the governing body that the assistant masters desire him to make. With regard to the most important of all the questions—that of dismissal—I think that the matter is so serious that it is right to require a headmaster, in spite of all difficulties, to give to the governors his reasons for the dismissal; but that it is not right that the governors should be able to take his place and reinstate the assistant master in question. Of course, if it ever comes simply to what is statutorily possible, a governing body may do what would go a long way to check a mischief—dismiss the headmaster. I have given my opinions in the above paper, and the reasons why I hold them; what I have written seems sometimes ungracious, and to reflect unkindly on governors and on assistant masters. It is the extension of the subject into all its possibilities that has produced this effect, and not my own feeling. It would be strange, indeed, if I had other feelings than those of great respect and gratitude both to the governors who ably, courteously, and earnestly direct the destinies of our own school, and to the assistant masters who ably, courteously, and devotedly help me to manage it.

[By MR. T. E. PAGE.]

Questions which only affect the position of assistant masters in secondary schools may seem of little general interest, but in fact they closely touch the welfare of the community. They concern every member of the middle and upper classes who has sons to educate, because the quality of that education must depend largely on the character and capacity of those who conduct it, and on the more or less favourable conditions under which they perform their work. Unhappily the condition of things which prevails in the scholastic world is not adapted either to attract or to develop ability. For the vast majority of its members the path of promotion is absolutely closed, and as assistant masters they are doomed to a position of what is, not metaphorically but strictly, life-long infancy. No proof of professional capacity will, by itself, secure high professional advancement; and, unless he obtains a headmastership, no man has any legal right to make his voice heard on educational questions or to influence, however modestly, the direction of affairs.

There are, no doubt, many minor matters in which the position of assistant masters might be improved, but the two points which have been mentioned are vital to their welfare. No profession in which its members do not possess at least some legal *status*, and in which progress to the highest rank is not free to open competition, ever has prospered, or ever can prosper. The truth is obvious, but it is persistently ignored by those in authority, and their silence is, perhaps, the best proof of its validity and importance. Like politicians in office, headmasters are discreetly dumb about real grievances. At their last conference they found it much more convenient to pose as military critics, while they are at present busily engaged in compiling a hymn-book. About any triviality they are eloquent and energetic, but when a reform is needed which might imperil their own monopoly of place and power they utter no word and lift no finger to assist it. They object, indeed, to reform as naturally and as heartily as the House of Lords did seventy years ago; but if once public attention can be directed to the facts, their dissent will prove a matter of equal indifference.

It will be justifiable therefore to state briefly what are the facts with regard to the two points to which reference has been made, and to indicate what are the consequences which necessarily follow. When this has been done it will not be requisite to argue the case further, because the clear conclusions to be arrived at will present themselves at once to every impartial mind.

In the first place, then, no assistant master has at the present time any legal security whatever for his position. He owes his place not to public competition but to the private choice of the headmaster who appointed him; he may be dismissed at any time without right of appeal; if an increase of salary after long service is denied him, he has no claim anywhere for redress. His legal relation to his headmaster is, in fact, that of a clerk to his employer, but, whereas a good clerk can usually find a fresh place, the schoolmaster who has reached middle life, if he loses his post, is practically ruined.

No doubt this strict legal dependence is by courtesy often largely and liberally modified in practice, while in some schools, through the influence of tradition, the relation of assistants to their chief is, perhaps, rather that of feudal nobles to a monarch than of subordinates to a master. But, in spite of all modifications, the dependence is always present, and produces that dull indifference to other than personal issues which always and everywhere is its inevitable result. Individual work is often well done, and many men go on from year to year teaching Euclid or Caesar with earnestness and even enthusiasm; but the stir of intellectual life is feeble, and about educational questions outside their own particular sphere schoolmasters are as a rule apathetic. The most able of them obtain appointments in the great boarding schools, become house-masters, and then too often degenerate into virtuous hotel keepers. They “leave the ministry of the word” and take to “serving tables.” To be zealous about the principles of education is, they find, futile; but it profits much to know something about cookery, to be careful critics of coughs, and to consult the wishes of mothers; so that they shape their lives accordingly, accumulate a balance at the bank, play golf, and ultimately retire with a testimonial. It would be difficult, however, to find half-a-dozen of them who have shown any public interest in educational reform. They acquiesce in their own prosperity and are dumb.

It is from the humbler ranks of the profession that the cry for some change in their condition rises, and it is aroused by the sharp sting of necessity. The man, indeed, who becomes a master in any but the highest schools is practically cut off from hope. His salary is meagre and often almost stationary; he is absolutely voiceless; at the best he works for a certain length of time, becomes decrepit and disappears; sometimes an unjust dismissal brings sudden and complete ruin.* Under such

* In a recent case, on the death of a headmaster his successor claimed the right at once to dismiss all the assistant masters, much as, on the demise of an African potentate, the new monarch despatches his principal ministers after him to the Shades. The Charity Commissioners are, however, dubiously of the opinion that this barbarous practice is not necessarily legal.

circumstances men cannot work with spirit and enthusiasm, nor is it any wonder that they have at last united in order to secure some improvement. The Association of Assistant Masters was formed ten years ago and, although the well-paid masters in the great schools as yet take little part in its procedure, it numbers already 1,600 members and is destined, if it shows courage and wisdom, to exercise an important influence in the world of education. Its aims are twofold—to promote public interest in education, and to procure for assistant masters some voice in the guidance of that work of which they do by far the largest part. Both objects are not only legitimate but useful. The more the public understands about education the better; the more all the members of a profession are zealous about its welfare and interested in its development the more vigorous and fruitful it will prove. Teaching is not a mystery of which headmasters are the hierophants, but something which may be “understood of the vulgar,” and about which ordinary men who devote their lives to it may have something to say, may wish to say it, and have a right to say it. No conference of mere headmasters can do more than represent the partial, and sometimes prejudiced, opinion of a single class. No “Consultative Committee” from which assistant masters are ignominiously excluded can ever possess half the information which it ought necessarily to possess. If in the realm of education there is to be prosperity and progress, the emancipation and enfranchisement of the able and industrious men who bear nearly all its burdens is an essential and necessary step towards that end.

When once that enfranchisement comes and members of the profession secure a right to be heard, the second injustice to which reference has been made, and which now hampers all educational progress, will inevitably disappear. There is no schoolmaster alive who does not know that in the appointment of the principal headmasters merit is not the controlling factor in the election, and that, in spite of justice, honesty, and common sense, no one who is not in Orders or willing to take them has the slightest chance of success. The fact is notorious, and, if once assistant masters were represented on any Board or Committee authorized to deal with education, they would compel it from sheer shame to insist on the complete and final abolition of clerical restrictions. The case against them is overwhelming. They degrade ordination into an easy means of purchasing advancement; they debar the great bulk of the profession from any just hope of promotion; and at every election they so narrow the field of choice that high appointments are continually conferred upon men who have done nothing whatever to deserve them. A single and recent illustration will suffice. Some few months ago the headship of a great London school fell vacant and the governors advertised only for candidates who were in Orders or willing to take them. Had it been an open election they would have had scores of able and experienced men from whom to choose; as it was, they were driven to elect a young University Don who had the advantage of being ripe for Ordination at the opportune moment, but whose qualifications to take a foremost place in a great profession were absolutely suppositional. A Judge, a Bishop, or a general must go through some preliminary discipline. The President of the College of Physicians has, usually, seen some actual practice. But the highest qualities of a schoolmaster are often, it seems, a miraculous gift. Ordinary mortals garner up knowledge through patient study and slow experience, but, by a strange paradox, many men who control education are a living contradiction of its laws; they know without learning, and find wisdom without seeking for her. That, however, under a system which thus defies all the principles of common sense, there are many defects in education is hardly to be wondered at. Promotion by merit and the right of all its members to some reasonable participation in affairs are essential to progress in every calling or pursuit. Some day, when the public understands how its own interests now suffer, it will recognize that education is not exempt from this universal law, and will insist on the reform of its antiquated and unjust methods of administration. When that reform comes, when men who devote their lives to teaching obtain some reason-

able recognition of their rights and some hope that good work will in due season bring its good reward, then—but not before—there will breathe over the world of education a quickening spirit, and, instead of darkness and stagnation, there will be light and life.

Reviews.

CLASSICAL.

THE ATHENIAN DRAMA. I.—AESCHYLUS: THE ORESTEIAN TRILOGY. Translated and Explained by G. C. W. WARR. With Illustrations. (George Allen. 7s. 6d. n.)

Ever since the revival of learning there have been attempts to make the classics available for the reader who could not understand them in the original. These have usually taken the form of translations, some of which are among the choicest treasures of the English language. It is unfortunate that in the great age of English drama so few translations were made of the classical dramatists. Seneca we have, and some plays of Plautus or Terence in prose, but the few verse attempts at Greek plays are more adaptations than translations. In our own day scholarship is at its best, but the art of writing vigorous English has waned among us; hence one translation after another appears, and none seems just to hit the mark.

The plan of the series, of which this Oresteia is the first, is explained by Professor Warr in his preface. He hopes to supply not only the “English reader,” but the “more or less instructed student,” with “thoroughly annotated translations, giving the latter the means of widening the area of his early reading, and following it up in after life, so as to make the ancient literature a permanent possession.” He suggests that they may be used on the modern sides of schools, whose classical work is now confined to Latin. Instances of the type of book he has in mind are Leaf’s “Companion to the Iliad,” Lang’s “Homeric Hymns,” and his own “Greek Epic.” This volume, which contains versions of the Oresteia, a running commentary, and short essays on the Rise of Greek Tragedy and the Oresteian Trilogy, is intended to represent Aeschylus; to follow are others on Sophocles, on Euripides, and classical comedy. A number of illustrations, well selected and beautifully executed, further help modern readers to realize the theme.

Now the plan is good, and from the scholar’s point of view it has been well carried out, as Professor Warr’s name is enough to guarantee. There is no padding; indeed, the introduction is really too short and omits explanations which the non-Grecian will surely want (*e.g.*, Pegasus, p. xviii.). The notes are just what the English reader wants, and the translation, though not slavishly literal, is correct and, so far as we have examined it, rarely fails to bring out the right points. We wish we could say that, from a literary point of view, this was the ideal translation, so long desired in vain; but, good as it is, this is not quite the fact. The chief fault, and one which strikes you on every page, is the affectation of archaic words. Dryden says that we may borrow a foreign word, or revive an old one, when it is either “more sounding or more significant” than those now in use. But on what ground should we use “fang” for “catch,” “covin,” “glory eterne and grist”? Are “feastful,” “deathful,” “presageful” more sounding than others, or is “hospitage” more significant? What would the English reader make of a “warraid burg” or the “twang of fists”? The choruses, in particular, are sometimes obscure and need a glossary. Then, again, the blank verse rhythm is somewhat monotonous, though it is often quite a success in passages; but the English reader, who wants his Aeschylus made as homelike as possible, will certainly be misled when he finds the choruses done into “rhythmic prose.” The pity is greater because Professor Warr’s verse renderings are far better than his prose; they are simpler, they are, indeed, rhythmical, and in the *Eumenides*, where some of the choruses are in verse, they are often daintily pretty. Professor Warr has really lost an oppor-

tunity of trying an experiment which we think would have succeeded. Characters like the Watchman or the Nurse ought to speak in prose. Shakespeare would certainly have made them do so ; but here they talk in the same high-flown style as the others. The Watchman says :—

Plague on this tyrant fancy, that hath taken
My lady's lording heart ! Oft on my couch—
This dank uneasy bed, that hath for me
No spell of gadding dreams ; for slumber bilks me
And terror stares upon me, lest I shut
Mine eyelids past all waking—whensoever
I think to purge my sleepy pate with song,
Humming or whistling, as I shred the dose,
I fall to poorly sobbing for our goodman
And goodly occupation gone to bad . . .
All hail, thou flame, that darkling usherest
Dayspring and ample jubilee of choirs,
Which Argos shall array for this success ! . . .
The rest is hush, all hush : a lumping ox
Hath poizèd down my tongue. My bedfellow
Would voice it plain enough, if stones could speak.
My closet he shall ope, who hath the key ;
To them who know not, I'm a dummerer.

The merit of this version is obvious, and it is all clear enough, except the "bedfellow," which can hardly represent *αἰκός* "the house." But the tone seems to us wrong ; the rough rustic humour is quite distinct in the Greek. Let us try what could be made of prose.

Needs must when the queen bids, and she's a stout-hearted lady, good as a man any day. So I must go roaming o' nights in the dew, and never a dream to visit my bed. Fear's my bedfellow, not sleep, so that I dare not clap my eyelids together to sleep sound. Time and again I would fain warble a song, or whistle ; your singing is a fine physic for the sleepless ; but the song turns to sighing, the whistle to wailing, as I bethink me how ill things are going now with the royal house. . . . There's the blaze, I vow, God bless it ! the night is as bright as day ; there will be great junketings in the city for this. . . . But mum's the word ! the black ox treads o' my tongue, and he's no featherweight. If walls had voices they might tell tales and no mistake. I'm glad to speak out before those that know ; for those who know nothing I have a rare short memory.

In the *Eumenides* Professor Warr has warmed to his work, and the blank verse seems distinctly more simple and no less dignified than in the earlier part of the volume ; but the choruses are the same all through until just at the end, where verse is used. Professor Warr at his best is very good, and we hope he will believe that these criticisms are made in no spirit of cavilling. We wish to see the whole work brought up to the level of the best of it. There is yet time to alter the succeeding volumes, and there is sure to be a second edition of this. With all its faults it is scholarly and interesting, and the English reader will find most of his difficulties cleared up and his judgment helped by a little excellent criticism, of which we would fain see more.

THE CAPTIVI OF PLAUTUS. Edited, with Introduction, Apparatus Criticus, and Commentary. By W. M. LINDSAY. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. n.)

Mr. Lindsay's *Captivi* marks a distinct step in advance on any previous edition of Plautus : one has only to glance at Ramsay's "Mostellaria," so excellent in its day, to see the difference. We do not compare this book with the numerous school editions which have appeared within the last few years. The notes in these are often quite good, and they make painstaking efforts to give some idea of Plantine prosody to the unreceptive schoolboy ; but none of them produce the impression, as does the present work, that the author is master of his subject. For one thing, Mr. Lindsay's own metrical studies have been in print for some years in the *Journal of Philology* ;

but they have not been used as they should be by editors. But here we have the starting-point for a new edition of Plautus. Mr. Lindsay's improvement on previous editors—we might almost call it his new discovery (for, although hinted at even by Ritschl, it has never before been worked out)—is the use of the phrase-accent for explaining apparent irregularities. It is well known that words are often accented differently in different connexions ; hence it is not sufficient to say *volo* is accented on the penult. Where *volo* is practically an auxiliary, the word and its infinitive are accented as one word or word-group ; thus *volo scribere* will have one main accent, and the result of *volo* losing its own accent is to shorten the final syllable. Hence Plautus scans the phrase *vōlō scribē*. So it is with others ; *siquidem, tūquidem, sed quis homost, cūve dicas*, and, in particular, all prepositional phrases. This fruitful discovery has been worked out fully in the brilliant introduction on Prosody, and applied to the criticism of the text. Mr. Lindsay's knowledge of the Romance languages has been turned to account in the same way. Of the notes, we can only say that they seem to us generally just what is wanted. There are a few weak points, it is true ; the question of the gerund and gerundive is not exhaustively treated, and we much doubt the explanation given of *lucis tuendi copia* ; the strange use of *dixeram* for a simple past is not adequately treated ; there are several notes on *nam*, but none brings out clearly that *nam* is an emphatic particle simply, as γάρ originally was, and like *hi* in Sanskrit. In the difficult line 202 Mr. Lindsay reads *oculis multa mira ait*, for *miraculis*, a clever emendation as far as form goes, but not quite convincing. In 882 we still think that *Praeneste* is suggested by the words just before—that is, that Hegio says *tam diu*, not *iam diu* ; and the *Praenestine tam* may have been a corruption of *etiam*, which Mr. Lindsay does not note. As to *tu ne* (857) we should be inclined to regard this as a comic echo of the other speaker, as one should say—"What, I sir ?—What you, sir !" However, there are not many points we would call in question ; and we desire to emphasize the value of the evidence from the Romance languages, as given by the editor on occasion, for deciding Latin pronunciation or even spelling. There are some happy Shakespearean parallels given in the notes. Another might have been added ; for as popular speech makes *periculum* into *periculum*, so the Elizabethans could scan *l* or *r* as a syllable—traitor, for example, as three (Marlowe). The Metres of Plautus are also dealt with in the introduction, and Latin accent in an appendix ; and Mr. Lindsay promises to edit us further plays, with essays on Plantine Syntax and Accidence, and the other points of interest. We hope he will do so ; there is no one living who could do it better.

THE ODYSSEY. Rendered into English Prose by SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of "Erewhon," &c. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

The discoverer of the "authoress" of "The Odyssey" (a claim to honour modestly suppressed on the title-page of this work) now publishes in full the prose translation of which he had before given copious extracts. Prose it certainly is, and that of the baldest and most commonplace. Messrs. Butcher and Lang in their prose translation of "The Odyssey," with which Mr. Butler, printing the first sixty lines of it, expressly challenges comparison, aimed at a somewhat archaic prose, suggestive of that employed in the Authorized Version of the Bible, and succeeded in producing a pleasant and dignified version. Mr. Butler's version is, so far as we have tested it, only moderately accurate, and certainly not dignified. It seems to aim at expressing Homer's language in that of the street or of the servants' hall. A few phrases will illustrate what we mean :—

νόμφη πόρνη' ἔρυκε Καλύππω, δια θεῶν,
ἐν σπείσσι γλαφυροῖσι, λιλαιομένη πόσιν εἰναί. (Od. i., 14, 15.)

Butcher and Lang : "The lady nymph Calypso held (him), that fair goddess, in her hollow cave, longing to have him for her lord." Butler : "(He) was detained by the goddess Calypso, who had got him into a large cave and wanted to marry him." This, we may observe, makes no attempt to render *δια*, a

vague and fluctuating term no doubt, but intended to have some meaning; ignores the meaning of *γλαφυροίσι*, and seems to confuse *πόσιν* grammatically with *πόσις*. It also suggests the picture of Calypso blocking the entrance with an ample person, and saying, "You shan't come out, unless you marry me."

καὶ λίην καὶνός γε ἐοικότες αἶται δλίθρῳ
ὡς ἀπόλοιο καὶ ἄλλος τις τοιαῦτά γε ῥέζοι.

Butcher and Lang: "That man (Aegisthus) assuredly lies in a death that is his due; so perish likewise all who work such deeds!" Butler: "It served Aegisthus right, and so it would any one else who does as he did; but Aegisthus is neither here nor there." These passages occur in the lines where Mr. Butler specially invites comparison with the other translators. In the next paragraph, "Zeus, the cloud-gatherer," rebukes Athene: *τέκνον ἐμὸν, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φέγειν ἔρκος οὐδόντων* ("My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips?") Mr. Butler renders, "Jove (*νεφεληγερέτα* ignored) said, 'My child, what are you talking about?'" We may note, by the way, that he persists in using the Latin names Jove, Juno, Minerva for the Greek deities Zeus, Here, Athene—a small error, perhaps, but betraying lack of acquaintance with Greek and Roman mythology. Again, Telemachus' address to Athene, disguised as Mentis (i., 158), *Ξεῖνε φίλ', ἣ καὶ μοι νημασθήσαι ὅττι κεν εἴπω* ("Dear stranger, wilt thou of a truth be wroth at the word that I shall say?") appears as, "I hope, sir, that you will not be offended at what I am going to say?"

These examples, we think, are enough to prove our contention that Mr. Butler's prose translation is *βάναντος*—marked by bathos rather than dignity. To show, however, that it remains to the end *qualis ab incepto processerit*, let us take one more example from xxiv., 481, where Zeus, replying to Athene, says:—*ἔρξον ὅπως ἐθέλεις· ἐρίω γέ τοι ὡς ἐρέοικεν* ("Do as thou wilt, but I will tell thee of the better way"). This in Mr. Butler's hands becomes, "Do whatever you like, but I will tell you what I think will be the most reasonable arrangement!"

Those who do not possess that literary curiosity, "The Authoress of the Odyssey," will find its main conclusions summarized and confidently reaffirmed in the preface to this volume—viz., that the Odyssey was written at, and its scenery all drawn from, Trapani (Drepanum), on the west coast of Sicily; its authoress being a young woman who lived there, and introduced herself into the story as Nausicaa. If she was, as is pointed out in one of the notes, "a practised washer-woman," the English of this translation may be a fair equivalent of the language that she spoke. Otherwise we see no purpose in it. It is bald enough, but not sufficiently accurate, for a schoolboy's crib; for scholars of any taste it is disappointing.

Cicero.

The third volume of Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's translation of *THE LETTERS OF CICERO* (Bell, 5s.) covers the years 48—February 44 B.C., a momentous period, as the culmination of the Great Dictator's life. The allusions to public events are numerous, but, unfortunately, not always so clear as could be wished. Cicero was in the early part of this period in doubt what to do, and naturally did not wish to commit himself in writing. He writes, however, from Pompey's camp, and we learn that he refused to take command of the fleet after the battle of Pharsalia, which he recognized at once as a decisive defeat. His own turmoil of mind, even during the time when he had made his peace with Cæsar, is well reflected in the letters. We have vividly brought before us how Cæsar's hand made itself to be felt through all departments of State. In several letters Cicero shows a suspicious interest in Brutus and Cassius. There is a good deal about his private life and anxieties; allusion to Terentia and to Marcus, and Cicero's literary recreations. Most of the letters are addressed to the ever-ready Atticus; other correspondents are the learned Varro, Sulpicius Rufus the lawyer, and L. Papirius Pætus. The letters to Pætus are amongst the most interesting in the book from a literary point of view. Mr. Shuckburgh's part in the work is satisfactory, and, we think, shows an improvement on the beginning. But why is

the table of dates of Cicero's life placed in this volume? In the fourth and final volume is included the brief space between 44 and Cicero's death in 43. The first letter appears to congratulate one of the conspirators on Cæsar's murder; but Cicero soon finds out that with Antony alive "the tyrant had been destroyed, not the tyranny," and the rest of his days are occupied with opposition to Antony by all possible means. Mr. Shuckburgh's "Introduction" estimates the character of Cicero a little too summarily, perhaps, for one so complex, but without prejudice or heat. We also have a brief account of the chief correspondents, which is sensible, though it lacks the vividness of Boissier's. There is a full index. We should like to call attention to a few conjectural emendations printed on page vii.; in particular, the convincing one in Att. xv. 5: *ὁ θησαυρὸς ἀνθρακες* for *ὅτε γαῦς ἀνθρακες*. We see no reason to modify the opinion expressed in our notice of the first volumes, except to say that the style of the translation has distinctly improved. On the whole, it is a good piece of work, and the chronological arrangement will make it useful to historical students.

Mr. F. D. Norris' aim in his *ORATIONS OF CICERO*, another volume of the Scott Library (Scott, 1s. 6d.), appears to be to provide a Cicero for English readers by printing translations of typical speeches. He has chosen the Roscius, Cæcilius, the four Catilines, Mursæna, Archias, Milo, Marcellus, and two Philippias. One would expect a piece of Verres, but otherwise the speeches are characteristic. The translation is by William Guthrie, whose style has something of the ponderousness of the eighteenth century, but at least it is a style, and that is more than can be said of many writers nowadays. It is really quite agreeable to read. But neither Guthrie nor most others can compare with Roger L'Estrange, whose translations have been strangely neglected. His *TULLY'S OFFICES* have been carefully edited by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse and issued in the Temple Classics (Dent, 1s. 6d.). There never was a more racy writer of English. His peculiar talents have not full play in "Tully's Offices," but he makes the most of it. The preface alone is worth the money which Messrs. Dent ask for their dainty little edition.

A recent volume of Macmillan's "Golden Treasury" Series is made up of translations from Cicero's "De Amicitia" and "De Senectute," under the name of *CICERO ON OLD AGE AND FRIENDSHIP* (2s. 6d. n.). Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's translation is worthy of his scholarship, and the introduction is at once interesting and admirably phrased. Many persons no doubt will be glad to possess in an English dress the work which Emerson characterizes as "Cicero's famous essay, charming by its uniform rhetorical merit, heroic with stoical precepts."

Classical Texts with Notes.

We are not in love with books of selections, but in the case of some authors they are useful. It is difficult, however, to place the *SELECTIONS FROM PLATO*, edited, in Macmillan's Red Series, by Dr. L. L. Forman, of Cornell University (7s. 6d.). For middle forms in schools it is too full, unless it be kept as a stock book for three or four terms; for the University it is not enough; a sixth form, again, prefers whole dialogues. But there is a unity in this book; it aims at being an introduction to the Greek of Plato and to the personality of Socrates. The "Apology" and "Crito" are given entire; and the most famous passages are chosen from the "Symposium," the "Republic," the "Phædo," "Gorgias," and other chief dialogues, besides extracts from some, such as "Euthydemus" and "Sophistes," which are rarely read. The notes are arranged on a novel plan; elementary notes, meant for beginners, are given first, and then a number of advanced notes, chiefly on points of language. Some of these are very good (e.g., that on *ἀλλὰ γάρ*, p. 419). Authorities and quotations are given for all statements, and in this respect the book is scholarly and reliable. Their bulk is unwieldy, however, and we must quarrel with the inelegant style of the Introduction. It is strange that a student of Plato has so little sense of the uncouth in language and so little regard for literary form. The text follows the best authorities and is generally judicious; but

we think *φροντιστής* in "Apology" 18 C. is a quotation from the "Clouds," and ought not to be bracketed.

The Clarendon Press has produced quite a beautiful book in *DEMOSTHENES AGAINST MEIDIAS*, edited by Mr. J. R. King (3s. 6d.). The editing also is good. The text has been carefully revised by Professor Butcher, who adds the necessary critical notes. The text is certainly an improvement on the vulgate; conservative on the whole, Professor Butcher is not afraid to adopt a reading on the authority of inferior MSS. when it is demonstrably better (e.g., p. 526, *ἐταύσεν* for *ἐψησεν*). Mr. King's introduction and notes are neat and to the point. Occasionally he errs by omission; thus nothing is said to explain γὰρ when it does not mean "for" (§ 28, p. 25). We have also noted an error in archaeology, where the tripod as a votive offering is said to have special reference to Apollo and Dionysus (p. 18). The tripod in early times was a unit of value, and it is offered to the Muses and to other deities on occasion. On the whole, however, this is a good school-book. We should add that the reference pages by which Plato is quoted are the only paging used in the text. This capital idea is borrowed from the Oxford Classical Texts.

We have already called attention to Blackwood's Classical Texts (1s. 6d. each), with their interesting pictures; but we must repeat that they are unsatisfactory in form. The inset analysis is printed in ugly type, and there is no room for it on a small page; where it consists of a date only, one is apt to read it as part of the line. Thus, in Mr. Sharpley's *OLYNTIACS OF DEMOSTHENES* we read, "when the 366 B.C. he came of age." The illustrations are valuable, and a little pains on the part of the printer would make this an excellent series. The notes to the "Olynthiacs" are fair, but suggest comment. Why is not something said to explain why such a word as *ἄντις* is followed by the aorist infinitive as well as the future (p. 42)? What is a "good sense" in *πικρὸς* (p. 50)? Is not *σαφὲς οὐρανό* "plainly enough" rather than "quite plainly"? The remarks on the portrait of Demosthenes are shallow, and the editor appears to infer from it that he did not take enough exercise. We hasten to add that the estimate of Demosthenes as a man is conceived on less narrow lines, and the appendix of extracts from Plutarch is interesting. Mr. E. E. Sikes' *SIXTH ODYSSEY* is well done, but, like the Demosthenes, sometimes fails to insist on principles. Thus, on p. 289 it ought to be pointed out that the reason for the "idiomatic" order *εἴνε δὲ* is that the vocative, like exclamations, is always outside the syntax of a sentence. The philological part and the notes on dialect are good, and there is an appendix on Homeric Folk-lore which is worth reading. Mr. A. Jagger's *XENOPHON ANABASIS*, Books I., II., is very thoroughly done, the illustrated matter about the Greek army and Greek military terms is admirable. It is almost too thorough—the matter about irregular verbs, conditional sentences, &c., should be left to the grammar or the teacher.

It is strange that one should have to criticize the shape and get-up of school-books, when the Clarendon Press and Mr. Dent have shown how to make books look well. It is not a mere matter of look; but crowded print and small margins are doing a vast deal of damage to children's eyesight. Messrs. Bell's admirably Illustrated Classical Series, got up at great expense, is, we think, too small in size. Otherwise, Mr. E. H. Blakeney's *ALCESTIS* (2s.) deserves praise. It has a capital introduction, archaeological and critical, fairly good notes, and most instructive pictures. It is a mistake, however, we are confident, to translate too much; and here whole choruses are translated. The grammatical appendix does what every boy ought to do for himself. Lastly, those who read a Greek play ought to be made to use a dictionary, not a special vocabulary.

The *ANABASIS OF XENOPHON*, Book VI., edited by Mr. G. M. Edwards (Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges, 1s. 6d.), is a good school-book. The Introduction is interesting,

the Notes hit the mean between too little and too much. In the same series Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh edits *CÆSAR: GALLIC WAR VII.*, with notes and a vocabulary; this is also good. The new series is not so ambitious as the old school series, but more useful.

SELECTED LETTERS OF PLINY, edited by J. H. Westcott, Professor of Latin in Princeton University (Alleyne and Bacon's College Latin Series, Putnam's, 6s.), is a good book. The introduction contains an account of Pliny's style, very necessary for students. We have noted no sins of omission or commission in the book, and it may safely be recommended for colleges or higher forms in schools.

Two editions of Sallust's *CATILINE* lie before us. One of them is edited by Mr. W. C. Summers, a lecturer at Owens College (Pitt Press, 2s.), and is a very thorough and scholarly work. The other, by Mr. W. A. Stone (Blackie, 1s. 6d., illustrated), is less complete, but is better suited for schools; if, indeed, Sallust is a suitable author for schools. Mr. Stone is fuller on the historical side, but neither editor deals with the question of Cicero's legal right to put the conspirators to death. The frontispiece, by the way, is hardly illustrative of the subject.

In the same series as this Mr. J. Brown, Professor of Latin at Victoria College, Wellington, edits *LIVY*, Book I. (1s. 6d.). Here the illustrations are well selected, but we desire full information as to their authority. We have our doubts about those Roman siege-engines. The imaginative pictures of Cæsar's death and captives passing under the yoke are excellent. Notes and introduction are satisfactory, and there is a vocabulary and exercises in re-translation.

LIVY, Book XXI. (2s. 6d.), has long been a standing dish for lower forms and even for "smalls." But to read it as edited by Mr. George G. Loane, for Messrs. Blackie's Illustrated Latin Series, with admirable illustrations—notably a picture of Hannibal's elephants crossing the Rhine—is a modern luxury. The introduction is well suited to stimulate the young idea. The text is that of Müller's Weissenborn (eighth edition, 1891), and in the appendices and copious notes standard authorities such as Dowdall, Taine, Niebuhr, Mommsen, and Arnold are freely drawn upon.

Verse Composition.

TENTAMINA is the modest title given by Mr. David Slater, M.A., to a collection of translations into Latin and Greek verse (Oxford, Blackwell; London, Simpkin, Marshall), which we think can hold their own with others. They are scholarly and poetical, and their author has felt, as many do, the charm of such exercises, in which (he says) many of the happiest hours of his life have been spent. The most ambitious effort in the book is a rendering of Tennyson's "The Revenge" into Latin hexameters, spirited and well-sustained. Here, for instance, is the rendering of the lines (56 sqq.) beginning—

And the sun went down, and the stars came out
Far over the summer sea:—

Sol ruit interea: collucent sidere multo
Aestivi late fluctus. Olli usque tot unam
Diruere Ultricem tendunt; mora nulla duello.
Certatim immensae noctem, quam longa, carinae
Exorcere vices; nunc Martem accendere telis,
Nunc tentare aditum, multa nunc morte referri,
Vieta inhonora acies.

Or, again, the lines near the end—

And they manned the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own,
are thus neatly turned:—

Captam deinde ratem manus advena voltibus atris
Occupat; illa abiit spoliata, suosque requirit.

Mr. Slater is less happy in his *Alcaic* version of Tennyson's magnificent Ode to Virgil. It has some neat turns, but does not seem to get fairly hold of either the language or the rhythm of the original, and reads poor beside it. But his *elegiac* versions

are for the most part excellent. As a specimen we give the last four lines of R. L. Stevenson's "Requiem"—

This be the verse you grave for me :
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Addē etiam titulum tumulo. Pia musa iacentem
Optato memoret procubuisse toro.
Nunc iuga venator linquit repetitque penates ;
Nauta pererratis nunc requiescit aquis.

For "linquit" perhaps read "liquit." This version is headed "Operum Solutus"; and the headings throughout are happily chosen. The book deserves a place upon a scholar's shelves.

Mr. Marchant's illustrated *SCALE TERTIÆ* (Bell, 1s.) contains easy extracts in prose and verse, Phædrus, Ovid, Nepos, and Cicero, with pictures drawn to illustrate them, a vocabulary, and notes. The notes are written *ad puerum*, and are like so many others, rather too specific. General principles can often be taught to young learners—e.g., why verbs of obeying take a dative. The book is open to the same objections as the others of this small series, and so is Mr. G. H. Nall's *MILTIADES AND EPAMINONDAS* from Cornelius Nepos (Macmillan's Elementary Classics, 1s. 6d.). There are good notes and all things to make the boy's path easy, but his eyes are not thought of. The *PRECEPTORS' LATIN READER* (Clive, 1s. 6d.), with vocabulary, edited by E. J. G. Forse, is better printed, but the extracts are rather short. These books ought to be compiled with a view to the usual lesson of fifteen or twenty lines. The "Reader" may be used with the same publisher's *PRECEPTOR'S LATIN COURSE* (2s. 6d.), by B. J. Hayes, a very clearly-printed and handy volume more or less on familiar lines, save that some elementary instruction on verbs and adjectives is introduced *pari passu* with the declensions. There are some good hints on translation. Blackie's *INTERMEDIATE GREEK UNSEENS* (paper covers, 4d.) is a useful booklet, clearly printed. The extracts are moderately easy and well chosen. We will but mention the *SELF-EDUCATOR IN LATIN*, by Mr. W. A. Edward, M.A., edited by Mr. J. Adams, Rector of the Free Church Training College, Glasgow (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.). This contains its own "crib," and will be useful for those who cannot find a teacher; but to use it requires some strength of character.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

French.

The Clarendon Press publishes an *HISTORICAL PRIMER OF FRENCH PHONETICS*, by Margaret S. Brittain (2s. 6d.). It is intended as an introduction to Brachet's "Historical French Grammar," and Mr. Paget Toynbee, in a prefatory note, says that "the want of some such elementary book has long been felt by English students." Some students will probably reply that their want has been supplied by the elementary book by Professor Spiers, reviewed in our columns about a year ago. Those who are satisfied to get a general view of the steps by which the vulgar tongue of the Roman legionaries developed into the language of Voltaire would certainly find all they need in Professor Spiers' manual. Miss Brittain's book is more advanced and goes into more details. If a student wants any preliminary exercises before plunging straight into Brachet, those provided by Miss Brittain will serve the purpose admirably.

Is the teaching of French Grammar in English schools to be simplified by the new licences in spelling and in syntax approved by the *Ministre de l'Instruction*? Is Alfred to be still subjected to a tyranny from which Jules is freed? At present, Yes, if he learns all that is imparted in Mr. Arthur A. Wall's admirable *CONCISE FRENCH GRAMMAR* (4s. 6d.) in the Clarendon Press Series. In that case he would first learn the old rules and then how to break them—a double task. But his method is, after all, the safest at present. By giving the old rules and then stating

in brackets the variation which will in future be permitted he shows the master, so to speak, where he is, and leaves it to his discretion how to act. The book is otherwise well done, more or less on established lines.

PARLONS FRANÇAIS, by M. Frédérick Julien (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), is arranged on the principle that conversation should be taught before grammar. The author quotes the statement made by Lord Kimberley when enforcing the necessity of foreign languages to our commercial men—"Instead of beginning with the grammar, the languages should be learned as an infant learned to talk." But it is easier said than done. A French nurse may do wonders, or six months in France. But in the schoolroom it must be an uphill task to make a boy talk who knows nothing about tenses and so forth. If it can be done, M. Julien's conversations, racy and familiar, will do it. The following, by the way, seems to be more adapted to adult pupils:—

Qu'écrivez-vous ?

J'écris une lettre . . . à une jeune mariée.

Ecrit-elle souvent ?

Elle ne sait pas écrire.

Another French book, by Mr. de V. Payen-Payne, *FRENCH IDIOMS AND PROVERBS* (Nutt, 3s. 6d.), has proved its usefulness by reaching a third edition. The book is enlarged, and the author now helps the student who does not want to read the whole book at once by placing asterisks against the most important proverbs.

While the elaborate fabric of French grammar is tottering, Molière still plants his foot firm in the schoolroom. A writer in the *Mercure de France* tried to prove not long ago that there is more real humour in *Hamlet* than in any of Molière's plays. Luckily this does not affect Mr. Dent, who adds to the Temple Molière *LE MÉDECIN MALGRÉ LUI* (1s. 6d. n.), which Leigh Hunt selected as an example *par excellence* of Molière's "wit and humour." The notes are good and learned—almost too learned for the occasion. For how can a boy laugh as much as he should at the Mock Doctor if he has to remember all the parallels in the play to other works—Montaigne's *Apologie de Raimond Sébond*, &c.—which he cannot have read? It is a big jump from the classic atmosphere of Molière to Mérimée, who, as is pointed out in Mr. J. E. Michell's edition of *TAMANGO* (Blackie, 1s.), belonged to the romantic school at the beginning of the last century, in spite of the fact that he constantly made fun of it. It is a capital idea to give boys short stories in French. The French are supreme in that medium, and the length of some of the books used in class is apt to make literature into a task.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XI., a French reader, edited by Mr. F. W. B. Smart (Black, 2s. n.), is designed to illustrate a continuous period of French history from the narratives of contemporaries or eminent modern writers. Among the writers drawn upon are Philippe de Comines, Martin, Michelet, Sismondi, Victor Hugo, and Emile Zola. There is no vocabulary, but there are sufficient notes. The reader is for the higher forms, and is of the better sort.

German.

A *SELECTION OF GERMAN IDIOMS* (Macmillans, 3s. 6d.), compiled by Myra Taker and F. F. Roget, supplies a long-felt want. It contains some three thousand phrases selected not only from standard German literature but also from the more familiar usages of every-day conversation, and sentences are added illustrative of the more difficult idioms. A word or two of explanation might have been appended with advantage to some of the more recondite phrases. The fairly advanced student will find the book an invaluable companion to the ordinary dictionary.

Mr. H. W. Eve is responsible for a carefully-annotated edition of Gustav Freytag's bright little play, *DIE JOURNALISTEN* (Pitt Press, 2s. 6d.). A comedy of this type with its sparkling dialogue and modern phraseology seems to us much better adapted for the average student than the usual selections from the classical works of the great German dramatists. The text is preceded by a sketch of Freytag's career and a well-considered

analysis of the plot of the play. The notes are short and to the point, and all obscure allusions and syntactical difficulties have been explained with sufficient detail.

PREPARATORY GERMAN LESSONS, by Mr. S. E. Bally (Allman, 9d.), is uniform with M. Blouet's "Preparatory French Lessons." It would be more useful in the hands of a teacher with a black-board than in those of the pupil. For this purpose its arrangement is good; it does not, for instance, give lists of declensions to be learnt by heart, but takes each case and each variety one after another, with conversations and exercises on each. A capital feature is the Volkslieder scattered throughout the book in illustration of different rules, frequently with a note as to the tune to which they can be sung.

Self-Educators.

The only objection to *THE SELF-EDUCATOR IN FRENCH* (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.), by John Adams, is that for those who wish to learn French without a tutor a special text-book is hardly needed. The ordinary grammars designed for school use do well enough, though they should be supplemented by a free use of the daily paper as a "reader." As many of the same telegrams appear in English and foreign journals, the student is there furnished with a "crib." But Mr. Adams' book is good enough, and may smooth over some difficulties. This, too, may certainly be said of the same author's *SELF-EDUCATOR IN GERMAN* (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.), intended to teach the student to read and write, not to speak German. This book is distinctly easier and more interesting for the solitary student than an ordinary grammar. It is attractively printed and copiously supplied with extracts of an interesting character for translation.

ENGLISH.

The English Language.

Professor Toller's *OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE* (the Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges, 4s.) is a scholarly piece of work. It is formal, not literary—that is, it deals with the materials of the English language, how they were accumulated, acted upon each other, and gradually took shape; and if extracts are given from earlier authors, they are studied from this point of view. A student may learn something of literature from the volume, but that is by the way. Professor Toller is no compiler; he knows his subject at first hand, and his remarks (as on the influence of Danish) are often original, and always acute. This book certainly supplies a want, and may be cordially recommended. We wish Professor Toller would follow it up with a work dealing with literary style; a most interesting subject, and almost untouched.

Shakespeare.

Mr. J. Lees, who has compiled one or two useful books of Examination Questions on Shakespeare's Plays, has a very clear idea of what is wanted to make a schoolboy understand Shakespeare. He now gives us a school edition of *HENRY V.* (Allman, 1s.), a handy, well-bound book. The introduction is a concise and practical summary of all that is known about the play. The notes are for the most part only explanatory of any possible difficulty in the meaning of Shakespeare's language, with some etymological and metrical matter. From this point of view they are very complete. The characters of the King and of Fluellen are fully discussed, but for the most part criticism of the merits and defects of the play are left to the teacher, who will also have to be careful to avoid any mechanical use of the notes. Thus, a boy asked in an examination to explain the phrase "arrant knavery" would not show much merit if he simply quotes from the notes "notorious villany."

Mr. A. W. Verity's editions of Shakespeare are well known, and his *KING HENRY V.* (Pitt Press Shakespeare, 1s. 6d.) shows the same merits of thoroughness and accuracy as the others. These books are too elaborate for middle school work, but are well suited for advanced students who wish to know all about a

play. For examination purposes they are well suited; although it must be admitted that the humour and the poetic interest suffer somewhat by the elaboration of questions in language and literary history. Print and paper are good; the margins are mean, a serious fault in all the Pitt Press school-books.

Messrs. Blackie have issued *AS YOU LIKE IT* as the first number of a "Picture Shakespeare" (1s.), which embodies most of the notes and introductions of their Junior School Shakespeare. The text is revised "to secure entire suitability for class use." We do not like the coarse coloured frontispiece, but the half-dozen pictures in the text are neat. The print is good, but the paper is unpleasantly shiny. The notes are very simple, and are mostly explanations of the text.

Sir Walter Scott.

OLD MORTALITY and *WOODSTOCK*, in Black's school edition of Scott (1s. 6d. each), are before us. We have already described the features of this edition, which contains introductions and notes brief and very much to the point. They are well printed, and the cover will not show dirt. All young readers will be glad to be told the meaning of "culverin," "siserary," "sconce," "grimalkin," "Moriscoes," "tiffany," and "carolus." For middle forms there is an abbreviated edition of *OLD MORTALITY* (1s. n.), and for the very young there is *THE STORY OF OLD MORTALITY*, told in ninety pages. *THE STORY OF IVANHOE* is also told in some fifty pages by Harriet Gassiot; a few notes and a short introduction are added by W. M. Mackenzie. The two latter belong to Black's illustrated *SIR WALTER SCOTT READERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE* (6d. n.), which would be useful in elementary schools. The pictures will help children to realize the scenes, and are not without merit. Nevertheless it might be urged that other authors have written tales better adapted for infants than Scott abbreviated. He need not be thrust down their throats as if he were the Shorter Catechism.

Reprints and Readings in English.

We are unfeignedly glad to see convenient editions of English prose masterpieces, but it is impossible to blink the fact that the "apparatus" in most of them is overdone. What is wanted is a brief introduction, including a sketch of biography and concise literary or historical criticism, and a glossary of proper names. Very few notes, indeed, will be necessary to explain the language and other allusions. *THE TEMPLE CLASSICS* contain almost enough for practical purposes, and we are surprised they are not more used in schools. But here we have Macaulay's *ESSAY ON WARREN HASTINGS* (Blackie, 2s.) in a book of 250 pages, his *PITT* (Blackie, 2s.) filling 160, and Carlyle's *ESSAY ON BURNS* (Blackwood, illustrated, 1s. 6d.) the same. The Life of Macaulay surely need not be written over again by every editor of one of his essays in the same series. Mr. John Downie, editor of the "Hastings" and the "Burns," has written capital introductions if they are meant for the general reader, but they are far too full for school work. Both he and Mr. C. J. Battersby, who edits the "Pitt," give careful historical criticism of Macaulay, chronological tables, and all imaginable help.

Mr. G. C. M. Smith, Professor of English in University College, Sheffield, who edits *BACON'S NEW ATLANTIS* (1s. 6d.) in the Pitt Press Series, has fallen into the usual error. To forty-six pages of text there are fifty-six of introduction and twenty of glossary. The historical part of the introduction is interesting, but Bacon hardly needs an elaborate "Grammar." We should like to see an Elizabethan grammar of prose writers like Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, to which editors might refer. Such a book, which should deal specially with literary style, would be most useful; but these sectional grammars, not of single writers but even of single books, involve a waste of effort, and are not wide enough to be really useful.

Messrs. Blackie offer a Twentieth Century Edition of Mr. G. A. Henty's *SOVEREIGN READER* (1s. 6d.), being readings in the history of the century grouped about the life of Queen Victoria. The book is popular, and well deserves to be so; it is most interesting to children, and can be cordially recommended.

Fortunately, no grammar was thought necessary for the Pitt Press *ROBINSON CRUSOE*, Part I. (2s.). Mr. J. H. B. Masterman, the editor, contents himself with a brief account of Defoe, and a few foot-notes explaining words and allusions. It would have been better to put the notes at the end in glossary order, if the book is to be used by school children. The editing is satisfactory, and we are pleased to see that the old punctuation is followed. Our present system is pedantic, and appeals to the eye, when it ought to help in reading. *County Grammar School* (p. 2) seems to be a misprint for *country*.

Messrs. Macmillan have struck out quite a new line with a *KIPLING READER* (1s. 9d.), which contains some of the author's best stories. "Wee Willie Winkie," "Moti Guj," chapters from the "Jungle Book," and verses are amongst the selections given. Kipling is not a model of style, and schoolboys would be certain to imitate his mannerisms; but there can be no question that the book is interesting.

SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS.

Botany.

BOTANY, in the "Self Educator Series" (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.), is one of the best and most comprehensive introductions to English botany we have seen. The student will have to familiarize himself with the constant use of a good many more hard words than the older *Elementary Handbooks* such as Sir Joseph Hooker's required of him, but it is hardly possible to study botany to good purpose without this familiarity; and there is an excellent introduction intended to pave the way to the use of Greek and Latin terms by explaining usual prefixes, &c. The illustrations are copious and very clear. There ought to have been an index. The student, we fancy, will much want a reference to some clear explanation (which we have not been able to find) of what is always a difficulty to him—the exact meaning of *thalamifloræ* and *calycifloræ*. Otherwise the account of the natural orders is all that is wanted. The "Temple Primer" *PLANT LIFE AND STRUCTURE* (Dent, 1s.), a translation by Clara L. Skeat from the German of Dr. E. Dennert, does not touch classification. It is generally, we know, an unsatisfactory criticism to say of a book that it ought to have been another book. But in such a series as this it does seem a pity that botany should not have been approached in the way through which almost every one begins to study it, and on which the ordinary naturalist finds his greatest interest. A close study of plant structure, too, requires the microscope, and the student will not find here any such useful hints as to its use as he will get from the first book we mentioned. The botanical student will, however, find here a very careful, if not very attractive, examination, with small diagrams and pictures, of the particular part of botany selected for treatment.

Astronomy.

A PRIMER OF ASTRONOMY, by Sir Robert Ball (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d. n.).—The distinctive feature of this very elementary book is a series of eleven full-page half-tone plates, of which all but two are reproductions of photographs. We are glad to see that the Spectroscope receives due attention, and that space is found for some account of Professor Darwin's interesting deductions from tidal theory concerning the life-history of the moon.

Mathematics.

TREATISE ON ELEMENTARY DYNAMICS. H. A. Roberts, M.A. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.).—It is difficult to give this work its due share of praise. Written for students with little acquaintance with the calculus, it yet successfully attempts a scientific treatment of elementary dynamics on the lines laid down by Clifford, Mach, and others. Vectors are freely and elegantly used throughout. The chapter on the Laws of Motion sets forth the historical and general evidence for them in an interesting form, while that on Work and Energy is quite refreshing. Teachers of mixed mathematics will find the book most suggestive. Its ideas are too abstract for it to be of use as a school text-book.

THE ELEMENTS OF HYDROSTATICS, S. L. Lurey, M.A. (Pitt Press Mathematical Series, Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d.), is intended primarily for students who have read the author's "Elements of Statics and Dynamics." There are so few good elementary works on the mathematical aspect of hydrostatics that the lucid style of this work, combined with the excellent worked examples and the large collection of questions, should secure it a measure of popularity. The diagrams are clear, but the illustrations of apparatus are as grotesque as usual in English text-books of this class.

A FIRST GEOMETRY BOOK, by J. G. Hamilton and F. Kettle (Arnold) is a little book (90 pp.) of practical constructions and experiments in geometry. It is intended not so much to introduce the pupil to the formal reasoning of Euclid as to familiarize him with concrete figures which he will have to idealize later on. Much ingenuity has been shown in making the experiments instructive, and we have no doubt that a child would be really interested in working through the book with a good teacher; his observation would be trained, and he would almost unconsciously acquire a good deal of geometrical knowledge. We heartily recommend the book for use with young children.

THE ROMANCE OF THE EARTH, by A. W. Bickerton (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.), is a popular introduction to the marvels of all the sciences, starting with geology and proceeding to physiology and embryology, and not even shrinking from a discussion of the problem of the origin of life. From the pictures, which are numerous and good, we judge that the book is intended for young people, but what will a young person or a beginner of any age make of such a sentence as the following:—"The primitive amoeboid animal grows complex and clothes its body in flint, in lime, or in horny material, becoming the radiolarians and foraminifers which float in countless numbers on the open ocean or glide in amoeboid fashion on the sea-floor"?

BUSINESS ARITHMETIC—ELEMENTARY STAGE (Sir Isaac Pitman, 1s. 6d.) seems intended for those who have already studied arithmetic and who require a set of mere rules and tricks for office use. It is to be hoped that such books will never find their way into schools (even into "commercial classes"), for their methods divest arithmetic of most of its educational value.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Divinity.

Dr. Driver's name is a guarantee of the excellence of **THE BOOK OF DANIEL** in the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The introduction deals with thorny questions of criticism, and we applaud the courage of Professor Kirkpatrick and the Pitt Press in publishing it. The sooner they revise their other volumes with the same courage the better; at present they are often childish in the extreme. This is a book no Biblical student can afford to be without.

Rivington's **HANDBOOK TO THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW** (2s. 6d.), edited by Canon Newbolt, appeals not to the student but to the teacher in elementary schools. The book is divided up into lessons, and for each practical notes are given, including blackboard sketches. It is doctrinal, orthodox, and devotional. For large classes of young children it would probably be useful, but it should be used with discrimination.

Much the same may be said of **EASY LESSONS ON ISRAEL IN EGYPT AND THE WILDERNESS**, by William Taylor, Master of Method in Battersea Training College (Church of England Sunday School Institute, 2s.). The blackboard sketches here are a trifle vulgar, and we doubt the wisdom of teaching Scripture on this plan.

Our readers may remember how "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" urged that each generation should "depolarise" the Scriptures, by making a translation of them in everyday language free from poetic associations. An attempt to do this has been made in the **TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW**

TESTAMENT, translated from Westcott and Hort's text (Horace Marshall, 1s.). The second part comprises the APOSTLE PAUL'S LETTERS TO THE CHURCHES. This is not a paraphrase, like Dr. Hayman's "Epistles of St. Paul," or Dean Stanley's, but a translation from the Greek into modern English. There is no question that such a book is useful. The thoughts strike one with a new force, and often the obscure becomes clear. Nothing of this sort is likely to supersede the Authorized Version; but it certainly is worth reading side by side with the other. This translation is not undignified.

Geography.

Blackie's CONTINENTAL GEOGRAPHY READERS (1s.), AFRICA and ASIA, represent the reaction against the old system of facts and figures. Here we learn of the Climate, Animals, Peoples, Minerals, and so forth, first of the whole, and then one by one of the parts. These things have their place, and they serve well as adjuncts to more serious geographical study, but they will not do for the only geography book of a school. Mr. L. W. Lyde's ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE (Black, 4d. net) is more businesslike. But after all recent attempts, the ideal geography book has to be written.

In Messrs. Blackie's "Continental Geography Readers" the anonymous author attempts in 142 pages to conduct us round EUROPE (1s.), giving us all sorts of miscellaneous information about each country on the way. He has plenty to tell us, and the explanatory maps are clear and not over-crowded. But such compressed matter must be difficult to remember. Was not the more leisurely method of the children who browsed over the expansive pages of "Near Home" or "Far Off" better for their souls?

Primers.

Messrs. Dent's PRIMERS (1s. each n.) are nice little books, and though they differ much in style and merit, all we have seen are good in some way. The CIVILIZATION OF THE EAST, by Dr. Fritz Hommel, sums up the present state of knowledge with respect to early Babylonia and Egypt, and gives a great deal of useful information clearly and concisely. It should be in the hands of all Biblical students, and is by no means useless for illustration of the classics, considering how much astronomy owes to Babylonia. The GREEK DRAMA, by L. D. Barnett, suffers from a too great devotion to theories new and especially German. Dörpfeld is a distinguished scholar, but he is not inspired, and Mr. Barnett would have done well to check his deductions by the sound common sense of Mr. Haigh. Apart from his youthful partisanship, the book is good; but it cannot be safely used by those who possess no other books on the Greek drama.

For Children.

For their clearness, intelligence, and excellent illustrations—many of them coloured—the volumes of "Dent School Series," edited by Dr. M. T. Yates, may be warmly commended to parents and to teachers in elementary schools. It consists of three books of TEMPLE NATURE READERS, giving lessons in Common Things and on Geography; six books of TEMPLE GIRLS' READERS of a similar kind, but more adapted as regards subject to girls, and containing stories and biographies; seven books of TEMPLE LITERARY READERS, of stories and extracts suitable for children in which a capital feature is the pages devoted to "Reading Drill"; and a series of six CONTINUOUS READERS, giving the stories of Columbus, Drake, and other adventurous persons. The books vary in price from 9d. to 1s. 9d.

School Management.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT AND METHODS OF INSTRUCTION, by George Collar and Charles W. Crook (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), is a practical and business-like handbook for school managers of all sorts; and although much of it is meant for the elementary teacher, it may be studied with profit by others. It covers the whole range of organization, from the keeping of the attendance register to the teacher's moral influence. Looking at the book from the secondary teacher's standpoint, we would

single out two or three points of special importance. It was a favourite saying of Thring's, that the fate of a school was in the hands of the builder; all depended on the "almighty wall." So, here, many readers will be astonished to see, under the heading of Discipline, "the Architect" named as one of the chief agents who make or mar it. Now, this is a truth which is too little recognized in the secondary schools. There are scores of class-rooms in public schools where arrangements for light and ventilation are so bad that it is impossible to teach effectively; the attention of the class is consequently hard to keep. One such we know, where the blackboard is fixed by a hinge to the wall. Flat, only one-third of the form can see it; and it is usual to write what is necessary on both sides of the board, and then move it about until all have seen and read. This not only wastes time, but naturally causes restlessness amongst those whose turn is past or to come. It is a great point to insist that school buildings should be intelligently planned to make school work run easily. Then, again, reading and writing are in secondary schools almost extinct arts. Writing is ruined by impositions; reading aloud is execrable, and there are few boys in those schools who can speak distinctly. This book tells plain truths about both points. The hints on methods of teaching are, like the rest of the book, intelligent and practical. The authors are full of a reasonable enthusiasm for their calling; and it is hard to believe that any teacher could fail to benefit from reading this excellent little book.

THE STORY OF THOUGHT AND FEELING, by Frederick Rynold (Newnes, 1s.), is an introduction to the science of psychology, which it treats without reference to metaphysics and with all possible avoidance of technicalities. Such simplicity can only be attained by steering clear of the real difficulties of the subject. The book, however, may serve its purpose by stimulating students to grapple with these difficulties in the works of profounder writers.

Among school-readers is A READING BOOK IN IRISH HISTORY, by P. W. Joyce (Longmans, 1s. 6d.). Children who are compelled to use it will become familiar with Celtic folklore to the joy of the Celtic Association. Most of the pieces are composed by the editor, but in some cases we have an opportunity of comparing his version of the stories with other versions. This is notably the case with "The Voyage of Maeldune." Tennyson's poetry is here printed side by side with Mr. Joyce's prose, and does not suffer by the comparison.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Enterprise should be encouraged in every branch of the book trade. Nevertheless, the Publishers' Circular was justified in complaining recently of the competition which has robbed many a good educational work of success. "No sooner does some new educational work or series promise to be a success than it is threatened with some rival, started with the sole object of supplanting it." The writer speaks of a possible congress of educational publishers "to consider if it is really necessary to exhibit against each other, to travel and push against each other, to undersell and cut out each other, on every possible occasion." The truth is that school-books form such a profitable branch of the trade that every publisher is anxious to mark out his claim in the market. Even a small fraction of the market is well worth having, and the publisher is not above helping in the share of somebody else's claim. There are three series of illustrated classics, all coming out at the same time and doing practically the same work, and other instances constantly occur. The multiplication of text-books—especially elementary French and German—is amazing, but is, to a certain extent, excusable, for every little improvement—say a new method of parsing—means an entirely new text-book. The market for educational works has grown enormously during the past ten years, yet the supply has been steadily outgrowing the demand. Colonial publishers

are extending their influence and powers and have to be reckoned with seriously to-day by the publishers at home. In South Africa the trade in educational books has been bad for many months past, though not so bad as the other South African branches of publishing, which have been ruined by the war.

The colonies are supplying new educational authors as well as publishers—Professor Bickerton, for instance, of New Zealand, whose "Romance of the Earth," published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, sold well last autumn and has already gone to an Australian and an American edition. Messrs. Sonnenschein now announce a companion volume by Professor Bickerton, entitled "The Romance of the Heavens," which will be out soon. Other educational works to be issued shortly by the same publishers include Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's "Wonderful Century Reader" (an adaptation of the author's "Wonderful Century," which has soon gone through several editions); "Chivalry," by Mr. F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton, with illustrations from the British Museum (a volume in the "Social England" Series which is mainly issued for educational purposes); an illustrated edition of Aristotle's "Psychology," translated and edited by Professor Wm. A. Hammond, Cornell University; "Seneca's Tragedies," text and prose translation on opposite pages, and notes, by Dr. Walter Bradshaw; "Beowulf," translated into English prose by Dr. Clark Hall—whose Anglo-Saxon Dictionary is published by Messrs. Sonnenschein—accompanied by archæological illustrations, notes, and a comprehensive introduction intended for the use of students; a little book on "The Industrial Revolution," by C. E. Beard, with a preface by Professor York Powell; and Mr. Cotton Mitchin's book entitled "Our Public Schools and the part they have played in English History."

Messrs. Blackwood's educational announcements include Dr. John Robertson's two new books, "A History of German Literature" and "Outlines of German Literature," for the use of schools; "Historical Reader of Early French," containing passages illustrative of the growth of the French language from the earliest times to the end of the fifteenth century, by Professor Herbert Strong and Mr. L. Barnett, of Trinity College, Cambridge; two books by Mr. P. Giles, Fellow and Lecturer of Emmanuel College, Cambridge—"A Short History of the Ancient Greeks from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest" and "Outlines of Greek History"; "A Manual of Greek Prose Composition," by Professor Gilbert Murray; and "A Manual of Classical Geography," by Mr. J. L. Myres.

Two new volumes will shortly be added to Black's School Text-books—"Athens and Sparta, and the Struggle with Persia" (Historical Greek Reader), by E. G. Wilkinson, M.A., and "The Old Senate and the New Monarchy" (Historical Latin Reader), by Miss F. M. Ormiston, of Leeds Girls' High School. Messrs. Black also have in the press "English History Illustrated from Original Sources, 1307 to 1399," edited by N. L. Fraser, B.A., and the "Introduction to the Study of Physics," by Messrs. A. F. Walden and J. J. Manley.

Messrs. Bell are preparing a third and cheaper edition of the "History of Modern Europe," by the late T. H. Dyer and Arthur Hassall, M.A., in six volumes—a work which still has a steady sale every year. It is more than two score years, however, since the last edition was published, and the history has now been brought up to 1900. The same publishers announce "An Itinerary of English Cathedrals" (illustrated), by the Rev. T. W. Perkins; "The Age of Shakespeare," by Thomas Seecombe and T. W. Allen, in the series of "Handbooks of English Literature" (to be ready about Easter); Part II. of Bell's Latin Course for the First Year (to be completed in three parts), by E. C. Marchant, M.A., and J. E. Spencer, B.A.; and the "Agricola" of Tacitus, edited by J. W. E. Pearce, M.A., formerly assistant master in University College School, in Bell's Intermediate Series of Illustrated Classics; to be followed shortly by "Livy," Book XXI., edited by F. E. A. Trayer, assistant master at St. Paul's School, and "The Athenians in Sicily," being portions of Thucydides, Books VI. and VII., edited by the Rev. W. Cookworthy Compton, Headmaster of Dover College. In their Elementary Series of Illustrated Classics Messrs. Bell will shortly publish "Elegiac Selections from Ovid," edited by F. Coverley Smith, B.A., assistant

master at the High School, Nottingham; "Euripides, Bacchæ," edited by G. M. Gwyther, of Plymouth College; "Euripides, Hecuba," edited by the Rev. A. W. Upcott, Headmaster of St. Edmund's School, Canterbury; "Euripides, Medea," edited by the Rev. T. Nicklin, of Llandoverly College; and "Aeschylus, Prometheus Vincetus," edited by C. E. Laurence, of Blackheath School. One other book to come from Messrs. Bell should be mentioned—"The Idylls of Theocritus," edited by R. J. Chalmers, of the City of London School, who introduces the results of recent investigations into the literary history of the Alexandrian writers, so far as concerns Theocritus. The text is complete, save for the expurgation of a few lines.

The next volumes which are to be added to the Oxford Classical Texts are "Platonis Opera," Tom. II. (Tetralogiae III., IV.), by J. Burnet; "Xenophontis Opera," Tom. II. (Libri Socratici), by E. C. Marchant; "Ciceronis Epistulae Ad Familiares," by L. C. Purser; and "Aristophanis Comoediae," Tom. II., by F. W. Hall and W. M. Geldart.

The new announcements of the Cambridge University Press include "Demosthenes, De Corona," edited by Dr. W. W. Goodwin, Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College; "The Neo-Platonists: A Study in the History of Hellenism," by Thomas Whittaker—both to appear shortly; and "A Key to the Exercises in 'The Elements of English Grammar,'" by A. S. West, M.A. (nearly ready).

The next volume in Mr. Murray's Progressive Science Series will be "The Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology," by Professor Jacques Loeb, Professor of Physiology in the University of Chicago (immediately). Mr. Murray also announces "The Growth of the Empire: An Historical Review of the Development of Greater Britain," by A. W. Jose; new editions of Darwin's "A Naturalist's Voyage"—uniform with the half-crown edition of "The Origin of Species" published last year—and Dean Liddell's "Student's History of Rome," revised and in part re-written by P. V. M. Benecke, M.A. Other educational items in the same list have been previously referred to in *Literature*.

Besides his book for Mr. Murray Mr. Jose has written a little volume on "Australia, the Commonwealth, and New Zealand," which Messrs. Dent will shortly publish in their Temple Primers. Another early volume in this series will be "Education," by Foster Watson, of University College, Aberystwyth. Next month Messrs. Dent will publish "Les Précieuses Ridicules," edited by Prof. F. Spencer (for the Temple Molière), in view of the Cambridge Local Examination.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman, the author of "Women and Economics," has written a volume "Concerning Children" which Messrs. Putnam will publish at once. The book deals with the education of children and the duties of parents, punishments, unconscious schooling, teachable ethics, children and nurses, and natural and unnatural mothers.

"England's Neglect of Science," by Professor Terry, will be included in Mr. Unwin's Spring list, containing an attack upon our educational system.

There will be many educational works from the United States which will swell the number of American school books already established in the English market. Messrs. Bell have an English edition in hand of "A History of the English Language," by T. R. Lounsbury, Professor in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University—a work which has been very successful in the United States—and "An Introduction to English Literature," by Henry S. Pancoast—which enters into the political and social conditions of the successive literary periods, notes foreign as well as domestic influences, and emphasizes the relations of literature to history. Messrs. Bell also announce a volume entitled "Memory: An Inductive Study," by Dr. F. W. Colegrove, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Washington. From Messrs. Isbister will come "Nature Study and the Child," by Charles B. Scott, M.A., recently Instructor in Nature Study at the State Normal School, Oswego, New York. America is the home of "Nature Study," and the method has been extensively adopted on the Continent, but in England it is little understood. "What is Nature Study?" is a question which has often been asked by English teachers, and the coming book is intended as an answer. The same publishers are issuing the collection of "German Lyrics and Ballads" selected and arranged for Heath's Modern Language Series, by James Taft Hatfield, Professor of German Language and Literature in North-Western University. Among the Spring publications on this side of the Atlantic by Messrs. Heath may be mentioned a "Short History of American Literature," by Professor W. C. Bronson, of Brown University, and "Experimental Chemistry," by Dr. L. C. Newell, Instructor in Chemistry at the State Normal School, Lowell, Mass.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 173. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	91, 92, 93
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Bookselling and the Distribution of Books," by Joseph Shaylor	93
FORTY YEARS OF MODERN ILLUSTRATION	95
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	98
REVIEWS—	
Books about India—	
A History of British India—The Forward Policy and its Results	
The Bombay Field Force, 1880—The Great Famine and its Causes	
—India and Imperial Federation	99, 100, 101
The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley	103
Three Plays for Puritans—War—Tennyson's Princess—The Gentleman in the Next House—Sailing Alone Around the World—The Fatal Opulence of Bishops—Australia at the Front—Towards Pretoria—Tactics of To-day—From Cape Town to Ladysmith—Egypt in 1888—The Imitation of Buddha—The Calendar of Empire—The Tennyson Birthday Book—The Book of Common Prayer—The Post of Home Life—The Wildfowler in Scotland—Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford—The Mind of the Century—The Book of Peace—Rouen—Chartres—Worcester—Rumania in 1900—Songs and Sayings of Gowrie—Lancashire Humour	101, 102, 103
The Wastrel—The Chase of the Ruby—The Seen and the Unseen—The Dissemblers—The Bishop's Gambit—From Valet to Ambassador—The Outcast Emperor—Publicans and Sinners—The Order of Isis—Her Father's Trust—The Flowers of the Forest—The Invaders—The Vereker Family—Love in a Mist—Carpathia Knox	104, 105
LIBRARY NOTES	105
AMONG THE MAGAZINES—II	105, 106, 107
CORRESPONDENCE—"The Strange Wooling of Mary Bowler" (Mr. R. Marsh)—"A" Was an Archer	108
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	108, 109
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	110

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It has been known for some time that the dramatized book is preferred by the play-goers of New York to any other kind of drama. The climax of the tendency seems to be reached with the announcement that Mr. Richard Mansfield will play in a dramatized version of "Omar Khayyam." One can almost as readily picture a dramatized version of "The Origin of Species," or the Book of Proverbs.

Mr. Kipling, no doubt, knows best; but many of his sincerest admirers have heard with disquietude that he is dramatizing his "Jungle Book." Of all his books that is the one, with its woodland witchery, that they would save from the glare of the footlights. Yet there may be comfort left, if rumour says rightly that it is to be produced at Christmas. If Mr. Kipling can thus give children (in years or in heart) a new delightful kind of Christmas play, instead of the current pantomime with its heartless mangling of beautiful folk stories by the senseless interpolation of "turns from the halls," which merely distract and disturb the children's natural interest in the story, he will render the state some service.

One of the most interesting of links between Queen Victoria and the writers of her age is the copy of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," the fly-leaf of which bears the autograph inscription, "To Charles Dickens, Esq., from Victoria Reg., Buckingham Palace, March 9, 1870." In handing the book to Dickens, the Queen said that "the humblest of writers" would have been ashamed to offer it to "one of the greatest" had not Mr. Helps assured her that personal

VOL. VIII. No. 6.

presentation would add greatly to its value in the eyes of the recipient. The volume after several vicissitudes passed into the possession of Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C. On November 13, 1893, it was sold for thirty guineas; and afterwards could be seen at Mr. W. T. Spencer's in New Oxford-street, who in the summer of 1899 was asking about £40 for it; finally, it brought £100 by auction on November 22 of that year.

Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson, who died last week, was the author not only of many books, but of books of many kinds. He began nearly fifty years ago, as a novelist, with "Crewe Rise," "Isabel the Young Wife and the Old Love," &c. He built anecdotes into books in "A Book about the Clergy," and similar publications. He published, in 1894, "A book of Recollections." His best known works, however, were his biographies. One of these was a life of her late Majesty, but it was less notable than "The Real Lord Byron," "The Real Shelley," and "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson." In these Mr. Jeaffreson grubbed up old scandals in the interest of truth, and at least succeeded in exciting considerable controversies. In addition to writing books, Mr. Jeaffreson was a busy journalist, and (in his early days) a classical and mathematical tutor, and an inspector of ancient writings under H.M.'s Commissioners on Historical Manuscripts.

The *Pall Mall* and the *St. James's Gazette* have been engaging in a little controversy on the subject of splitting the infinitive. As the former organ is chiefly concerned to contradict something that the latter organ did not say, there is no occasion for an arbitrator to intervene. On the whole we are inclined to agree with the opinion expressed by Mr. J. R. Thursfield some time ago in our columns under the heading "Personal Views"—viz., that the operation must be voted inexpedient rather than incorrect. It is certainly difficult to demonstrate its incorrectness. As the *St. James's Gazette* points out, though we may not split an infinitive—"to exactly describe," we may split a gerund—"of exactly describing." Or, again, if we are told that Lord Kitchener hopes shortly to have entirely subdued the Boers, we applaud both the sentiment and the grammar. If, on the other hand, we hear that he promises shortly to entirely subdue them, the stylist pounces on the phrase in a frenzy of indignation. Yet a split infinitive may sometimes positively help the language by conveying a meaning which cannot be conveyed in any other way. "I ask you to kindly clear out" does not mean quite the same as "I ask you kindly to clear out," or as "I ask you to clear out kindly," which last expression is very nearly nonsense. But the habit is an ugly one, though probably few writers (certainly not Sir Walter Scott) have altogether kept clear of it.

The late Mr. Frederic Myers' *magnum opus*—"Human Personality and its Survival after Death"—has been left, we believe, in a sufficiently forward state to be easily completed by his literary executors. Its object is to present the evidence which points to human faculty operating below the threshold of ordinary consciousness during the life on earth, and to human faculty continuing to operate after the body's decay. The work

will be in two volumes, published by Messrs. Longmans. Most of Mr. Myers' other books are issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Death has played sad havoc among the principal officials of the Society for Psychical Research during the past twelve months. It was Mr. Myers' first year as president of the Society, and, by a melancholy coincidence, the last paper that he read was in memory of his most intimate friend, Professor Henry Sidgwick, the Society's first president. This paper was published in the Society's Proceedings by Messrs. Kegan Paul in December, and contained an admirable portrait of Professor Sidgwick, from a photograph taken by Mrs. Myers. The Marquis of Bute, who died last year, was a vice-president. The Society's annual meeting has been postponed on account of the death of the Queen until some time this month or the beginning of March.

Those who read Major Pond's "Eccentricities of Genius" (Chatto, 12s.) in quest of "blazing indiscretions" will be disappointed. For the more part the great *impresario* contents himself with compliments and commonplaces. Of Mr. Gladstone, for instance, he has little to say except that he once had breakfast with him; of Mr. Hall Caine little except that he "dresses very quietly"; and of Mr. Zangwill little except that he keeps his Press cuttings in a portmanteau. With the dead, however, he is less reticent, and Matthew Arnold's failure as a lecturer is announced with emphasis:—

Matthew Arnold stepped forward, opened out his manuscript, laid it on the desk, and his lips began to move. There was not the slightest sound audible from where I stood. After a few minutes General Grant said to Mrs. Grant, "Well, wife, we have paid to see the British lion; we cannot hear him roar, so we had better go home." They left the hall. A few minutes later there was a stream of people leaving the place. All those standing went away very early. Later on, the others who could not endure the silence moved away as quietly as they could. Matthew Arnold went to Boston, and some friends there urged him to take lessons in elocution, which he did. He engaged the well-known instructor, Mr. Marshall Wilder (not Marshall P. Wilder of vaudeville fame), but it only helped to make the performance appear more ridiculous than before.

In the case, too, of American humourists the Major is not indisposed to "let himself go"; and this is particularly so with his reminiscences of Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley. These gentlemen were given to humour in real life as well as on the platform. The following story of a dialogue, on the cars, between Mr. Riley, who pretended to be deaf, and an unknown admirer who had nothing of importance to say to him, is funny:—

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Er, what?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"What did you say?"

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Riley, oh! yes."

"I knew your father."

"No, bother."

"I knew your father."

"What?"

"I knew your father!"

"Oh, so did I."

And in a few minutes the farmer heard Nye and Riley talking in ordinary tones of voice. Imagine his chagrin!

There are good points, too, in the story of Bill Nye's little argument with the gentlemen who were in no hurry to pay him for his lecture:—

"Gentlemen, I must catch that train in ten minutes. Will you kindly settle with me?"

"You will take our cheque, won't you, Mr. Nye?" asked the treasurer.

"Yes, if the contract says so. How does it read?" asked Mr. Nye, with impatience.

"It does read currency. You won't take less than \$150?"

Mr. Nye said nothing, and the treasurer counted out the money, for which Nye signed a receipt. Then he said:—

"Gentlemen, I suppose you delayed this payment and decoyed me in here for the purpose of making me angry, thinking that when you gave me this money I would fling it back in your faces in a mad fit. You are mistaken. I'm a good-tempered man."

* * * *

Among the illustrious men who have declined to lecture for Major Pond is Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Kipling's vigorous refusal is worth quoting. It runs thus:—

Dear Mr. Pond,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, but I can't say that I can see my way to the *ententement* you propose. There is such a thing as paying one hundred and twenty-five cents for a dollar, and though I suppose there is money in the lecturing business, it seems to me that the bother, the fuss, the being at everybody's beck and call, the night journeys, and so on, make it very dear. I've seen a few men who've lived through the fight, but they did not look happy. I might do it as soon as I had two mortgages on my house, a lien on the horses, and a bill of sale on the furniture, and writer's cramp in both hands; but at present I'm busy and contented to go on with the regular writing business. You forget that I have already wandered over most of the States, and there isn't enough money in sight to hire me to face again some of the hotels and some of the railway systems that I have met with. America is a great country, but she is not made for lecturing in. With renewed thanks for your very kind letter, believe me, &c.

* * * *

The Major is not without a pleasant unconscious humour of his own. His account of "Mr. Ed. Heron-Allen"—"one of the most unique successes in the way of a Lyceum novelty that I ever discovered," is delightful. There was certainly much that was novel about Mr. Ed. Heron-Allen. "He told me," says the Major, "that he was going back to London to take charge of his father's business, who was a well-established barrister in Soho."

* * * *

The literature of cooking is immense, and a future student of its bibliography, such as was the late Mr. G. A. Sala, will have to take account of Colonel Kenney-Herbert. The well-known author of "Common-sense Cookery" has given us another volume of recipes—"Picnics and Suppers" (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. n.). In his preface Colonel Kenney-Herbert says that he has been accused of being expensive; and so indeed he is. However good some of his recipes are, they are useless to the middle-class housewife. For the kitchenmaid who has already seen some good cooking in a big kitchen, and who wishes to qualify herself as a *cordon bleu*, they may be invaluable. Even if the recipes are not followed *au pied de la lettre* and some ingredients are omitted they still remain rich and extravagant, though, as the author should know, extravagance is by no means an "inseparable accident" of the French system of cookery.

* * * *

Speaking of Sala, one is reminded that Messrs. James Rimell and Son, of Oxford-street, recently catalogued for sale at £15 his unique collection of English and French Cookery-books, numbering one hundred and eighty-five volumes, and bearing dates from 1706 to 1890. The most curious item is a copy of the famous production of Mrs. Hannah Glasse, which contains a long account of the author, who, it seems, was Habit Maker to the Princess of Wales; on the title-page is an original autograph signature of Mrs. Glasse, which was printed in facsimile in later editions. Sala's own autograph appears in nearly every work, with many notes and humorous sketches by him. Sala's copy of Mrs. Glasse's book on the "Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy, which far exceeds any Thing of the Kind ever yet Published, by a Lady," is the rare fourth edition.

* * * *

M. Henri de Bornier should not be allowed to depart without a word of recognition. His literary activity dates from 1845,

when he published his first volume of poems, "*Les Premières Feuilles*," and brought out unsuccessfully, at the Odéon, five long acts, *Le Mariage de Luther*. His great success was *La Fille de Roland* (1875), the echoes of which bid fair to haunt the vaults of the Théâtre Française for some generations still. It is one of the best examples of the patriotic poetic drama which any imitator of the "*Cid*" has ever produced in France. In the "*France d'Abord!*" which was his swan song, he recovered much of the passion of his success of twenty-five years before and produced, in the thick of the Dreyfus controversy, a play reminiscent of his talent at its best.

The death of M. Jules Barbier, to which we referred the other day, reminds one how obscure is the fame to which, as a rule, the operatic librettist is condemned. He has

The Librettist. to remain content with his share of the pudding without getting much share of the praise. There have been exceptions—Wagner is too much of an exception to count—but Mr. W. S. Gilbert is an exception under our eyes. Mr. Herman Merivale protested recently that in some of the obituary notices of Sullivan, Mr. Gilbert's share in the success had been ignored or belittled. But as a matter of fact, both in popular and critical appreciation, the librettist and composer of what were universally called the "*Gilbert and Sullivan Operas*" were on unusually equal terms. Signor Boito again has received honour for his share in the later Verdi operas, and with reason. He himself was perfectly competent to supply the music as well as the words. Jules Barbier certainly deserves not to be altogether forgotten, seeing how widespread and how lasting is the popularity of *Faust*. The success of the opera is in no small extent due to the libretto. Literary critics complained of the ruthless way Goethe's masterpiece was mangled. But we do not want metaphysics in music, and Gounod got in his libretto just what he was capable of expressing. Signor Boito endeavoured to be more faithful to Goethe in his *Mefistofele*, with the result that he merely perplexes his audience by bringing in, quite at the end, an unexpected Helen.

The librettist is often consoled for his position by being told that he really has not much right to consideration; that he never produces anything of literary excellence. But the literary excellence necessary to a poet is not and should not be the aim of the librettist. He must avoid the subtleties, the fine shades of expression, the multiplication of images, and the metaphors of poetry. The audience have their eyes riveted upon the stage and the performers thereon. Lines intended to bring to the imagination of the audience any picture, other than the scene before them, must be of secondary effect. *Romeo and Juliet* is a good case in point. Shakespeare's play is crammed with metaphors and conceits. These may be of interest in the literary drama, but they are *de trop* in the more complicated machinery of an opera. When once the medium of song is adopted, only what is simple and essential will reach us over the footlights. The "*fiery-footed steeds*" conjured by Juliet to "*gallop apace towards Phoebus' mansion*" are of no use to the librettist. But he can help the composer to delight us with the simpler sentiment of the scene, where Romeo hastens to depart at the sound of the lark (*c'est l'alouette*), though Juliet assures him that it is still the nightingale he hears (*c'est le rossignol*). All this is intimately connected with the dramatic action. Wagner indeed often assumes the rôle of the philosopher in his music dramas. But his works cannot be considered in the same category as operas, in the ordinary sense of the word. Moreover, he justified the introduction of long philosophical monologues by his use of explanatory *leit-motifs* in the orchestra. Much has been urged against the poetry of his music dramas. But if he was not a poet in the highest sense of the word he realized the best aims of a librettist—though he would have scorned the term. Though, as we have tried to show, the true librettist must deny himself much of the expression of the poet, he must, like Wagner, be always a poet in feeling. What we ask of him are broad and general conceptions and a clear-cut story. The colouring of his work lies with the orchestra.

Personal Views.

BOOKSELLING AND THE DISTRIBUTION OF BOOKS.

There are few trades that have kept so close and so conservative an organization as that of the making and distributing of books. From the time when Caxton printed and sold the books produced from his press, there has been little change. Soon after the discovery of printing, the producer employed the bookseller to dispose of the books he had originated and produced. Then the bookseller became also a publisher and employed the author and printer. Now the author can be said to employ the printer, the publisher, and the bookseller.

There is to-day a tendency on the part of the publisher to become his own distributor to the public. Whether this will develop into larger proportions it is impossible to say; and it is equally doubtful whether such an arrangement would be as satisfactory as the present one, for undoubtedly the producers of books have neither the time, the machinery, nor the adaptability to combine the manifold functions of the maker with those of the supplier of the various streams which lead to the book-buying public. The problem of the relative value of the bookseller to the publisher and to the public is just now a very acute one. Since the commencement of the ruinous discount of 3d. in the 1s. booksellers have not only been considerably reduced in numbers, but it is possible that the fact of this trade being less remunerative than it was has deterred many men of business aptitude and intelligence from entering it, and that the trade has thus been lowered in the social scale. There are, of course, still in the trade numerous men of tact, intelligence, and learning, who know a great deal about the inside as well as the outside of books; but I am speaking of the attractiveness of the bookselling trade as compared with many others. From the almost professional character of the knowledge required by an intelligent bookseller, it is to be deplored that the trade is not more financially attractive. If profits were greater, the status of the trade would be raised and its members would be compelled to learn more of the technical knowledge required by the practical bookseller, which is now occasionally ignored. If this were done, as population increased and education spread, shops presided over by a trained bookseller would be more general than they are to-day. There are, of course, now many agencies by which the book-buyer can obtain information about books, such as the exhaustive reviews and paragraphs in the daily and weekly newspapers—most newspapers having now a page for literary information and book reviewing. Yet with them all there are no opportunities of spreading and influencing the sale of good literature like that of the bookseller, and if it were only possible to make the trade more remunerative, there would soon be an increase in the number of booksellers' shops.

Towards this bettering of the condition of the booksellers, conferences for the interchange of opinions and the collection of information have been held during recent years between the Society of Authors, the Publishers' Association, and the Association of Retail Booksellers, but until January, 1900, nothing of a really important character was evolved. Upon that date there came into force what is known as the *net* system, which compels the booksellers to sell *net* books at their published prices; and, on the other hand, publishers agree to refuse to supply, except at the full published price, any bookseller who will not fall in with this arrangement. This system has

undoubtedly been the most satisfactory yet propounded and enforced, and it has done something to raise the booksellers' profit. But it has met with much opposition in this age of free trade and dislike to business restrictions, and it is still a question whether it can be maintained in its present form. Possibly in the future some slight concessions will be made to the export trade, school agencies, and also Free Libraries (who are very much irritated by the present stringent regulations); and the *net* system may eventually become permanent and do much to revive the trade.

Readers of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" will remember the Doctor's letter to Wetherell, Master of University College, Oxford, about the terms on which the books of the University Press should be issued. It is strange that so many of the same difficulties exist to-day after a lapse of 125 years. Dr. Johnson says:—

The Booksellers who, like all other men, have strong prejudices in their own favour are enough inclined to think the practice of printing and selling books by any but themselves an encroachment on their fraternity, and have need of stronger inducements to circulate academical publications than those of another, for of that mutual co-operation by which the general trade is carried on the University can bear no part. Of those whom he neither loves nor fears and from whom he expects no reciprocation of good offices, why should any man promote the interest but for profit?

After protesting against the dearness of the books produced by the Oxford University Press and urging that the profit must be properly divided between the different hands through which the books pass, the Doctor lays it down as his opinion that the wholesale trade should get 10 per cent., and the country bookseller, selling a book published at twenty shillings should get 3s. 6d. profit. "With less profit than this the country booksellers cannot live, for his receipts are small and his debts sometimes bad." Such was the case in 1776 and little change has been made during the Nineteenth Century. All retail establishments exist either to create a want or to supply one. This applies equally to a bookseller—either he must help to educate the public to be lovers of books, or he must simply exist to supply such books as an educated public requires. The former is to be desired, and the greater the inducements held out to encourage men and women of intellectual aptitude to be distributors of books the better it will be both for themselves and for the trade they represent.

In the multiplicity of publishers and books it is, I think, quite impossible for the individual publisher to be his own distributing agent. What is wanted is that conditions satisfactory to the author, publishers, the wholesale agent, and the bookseller should be permanently arranged without too much interference with individual liberty, except so far as preventing excessive discounts. But the onus of carrying out such arrangements must not be placed solely on the Publisher.

The question of discounts has been a thorny one for more than half-a-century. But during that period no such strong organizations existed as the present Publishers' and Booksellers' Associations. Whether the plague of excessive discounts can be stayed remains for the present only a partially settled problem. Publishers should, however, as far as terms for *net* books are concerned, work in harmony with each other. Variation in terms causes irritation, and if the publishers who enforce the regulations do not agree, uniformity cannot be expected among those who are most interested in carrying them out.

In connexion with book distribution there has recently come into our midst a factor of great power which has had its origin in America. This is the supply of expensive works upon the instalment system. The method is strongly objected to by the retail bookseller, and for three reasons—the supplies do not come through his agency; people who buy these expensive books have spent for a time all they intend spending on books; and these big books take up so much room that the book space at the disposal of the purchaser is exhausted. These are fair arguments; but economic conditions frequently run counter to rooted ideas of trade, and in trade it is difficult to get away from our surroundings. Little harm can occur to the bookseller if this movement applies to big works only, such as the "Encyclopædia Britannica," *Punch*, and other works whose sale through the ordinary channels has practically ceased. The danger arises when it is extended to the more general classes of literature. Nothing can exceed the immense power for advertising possessed by our leading newspapers, which can always make space for "fill-ups." Some years ago the sale of books was considerably affected by the newspaper review; now it is affected much more intensely by advertisement. Hence the success of newspaper publication by instalments. No steps have yet been taken by the bookseller to meet this new departure; but it has, I know, exercised the thought of many of the more thorough booksellers. In some cases where the system has been tried by a leading publisher the bookseller has been conciliated by having a working profit allowed him. On the other hand, newspapers have given him but slight consideration, and the arrangements they make yield him a profit hardly worth mentioning. If this system is to become more general the booksellers' profit should be considered, and thus any opposition that may arise from within the trade to this method of distributing would be disarmed. It would be a deplorable event if the great power wielded by our daily and weekly newspapers was used to such an unsatisfactory end as that of crushing out the retail bookseller and his wholesale agent. Judging from the position held by most of the leading publishers of to-day, it is certain that they will confine their energies to that most fascinating occupation, publishing, and leave the distribution of their productions in other hands. It is therefore a question of who shall come between the publisher and the public.

Beside the discount question there have been of recent years other points at issue connected with the distribution of books. One is this—both the bookseller and the publisher have expected a little too much of each other. The bookseller has considered that it is the publisher's duty to create a demand, and that he himself exists principally to satisfy it. But the publishers have expected the bookseller to help in creating the demand by introduction or by circularizing the public; and this has not always been done to the extent anticipated. If we acknowledge that the bookseller, with his wholesale agent, is the right and proper medium for reaching the public, the question is how this medium can be best utilized. I advisedly mention the wholesale agent, for it is impossible, when books are so many and the number of publishers so continually increased, for a bookseller to stock or remember a tithe of the books issued. I would therefore submit that if, by firm but judicious conciliation, the various outlets in the retail trade can be brought into line, both as regards books issued at *net* as well as at ordinary prices, so that livable profits are secured; if due regard is given to the agencies who can and do use books largely; and if some individual freedom is allowed, and at the same time used with a due

consideration to others, the bookseller will come to his own again, and bookselling will continue a flourishing and attractive trade. Publishers should on their part strive for unity amongst themselves, so as to prevent any unnecessary competition, and the bookseller should feel confident that he is not likely to be undersold through any fluctuation in the publisher's prices, or suffer through the publisher attempting to supply the public direct.

Under these conditions, with better profits and sound business arrangements, the distributing of books can be safely left in the hands of those who have for the last half-century so ably carried it on; and in the hands of the booksellers in both town and country, with the help of the wholesale agent, results will be attained which will be satisfactory to all who are engaged in making and distributing the works produced from the brains and by the energy of the great army of literary workers.

JOSEPH SHAYLOR.

FORTY YEARS OF MODERN ILLUSTRATION.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's lucid introduction to the official catalogue that the present Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum of Specimens of Modern Illustration from 1860 to 1900 may be considered as a sequel to the Exhibition of Lithographs held there in 1898-99. The Society of Illustrators contemplated, some time back, the arrangement of an Exhibition of Modern Illustration, but owing to various reasons they did not carry out their proposal. Some members of that society, however, brought the matter before the council of the Society of Arts, who appointed a committee to consider and report on the subject. The Society of Arts asked the Science and Art Department (now the Board of Education) if they would take a similar action to that taken with respect to the Exhibition of Lithography, and arrange for an exhibition in the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum. In response to this appeal the Board of Education undertook the organization of the proposed exhibition on condition that the Society of Arts undertook the preparation of the catalogue.

It was decided by the Board of Education that the exhibition should be restricted to typographic work suitable for book, magazine, and newspaper illustration, and that it should comprise reproductions and the original drawings executed since 1860. The commencement of the period covered by the exhibition was fixed at 1860 for two reasons—(1) because about this time there was a most remarkable outburst of beautiful designs for the illustration of books and periodicals, the work of the chief artists of the day, so that the period has come to be specially distinguished in the history of Art as "The Sixties"; (2) because this period covers the time during which photography has been available for reproductive purposes, and process work has come into being. The time selected, therefore, includes the transition period from wood to zinc, and, what is of special interest, the period during which the preservation of the artist's original drawing has been possible. The exhibition is restricted to illustrations printed with the text, and excludes processes which are printed separately. It is hoped that on some future occasion it may be possible to arrange an exhibition of the various processes in use for the illustration of books other than those used for typographic work.

From the first production of printed books until the present time they have been chiefly illustrated by means of surface blocks set up with the type in the printing-press; and wood-engraving for this purpose was, until its practical supersession by "process," one of the longest-lived of the arts of book illustration. In the second half of the sixteenth century copper-plate engraving gradually ousted woodcuts for ambitiously illustrated books, and in the seventeenth century copper-plate engravings were almost universal, being freely introduced into the printed page. The well-known editions of Rogers' "Italy "

and "Poems" and of Dibdin's bibliographical works established a fashion in the early part of the nineteenth century. In the former the copper or steel plates are printed direct on the printed page, but in the latter the plates are sometimes printed on India paper and fixed on the page.

The early block books consisted of large woodcuts in which text and illustrations were cut on one plank of wood, and therefore they do not need more than a casual mention in a slight review of the history of book illustration. In the earliest books printed with movable type woodcuts were generally used for initial letters, and other illustrations soon followed. France and Italy formed schools of engravers, and there is reason to believe that in many cases the original artists of these schools themselves cut their designs upon the wood.

After a century of decay, Thomas Bewick revived the art of wood-engraving. A great change was made when wood-cutting



VIA CRUCIS. ("A Farm in Fairyland.")

Print from a wood engraving from a drawing by Laurence Housman.
[By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.]

was superseded by wood-engraving. Bewick has the credit of inaugurating this revolution, but this claim has been disputed. The late Mr. W. J. Linton said that Bewick was wrongly credited with the invention of the method, although the palmy days of modern wood-engraving must be distinguished as the Bewick period. This distinction of knife work and graver work is of considerable interest in the history of wood-engraving. The knife worked on the flat grain, cutting away the wood between the lines, and thus leaving the lines upstanding. The

graver had two advantages over this method. (1) It worked on the section of the tree, a round surface of wood, undisturbed by the grain. (2) Unlike the knife which cut the wood away between the lines, the graver drew directly on the wood, cutting out white lines on the black surface. Great stress was laid upon this by Mr. Linton. He wrote:—

The graver came into use when it was thought of cutting box-wood in rounds, so that the graver could be used without hindrance of the grain. This does not seem to have been found out before the beginning of the last century; the exact date of its first use is very uncertain. The use of the graver gave opportunity for a new and more artistic employment of our art. The engraver might now choose his own lines, literally drawing them with his graver, whether to express form or to give gradations of colour. This is what we call white-line work.

In the time of wood-cutting, before the cross section of the box-tree block was engraved upon, the woods chiefly used were apple, pear, service, and beech. Bewick's followers carried on the traditions of their master, and, in spite of a certain falling-off at times, the English school of wood-engraving has taken a high rank in the history of the art.

Various attempts were made to photograph the drawings upon the wood blocks in order to save the original design. In 1857 and subsequently patents were taken out for photographing upon wood, which will be found described in the volume of "Abridgments" relating to Photography (Patent Office Publications). Sir William Crookes published in the *Photographic News* (December 31st, 1858) a description of a method of producing photographs on wood blocks ready for the engraver, a process which is still practised. In the "Lyra Germanica" (Longmans, 1861), which was compiled by Mr. John Leighton, the drawings of the artists were photographed on to the wood, and in one case Mr. Leighton photographed direct from a bas-relief of Flaxman, so that the wood-engraving was obtained without any drawing at all. This is described in Bohn's edition of Jackson's "Wood Engraving" (1861) as one of the first successful photographs on wood, engraved by Thomas Bolton. Soon after this it became a common practice to photograph direct on to the wood block; and the late Mr. W. L. Thomas, of the *Graphic*, was one of the first to make a considerable use of photography on wood.

At the present Exhibition for the first time are shown a series of illustrations made during forty years, with the drawing and reproduction side by side, so that it is possible to see how far the reproduction is a satisfactory copy of the original artist's work. The first portion of the exhibits consists of fine wood-engravings and the last shows the perfection of process work. The Exhibition owes a large part of its interest to the practical illustration of the transition from wood blocks to the so-called process blocks. For years attempts were made to obtain by means of photography a satisfactory process of automatic engraving, but, although many very ingenious processes were invented, it was not until about the year 1880 that process work became at all general. Since that time great improvements have been continuously made. Several books have been published on process illustration, but some of the latest information can be obtained from

a paper read by Mr. Carl Hentschel before the Society of Arts on April 3, 1900.

Mr. Carl Hentschel has given a few facts respecting the dates of the use of process in newspaper work which are of interest. He writes:—

Both the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* were very chary for a long time in using process blocks; occasional blocks were used in the *Graphic*. The first line block, which was a map, was printed in 1876, and the first half tone by Meisenbach was in 1884. The *Illustrated London News* used an occasional map about 1880, and in 1886 a double-page appeared, partly consisting of wood engraving and partly of process work which had been drawn on chalk grain paper. The same year some very good specimens of Gillot's blocks



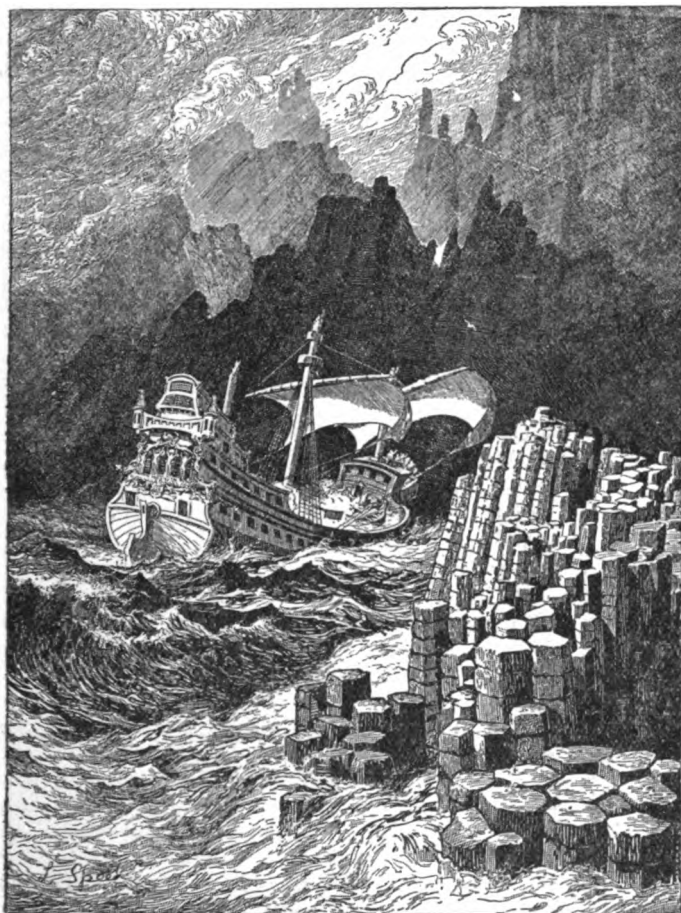
TO THE
VIRGINS

FATHER TIME. ("The Hesperides.")

Print from a process line-block from a pen drawing by Paul V. Woodroffe.
[By permission of Mr. George Allen.]

appeared, and in 1887 a half-tone block (very fine grain) by Goupil appeared—it was one of the Paris Salon pictures. In 1888 Meisenbach blocks obtained a footing, and from this year onward half-tone blocks and line blocks, steadily but surely crept in and wood engraving had to give way.

It may be of interest to ask—what is this “process” which has had so remarkable an effect upon book illustration? Put briefly, it is the substitution of a scientific mechanical method of reproduction for hand labour—the employment of the camera and the acid bath in place of the wood engraver. Its advantages are rapidity, cheapness, and accuracy, and it is not to be wondered at that process has “killed” all but the very finest wood engraving. It has certainly entirely superseded the art of the wood chopper.



THE LAST OF THE ARMADA. ("The Blue Poetry Book.")

Print from a process line-block from a pen drawing by Lancelot Speed, much reduced
[By permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.]

“Process” for illustrations that can be printed simultaneously with the type is to be divided into two divisions—line work and “half-tone” process. In the case of line work—of drawings made without wash—the line drawing is photographed either by sunlight or by electric light—more usually the latter in England—in the ordinary manner of taking a photograph, directly on to the zinc plate which is ultimately to be printed from. The lines of the original drawings are thus photographically transferred rapidly and accurately to the metal plate. Ink is then applied to the lines by means of an ordinary ink roller, the sticky ink adhering only to the lines that have thus been photographed, and protecting them during the next “process.” This next step is to take the zinc plate with the lines thus protected by the ink and place it in a bath of acid which is very rapid in its action. The parts of the zinc plate which are not protected by the ink—the “whites” that is—are eaten or “etched” away by the acid to the depth required to

prevent them printing. The lines which have been protected by the ink are left unaffected by the acid, and from these lines, standing “type high” when the block is properly mounted, the printing is effected. The block is then carefully gone over by an engraver, any roughness of edges and any spots or blemishes removed; the etched plate of metal mounted on wood, and the block is a faithful reproduction of the artist’s sketch ready to be printed from. This is the process usually employed. So simple is the “process” that a block of this kind can be made in a few hours, and it is by no means uncommon nowadays for a large publishing house or newspaper printing office to have a “process” department of its own. Electros or stereotypes can be readily obtained from “line” blocks, and consequently the number of reproductions that can be secured from one original line drawing is almost illimitable.

“Half-tone process” is neither quite so simple nor so effective. How could fine gradations, or any gradations, of flat tone be reproduced in printing? The difficulty was circumvented rather than overcome. An absolutely flat wash is not reproduced; but the effect of one is gained by an innumerable number of lines intersecting at right angles. As in the case of the line block the photograph is the basis of the ultimate result. A photograph is made of the drawing or object which is to be reproduced, but a “screen” is introduced between the object to be photographed and the sensitive plate upon which the image of the original will ultimately appear. In the early days of the half-tone process this screen was made of very finely woven gauze, but this in turn has been superseded by glass screens mechanically engraved with crossed lines. These lines occur at such minute distance that they give to the eye the impression of being flat washes of colour. The little spaces in the screen through which the light passes become more or less conspicuous as the light is stronger or weaker; and where the light is very strong, the black lines disappear and the light spaces merge into one another. Where the light is not quite so strong the intersection of the lines creates a number of little black dots. As the shadow deepens, the lines appear, and the white spaces grow smaller and smaller until they are lost in blackness. This result may be clearly seen if the reproduction be placed under the microscope. It may be added that this extreme delicacy is one of the drawbacks to half-tone process, for unless the printer is really skilful the result will be a dull, characterless grey “ghost” of the original. These dots or squares thus produced are photographed with the drawing on to the zinc or copper plate, and thus yield a more or less satisfactory printing surface. The block is etched and mounted in the same manner as the line block. “Half tone” is not in the same sense as “line” a facsimile reproduction of the original, but when carefully printed gives results which are often satisfactory and sometimes brilliantly successful. Where neither time nor expense has to be considered, a half-tone block can be much improved by subsequent hand engraving. It is done with marked success in America, but very few publishers appear to be willing to go to the unavoidable extra expense in England.

The present exhibition provides numerous examples of wood engraving both from wash and pen drawings and from photographs; in fact the first seven bays are almost entirely devoted to this older form of reproduction. “Process,” reproduced from almost every conceivable kind of original, mainly fills the remaining nineteen bays and the screens. The reproductions are hung side by side with the originals, and thus afford a valuable object lesson. From amongst the 1,623 exhibits we have chosen a few which are typical of the phases of illustration which they represent, and the blocks are printed by the courtesy of the several publishers. The work of the famous band of the illustrators of “the Sixties”—of Boyd’ Houghton, Sandys, Hughes, Walker, Pinwell, Millais, Leighton—of Sir John Tenniel and Leech, have their place in the history of the art. Of the more modern men Claud Shepperson, Brock, Arthur Rackham, Laurence Housman, Bernard Sleigh, Paul Woodroffe, Lancelot Speed, Bernard Partidge, Henry Ospovat, E. T. Reed, Linley Sambourne, E. J.

Sullivan, Alberto Martini, and E. A. Abbey have taken very kindly to process; and the success which attends some attention to the slight limitation of its requirements is shown in this



An Illustration to "The Rivals."
Print from a process line-block from a pen drawing by Edmund J. Sullivan.
[By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

really admirable exhibition. The exhibits by Messrs. Carl Hentschel and Edmund Evans are most useful as showing the stages of "process" as worked and printed.

THE DRAMA.

"LE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS ET ANGLAIS."

Mr. Charles Hastings, a Frenchman with an English name and a Teutonic appetite for facts, has condensed a vast subject into a compact manual in "Le Théâtre Français et Anglais, ses origines Grecques et Latines" (Paris: Firmin-Didot). He tells you all about "the rise of the drama, a question invariably set," tracing it through Athens and Rome, medieval mysteries and moralities, and bringing it down to M. Maurice Donnay and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. His facts are chronologically arranged, are as valuable as they are recondite in the earlier periods, and are apt to degenerate into mere cataloguing in the later. That is the worst of the attempt to include everything; there is bound to be inequality, lack of proportion. The reader will acquire valuable information about Alexandre Hardy, say, or Rotrou; he will get a good bird's-eye view of the Elizabethan stage; and he will learn nothing of any value from such a paragraph as this:—"Les pièces de MM. Pinero, Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, reparaissent constamment sur l'affiche et trouvent toujours d'excellents interprètes dans MM. George

Alexander, Forbes-Robertson, Wyndham, John Hare, Martin Harvey, admirablement secondés par des actrices telles que Mrs. Kendall (sic) et Mrs. Patrick Campbell." Indeed, the author's treatment of the whole nineteenth century is very superficial. I suspect him of confusing father and son in the case of the Kembles, and in that of the Keans. He overlooks Charles Kean's Shakespearian revivals. He dates Edmund's career from 1820, which is too late by several years, and seems to regard his period as contemporaneous with Macready's instead of as overlapping it. But he promises to deal more fully with the drama of the last two centuries in a second volume, and in that no doubt he will be more accurate. The real worth of his book lies in its design to exhibit the continuity of the drama through the ages. For this alone—with a little correction here and there—it would be well worth translating into English.

In any case, it is a book to consult rather than to read. To work steadily through its 400 pages is to have an indigestion of facts. It is all very well to learn who were Ambirius Turpio and Hatilius Prænестinus, or that "les 8e et 9e Chester-Plays, le 15e Widkirk-Play, les 19e, 20e, et 21e Coventry-Plays, contiennent dans leur ensemble les divers éléments du mélodrame," but one ends with a wild yearning to swap some of these minute facts for a little ratiocination. To learn *res by rote* is no doubt a good discipline, but *rerum cognoscere causas* is a better. One pines for general ideas in a survey of this sort, and general ideas (as M. Renan once said of the Goncourts) do not seem to be much in Mr. Hastings' way. Without them you cannot see the wood for the trees. To the question When, or Where? Mr. Hastings generally has an answer pat, but seldom to the much more important question Why? Let me give an example or two. The book offers you successive slices of English and French theatrical history in alternate chapters, suggesting some sort of parallelism. But you find that it is merely a parallelism of dates, and therefore meaningless. Why was it that in the same period on opposite sides of the Channel the English drama made for freedom, almost for "go as you please" methods, while the French made for symmetry and "the rules?" Mr. Hastings never hints at an answer; you must go to M. Jusserand for that. Mr. Hastings tells you, as in duty bound, how the drama grew out of a religious ceremony, both in Pagan Greece and in Christian Gaul. But he does not tell you why, it is that early religious exercises spontaneously breed drama. He is apt to record facts without perceiving—or at any rate without expounding—their significance. As thus:—"Les plus célèbres représentations de Londres, au XIVe. siècle, furent celles des 'Parish Clerks' qui entreprennent de jouer des mystères en plein air. Ils firent choix dans la paroisse de Clerkenwell d'un lieu appelé Skinner's Well, où se trouvait une source célèbre, et, là, ils donnerent des représentations sensationnelles." The interesting point, which Mr. Hastings entirely misses, is that this was but a particular instance of a general tendency—the tendency to perform religious drama round *holy wells*, and thus to present a "survival" of Pagan well worship in Christian times. Mr. Hastings says, e.g., that the "Curtain" theatre was in Shoreditch, which is true but not significant; had he said that it was in the Liberty of Holywell he would have given the reader a hint that what seems an arbitrary fact is really part of a general law. What, I submit, is chiefly needed in a comprehensive survey of the drama is not a mass of facts but a steady tracing of cause and effect, a few broad and luminous generalizations, and indications not that certain things merely happened but that, for reasons given, they were bound to happen as they did and not otherwise.

But I seem to be carping at Mr. Hastings' book, whereas, one ought to have nothing but gratitude for so earnest, conscientious, and laborious a study of our literature. Let me say then, again, that for facts, particularly for early facts, this *résumé* of dramatic history is extremely valuable. Mr. Hastings writes always pleasantly and, as M. Larroumet says—who ought to know far better than any English reader—"dans un français aisé et précis."

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

BOOKS ABOUT INDIA.

A HISTORY OF BRITISH INDIA. By Sir WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. Vol. II. (Longmans, 16s.)

The regretful memories that will be awakened by the appearance of Sir William Hunter's second volume, completed by another hand and published posthumously, are fitly expressed in the introduction. Of the monumental work he hoped to achieve, and in the preparation of which he had laboured so long and earnestly, he has left little more than the beginning. In the wreck of a mail steamer some years ago he lost a collection of notes and material, but with undaunted resolution he set himself to repair the disaster. As much was recovered, by renewed researches, as sufficed for the project of a history of less ambitious dimensions, and of this we have the first and the better part of a second volume. But though the work is to be carried on by a writer who will use his documents and was practised in his methods, Hunter's history is left by his premature death an incomplete fragment. Once again the doubt suggests itself whether it is possible for a man to store up the necessary knowledge and experience of India and its people during long residence there even under favourable conditions, then to undertake the researches which are only possible in England, and then to write his history, if he can, on the grand scale. As with Browning's *Grammarians*—“Still there's the comment.” Brian Hodgson, the great scholar whose life was written by Sir William Hunter, never began his comment, properly speaking; Hunter died as he was just beginning.

In his second volume the historian relates the fortunes of the old East India Company, from the days when its rivalry with the Dutch in further India was darkly terminated by the massacre of Amboyna, down to the time when amalgamation with the later enterprise of the New Company was forced on it by commercial jealousy and intrigues in Parliament and at Court. The narrative also covers the early records of the settlements at Surat, Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta. We trace the transition from the ventures of an association of merchants, adhering to the principles of unarmed traffic laid down by Sir Thomas Roe, to the larger design which aimed at acquiring a defensible foothold in India, when the English in the East showed that, in spite of their earlier misdeeds, “they understood the greater game of Indian politics better than their Dutch rivals,” and laid the foundation of a power which was to swell into an Empire. In the chapter relating to Cromwell's dealings with the East India Company will be found a good deal of information, extracted from the old records at the India Office, which has been overlooked by previous writers. Under Cromwell, the author points out, “the East India trade ceased to be a pawn sacrificed to Kings and Queens in the game of Royal marriages.” It began to be recognized as a national interest, which it behoved England to maintain by European treaties and to enforce, if need be, by European war:—

Cromwell laid the groundwork of the modern constitution of the East India Company. Under the regulations based on his Charter it cast its medieval skin, shook off the traditions of the Regulated system, and grew into one united, continuous, and permanent Joint Stock Corporation in the full sense of the word.

Cromwell's Charter of 1657 has faded out of existence—the researches made at Sir William Hunter's instance, not only in London, but also at the Hague and in Batavia, having proved futile. Enough is known, however, of its contents to enable the historian to reconstruct the provisions of this important document, which, as he points out, marks one of the three cyclic dates of British India. Plassey was fought a hundred years later, and the Sepoy revolt broke out in 1857. The chapter ends with the mention of two facts which, though not new to the student, may be less familiar to the general reader. A Milton, the grandson of Cromwell's Latin secretary, became a parish

clerk in Madras, and two of Cromwell's descendants were Governors of Bengal.

The contemporary records preserved at the India Office and at the Indian Presidency towns had been more or less ransacked by previous writers for such evidence as they throw on the history of our earlier settlements in India. Sir William Hunter owns his obligations to works like Talboys Wheeler's “*Madras in the Olden Time*,” Sir Henry Yule's “*Diary of William Hedges*”—a mine of curious information; and the volumes of India Office Records edited by Sir George Birdwood, Mr. Danvers, and Mr. William Foster. The author, perhaps, is a little too hard on those of his predecessors who have told “the popular story of our settlement in Bengal.” Moreover, he has to admit that he himself in an earlier work gave more credit than was due to the ship's surgeon, Gabriel Broughton, who was thought to have won the right of free trade in Bengal by restoring a Princess of the Imperial house to health. A settlement, of course, was effected before Broughton prescribed for Shah Jehan's daughter, and the exact terms of the privilege he obtained may be doubtful. There is little question, however, that he richly deserved not only the suit of gay apparel presented to him by the factors at Masulipatam, but in some measure also the gratitude of posterity.

But Broughton's is only one among many names of early Anglo-Indians mentioned in the volume whose memory should be kept green. There is Francis Day, who built an embrasured factory at Madras, which he called after England's St. George, being taken to task for mischievous activity by the managers of the Company at home. There was Sir George Oxenden at Surat, who defied Sivagi, the Mahratta, and was rewarded for his staunchness by Aurunzib, the Great Moghul, with a robe of honour, and by the Company with a gold medal and £200. Gerald Aungier, the real founder of Bombay, who built martello towers and other defensive works to protect the place both against the “Savages,” as the Mahrattas are often called in the old records, and the Malabar pirates, did even better work. “With the calmness of a philosopher and the courage of a centurion,” as old Orme writes, he defied the Dutch as well. The Bombay Council wrote in their despatches:—“Multiplicity of words may multiply the sense of our loss, but cannot depict his greatness.” The Court of Directors at home suspected that he was “making up his bundle” for himself; but the Court in those days was not infrequently mistaken about the character of its servants. The career of Job Charnock, of Bengal, is told at length in Chapter VII. He, too, suffered from unmerited depreciation at the hands of his masters. At one time, indeed, they used to be loud in their praises of “our old and good servant Mr. Job Charnock,” who, they declared, was “no prowler for himself beyond what was just and modest”; but they never praised him for his magnificent defence of Hijili, and blamed him for not marching to destruction with but a handful of men against the forces of the Moghul. The names of the two brothers, Josia and John Child, figure yet more largely in the early annals of Anglo-India. It was Sir Josia who wrote to the Governor of Bombay that he expected his orders to be followed and not the laws of England, which he declared were a heap of nonsense, compiled by a few country gentlemen who hardly knew how to make laws for the good of their own families. By Sir William Hunter he is described as “practising to perfection some of the least creditable devices of the modern Stock Exchange.” He made a desperate effort to keep the old East India Company on its legs as a separate and privileged association, spending in one year between £80,000 and £90,000 in corrupting the Ministers and Court. But the end of the struggle is told in the chapter written by Mr. P. E. Roberts, to whom has been committed the completion of the work. He winds up the present volume with Godolphin's award, by which the details of the amalgamation of the Old and New Companies were finally settled. We have found no reference, indeed, to Evelyn's statement that the Old Company lost their business against the New one because so many of their friends in Parliament, instead of voting for them, went to see a tiger baited by dogs; but generally this final chapter is written with

a precision and lucidity which promise well for the continuation of the work. The further volumes will, at any rate, be awaited with interest and respect, though every one must feel that the premature loss of the guiding hand and brain is irreparable.

THE FORWARD POLICY AND ITS RESULTS; or, Thirty-five Years' Work amongst the Tribes of our North-Western Frontier of India. By ROBERT ISAAC BRUCE, C.I.E., formerly Political Agent, Baluchistan. (Longmans. 15s. n.)

There is an impression in some quarters that Lord Curzon, since he became Viceroy of India, has discerned the perils of a forward policy, as it is called, on the North-West Frontier, and that, to use a not inappropriate metaphor, he has reversed the engines. From the title of Mr. Bruce's volume it might be hoped that he would enable his readers to judge how far this belief is well-founded, and whether the Viceroy's measures, whatever they may be, are prudent. Titles, however, are not always to be depended on. The author's reminiscences of his own work on the frontier, interesting as they are, do not touch upon more than a few aspects of a very wide problem. It would be better to describe the book as an account of one particular form of frontier policy, which, for want of a more exact phrase, may be called the Sandeman method, after the distinguished officer who, if he was not the sole inventor, showed how it was to be done. After helping Sir Robert Sandeman to establish and extend British influence in Baluchistan and adjacent districts, Mr. Bruce was transferred to the Punjab, where, on the Derajat frontier, he practised, as far as the Punjab Government and local conditions would permit, the principles he had learnt in Baluchistan. Thus his book, besides being a sufficiently exciting narrative of personal adventures and a useful supplement to Dr. Thornton's biography of Sir R. Sandeman, is a trustworthy record of frontier administration in the Derajat, as long as Mr. Bruce held office there. In this latter part, of course, there is a good deal about the Waziris; and Mr. Bruce, who accompanied Sir William Lockhart's expedition, adds considerably to what is known of the causes of that miniature war. On the other hand, while we must look elsewhere for elucidation of the present trouble with the Mahsuds, it can hardly be pretended that the book deals comprehensively with frontier policy outside the regions specially referred to.

In talking about the forward policy it would be as well to define more clearly what is meant by the phrase. Possibly Sir Robert Sandeman's method might be roughly described in the words used by the Knight of Malta in Massinger's "Maid of Honour":—

I must tell you, Sir,
Virtue if not in action is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward;
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease.

With or without the approval of his Government, Sir Robert Sandeman was constantly projecting and carrying into execution plans for enlarging the area under his control. Mr. Bruce relates that Sir Mortimer Durand once said:—"Sandeman and you have a way of sitting down quietly and occupying a tract of tribal territory and reporting that you have done so at the earnest wish of the tribes." Not that it was a policy of annexation pure and simple. The essence of Sandeman's method, as Mr. Bruce points out, was

The setting on their legs of the hereditary chiefs and *maliks*, Pathan as well as Baluch, supporting them and working through them, and bringing them into line with ourselves in all matters connected with the good administration of the frontier, at the same time that he exercised a healthy control and supervision over their actions.

It is, perhaps, in the phrase "healthy control and supervision" that we may discover the secret of Sir Robert Sandeman's success; and, passing over a doubt as to whether a Sandeman policy is not apt to fail unless there is a Sandeman behind it, we shall come to a perception of what he and Mr. Bruce seem to have meant by a forward policy. It was not

exactly the Roman art—*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*. Nor did Sandeman adopt Sir Charles Napier's maxim—"Barbaric chiefs must be bullied, or they think you are afraid; they do not understand benevolence or magnanimity." Sir Robert Sandeman preferred to try benevolence and magnanimity first; and though at times he had to war down the proud, it was not till every form of conciliation proved futile. However, the end aimed at was the same in every case—the establishment of a "healthy control" over the widest possible area. But Sir Robert Sandeman knew what he was about. He was too energetic a man, indeed, never to begin a new piece of work before he had finished the old; but he was too clever to attempt too much at a time. Above all, though his views were wide and far-reaching, he could always concentrate himself on his immediate purpose of establishing control over any tribe within reach—control, according to his theory, being good for tribesmen, and English officers having a Divine right and mission to exercise it.

Now the forward policy which took us to Chitral, into Kurram, and to the back of Waziriland was different alike in its motives, in its means, and in its consequences. Mr. Bruce, indeed, makes some allusion in his introductory remarks to the difference. He writes:—

The forward movements on the Northern frontier appear to lack the essential principle—the carrying the tribes with us. The Sandeman policy should not, at any rate, be founded with a policy which may either have been only an imperfect imitation of it, or with one which was totally different, as was that in the Khaibar.

This, by the way, would have been a good reason for calling the book by some other title. What is usually meant by the forward policy had for its primary motive not so much the extension of British influence and the establishment of a wider control as the securing of a more convenient frontier. In obtaining points of vantage the Indian Government failed, in places, to provide for the maintenance of an adequate control, sometimes because the local conditions were misunderstood, sometimes because the cost was prohibitive. To have justified his title, Mr. Bruce should have discussed these points at greater length, and not, as he does, incidentally. Had he done so no doubt the reader would be better able to comprehend and appreciate Lord Curzon's recent measures and to see whether they really amount to a reversal of the forward policy.

What Mr. Bruce has to say about the employment of middlemen in dealing with the independent tribes deserves particular attention. It has sometimes been thought that recent troubles on the Punjab border were largely due to the excessive confidence reposed in the middlemen, or go-betweens, who served as the medium of communication between frontier officials and the tribesmen. Sometimes, too, Sir Robert Sandeman has been held up as a praiseworthy example of an administrator who dispensed with the services of these intermediaries. In regard to the first point, it should be noted that the middleman, like the close border system, was a legacy from the Sikhs, and that of late years much has been done in the Punjab to get rid of him. But, as Mr. Bruce rightly remarks, his chief was by no means averse to the employment of such men. "Sandeman in all his tribal arrangements, from start to finish, employed go-betweens, with the best results." His middlemen, however, were also kept under "healthy control and supervision." Another technical issue raised by the author is whether the old contention is correct that Pathans are more difficult to manage than Baluchis because, while the latter obey tribal chiefs, the Pathan is more of a democrat, and only recognizes the authority of his tribal council, or *jirga*. Mr. Bruce argues that, in the first place, Sir Robert Sandeman had to manage both Baluchis and Pathans, and that he was equally successful with both; and that, secondly, it was Sandeman himself who set the hereditary chiefs and *maliks*, both Baluch and Pathan, on their legs. But, after all, it only brings us back to the suspicion already expressed—that the Sandeman policy needs a Sandeman to work it. Even Mr. Bruce, we imagine, would admit that, somehow or other, it has not entirely succeeded with the Mahsud Waziris.

It will be remembered that Lord Roberts, in his "Forty-One Years in India," expressed a strong opinion about the garrison which he relieved at the end of the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. "I confess," he wrote, "to being very greatly surprised, not to use a stronger expression, at the demoralized condition of the greater part of the garrison. . . . They seemed to consider themselves hopelessly defeated, and were utterly despondent." And abundant particulars follow. An indignant reply to this charge, by Major-General Sir John Hills, R.E., K.C.B., is published under the title, *THE BOMBAY FIELD FORCE*, 1880 (Brimley Johnson, 1s. 6d. n.). It is practically a case of one man's word against another's, and we excuse ourselves from judging between them. We note, however, that General Hills only defends the force by throwing over its superior officers, saying that

The Bombay Field Force of 4,000 men was commanded by an officer weak in body and character. The two next senior generals were untried and inexperienced, and the third known to possess no military capacity.

As the book is in effect an appeal to public opinion against Lord Roberts, and as its publication "as it was held undesirable that it should take place during the absence of Lord Roberts from England," it is probably intended to inaugurate a controversy and the bandying of recriminations, and will very possibly achieve that end.

Mr. Vaughan Nash went to India on behalf of the *Manchester Guardian* to write about the famine, and his letters, or a selection from them, are published under the title *THE GREAT FAMINE AND ITS CAUSES* (Longmans, 6s.). It is the work of a careful observer who is very anxious to state all the facts accurately. It is impossible to gather from his pages what the famine looked like, but there are plenty of figures to show us what it was, and there are elaborate arguments to indicate the causes of famines in the past and the means by which they may be avoided, or, at least, mitigated, in the future. The reforms which Mr. Nash advocates are the restriction of the power of alienating land, a more elastic system of land revenue fluctuating with seasons of crops, the introduction of usury laws, more indulgent to the debtor than those at present in force, and the creation of a system of Government credit to assist the peasantry in periods of distress. These proposals are supported by careful arguments, and the book really merits a consideration which its rather bald style will probably prevent it from obtaining from any one not directly and professionally interested in the subject with which it deals.

INDIA AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION (Chapman and Hall, 1s.) is a reprint of some correspondence that recently appeared in support of the Imperial idea in the *Calcutta Englishman*. There are many admirably loyal letters from Indian Princes, and we read that prayers for the success of British arms were addressed at Chandpiur (Tuppera) to the Rajrajesvari.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Drama.

The secret of being wearisome, says the proverb, is to tell everything. We do not suppose that Mr. Bernard Shaw shows us his whole soul in the various literary articles with which he overlays his new volume, *THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS* (Grant Richards, 6s.), but he has certainly discovered something of the secret of being tiresome. In these plays, *The Devil's Disciple*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, and *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, there is much that is delightful; and the wit and élan of, for instance, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* shine conspicuously when presented by competent actors and before a special kind of audience like the Stage Society, not too much dominated by conventions. Despite all Mr. Shaw's explanations, we can still discern in the plays when printed and bound up together the sparkle necessary to provide a pleasant evening's entertainment. Mr. Shaw, indeed, has one quality which goes a long way towards securing such a result, a quality which he

shares with all his countrymen, and especially his literary countrymen—unintentional humour. We have heard Mr. Shaw complain that his serious plays become farces in the hands of competent actors, but the actors are not to blame—they are often unintentional comedians too—it is Mr. Shaw's own laughable qualities which have forced themselves over the foot-lights in spite of the author's efforts to be staid. The worst point about unintentional humour as applied to the stage is its quality of caprice. Just when the exigencies of the play require it most, then it evaporates. Moreover, the longer you continue to rely on unintentional humour the more elusive it will become. The chance fun of *Widowers' Houses* and *Arms and the Man* was frequent and entertaining, but as time goes by and Mr. Shaw continues to risk play after play the weakness of his *laissez-faire* system becomes more apparent, until at last a critic's crown of sorrow is remembering happier plays from the same pen. Mr. Shaw's talent does not always sustain him throughout a long play; he loses, at vital moments, his grip upon his theme and disguises his mental lapse with an idle jest or a pantomime effect. No amount of amusing preface removes that fact, although it may go to prove again that as a critic of all the arts and of most of the artists, including himself, the writer of "Plays for Puritans" is one of the most acute and amusing "gentlemen and literary workmen" that modern journalism has produced.

Mr. William Heinemann's *WAR* (Lane 3s. 6d.) is the second of the plays which are intended to constitute his trilogy, "The Finger of God." The third is not yet announced. To persons acquainted with Æschylus, there is something so awe-inspiring in the mere word "trilogy" that one hesitates to apply it, as Mr. Heinemann does, to a series of dramas as slight as "War." There is no change of scene through the three acts. The action is conducted outside on the Sussex Coast, where the Dutch, in sympathy with their kinsmen, have landed a hostile force while our Army is engaged in South Africa. On the stage, in the library of General St. George, we have the echoes of war, and the persons appropriate to a military drama—the retired general, the cripple raging at his impotence, the worldly mother, the girl in love with a meritorious Major of humble birth, and the wife of a guardsman who is all that the detractors of our cavalry would wish him to be. In fact the play is a kind of foot-note to the question of Army Reform, and the best thing in it is the presentment—in the persons of the guardsman, his wife, and his mother—of the aristocratic service point of view on its worst and most snobbish side. The play ends on a sad and tragic note, but we need not spoil the story by describing it. The interest of the play, from the stage point of view, lies in the fact that the determining events are going on outside, and the air is thus charged with a dramatic excitement which the audience shares with the actors.

TENNYSON'S PRINCESS, one of the "Plays for Amateur Performances" (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. n.), makes a very pretty performance for girls, and we may praise highly the careful instructions—they can hardly be too careful—for proper elocution, business, and dressing of the stage, the latter being illustrated by plans. There are also pictures illustrating the dresses, notes as to the music, and much other matter helpful to the amateur.

This kind of instruction would improve *THE GENTLEMAN IN THE NEXT HOUSE*, a farcical comedy founded on Mrs. Nickleby's experiences in *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Isabelle M. Pagan (Dent, 1s. n.). The dialogue is well enough done; but, apart from its literary associations, the play does not rise above the numerous original pieces suitable for amateurs.

Captain Slocum.

Perhaps no better example among travel books of the success of a journey or voyage, and the failure to record it properly, could be found than Captain Joshua Slocum's *SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD* (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.). Captain Slocum, to use an Americanism, is as "gritty as a grindstone," and his courage never failed him in his arduous undertaking. To take a boat, thirty-seven foot over all, round the globe, covering in

all about 46,000 miles, and to do it singlehanded, is no mean feat for any modern viking from New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. Such a task requires a combination of courage, readiness, resourcefulness and sanity, not by any means common even among seamen. So much we must allow to Captain Slocum. At the same time, it is difficult not to regret that he was alone. Had he had as a companion any one of half-a-dozen men whom it would not be difficult to name, the story of this unique voyage would have been no mere log of the surface of the sea, but would have gone deep into the very mystery of nature. What a book, indeed, would Herman Melville, author of "Moby Dick" and "Typee" and "Omoo," have produced in the vast solitudes of the Pacific, as he seemed to sail the very world itself single-handed among the stars. But Captain Slocum, tense and hard-handed and level-headed, though he, indeed, may have felt the terrors and wonders of the great deep, could hardly bring himself to explore in his own mind as he sailed alone. So strong and doughty a sailor may have looked upon such exploration as signs of weakness, avoiding them as he would have avoided shoal water or some heavy "overfall." Nevertheless, it is a pity to think of it, for few men are likely to attempt the big round world again as Captain Slocum did. And even fewer are likely to succeed.

Bishops.

THE FATAL OPULENCE OF BISHOPS (A. and C. Black, 5s.), by a London clergyman, the Rev. Hubert Handley, starts from the statement of the late Bishop Thorold that "Christianity is not in possession of South London." For the comparative failure of the Church the author endeavours to find reasons, and one of them is the wealth and social position of the Bishops—which, however, is, to a degree hardly recognized by Mr. Handley, part of a larger question; it is a simple and inevitable result of the social prestige of the Church. The subject is a well-worn one, on which a great deal of ignorant verbiage has been expended. Mr. Handley puts the question on a different plane. He discusses in a detailed and practical manner the familiar assertion that Bishops are nowadays poor men, though he does not, we think, recognize the vast change that has taken place since the old days of Episcopal magnificence. The book should certainly attract attention, for the author's good taste, moderation, and sincerity are conspicuous; and he writes in a forcible and interesting style.

The War.

The high reputation of Australian war correspondents is well maintained by Mr. Frank Wilkinson, of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, in his *AUSTRALIA AT THE FRONT* (John Long, 6s.). Mr. Wilkinson has the colonial prose style, but he only has it mildly. He resembles Mr. Hales in giving impressionist pictures instead of a direct relation of events. The result is a bright, agreeable, well-written book, though it is a pity that the author sometimes exercises his patriotism at the expense of his fellow subjects, as in the remark that "it is good fun to see the Imperial Yeomanry ride, as they fall at the rate of one a minute." As a matter of fact, this is exactly what the Rhodesian police say of the Australians.

After reading almost every book about the war that has appeared, we were still able to find pleasure in Mr. Julian Ralph's *TOWARDS PRETORIA* (Pearson, 6s.). The volume is evidently by way of being an afterthought, since it contains little narrative, but mainly consists of random reflections on all sorts of subjects. However, it is readable, and most of the war books have not been readable. It will be observed that Mr. Ralph does not think equally highly of all the war correspondents whom he met in Africa, and does not hesitate to say so:—

To send men whom it was impossible for the officers to regard as comrades, and men who would not hesitate to break the rules of the guild unless they were certain of severe punishment, was a crime against the honour of the profession. It was to govern such men that the strictest of the censorship rules had to be made. The result was that the representa-

tives of the dignity and honour of the profession were beset with limitations which carried with them both reproach and distrust, and crippled their work. To put the case in another way, there were correspondents at the front who would have been trusted to write whatever they desired, had it not been that there were other correspondents whose poor judgment, worse taste, and careless treatment of facts dragged the entire corps down to a low level.

These are strong words, but we have no reason to believe that there is not some justification for them.

Major C. E. Callwell tells us that his *TACTICS OF TO-DAY* (Clowes) was written while he was marching with the Natal Field Force from Laings Nek to Lydenburg. It is an attempt to show how tactical problems have been modified by recent improvements in the weapons of war and how the teaching of the Franco-German War has been superseded by the teaching of the Boer War. The author gives up the artillery duel, shock tactics, and volley firing, and points out that even the counter attack, on which most military writers lay so much stress, may, under modern conditions, be a rash and costly defensive experiment. His remarks on the subject of the scouting of our cavalry in South Africa are pungent:—

In scouting, in obtaining information as to the doings of the Boers, in safeguarding infantry and artillery against surprise when on the march and when at rest, our mounted troops have failed most signally. Some irregular corps, it is true, have proved quite invaluable; but the regular cavalry, of which the country have been so proud, has been no match in cunning, in self reliance, or in resource for the singular antagonists with which it has had to cope. If the troopers venture far afield they fall into an ambush; if they cling to the other arms these become a prey to unexpected shell fire, to sudden onslaughts on their baggage, and to similar annoyance. There has been a touch of humour in the patrollings of our mounted men by day, designed to frustrate the enterprises of a wily foe who prepares his neatest strokes by night. A cavalry which sweeps out fanwise well in advance of the army in the morning and gains important ground, but which retires to some central bivouac as the sun goes down, does not give its side much help.

After this it is a relief to find Major Callwell adding that he is doubtful whether the mounted troops of other European armies would have done better or even have done so well.

Vol. IV. of the Memorial Edition of G. W. Steevens' works contains *FROM CAPE TOWN TO LADYSMITH AND EGYPT IN 1898*. The former work contains a few fresh letters found among the author's papers. They hardly rank with his most notable work, but one is glad to have them all the same. (Blackwood, 6s.)

The Daily Motto.

All those who chance to be interested in Buddhist doctrine will welcome the new edition of Mr. Ernest Bowden's volume of quotations from Asiatic literature arranged for each day in the year. *THE IMITATION OF BUDDHA* (Methuen, 3s.) was first compiled some years ago, and since then a considerable number of fresh translations of Buddhist works have been issued, of which Mr. Bowden now makes use. The collection has a preface by Sir Edwin Arnold, who praises it highly. The texts are of Catholic application and give no room for polemics. We can recommend it to all who like to use a day-book of moral aphorisms.

THE CALENDAR OF EMPIRE (Blackwood, 5s.), compiled by Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., is very beautifully got up, and has the laudable purpose of paying "a tribute to lives, deeds, and words that have gained glory for great and greater Britain." Most of the days have an Imperial event, and all of them have apt patriotic quotations, chosen with much skill. Here are three of them:—

October 10.

President Kruger born, 1825.

"The fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel and said, 'What a dust do I raise.'"—*Æsop*.

June 1.

Shannon and Chesapeake Action, 1813.

"June 1st. Off Boston. Moderate. N.W. Wrote Laurence. Took Chesapeake."

—Entry in Captain P. V. Broke's Diary.

October 5.

Life Peers created, 1876.

"The throne is the fountain of honour—not a pump."

—Disraeli.

The compiler of *THE TENNYSON BIRTHDAY BOOK* (Ward, Lock, 1s. 6d.) is undaunted by the quotation which he attaches to October 6 about one good custom corrupting the world, and addresses himself to the business—which is becoming almost one of the liberal professions—of finding (in this instance, of course, from Tennyson) a suitable quotation for each day in the year. It is a pretty little book with floriated borders and well-selected verses, uniform with other similar books from the same publishers.

We have received from the Oxford University Press the new edition of the *BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER*, embodying the necessary changes in the forms of petition for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Royal Family, and also the special form of service in commemoration of her late Majesty "to be used in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales, and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, either on the day of the funeral or on the most convenient day within the Octave."

There is little that is new or suggestive in *THE POET OF HOME LIFE* (*Home Words Office*), a volume of miscellanea called forth by Cowper's centenary last April. The sermons by Dean Farrar and the Rev. John Callis here reprinted were well suited to the occasion, but were scarcely worth being republished in a book. A melancholy interest attaches to the brief life of the poet by the late Mr. Andrew James Symington, owing to the recent death of the writer. It is, moreover, written in a lucid and sympathetic manner, though it covers quite familiar ground. The Rev. Canon Wilton contributes an entertaining account of his moderately successful attempt to emulate Cowper in taming a hare.

THE WILDFOWLER IN SCOTLAND (Longmans, 30s.) is another of Mr. John Guille Millais' fine sporting books, which for the artist has an especial interest in a frontispiece by his father Sir John Millais. But Mr. Millais is of course an artist himself; and apart from the pleasant records of his own experiences among shore birds in the North and his useful appendix on the northern Firths, a great value attaches to this book from its pictures. There is one beautiful coloured landscape; but Mr. Millais' speciality is his intimate knowledge of the appearance of wild birds on the wing and their attitudes at rest. The numerous pictures he here gives us are to the sportsman and ornithologist of the greatest interest.

Knutsford has been a little overdone of late, and save for its photographs and portraits *MRS. GASKELL AND KNUTSFORD*, by the Rev. G. A. Payne (Gay and Bird), has no great merit. It contains topographical notes about Knutsford, a short biography of Mrs. Gaskell, a collection of notices about her works, and a bibliography—incomplete as far as recent editions are concerned.

The articles in which various contributors to the *Daily Chronicle*, including Mr. William Archer, Mr. Arthur Waugh, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and Major Martin Hume, recently traced the progress which the century has seen in the different departments of human endeavour are reprinted in volume form under the title *THE MIND OF THE CENTURY* (Unwin, 2s.). Many readers will, no doubt, be glad to have them thus made readily accessible.

THE BOOK OF PEACE, made by Pamela Tennant (*The Chiswick Press*, 6s. n.), consists of a collection of passages from the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Imitation, arranged for daily reading morning and evening during a space of four weeks. To each reading is appended a poem drawn from such varied sources as the old English carols, Emily Brontë, Walt Whitman,

Mr. Yeats, and Shakespeare. There is a frontispiece after Bellini, a tail-piece showing one of Della Robbia's beautiful Holy Innocents from the Foundling at Florence, and other illustrations after Blake. The book would, no doubt, form an acceptable present, at certain seasons, to a woman of a religious and reflective turn of mind.

Messrs. Bell have had the happy idea of issuing volumes on Continental Churches, uniform, or nearly uniform, with their Cathedral Series. They begin with *ROUEN*, by the Rev. Thomas Perkins, and *CHARTRES*, by H. J. L. J. Massé (2s. 6d. each), two early accessible centres of interest to those interested in ecclesiastical architecture. Such visitors will find the books indispensable. They are carefully written and admirably illustrated, mainly but not exclusively from photographs. We see that "*Paris (Notre Dame)*" is announced, and we hope that volumes on Bruges and Cologne are contemplated. To the Cathedral Series is added *WORCESTER*, by Edward F. Strange (1s. 6d. n.).

RUMANIA IN 1900, by G. Benger (Asher, 10s. n.), may be described as a year-book *de luxe*. It contains the history of the country, with its educational, commercial, agricultural, and other statistics, and a handsome collection of photographs of towns, public buildings, characteristic scenery, and illustrious men. The general impression left is, of course, that Rumania is getting on nicely, an impression which should, perhaps, be checked by a perusal of Mr. Conybeare's remarks in the *National Review*, to which we refer elsewhere.

Gowrie is a portion of North Britain on the banks of the river Tay. *SONGS AND SAYINGS OF GOWRIE*, by the Rev. Adam Philip (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 5s. n.), reviews, with profuse quotations, the literature of the locality. Lady Nairne is one of the authors concerned. James Beattie is another. A volume compiled with care, and obviously a labour of love.

LANCASHIRE HUMOUR (Dent), by Thomas Newbigging, is rather for local consumption. The humour is there, but it is not always conspicuous, and it is overlaid with dialect. Mr. J. A. Symington's little illustrations, however, add much attraction to the text.

ART.

THE LATER WORK OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY (John Lane, 42s. n.). It is characteristic of the various books that have contained collections of drawings by the late Aubrey Beardsley that very few words are deemed necessary to explain or introduce them. The cleverness of the young draughtsman is admitted, but the position which he occupied during a very short life was never definitely assigned, and how far his reputation will increase or decrease in the future none can venture to prophesy. He was the despair of those who—recognizing talent—felt that the expression of his art was unhealthy. There was a decorative sense so strongly developed, a knowledge of the close interrelation of different parts of a design, and, above all, a disposition of the blacks of his drawings, which placed him apart from every English artist of his time. And yet this young illustrator, such is the irony of genius, more often than not feasted his fancy upon unwholesome and revolting types, and let loose an unbridled immorality which was the more dangerous since it was presented with the rarest ability. There is, in fact, little in common between the illustrations to the *Morte d'Arthur* and the design for his own bookplate which was published for the first time amongst "*A Book of Fifty Drawings*," in 1897. We do not object because of its inaccuracy to the title of this new collection of drawings. It gains in interest from the fact that many examples of Beardsley's more youthful productions have been included under the title of "*Later Works*." The earlier works show influences which must be well understood if we are to place Beardsley at all in his proper position. Here in the "*Hamlet*" (1892), the "*Adoramus Te*," "*A Christmas Carol*," "*The Virgin and Lily*," "*Die Gotterdammerung*," is evidence of the

strong influence of Burne Jones, and, through him, of the Early Primitives. All this disappears, and a certain early woodcut method grafted upon a Japanese sense of the use of massed black declares itself in "How Queen Guenever made her a Nun." Once again we get the "Madame Réjane," the Avenue Theatre and the Pseudonym Library posters, the wonderful frontispiece for "Venus and Tannhauser," which is, possibly, one of the artist's greatest decorative successes, and the hitherto unpublished frontispiece for the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, which is as classic in spirit and as subtle in suggestion as the great original demanded. In fact, looking at these conceptions and "The Return of Tannhauser to Venusberg" it is impossible to deny great occasions to this strange produce of the *fin de siècle*. Our dread of the mind diseased is quickened by the eight designs which originally appeared in a privately printed edition of the "Lysistrata," of Aristophanes, in the "Cave of Spleen," and the "Lady with the Monkey," only to be healthily pacified by "A Christmas Card." There is, in fine, nothing in "The Later Works" to assist the critic to arrive at any definite opinion concerning this extraordinary and complex art personality. It is impossible to deny the sense of sumptuous decoration, for Beardsley fully recognized that book illustration should also be book decoration. The occasional landscape, conventional but seldom imitative; the flow and rhythm of his line; the use of black and white in broad masses without any effect of patchiness; the malicious enjoyment of the unwholesome; the riotous splendour of so much that was, morally speaking, undesirable, these are some of the qualities of Aubrey Beardsley's art, but whether as a whole his work was good or bad for art it is almost impossible to decide. We are inclined to think that his influence has passed and that Art is the better for the release.

FICTION.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens' latest book *THE WASTREL* (Hutchinson, 6s.) is in the same fluent and popular style as her other recent books. Here will be found reversions of fortune, divorce, bankruptcy, the wicked loves of married ladies, the virtuous affections of candid maidens, the black arts of subtle men, the high faith and honour of the indolent and brave, and the whole wrought together with skill and knowledge. There are flashes of real observation in "The Wastrel," but the author allows the conventional and melodramatic to press in and crush the life of her story. The hero, Keir Kingsmead, is an agreeable villain somewhat of the old Haymarket, Captain Swift type. Herr Otto Schnick, also a black-hearted fellow and always called Herr, is an American German who, while speaking English fluently and correctly, still places the verb at the end of his sentence, "You may for the moment the advantage have." This becomes exasperating in dramatic moments; and the affair of the verb is one which a German who speaks English corrects very quickly. Other characters are drawn with more courage and less convention; Mark Awdrey is pleasant to know, and his wife will interest. If one might give a word of advice to a gifted lady, it would be "Observe, observe, don't imagine—on the lines of previous romances."

Two Hard-working Novelists.

Mr. Thomas Cobb and Mr. Richard Marsh are both endowed with some share of the divine gift of story-telling; they can both devise a good plot, string it well together, and tell it in readable, straightforward King's English. But they would both do well to realize that novels worth reading cannot be turned out in too quick succession. To Mr. Richard Marsh's last two books we have already alluded. *THE CHASE OF THE RUBY* (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.) shows him at his best. *THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN* (Methuen, 6s.), full as it is of good ideas, of ingenious experiments in the weird, shows an immaturity which greater care would have avoided. Many of the stories leave the impression that they might have been better, that the right points are not

brought out, that the dénouement is poor, or is not properly worked up to. "The Chase of the Ruby," on the other hand, is well thought out, an excellent, brisk story, starting from a good situation; and a story on which each chapter only raises a sense of pleasurable excitement in preparation for the next. Mr. Cobb is just as unequal. *THE DISSEMBLERS* (Lane, 6s.), though its main motive, by which a marriage engagement *de convenance* converts itself into a love match, is not unfamiliar, is in other respects original, and it is admirably told, with very little waste of power and a true feeling for the effective development of events. *THE BISHOP'S GAMBIT* (Grant Richards, 6s.) is much less closely knit; the characters are less vivid, and the secret, which is at the bottom of all the trouble, is let out quite early, and one waits rather impatiently for the knot to be cut, without much help from the author to enliven the period of waiting. The Bishop, too, is a little too much of a stage Divine, the conventionally sanctimonious superior person. Bishops are not, as a rule, made like that nowadays. Still we would not dissuade those who have liked Mr. Cobb's other novels from reading "The Bishop's Gambit." It will interest them, but it is not his best work, and we would urge Mr. Cobb, as we would urge also Mr. Richard Marsh—though we note what he says in a letter we publish to-day—not to be too prodigal or too ready to give the public, however much they want it, anything that falls short of their highest level.

Extravagances.

Mr. Philip Treherne's story, *FROM VALET TO AMBASSADOR* (Sands, 3s. 6d.), is very much what might be expected from the title. It is farcical, up-to-date, makes some attempt at sketching modern smart society, and, on the whole, produces a rather wearisome effect. Barnes, the millionaire, is a grotesque figure, but the only one in whom it is possible to take the slightest interest. The wildest improbability in the narrative and the most industrious search after amusing incident cannot save Mr. Treherne from dullness. He succeeds only in being extravagant.

Lady Helen Craven has got hold of a good idea in *THE OUTCAST EMPEROR* (Hutchinson, 6s.), but it would be flattery to assert that she had made a good novel out of it. Obviously there are possibilities, both of the humorous and sensational order, in the flight of the half-murdered Emperor of Cathay, his rescue by an English millionaire on board his yacht, and the subsequent attempts of numberless emissaries from the truculent Dowager Empress upon his life. It may be conceded, too, that the authoress has imagination and the courage to use it. She does not hesitate over the improbable; she handles her yacht and her Celestials as though she knew something of both. She can conceive a humorous situation—if the humour is broad enough to be unmistakable. The trouble is that she cannot write. It would be difficult to imagine anything more trying than the perpetual circumlocution of the narrative or the unceasing slanginess of the dialogue. The young men, one and all, talk like overgrown schoolboys. Were it not for the writing, and an occasional lapse from good taste, the story would be a passable example of the sensational novel. The construction is not amiss, and there is plenty of exciting incident.

Most of the probabilities are outraged in Mr. Godfrey Bosville's *PUBLICANS AND SINNERS* (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.), concerned as it is with the amazing good fortune of a ne'er-do-well. "Miracles may happen," Meredith says, "but it's best to reckon that they won't." And so it may be within the bounds of possibility that a down-at-heel piece of human flotsam may be solicitously provided for by a beneficent genius who keeps a hotel and a yacht and racehorses whose jockeys are not decided upon until the last moment; but these things are hardly life. Provided one can overlook wayward violations of all social codes, a new and fanciful rendering of human nature, and a rather loud, not to say vulgar, style in narration, the story possesses just enough interest to make it tolerable.

THE ORDER OF ISIS (Skeffington, 6s.), by Mr. James Bagnall-Stubbs, is rightly called a story of mystery and adventure in Egypt, with plenty of army men and beautiful ladies, and

"hussars to the rescue," and meetings of East and West, and Papyri, and Dervishes, and Arabs. Those who enjoy a cleverly woven story of rather fantastic adventures in the East will have no reason to complain of the way Mr. Bagnall-Stubbs tells how "the world is rid of a most perfect villain."

HER FATHER'S TRUST, by Mary Maher (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d.), is a sincerely told though not remarkable story of a daughter's fidelity. It reflects glory on the Roman Catholic religion as a means of nourishing a sense of duty. We do not quarrel with it from this point of view, although we do resent a little the emphasis with which the moral is driven home, so that the story, which treats conventionally of Irish life, is in danger of being regarded as a tract.

The gentleman who writes under the name of "David Lyall" has an ineradicable fondness for the first person, and a fund of sentiment which is apt to degenerate into sentimentality. THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) combines in a curious fashion the vices of the kailyard school with the more modern vice of seeking realism by the introduction of the actors and the scenes of yesterday. "David Lyall" goes as a war correspondent to the Cape; he is present at Belmont and Magersfontein, and he talks with the ill-fated General Wauchope on the eve of that battle. The author is present also at Paardeberg Drift. As journalism his descriptions of these scenes of war might pass; as digressions from a sickly romance they are unpardonable.

We remember Mr. Louis Tracy's war of the future book, "The Final War." The fighting in it was an obviously civilian invention, but the story rattled along rather vigorously. In THE INVADERS (Pearson, 6s.), Mr. Tracy tries to repeat his success with a story in which French and Germans land at Liverpool and play havoc in the Midlands, but fails to hold our interest. His work is merely melodrama, suitable perhaps for serialization in popular periodicals designed for the illiterate, but unfit to serve any higher purpose.

About one-quarter of THE VEREKER FAMILY (Digby, Long, 6s.) is concerned with the history of that interesting clan—a history which is confined almost entirely to the love-stories of the various Misses Vereker. The rest of the book is filled up with short stories, of varying degrees of merit. When Miss May Crommelin essays the terrible, as with "In the Garden Pavilion," she lays on the colour with no sparing hand. Sometimes she even becomes a little hysterical in her anxiety to produce a strong effect. But her stories are generally readable, and some of them are constructed with a good deal of ingenuity.

Miss Olive Birrell's story is too minute and too much concerned with the non-essential to be an engrossing novel. But LOVE IN A MIST (Smith, Elder, 6s.) is a pleasant title, and the book is carefully written and fairly true to modern life. Keith Hamilton is a sympathetic character whose fortunes may be gladly followed, and Lincoln, who devotes his life to the service of the world, "like a soldier leading a forlorn hope," is a powerful sketch. The style of the book is a little old-fashioned. It conveys, in fact, some hint that—

Old-fashioned blossoms cluster in the borders,
Love-in-a-mist and crimson-hearted clove.

The practised novelist who writes under the name of Curtis Yorke has—her publishers inform us—resided for several winters past in Spain. Hence CARPATHIA KNOX (Jarrold, 6s.) with its wealth of local colour, its frequent "*paseo*, or promenade," "poplars or chopas, as they are called here," and other numberless foreign phrases courteously translated for the benefit of the untravelled reader. To our thinking the pages of this novel are sown rather too thickly with these exotic flowers. The story in itself is good enough to stand without assistance of this kind, and the author knows enough of Spain (to say nothing of its language) to paint a life-like picture of that land of leisurely progress. Travellers intending to visit the country might do worse than take "Carpathia Knox" as a guide-book—and phrase-book. We are requested to note that the volume contains a photogravure portrait of the author. We have noted it.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The library world has much reason to be grateful to Mr. Frederick G. Horniman for his generous gift of land to the London County Council, including a vast museum and a library of 6,200 volumes, containing many rare editions. The library has previously been open to the public, but the books were inadequately housed.

Some months ago we noted that the Hampstead Library authorities had decided to erect an art gallery, and that, in the meanwhile, the Town-hall would be temporarily used for the purpose. A committee has now been appointed, including Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Mr. E. A. Storey, and the Hon. John Collier, to assist in choosing the works of art to be exhibited. In the lending libraries the age limit for children has been reduced from fourteen to twelve years. A new branch library for West-end will shortly be opened.

We have referred before to the work which the Bethnal-green Free Library is doing on insufficient means. The use made of it by the working people and poor of the district is probably greater in proportion than in any other London library. Series of lectures and free concerts are well attended, while a number of technical works are available for the artisans of the district. No institution is more worthy of support for the character and necessity of its work.

A most encouraging report comes from the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The number of items received last year was greater by 1,007 than the total for 1899 and more than 12,000 in advance of the accessions for 1890. The additions of works deal for the most part with the history and topography of Scotland. Some of them come from the Scottish local Press. They will in some cases replace works reported as "missing" from the library. In all 233 volumes of local interest were purchased at a cost of £40—not an extravagant outlay—and 3,329 ordnance and other maps were received.

There are signs of progress in the report of the Salford and Aberdeen Public Libraries. There is an inspiring account of additions to the art galleries and museum at Salford. The library and reading-room are used to an increasing extent, and the product of an extra halfpenny library rate is to be used in bringing the institutions into line with modern requirements. At Aberdeen a collection of works for the blind has been commenced with a stock of 132 volumes. The report also gives us a list of additions to the library, but it is arranged in a pseudo-alphabetical order which shows an amazing absence of method.

A good example of what may be done by voluntary aid has been shown us in Lancashire. The cost of building a new technical institute and public library at Old Trafford—£9,000—has been defrayed by subscribers. Only the expenses of maintenance will fall upon the rate.

The first number of a Quarterly Library Bulletin comes from the University of St. Andrews. Besides a record of the notes and news of the library, which should be useful, lists of books on special subjects will be given from time to time. The Quarterly is to take the place of the former annual catalogues.

To go further afield, the report of the San Francisco Public Library records a large increase in circulation. More than \$15,000 have been spent on books and periodicals during the year.

English writers of to-day are treated with some contempt in the January number of *Public Libraries* (Chicago). In a list of the hundred best books of 1900—excluding fiction and foreign writers—England is responsible for about six out of the hundred—a striking testimony to the value of American literature in America. There is also a report of the annual meeting of State Librarians, a body for which in England we have no real equivalent.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.—II.

The latest claimant for notice is the *Empire Review* (1s. n.), edited by Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke, who has edited many other papers in his time, including the *Observer*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and published by Messrs. Macmillan. The contributors to the first number are at least illustrious. "The British Empire"—a large subject—is summarily dealt with in three pages by the Duke of Devonshire. The Bishop of Calcutta follows on "The Church and the Empire," insisting that "a good understanding between them is

desirable and even necessary." Then General Mackinnon has something to say about "The C.I.V.'s on Active Service," and Sir Charles Dilke about "Imperial Reserves"—mainly a suggestion for increasing and improving the Yeomanry. "Victoria as I left it" is the title of an article by Lord Brassey, and Sir Lepel Griffin relates his "Reminiscences of the Amir." Altogether a notable first number. If the standard can be kept up, a valuable periodical will result. A good permanent feature is a survey of the finance of the Empire, with tabulated lists of prices of Indian and Colonial Investments, including municipal as well as Government securities.

Longman's makes a hit with something original about the Boer War, viz., some "Notes on Reconnoitring in South Africa,"—a sort of hand-book of useful information (containing a vocabulary) for scouts, which conveys a very vivid picture of the country. Mr. Tallentyre continues with Madame de Staël his studies of "The Women of the Salons." Mr. John Isabell writes agreeably enough of "Fishes and their Ways."

The *Anglo-Saxon Review* (London, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, 49, Rupert-street) presents its seventh volume from a new publishing office. It further marks the departure by becoming more topical than formerly. "The Poetry of the South African Campaign," for example, is taken more notice of by Mr. Arthur Waugh than its merits deserve. Although the essayist very properly remarks that current criticism can never be final, we can hardly agree that it helps much towards a final judgment to record and analyse the circumstances of production. It can effect the final judgment upon poetry but slightly to know that Chatterton wrote in a garret and "Owen Meredith" in an Embassy. It is a dangerous criticism to assert that "the poetry of the present war has to be judged by the standards of literary excellence and the needs of the hour." Criticism according to these shifting standards can be but of small value. Mr. J. M. Bullock is topical only in the title of his article on "The Strange Christening of the Orange River." The article itself deals with the personal history of Colonel Robert Jacob Gordon, a Dutchman of Scots descent, who had discovered the river in 1777, and who, with Jacobus van Reenan, a typical Afrikaner, and William Paterson, a British officer, probably of Scots birth, pushed off in a little boat from the banks of the "Great River" on the night of August 17th, 1779, and christened the water "Orange River" in honour of William, the Hereditary Stadholder of the Netherlands, whose mother had been an English Princess. Mr. Clarence Rook deals sentimentally and, on the whole, fairly with "St. Patrick Hooligan," finds much saving grace in him, and maintains that the character which naturally breaks into lawlessness contains splendid possibilities. Not less topical than these articles is Mr. Arnold White's essay upon "England and America: Strangers Yet." It is not very hopeful reading for our quiet island firesides. "The British Empire," says Mr. White without an apparent quiver, "is 'soup' of which the rapidly expanding German nation hopes to partake in the good time that is coming, when the colonies of Britain will drop off like the elm leaves that sweep through the air in October." Mr. Arnold White does not consider that there is sufficient accurate information offered to the American people by English correspondents; he believes that Englishmen have yet much to learn as to the true feelings of Americans; he maintains that there should be sympathetic cooperation in regard to the question of the Irish Celt, and that there should be a recognition on both sides of the identity of commercial interests in maintaining the open door. It is an able if not exhaustive discussion of several important international questions. The present issue of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* is bound in a binding copied from that which covers the folio edition of Soriano's *Messes*, supposed to be unique, and now in the British Museum. If Mrs. Cornwallis-West's quarterly has done nothing greater it serves a most useful purpose in drawing the attention of publishers to the wealth of fine bindings to be found and copied—for the asking—in Bloomsbury.

The *Nineteenth Century and After* provides much matter for a hot brain. On the literary side Professor Posnett gives us a most remarkable account of "the masterpiece of the Chinese Drama," the play *Pi-Pa-Ki*, first performed at Peking in 1404, and Mr. George Moore pleads for "the soul of the Irish people." Mr. Moore is an interesting writer but hardly a convincing one, because he never quite thinks out his subject. He thinks that Irish is now much more pregnant with the seeds of good literature than English. His extracts hardly establish this proposition, nor does his reasoning. In one place he tells us that

literature flourishes in "virgin languages"; in another, that it is small nations that produce poets. Whether a small nation without a virgin language is a favourable soil or not we do not make out; nor do we know whether Irish can properly be considered a virgin language. An important article is Dr. Robert Anderson's on the punishment of crime—for him the really essential thing is not so much to punish the habitual criminal but to get rid of him—by detention in an "asylum prison." But the article is too weighty and suggestive to summarize. The Gackwar of Baroda's account of his daily life is a fresh and entertaining item; and Dr. Smythe Palmer's argument that the Cherubim represent the winds is learned and ingenious. There are many other articles which should not be missed, as Mr. John Macdonell's on the Native Races of South Africa; Mr. A. R. Markham's on the Economic Outlook in the Transvaal; Col. Lonsdale Hale's on Home Defence; Mr. Herbert Paul's on Indulgences.

The *Contemporary* seems disinclined to let the new *Liberal Review* stand alone in its task of waging relentless war against the Government. Mr. Herbert Paul's article on "The Decline of the Government" is quite relentless enough for all practical purposes towards the Government in general and towards Mr. Chamberlain in particular. A strong defence of "Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief," by an anonymous contributor, also seems intended to make the Government uncomfortable by the suggestion that Lord Wolseley has been made the victim for its blunders. The inevitable paper on Military Reform is by Colonel Maude; and Mr. Edmund Gosse draws the attention of English readers to the novels of Mr. René Bazin—a writer whose reputation stands high in his own country. He seems to be the one contemporary French novelist who is an artist and yet is not prurient—though some might place M. André Theuriet in the same category. "His Stories and Sketches," Mr. Gosse declares, "might have been read, had chronology permitted, by Mrs. Barbauld to Miss Hannah More. . . . With all this, they are not dull, or tiresome, or priggish. They preach no sermon, except a broad and wholesome amiability; they are possessed by no provoking propaganda of virtue. Simply, M. Bazin sees the beauty of domestic life in France, is fascinated by the charm of the national gaiety and courtesy, and does not attempt to look below the surface." Mr. Leslie Stephen's "English Utilitarians" is reviewed in the same number by Mr. William Graham.

It takes a man of Mr. Leslie Stephen's breadth of mind to write sympathetically about Emerson in the *National Review* after publishing a couple of tomes upon the utilitarians. No writer is further removed from Bentham or Mill, or, indeed, any philosopher who prided himself on a system, than Emerson. As Mr. Stephen says, "We are not to take his philosophy for a system of truth, but for a series of vivid intuitions." The writer also lays stress on the curious blend of mysticism and common sense in Emerson. Coming to matters of more immediate concern, Mr. H. W. Wilson pleads for large reinforcements in South Africa, and Captain Cairnes estimates the strength of our Army and Navy and finds it wanting. Mr. Conybeare once more takes up the cudgels for the Jews. In a powerful article on "Rumania as a Persecuting Power" he shows how badly the Rumanian Government have kept their promises to Europe touching the enfranchisement of all subjects, whatever their beliefs. But the most fascinating contribution is a paper called *Mafia and Omertà*, by Mr. Richard Bagot. The Mafia in Sicily, which most people imagine to be simply a secret society analogous to the Camorra of Naples, Mr. Bagot dignifies with the phrase "social growth in Sicily," and shows what a terrible hold the organization which led to the murder of Signor Notarbartolo has on the people in general. Mr. W. J. Ford's conclusion in his article "To Bowl or to Throw" seems to us very ill considered. Since a throw is so difficult to define, why not legalize it? This is Mr. Ford's argument. Surely this would deprive the "attack" in cricket of all its art.

Blackwood has a notable article by Colonel Henry Knollys on "Maladministration of Messes"—a suggestion towards a very desirable Army reform. The author shows how a coach and four may be driven through a sumptuary law:—

When Sir Hope Grant overcame the objections of Pall Mall and succeeded in initiating autumn manoeuvres, he endeavoured also to initiate a temporary abnegation of comforts among officers, and a frugality appropriate to this particular soldiering exercise, and limited his baggage to the regulation weight. His efforts were vain, because derelictions were countenanced, and even encouraged, by those against whom it was difficult to appeal. Certain regiments organized strings of nominally private traps, but really of contractor's

transport, to move in their wake along public roads, with an audacity contemning concealment, and conveying supplies utterly inconsistent with the training of tent-life. Thus, while the general was contenting himself with chops and sherry, subalterns and captains within a stone's throw were revelling in delicacies provided by an expensive French cook, and in champagne and claret-cup, and their mess marquees were open to every rowdy Tom, Dick, and Harry who came touting to the site. The cost was, of course, enormous. In one case a single week's bill amounted to £70.

In the "Musings without Method" department there are some strong words on the subject of modern languages. Lord Rosebery, who insists upon them, is described as "haunted by more bogeys than any living statesman," and the Universities are implored to continue to exclude them from the curriculum.

Temple Bar, besides a good deal of fiction, has an article on the women of the days of Hannah More, and a pleasant reminiscence of Stevenson. But its best item is an extremely interesting and well-written article on St. Helena vividly describing the features and history of the island, and giving, what we have not had elsewhere, a graphic description of the life of the Boer prisoners.

In the *United Service Magazine* Colonel Maude continues his notes on the evolution of cavalry, and Judge O'Connor Morris adds a new instalment of his study of Frederick the Great. Captain Slessor, Adjutant to the Oxford University Volunteers, states the reasons why it seems desirable to get more University men into the Army, and discusses the difficulties at present thrown in their path. "Encourage the University candidate to remain on at his University and get the full benefit of it, for it is easy to add such technical science, or at least such knowledge of drill, as may be necessary for an officer when he has become one."

The *Universal Magazine* opens appropriately with a reprint of Miss Marie Corelli's "The Greatest Queen in the World," and the article which follows on "The Courtship of Holland's Queen" by Comrie Colquhoun gives the picture of a girl queen captivating her people which cannot fail to remind us of the early days of Queen Victoria. The "Immortal Forty" by Mr. Frederick Dolman reminds us that the French Academy is not simply an institution for refusing literary distinctions to great men. We hear too little of another side of its duties—the distributions of rewards for virtue. A brave fisherman stands his chance of an Academy prize as well as a rising novelist. Apparently there has not been time to take out the name of the Duc de Broglie from the list of titled members of the Academy. Mr. Hugh W. Strong gives us a graphic account of the encenia at Oxford when degrees were conferred on Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Lord Kitchener. The illustrations glow with academic splendour.

In the *Magazine of Art*, with Mr. Spielmann's study of Louis Morin, the article on that excellent landscapist E. M. Wimperis will attract attention. It contains four capital small reproductions from his work. The *Art Journal* has some excellent reproductions from Mr. J. J. Shannon's pictures in an article on that artist. This number is very varied in its contents, and devotes much space to decoration in articles on "Mere Ornament," "Art in the Church," and "Decorative Flower Studies" (finely illustrated). Another conspicuous feature is an exhaustive article by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse on "The Equestrian Statue of King Charles at Charing-cross."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has its usual programme of pleasant literary and antiquarian lore delightfully aloof from anything topical. The literary element is represented by a paper on Ford's plays, and another on Shakespeare's *Dogs*, which reveals the dramatist as an authority on dog lore. But the two best articles are an account of diplomatic etiquette in the seventeenth century, and a very interesting account of Rubinstein, who, though he died six years ago, has no adequate biography in English.

The feature of *Cassell's Magazine* is the second instalment of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim." Every variety of fiction is also well represented by Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Lewis Baumer, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, and others. Some capital photographs of the chief streets in New York form a good background to some chatty remarks by Elizabeth L. Banks, and in the course of an unusually smooth journey across the Channel Mr. F. M. Holmes lets us in to some of the inner secrets of the Arundel, the latest addition to the Newhaven and Dieppe steamers.

We have already said something, in anticipation, of the contents of the New Century number of the *Student*, the Edinburgh University Magazine (Grant Richards, 6d.). It has all the merit, and no more, that might be expected from a

collection of short pieces, printed in various type, written *ad hoc*, by well-known writers. To our mind the most interesting thing is Mr. J. W. Mackail's essay in translating the *Odyssey* into four-line stanzas, as thus:—

And now that island far amid the foam
Reaching, from out the violet sea he clomb,
Over the mainland, to the cavern great
Wherein the fair-tressed nymph had made her home.

The metre gets a little monotonous; but the version is thoroughly scholarly and full of Homer's archaic simplicity.

The *Argosy* is an improving magazine, and one that deserves encouragement for its brave avoidance of "trick" articles. Light travel papers have long been one of its specialities, and in the current issue there is an account of "A flying visit to Holland," by Mr. F. L. M. Davidson, with illustrations, that can be highly commended. There is also a good deal of fiction, the most notable contributor in this department being Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

The two most interesting papers in *Sunday at Home* both touch upon China. In an article on "The Relations Between the Nations" the late Bishop of London enforces the duty of the European conqueror to try and understand the heathen Chinese, and Mr. T. C. Collings gives us "China of To-day" from the point of view of the missionaries, after a talk with the quondam Light Blue Mr. Stanley P. Smith, and with the Rev. T. W. Goodall, of Chile. Besides the regular features of the magazine there is some well-chosen biographical matter.

With Mr. Warwick H. Draper's discussion of copyright legislation in the *Law Quarterly* many authors will disagree. "The plea," he writes, "for a perpetual or lengthy copyright is an insult to men of letters," and there would be a practical difficulty in "providing against the endless disputes of many claimants after two or three generations." The latter difficulty could be easily dealt with by means of some simple system of registration. The former point is one on which the men of letters do not themselves lay stress; and they are not likely to thank lawyers for insisting on it on their behalf. It may be true that the countries in which the duration of copyright is greatest are not the most civilized countries. China, where copyright is perpetual, is one of them. But it is also true that in all civilized countries, the tendency of legislation is to extend and not to contract the rights of authors.

The *Northern Counties Magazine* well preserves the balance between local research and lively local colouring. While Mr. Walter Wood continues his short histories of Famous Northern Regiments with "The West Yorkshire," and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan writes on "The Last Rising of the North, 1715," in "Hirings in the Dales" Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe introduces us to a picturesque scene that may be still witnessed in the otherwise sleepy little village of Kettlewell. Dr. E. M. Provost laments the growing disuse of the Northern dialects, and as if to reassure us Mr. B. Kirby gives us a dialect sketch of a Westmorland Parish Council which is quite sufficiently unintelligible to the Southerner. The romantic element in the North is safe in the hands of Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, who sings a stirring ballad on the sanguinary fate of Hermaunce, King of the Red City. Mr. E. V. Lucas' capital literary comments are continued.

The *Poster and Art Collector* appears in an enlarged form with the January issue. It is larger in size and somewhat broader in scope, and promises, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Hiatt, to be more than an ephemeral commentary upon the short-lived craze of poster collecting. Mr. Hiatt talks pleasantly about Pictorial Book Advertisements in America and concerning the Oxford University Press bindings; there are some historically interesting examples of the huge painted advertisements which hung outside the booths and purported to depict the marvels that were within at Bartholomew Fair; and a few specimens of placards taken from paintings by the old Dutch masters. The illustrations are good examples of modern "process" and unusually well printed.

The *Genealogical Magazine* contains a criticism of the Heraldry of the Lyceum Henry V., which will interest antiquarians, who will, however, we hope, remember that heraldic exactness has not much to do with drama.

The *School World* has an admirable feature in its notes on Recent Historical Novels—with, this month, a good comment on "Richard Yea and Nay." Many such books have real educational value, but teachers want a guide to them.

The *House* contains an article which our readers will find interesting on "Molière and his Birthplace." The illustrations are excellent.

Correspondence.

"THE STRANGE WOOING OF MARY BOWLER." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you allow me to state that my story "The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler," which I have just seen that Messrs. Pearson are announcing as an "Important New Six Shilling Novel," was issued by them in 1894 at 6d. as No. 4 of "Pearson's Library?" As the work is not my property I have no control over it.

I have frequently been the victim of this kind of thing. During the last year or two work of mine which appeared in print twelve years ago has been brought out as new. The impression has consequently grown up that I flood the market with books turned out by machinery. As a matter of fact since I finished "The Beetle" in the spring of 1896 I have not written on an average one novel a year.

An author can have no reasonable objection to the production of fresh editions of his books; but he has every right to protest against his old work being issued by owners of copyright as if it were new.

It is unfair to the public; to the reviewers; and to the writer himself.

Faithfully yours,

RICHARD MARSH.

Three Bridges, Sussex, Feb. 2nd.

"A" WAS AN ARCHER. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—If it is true that one year's Christmas books are no sooner out than the next are in preparation, now is the time for some influential paper to draw the attention of the many talented artists who illustrate children's books to a neglected nursery classic.

For many years I have vainly tried at intervals to get a good illustrated edition of "A was an Archer, &c." Once a friend sent me a horrible garbled version in which the "Esquire with pride on his brow," became "an Engineer getting up steam!"—and the Drunkard, whose complexion was such an awful warning in my youth, "a Drover, who drove on apace" (very bad for the animals under his charge, by the way).

If the three-year-old I have to cater for is a fair sample of his generation, children do like the good old rhymes, appropriately illustrated, better than the drivel written up to the prettily coloured but often incorrectly drawn "Our Farm Friends," "Toyland Alphabet," and such like. At least he always asks for R. Caldecott's "House that Jack built" and "Song o' Sixpence." Whether an artist's turn is for the comic, the graceful, or the gruesome, the old alphabet gives him ample opportunity.

Yours faithfully,

A. G.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

New biographies of the late Queen—or, rather, old biographies revived and brought up to date—have just lately been the only features worth noting in the book trade, apart from the inevitable run on the revised edition of the Prayer Book. It is hardly likely that the national mourning will seriously affect book sales, though some curious speculations are being made as to its influence on current literary taste. For a time, perhaps, readers may turn from lighter literature to books of a more serious character. Fiction has had a good innings, and one authority who is always quick to detect the tendencies of the trade has told us that novels, in his opinion, would play a less important part in the book market this year than they did last year. Biographical works he thinks—as we suggested a few weeks ago—will be the chief feature of the current year; and for the spring, at least, he anticipates a smaller output from the publishers than usual. The publishers

are, nevertheless, announcing some dozens of novels by more or less well-known authors; but how many will make their appearance during the spring remains to be seen.

Here is a preliminary list of some novels already promised:—

"Mononia: A Love Story of 1848." By Justin McCarthy.

"The Church of Humanity." By David Christie Murray.

"The Adventures of a Merry Monarch." By Robert Barr.

"As a Watch in the Night." By Mrs. Campbell Praed.

(Chatto and Windus.)

"The Eternal Quest." By John A. Steuart. (Hutchinson.)

"Mistress Barbara Cunliffe (The Combers)." By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

"The Wizard's Knot." By William Barry.

"By Rock and Pool." By Louis Becke.

"Sister Theresa." By George Moore.

"Among the Syringas." By Mary E. Mann.

"A Jilt's Journal." By Rita.

(Fisher Unwin.)

"The Sacred Fount." By Henry James.

"The Frobishers." By S. Baring-Gould.

"A Narrow Way." By Mary Findlater.

"The Supreme Crime." By Dorothea Gerard.

"Belinda Fitzwarren." By the Earl of Idlesleigh.

"Prince Rupert the Buccaneer." By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

"The Third Floor." By Mrs. Dudeney.

"The Adventures of Princess Sylvia." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

(Methuen.)

"Once Too Often." By Florence Warden.

"The Royal Sisters." By Frank Mathew.

"Plato's Handmaiden." By Lucas Cleeve.

(J. Long.)

"Anne Mainwaring." By Lady Ridley.

"Pastorals of Dorset." By M. E. Francis.

(Longmans.)

"The Silver Skull." By S. R. Crockett. (Smith, Elder.)

"The Wings of the Morning." By Helen V. Savile.

(Sonnenschein.)

Other novels are expected from Mr. Richard Whiteing, Mr. Francis Gribble, Mr. J. S. Fletcher, Mr. Clark Russell (two), Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, and Miss Marie Corelli (a tale of considerable length, but not so long as "The Master Christian"). Miss Corelli is publishing two other books with Messrs. Methuen, one being a tribute to Queen Victoria, entitled "The Passing of the Great Queen," and the other a collection of stories of child life, entitled "The Book of Little Children."

Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson did not long survive the Sovereign whose life—"Victoria, Queen and Empress"—he published (with Mr. Heinemann) in two volumes in 1893. But most of his books appeared through Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and nearly all of these—including his "Book of Recollections," and his "Books About" the clergy, lawyers and doctors—are out of print. "The Real Lord Byron" can still be obtained in the one-volume edition, with the preface on the heated controversy which the publication of his book aroused. The only other work by Mr. Jeaffreson of which copies can still be obtained through Messrs. Hurst and Blackett is his "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson"—a new and revised edition in one volume. His "Middlesex County Records," in four volumes, was published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

The council of the Publishers' Association, at a special meeting convened by the president, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, adopted and forwarded the following resolutions to the Secretary of State for the Home Department:—

The council of the Publishers' Association, on behalf of the publishing trade of Great Britain and Ireland, desire to give expression to their profound sorrow at the loss which the nation and the Empire have sustained by the lamented death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, and to offer to his Majesty the King and the Royal Family their respectful sympathy in their great bereavement; the council of the Publishers' Association humbly and sincerely tender their dutiful congratulations to

his Majesty King Edward VII. on his accession to the Throne of this great Empire, and assure him of their loyal wishes for the happiness and prosperity of his reign.

Mr. L. S. Amery writes to *The Times* :—

May I, like Colonel Henderson, claim for "*The Times History of the War*" the courtesy of your columns to ask officers and others who have been out in South Africa to be kind enough to help me with any information at their disposal or to lend me, for strictly confidential use, any letters, diaries, or sketches which may serve to supplement or correct the necessarily hasty or one-sided accounts that appeared at the time of the events themselves or in the books hitherto published? Such help would be valuable for every part of the campaign, but more especially so for its later period with regard to which, owing to the peculiar character of the operations, very little accurate or detailed information has yet been made public.

That exquisite draughtsman Daniel Vierge has prepared over a hundred plates for a limited edition of Querredo's masterpiece, "*Pablo de Sergovie*," a new translation of which has been made into French by MM. J. and H. Rosny. The original drawings have just been put on view at George Petit's Gallery, in Paris, and are attracting great attention. Vierge, whose entire right side has been paralysed since 1880, has learned to work with his left hand, and the drawings he has thus executed are not inferior to his former work. "*Pablo de Sergovie*" is to be published by M. Vierge at No. 20, Rue Gutenberg, Boulogne-sur-Seine.

"*The Life of William Pitt*," which is to be added by Messrs. Putnams to "*The Heroes of the Nations*" Series next month, ought to supply a real want. Besides some memoirs of the eighteenth century, Francis Thackeray wrote a history of the Earl of Chatham in 1827, and there are one or two volumes of anecdotes, and also the Chatham Correspondence. But there is no really adequate life of the statesman who had so much to do with "the growth and division of the British Empire," a phrase which forms the sub-title of the new memoir. Another volume of the same series is to deal with Owen Glyndwr.

The history of the "*Campaigns of the Derbyshire Regiment*" (Sonnenschein) will now need a sixth volume, as the old 95th has been heavily engaged in the South African campaign. Meantime the volume dealing with the Egyptian campaign of 1882 is announced, written by Major E. A. G. Gosset, with an introduction by Colonel Smith-Dorrien. Among the other works coming from Messrs. Sonnenschein are three new volumes for their Library of Philosophy—Professor E. Albee's "*History of Utilitarianism*," Hegel's "*Phenomenology of the Spirit*," translated by J. B. Baillie, and Dr. Max Heinze's "*History of Contemporary Philosophy*," translated by Professor William Hammond, of Cornell—"King Marchaunt and his Ragamuffin: An Allegory Concerning Universities," by Helier Bumstead; two volumes in the new series of "*Standard Plays for Amateur Performance in Girls' School*"—Euripides' "*Alkestis*" and Sophocles' "*Antigone*"—"The Specious Present," a metaphysical treatise by Alfred Hodder; "*The Kingdom of Love*," an essay on problems of the day, by Z. H. Lewis; "*Physiological Psychology*," translated from the fourth German edition by Professor E. B. Titchener (two vols.), and "*Sports, Athletics, and Training*," adapted from the German of Dr. Schmidt by Eustace H. Miles, M.A., the amateur tennis champion of England.

Captain H. H. P. Deasy's record of three years' exploration "In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan," announced by Mr. Fisher Unwin last August, will be ready this spring. Captain Deasy was presented with the Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society last year. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "*Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress*" is in the press and will be issued by the same publisher shortly. Among the other books announced in Mr. Unwin's new list are a collection of essays by Canon Jessopp under the title of "*Before the Great Pillage*"—mainly concerned with parochial and church life in England before the Reformation—"Meanings and Methods of Spiritual Life," a series of eighteen sermons by Henry W. Clark; "*As the Chinese See Us*," by the Rev. T. G. Selby; "*Hoch der Kaiser: Myself und Gott*," the humorous poem on the German Emperor—from the United States—by A. McGregor Rose, illustrated by Jessie A. Walker; "*Another Englishwoman's Love Letters*," by Barry Pain; and "*The Book of the Cheese: Being Traits and Stories of 'Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese,' Wine*

Office Court, Fleet Street," by the late T. W. Reid, revised, and illustrated by Seymour Lucas, Joseph Pennell, &c.

The American *Bookman* finds readers in England, and it is therefore, perhaps, as well to say that there is no truth in its statement that Mr. Maurice Hewlett's next novel will be called "*The Tuscan Crown*" and deal with Florence at the height of her greatness.

A Life of Sir Edward Burne-Jones is, so the *Bookman* says, being written by Lady Burne-Jones.

MM. Calmann Lévy are now publishing the new volume by M. Anatole France, "*Monsieur Bergeret à Paris*," and a study by Comte d'Haussonville of "*La Duchesse de Bourgogne*" which has appeared serially in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is the second volume of a work already noticed by us. We are to have soon also the fourth volume of the "*Theatre*" of Meilhac and Halévy.

Messrs. Skeffington announce a book entitled "*Scriptural and Catholic Truth and Worship*," written, at the request of "*The Ladies' League*," by the Rev. Canon F. Meyrick.

The Scottish publishers Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson and Co. announce a volume entitled "*Frivolous Glasgow*," by Mr. William Ernest Cameron. It will be illustrated.

Mr. Lane announces another collection of stories by Baron Corvo, under the title of "*Mortal Immortals*," being a continuation of "*Stories Toto Told Me*."

Books to look out for at once.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY—
"*Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life*." By Stanley P. Rice, I.C.S. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

"*French Life in Town and Country*." By Hannah Lynch. Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.

[The first volume of "Our Neighbours" Series.]

"*Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror*." By Anna B. Dodd. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

"*Mount Orni and Beyond*." By A. J. Little. Heinemann. 10s. net.

"*The Highland Tay from Tyndrum to Dunkeld*." By Hugh Macmillan. Virtue. 15s. net.

THEOLOGY—
"*Atonement and Personality*." By Professor R. C. Moberly. Murray. 14s.
"*The Teacher's Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Mark*." By F. R. Peloubert. Oxford Univ. Press. 5s.

BIOGRAPHY—
"*The Countess Cosel*." By J. J. Kraszewski. Translated from the Polish by S. C. de Soissons. Downey. 10s. 6d. net.
[A Picture of the Court of Augustus the Strong of Saxony.]

POETRY—
"*A Life for Love and other Poems*." By J. A. Langford. Simpkin. 3s. 6d. net.
"*Village Life and Feeling*." By "Rupert Upperton." Greening. 6s.
[Humorous verse, by a vicar in one of the Midland counties.]

FICTION—
"*According to Plato*." By F. F. Moore. Hutchinson. 6s.
"*The Sacred Fount*." By Henry James. Methuen. 6s.
"*Street Dust and other Stories*." By Ouida. F. V. White. 3s. 6d.
"*A Soldier for a Day*." By E. Spender. F. V. White. 6s.
"*A Syndicate of Sinners*." By Gertrude Warden. Digby, Long. 6s.
"*Veronica Verdant: her Vanities*." By Mina Sandeman. Long. 6s.
"*Ray's Daughter*." By C. King. Lippincott. 6s.
"*The Monster and other Stories*." By Stephen Crane. Harper. 5s.
"*The Tapu of Banderah*" and other Stories. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. Pearson. 6s.
"*The Black Tortoise*." By F. Villier. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

SOUTH AFRICA AND CHINA—
"*Ten Months in the Field with the Boers*." By De V. Mareuil. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
"*The Real Chinese Question*." By Chester Holcombe. Methuen. 6s.
[Mr. Holcombe was for some years connected with the Legation in Peking, and he endorses Sir Robert Hart's views.]

EDUCATIONAL—
"*Demoethenes, De Corona*." Edited by Prof. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard. Cambridge Univ. Press. 12s. 6d.
"*Advanced Exercises in Practical Physics*." By Prof. Arthur Schuster and Charles Lees. Cambridge Univ. Press. 8s.

MISCELLANEOUS—
"*The New Platonists: A Study in the History of Hellenism*." By T. Whittaker. Cambridge Univ. Press. 7s. 6d.
"*The Jātaka*." Edited by Prof. E. B. Cowell. Cambridge Univ. Press. 12s. 6d. net.

[The fourth volume—by W. H. D. Rouse—of the translation of the Pali Jātaka, which is to fill six or seven volumes.]
"*Alpine Plants*." By W. A. Clark. L. U. Gill. 3s. 6d. net.
"*Glimpses of English History*." By F. M. Allen. Downey. 3s. 6d.
[A book of humour. Illustrated by J. F. Sullivan.]

NEW EDITIONS—
"*Pride and Prejudice*." By Jane Austen. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Methuen. Two vols. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net each.
[The Little Library Series.]
"*In the Midst of Alarm*." By Robert Barr. Methuen. 6d.
[No. 19 in "The Novelist" Series.]
"*Kolokotronis: Klepht and Warrior*." Translated from the Greek by Mrs. Edmonds, with an introduction by H. Gennadius. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
[No. 12 in "The Adventure" Series.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Victoria the Good.** New Ed. By *Clare Jerrold*. 7½x5in., 118 pp. Jarrold. 1s.
- Alfred, the West Saxon King of the English.** (Saintly Lives). By *D. Macfadyen*. 8x5½in., 378 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d.
- The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.** 2 vols. Ed. by *Stdney Colvin*. 8x5½in., 375+389 pp. Methuen. 12s.
- Mémoires du Général d'Andigné.** Publiés avec Introduction et Notes. By *Ed. Bire*. Vol. II. 1765-1867. 9x5½in., 434 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.7.50.
- Correspondance Intime du Général Jean Hardy de 1797 à 1802.** Recueillis par son petit-fils le *Général Hardy de Perrini*. Avec un Portrait. 7½x4½in., 300 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.3.50.

CLASSICAL.

- Plato: The Apology of Socrates.** Trans. by *D. F. Nevill*. 6½x4½in., 85 pp. Robinson. 1s. 6d. n.
- The Idylls of Theocritus.** Trans. into English Verse by *J. H. Hallard*. 8½x6½in., 144 pp. Rivington. 5s.

DRAMA.

- War.** A Play in Three Acts. By *W. Heinemann*. 8½x6½in., 123 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

ECONOMICS.

- The Industrial Revolution.** By *C. Beard*. 7½x5in., 105 pp. Sonnenschein. 1s. n.
- Elements of Statistics.** By *A. L. Bowley*. F.S.S. 8½x5½in., 330 pp. King. 10s. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

- Preparatory German Lessons.** By *S. E. Bally*. 6½x4½in., 103 pp. Allman. 9d.
- Shakespeare: Henry the Fifth.** Ed. by *J. Lees*. 7½x5in., 135 pp. Allman. 1s.
- Questions on Shakespeare.** "King Henry V." By *J. Lees*. 7x5in., 94 pp. Allman. 2s. 6d.
- Practical Book-Keeping.** By *W. D. Oldham and W. E. Holland*. 7x5in., 124 pp. Allman. 2s.
- New Methods of Education.** (Students' Ed.) By *J. L. Tadd*. 9½x7in., 352 pp. Sampson Low. 8s. 6d. n.
- School Grammar of Modern French.** By *G. H. Clarke and C. J. Murray*. 7½x5in., 370 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

FICTION.

- The Prettiness of Fools.** By *E. Hewitt*. 7½x5in., 351 pp. Greening. 6s.
- The After-Taste.** By *Compton Reade*. 7½x5in., 308 pp. Greening. 6s.
- A Wayside Weed.** By *A. F. Slade*. 7½x5in., 376 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- Quality Corner.** By *C. L. Antrobus*. 7½x5in., 367 pp. Chatto. 6s.
- The Believing Bishop.** By *H. Bates*. 7½x5in., 280 pp. Allen. 6s.
- The Lost Land.** By *Julia M. Crotchie*. 7½x5in., 266 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- Naomi's Exodus.** By *Lily H. Montagu*. 7½x5in., 208 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.
- Courtisane.** By *Maxime Formont*. 7½x5in., 242 pp. Paris. Lemerre. Fr.3.50.
- Hania.** By *H. Sienkiewicz*. Traduit du Polonais par *Henri Chirrol*. 7½x4½in., 286 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.
- Au Coin d'une Dot.** By *Leon de Tinscau*. 7½x4½in., 357 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

- A Century of Scottish History** 2 vols. By *Sir H. Craik*. K.C.B. 9x6in., 486+472 pp. Blackwood. 30s. n.
- Speeches of Oliver Cromwell.** 1644-1658. Ed. by *C. L. Stainer*. 7½x5in., 429 pp. Frowde. 6s.
- The Men who Made the Nation.** An Outline of United States History from 1790 to 1863. By *E. E. Sparks*. Ph.D. 7½x5in., 415 pp. The Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d.

- China: Her History, &c.** By *E. H. Parker*. 8½x5½in., 332 pp. Murray. 6s. n.
- Essai d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle.** By *Emile Boutney*, Membre de l'Institut. 7½x4½in., 455 pp. Paris. Colin. Fr.3.50.
- La Noblesse Française sous Richelieu.** By the *Vicomte G. d'Avenel*. 7½x4½in., 360 pp. Paris. Colin. Fr.3.50.
- Histoire de la Guerre Franco-Allemande.** 1870-71. Illustré de 110 Portraits et de 32 Cartes et Plans. By *Amedée Le Faure*. Nouvelle Ed. revue et annotée par *Désiré Lacroix*. Tome I. 7½x4½in., 488 pp. Paris. Garnier. Fr.3.50.
- Les Amazones.** By *Paul Lacour*. 7½x4½in., 306 pp. Paris. Perrin. Fr.3.50.
- Paris de 1800 à 1900.** By *Charles Simon*. Part II. 11x7½in., 126 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.1.75.
- La Duchesse de Bourgogne et l'Alliance Savoyarde sous Louis XIV.** Les Années Heureuses et la Rupture de l'Alliance. By *Comte d'Haussonville* de l'Académie Française. 9x5½in., 476 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.7.50.

MILITARY.

- From Capetown to Ladysmith and Egypt in 1898.** By *G. W. Stevens*. (Memorial Ed.) Ed. by *V. Blackburn*. 7½x5½in., 347 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Ideals in Ireland.** Ed. by *Lady Gregory*. 7½x5½in., 107 pp. Unicorn Press. 3s. 6d. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Greek Thinkers.** A History of Ancient Philosophy. By *T. Gomperz*. Trans. by *Laurie Magnus*. 9x6in., 610 pp. Murray. 14s. n.

POETRY.

- A Life for Love.** and other Poems. By *J. A. Langford*. 7½x4½in., 131 pp. Birmingham: Taylor. London: Simpkin.

REPRINTS.

- The Works of Lord Byron.** (Letters and Journals, Vol. V.) Ed. by *R. E. Prothero*. 8½x5½in., 607 pp. Murray. 6s.
- The Paston Letters.** 4 vols. Ed. by *J. Gairdner*. 7½x5½in. Constable. 21s. n.
- The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living.** By *Jeremy Taylor*. (Temple Classics.) 6x4in., 263+206 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each vol.
- Voces Populi.** (Reprinted from "Punch.") By *F. Anstey*. 2nd Series. 7½x5in., 272 pp. Longmans. 3s. n.

SPORT.

- The Wildfowler in Scotland.** By *J. G. Millais*. F.Z.S., &c. 12½x10in., 167 pp. Longmans. 30s. n.

THEOLOGY.

- Handbooks to the Bible and Prayer Book.** Vol. I.—The Pentateuch. By the *Rev. H. C. Batterbury*. 7½x5in., 291 pp. Rivington. 2s. 6d.
- The Books of the Bible: Genesis.** (Rivington's Edition.) Ed. by *Rev. T. C. Fry*. D.D. 7x4½in., 140 pp. Rivington. 1s. 6d.
- Sermons on Faith and Doctrine.** By the late *Benjamin Jowett*. Ed. by *W. H. Fremantle*. D.D. 7½x5in., 354 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d.
- Two Lectures on the Gospels.** By *F. C. Burkitt*. 7½x5in., 94 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. n.
- Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament.** By *G. A. Smith*. D.D. 8½x5½in., 325 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.

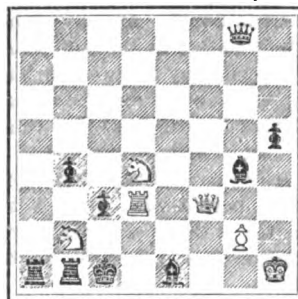
TRAVEL.

- Abyssinia.** By *H. Vivian*. 8½x5½in., 251 pp. Pearson. 15s.
- Helwan and the Egyptian Desert.** By *W. Page Maugham*. M.D., &c. 6½x4½in., 94 pp. Allen. 3s.
- Pages from the Journal of a Queensland Squatter.** By *Oscar de Satge*. 9x6in., 416 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 10s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXXV.
By *J. V. MARIK*, Bohemia.
BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 6 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXXVI.
By *BLAZEJ STRITECKY*, Bohemia.
BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 127, by *Karl Kondelik*, Bohemia.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q Kt 6; Q at K R 7; R at Q Kt 5; pawn at Q Kt 4. Black (6 pieces)—K at Q R sq; Q at Q B sq; pawns at K B 4, Q 2, Q 3, Q 4. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 128, by *V. Kosek*, Bohemia.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q B 4; B at Q B 3; Kt at Q R 3; pawn at Q Kt 3. Black (4 pieces)—K at Q R 8; R at Q Kt 7; pawns at Q R 5, Q R 7. White to play and win.

Above problems are from the new issue of *Sachov Listy*, the Bohemian chess magazine in which the celebrated problemists issue their productions.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 100, *Wainwright* (2), R×Q P. No. 110, *Meyer* (3), author's key, Q—K 2, but defective. No. 111, *Troitzky*, White wins by 1. R—K 2 ch, P×R; 2. Q×P ch, K—Q 4; 3. Q—Kt 5 ch, K—K 5; 4. Q—Q 3 ch, K—K 4; 5. Q—Q 4 ch and wins the Kt with ch next move. No. 112, *Hawkins* (2), R—Q B 2. No. 113, *Meyer* (3), key, Q—K Kt 3, threatening Kt—K 3 ch, &c. No. 114, *Troitzky*, White wins by 1. P—Q 7, Kt—B 3; 2. Kt—Kt 4, R—Q 7; 3. Kt—B 6, Kt—K 2; 4. K—Kt sq, P—Kt 4; 5. K—Bsq, R—Q 5; 6. K—B 2, P—Kt 5; 7. R—Kt 4 and wins. No. 115, *Mackenzie*, White wins by 1. P—K 4 threatening 2. P×P ch, Q×P; 3. Kt×Q, &c. The win is forced in a few moves. No. 116, *Kosek* (2), B—Q B 4. No. 117, *Kosek*, defective. No. 118, *Behting*, 1. P—K 7, K—B 2; 2. K—B 3, K—K sq; 3. K—K 4, P—B 4; 4. K—Q 5, &c., soon winning by obvious play. No. 119, *Neustadt*, A.C.W. suggests 1. B—Kt 5, B×B; 2. P×P ch, K×P; 3. P—R 5, P—B 4; 4. P—Kt 5, &c. This is probably the author's key, but that is not yet published. No. 120, *Cardoza* (2), R×Q P. No. 121, *Kondelik* (3), 1. Q—K B 8, threatening 2. Q×B ch, &c. Ending A.—The true key is 1. Q×R ch, P×Q; 2. B—B 2, &c., mating easily, but Mr. Waters sends Kt—B 2 ch, which appears an easy win also.

Correct Solutions received by Saturday last:—*J. D. Tucker* (Ilkley), 108, 109, 112, 116, 117; *R. E. Strong* (Bletchley), 107, 111, 114; *M. A. Spooner* (Guildford), 106, 108, 116; *S. R. M.* (Hampstead), 104, 107, 115, 118, 120; *D.A.S.* (Dunlop Bridge), 102 to 107 and Ending Miles v. Biggs; *A.C.W.* (Bromley), 106 to 121 and Ending A, Jan. 26; *Otto Würzburg* (Michigan), 101 to 113; *R. M. Osmond* (Salisbury), 104, 107.

GAME No. LXII.—The following is another specimen of the recent play of *Lipschütz*. It was played in the New York tourney:—

IRREGULAR GAME.			
WHITE.		BLACK.	
S. Lipschütz.		F. J. Marshall.	
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	28. P—Q 5	K—B 2
2. Kt—K B 3	Kt—K B 3	29. B—B 3	K—K B sq
3. Kt—B 3	B—Kt 5	30. B—K sq	R×B
4. Kt×P	Castles	31. R×R	R—K sq
5. B—B 4	Q—K 2	32. R×R	B×R
6. Kt—B 3	B×Kt	33. B—Q 4	P—Kt 3
7. Q×P ch	Q×P ch	34. P—Kt 4	K—K 2
8. Q—K 2	Q×Q ch	35. K—B 4	Kt—Kt sq
9. B×Q	R—K sq	36. P—B 4	K—B 2
10. P—K R 3	Kt—B 3	37. P—B 5	Kt—K 2
11. Kt—Q 4	Kt×Kt	38. P—B 6	Kt—B sq
12. P×Kt	P—Q 3	39. K—Kt 5	P—QR 3
13. P—Q B 4	Kt—K 5	40. B—Q B 2	R—Q 2
14. B—B 4	B—Q 2	41. P—B 4	P—QR 4
15. P—B 3	R—K 3	42. P×P	P×P
16. R—Q B sq	QR—K sq	43. B—B 3	Kt—Kt 3
17. Cast	Kt—B 3	44. B×M P	B×R P
18. B—Q 3	Kt—R 4	45. B×R	Kt×B
19. B—B 2	P—K B 4	46. P×P	Kt—B 4
20. P—K Kt 4	P×P	47. K—B 4	Kt—Q 6 ch
21. R×P	R—K 6	48. K—K 4	Kt—K 4
22. Q—R—Q sq	Kt—B 3	49. P—B 5	Kt×P
23. B—B 4	R(K 6)—K 2	50. B×P	Kt×P ch
24. K—B 2	R—B 2	51. K—Q 4	Kt—K sq
25. K—Kt 3	R(B 2)—K 2	52. B—B 4	K—K 2
26. R—K R sq	P—K Kt 3	53. P—B 6	Kt—Q 3
27. B—Q 2	K—Kt 2	54. K—B 5 and wins.	

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 174. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	111, 112
PERSONAL VIEWS—"On the Alleged Importance of Walt Whitman," by S. K. Ratcliffe.....	113
POEM—"Victoria," by Charles Camp Tarelli	113
THE GOLDEN BOUGH	115
FOREIGN LETTER—Russia	115
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley.....	117
REVIEWS—	
A Century of Scottish History	117
Algernon Charles Swinburne	119
The Rulers of the South	119
From Cape to Cairo.....	120
The Voyage of Robert Dudley—The Narrative of General Venables— L'Empire Libéral—Le Prince de Bismarck—Bismarck—Le Prince de Bismarck—Ideals in Ireland—Ten Months in the Field with the Boers—Paris in its Splendour—Our Naval Heroes—Ships and Havens—Le Second Empire—Napoleon III. at the Height of his Power—Under England's Flag—By Land and Sky—Madagascar, Mauritius, and Other East African Islands—Abyssinia—The Language of Handwriting—Reprints, &c. 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126	
Verity—In the Palace of the King—A Hero of Romance—The Duke—The Man with the Parrots—The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham	126, 127
ART NOTES	126
CORRESPONDENCE—Decadent Metres (Mr. C. C. Tarelli)—The Split Infinitive—"A Apple Pie," &c.—Central Circulating Library for Working Girls' Clubs and Kindred Associations (The Librarian) ..	127
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	128, 129
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	129

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is seventy-five years to-day since Lindley Murray died, and though his great work, like the Eton Latin Grammar, no longer holds the place it once did, the very multiplicity of modern manuals gives it a lonely pre-eminence. Is it, perhaps, a tribute to his long sway that few questions arouse more interest than some small point of grammatical impropriety, or misuse of language, such as that on which we publish a letter in another column? Lindley Murray was colonial born. He was a Quaker of Pennsylvania, and his famous grammar was written for the Friends' School for Girls at York. He was author of other works besides the grammar; he wrote "Some Account of the Life of Sarah Grubb" and a book on "The Power of Religion in the Mind," which ran through a score of editions and was translated into French.

The Society of Authors reports progress. During the twelvemonth the secretary has written over 1,000 letters of legal advice, and has handled 135 cases. Of these thirty-eight were for the recovery of MSS. Improperly detained, forty for the recovery of money due, and nineteen for the delivery of accounts not rendered. The society has also been engaged in eleven bankruptcy cases and five cases of infringement of copyright. One of the latter is interesting, as showing the wide range of the society's usefulness. A novel of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's running serially in an English magazine took the fancy of the editor of the Spanish magazine, *Por Esos Mundos*. He reprinted it, and refused to pay for it. The secretary of the society approached him through the Spanish Consul-General, to whom the editor condescended to explain that "he considered the purchase of

the blocks included the purchase of the text." Then the British Consul at Madrid was written to. He recommended a Spanish lawyer, who took the matter in hand, threatened proceedings, and obtained an offer of settlement which was accepted. An author acting independently of the society would probably have found it impossible to enforce his demands without more trouble and outlay than the gain was worth.

Dr. Murray has lost one of his most valued helpers in connexion with the "Oxford English Dictionary" by the death of Dr. Fitzedward Hall. Dr. Hall worked hard and unselfishly in reading and collecting materials before the preparation of the Dictionary in its present form was begun in 1879, and his later labours were still more valuable. Dr. Murray, in the preface to the first volume of the Dictionary, thanks the scholars who assisted him. "And first of all," he continues, "and above all others, Mr. Fitzedward Hall, D.C.L., who, as a voluntary and gratuitous service to the history of the English language, has devoted four hours daily to a critical examination of the proof sheets, whether in the vocabulary or the quotations." Dr. Hall, he says, puts the whole wealth of references which he had collected at the service of the Dictionary. Dr. Hall's "Modern English" was published by Messrs. Kegan Paul as far back as 1870 and has long been out of print.

Thackeray figures in at least two lists of announcements. "Thackeray," by Mr. Charles Whibley, is to be the next volume in Blackwood's series of Modern English Writers, and Messrs. Hutchinson announce the long promised volume of Thackeray's "Stray Papers: Being Stories, Reviews, Verses, and Sketches (1821-1847)." The collection has been edited by Mr. Lewis Melville.

Much stir is being made in Paris over the appearance of the second volume, entitled "Les Tronçons du Glaive," in M. Paul et Victor Margueritte's series of historical novels begun last year by "Le Désastre." This stir is to a certain extent due to generous log-rolling, but for the most part it is justified. Not that it is a successful historical novel; in this respect it is certainly inferior to "La Débâcle." As M. René Doumic has said in the *Débats*:—"The portion open to criticism . . . is that which proceeds solely from the art of the novelist. The drama of the agonizing *patrie* the authors have framed in the private drama of imaginary personages created by them. There are marriages, births, separations, private sorrows, and it is incredible how insensible we remain to these trifling matters." The heroes of this tale are not the creations of the brothers Margueritte, but the familiar actors in the great drama of the National Defence. As fiction the work is a failure. This does not prevent it from being an extraordinarily well-written book, and even a contribution to the history of France in 1870 and 1871. Chanzy and Gambetta are the protagonists of the drama, and if there be a unifying conception in their book it is that France, had she been better aware of her opportunity, might, like the Boers, have astonished the world by the prolongation of her resistance, and eventually, perhaps, fatigued the Germans into an issue of the struggle less humiliating for France. Two

volumes are to complete this series, one "Episodes," and a final one, "La Commune."

Probably very few Englishmen, who do not closely follow German literature, have heard of Peter Rosegger. He was a forest peasant in Steiermark, Austria, till the age of 18, when he was apprenticed to a travelling tailor. Then he spent four years as a charity scholar in the commercial school at Graz, devoted his spare hours in a hard-working life after he left school to literature. He was so successful that he gave up all other pursuits, and in the last 30 years forty of his works have been published. The first translation of any of them into English is now appearing in serial form in the *Critic* (New York), and is entitled "The Forest Schoolmaster." It will be published by Messrs. Putnams in book form early in March.

Some substantial testimony to the "Celtic Revival," in Dublin at any rate, has been afforded by the sale of the Library of Miss Margaret Stokes. Many first editions of notable English authors went for trifling sums, while books on the language and antiquities of Ireland and Scotland showed a remarkable rise. Some books like O'Brien's "Round Towers of Ireland," or Vallancey's "Collectanea," have decreased in price in proportion as others of real value have risen. The highest price (£10 10s.) was obtained for O'Neill's "Sculptured Crosses of Ireland," a complete set of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* fetching £11 10s. O'Donovan's "Annals of the Four Masters" went for £6 10s., Dunraven's "Notes on Irish Architecture" for £5 5s., while Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland" brought £4 10s. Other prices realized were Petrie's "Christian Inscriptions in the Irish Language" (£2 5s.); "The Atlantis" (of which only nine numbers appeared, and to which O'Curry and O'Donovan contributed) complete (£3 5s.), Petrie's "Round Towers of Ireland" (£1 15s.); O'Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," thirteen sets (25s. each); Miss Stokes' "Early Christian Art in Ireland," with MS. corrections by Whitley Stokes and Dr. Reeves (24s.); Miss Stokes' "Key to the Sistine Ceiling" and "Early Christian Art in Ireland" together (21s.); Romilly Allen's "Early Christian Symbolism in Great Britain and Ireland" (30s.); Todd's "Liber Hymnorum," edited by Bernard and Atkinson (21s.); O'Donovan's "Topographical Poems of O'Dugan and O'Heerin" (25s.); O'Donovan's "Irish Grammar" (20s.); W. Stokes' "Life of George Petrie," specially bound (£3); Miss Stokes' "Early Christian Architecture in Ireland," with MS. notes (36s.); an almost complete set of the *Dublin Review* (£13); Thompson's "Natural History of Ireland" (28s.); Watty Cox's notorious *Irish Magazine*, very imperfect (£4); and Lynch's "Cambrensis Eversus" (22s.). The prices quoted may not seem surprising to the English bookbuyer, but they unquestionably show that Irish books of the class specified are becoming a good investment.

The opinion was recently expressed by Mr. Balfour that the Crown is an "increasing factor" in English life. With the political bearings of that statement we have, of course, no concern. But in reviewing the relations of the Crown towards other phases of the national life, and its influence over them, there is one question which it may be not inappropriate to discuss at the present moment. The question refers to the attitude of the Crown towards literature and literary men. Turning to history for light upon the subject, we begin by making a somewhat discouraging discovery—that since the day of the Tudors at any rate, the Sovereigns who, in the past, have smiled most beneficently upon letters and done most to earn the gratitude of men of genius and learning have not, on the whole, been the Sovereigns who have in other respects gained the most enviable reputations. Charles II., as we know, displayed a considerable interest in the drama. But his interest in literature extended far beyond the drama, and one associates his name with the origin of the Royal Society. A charitable chronicler of the life of George IV., again, will prefer to think

of him as the Monarch who liked to have literary men about him, who founded the Royal Society of Literature—a proof, it is true, rather of his good intentions than of his perception of what such a society ought to be—and who presented the King's Library to the Trustees of the British Museum. On the other hand, Sovereigns whose general conduct has been estimable have too often, in a greater or a less degree, displayed indifference in this matter. The time has passed, indeed, when literature was recognized only in the persons of party writers whose pens could be hired to support or to attack a Ministry; but that change was brought about not because the Sovereign insisted on a more enlightened policy, but because Sir Robert Walpole decided that it would save trouble to bribe members of Parliament instead of bribing men of letters. The general attitude of the Court has been, save in the reign of George IV., one of comparative aloofness from literature. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria evinced a continuous and sympathetic desire to associate herself with all the interests of all her people; she herself was widely read in English and foreign literature; she admitted to her intimacy at least one great poet; yet it was impossible to help feeling—it was in fact respectfully remarked by Sir Walter Besant among other critics—that the Court failed to grasp the fact that English books, no less than English victories, are a portion of the glory of England, and that great events take place in the world of intellect as well as in the world of politics and of war. In the years immediately before us there will doubtless be changes of social policy, and it is not perhaps inopportune to express the hope that the question may be recognized as one which deserves consideration, being as it is so intimately connected with the higher life of those subject peoples throughout the Empire who are now tendering their loyal devotion to a new Sovereign, and embracing so large a part of their interests and activities. Such an aspiration may easily be expressed; we are well aware that it is not so easy to realize it. To some it may seem that the foundation of an Academy of Letters would be a worthy memorial of a new reign begun under happy auspices. The proposal has more than once been criticized in our columns, and we are not concerned here to enter at large on the discussion of a scheme of such magnitude. There are matters of less scope and of a less debateable character which suggest themselves. There can be little doubt that in the view of those who have the cause of letters at heart the administration of the Civil List Pension Fund is not conducted on ideal lines. They would urge that the present moment is a favourable one in which to inaugurate a reform by which the pensions should be utilized for the benefit of men of learning for whom they are primarily intended, rather than for the benefit of Government officials. In the distribution of honours, again, it might well be urged that a more adequate recognition should be given to the claims of men of letters. To this recognition by the Sovereign of men who have achieved honourable distinction or benefitted their country, eminent men of letters have a claim surely equal to that of eminent doctors, and greater perhaps than that of eminent tradesmen; and if it be considered that the existing decorations are, for some mysterious reason, unsuitable for men of letters, it would not be impossible, nor as far as we can see inexpedient, to follow the example set in other countries, and institute a new order, like the Prussian *Ordre de la Mérite*. But we have no wish to lay excessive stress upon any detailed suggestion. It is the end that is important, not the means. We have no desire to draw up honours lists, to specify proper recipients of pensions, or to dictate any line of social policy for a Court which stands so high in the estimation of the nation or of the world. But we do not go too far in expressing the hope that the future may see a more direct recognition by the Crown of what is best and most representative in the intellectual life of the Empire. A sympathetic and appreciative connexion between the two would further the interests alike of the nation and of the world of letters, and would certainly not lessen the prestige attaching to the Throne of a country which has produced the greatest literature of the modern world.

VICTORIA.

England girt with her seas,
And the far fair lands by all the seas of the world
Washed, that are trodden of English limbs,
Or tilled of the myriad tribes that have reaped in English bonds
Peace and an equal law,—
Suddenly darkened and hushed to a silence heavy with tears,
Mourn, as children mourn
Who watch the last light die from the eyes their eyes beheld
When they opened first on a world unknown and dark ;
Who feel the cold invade the breasts that have given them suck,
The pale brows crowned with hair for them grown grey.

O Lady loved as a mother of all thy lands,
Hardly in dreams had we deemed that thou couldst die—
We who have known but thy day, who were born in the shadow
of thee ;
Who have seen on the throne of our turbulent kings
No form but thine, and under a crown that has clasped
Tragic and terrible brows no face but thine—
Thy face that, sweet with the tremulous beauty of youth,
Dawned on an ancient kingdom big with change ;
Grew, in the changing clamour of difficult days,
More loved, more honoured of all thy realm, more fair,
With a deeper life looking out at the eyes
From a heart grown rich with ripening years and sweet
With joys and fruitful griefs of home and throne,
Of wifehood, motherhood, queenhood.—O my Queen,
All that we worship in woman—the virginal soul,
And royal grace of high simplicity,
The love that exalts and ennobs and blesses the heart that it
loves,
The smile of the mother who clasps to her breast the fruit of
her pain,
The faith that feels God near in the night of anguish and loss,
The fervour of hope and remembrance that joins the living and
dead—
These in thee we beheld enthroned, and the throne with these
Made lovely grew for us all
A centre of holy influence exquisite,
The shrine of a heart that beat with all our hearts,
That pulsed with an Empire's glory and grief,
And knew all pains, all cares that are known of the humblest
heart ;
That the widow bowed in the hush of a lonely home,
And the mother who knelt for her son in peril of wave or of war,
And the soldier fall'n in thy battles with alien shouts in his
ears,
And the lowliest toiler at rest in a haven of circling smiles,
Ay, all in thy far-strewn realm who laboured or wept or
rejoiced—
Looked to a crowned grey head that even as theirs had endured
Labour and sorrow and joy in the flight of the changing hours ;
Felt in all that they felt a bond that bound them to thee ;
O Woman whose white hairs hallowed with sacred grief
Are twined so close with all the threads of our fate,
We cannot think 'tis thou,
Yonder, through thronged and silent streets,
With muffled thunder of guns in the air,
With mournful splendour of kingly pageantry,
And music of solemn instruments,
Borne to thine endless rest.

Alas ! to us 'tis hard
To know thee gone from a world thou hast served so well,
From an Empire that in thee its oneness knew ;
Yet to the longest day
Night comes, and an end to the longest task ;
And thou—thy long day filled with its arduous task well done

At last is closed, and the solemn night is here—
Ah rest, with the heart thou hast mourned so long
Rejoined, and with all thou hast loved and bidden adieu ;
Rest—if rest be indeed the reward of the faithful dead ;
Rest, if thou wilt, if thou canst—for who knows if love, set free
From the weight of cumbering flesh, from the tired limbs bent
with age,
Rests, or desires to rest, nor rather yearns,
In that great day beyond the night we fear,
For larger tasks and nobler ministries,
Free service of free love
In all the many mansions of God's house ?
O Spirit in that ampler world unseen
At rest, or ruler of kingdoms ten times ten—
If aught of our dark earth can touch thee yet,
Forget not this thy kingdom, lorn of thee
In a troubled and dubious time, with mighty toils
Unfinished, stubborn foes unquelled, and lands
Bleeding and torn with lingering war to atone
To our wide Imperial peace—ah, still,
A centre of holy influence exquisite,
Hover about the King thy son, who now
With eyes still wet with thy loss puts on thy crown and thy
cares,
In the sight of us thy people, one with him
In grief and tremulous hope.

CHARLES CAMPITARELLI.

Personal Views.

ON THE ALLEGED IMPORTANCE OF WALT WHITMAN.

A recent plea in these columns for a consideration of Walt Whitman contained the rather novel suggestion that an estimate of "Leaves of Grass" and its author should be imposed as a kind of diploma work upon every one aspiring to write criticism. Whitman, it was urged, is a man concerning whom the critic ought not to be permitted to keep silence. He deserves to be studied, if only as a phenomenon to be explained. For one thing, we were told, "his influence on the vocabulary and syntax of English prose is already strong and may well become irresistible." This last dictum is, perhaps, the most disputable statement in an article generally temperate in tone. Where, one may be pardoned for inquiring, is this influence especially discernible? Whitman's vocabulary—an extraordinary composite and unrelated jumble—remains his own uninvaded domain ; so, fortunately, does his syntax, which no writer with anything definite to say has any temptation to imitate.

Let us, however, examine a few of the claims so frequently made on Whitman's behalf and now repeated by his latest apologist. First, then, it is necessary to dissent from Mr. Carlill's assumption that the ability to appraise "America's most original writer" may be taken as proof of a faculty of literary judgment. The truth would seem to be that the part of Whitman's work which comes legitimately within the critic's purview is only a fraction of the whole. He is essentially an extra-literary phenomenon, counting, if at all, as a personal force rather than a literary influence. Nor is it quite accurate to say that "at least he makes an impression of some sort." Nothing is easier, as the literary history of the last half-century sufficiently shows, than for the majority of cultivated people to remain indifferent to him. What amount of truth there is in the contention is comprised in the fact that the impulse to the

acceptance of his work is almost wholly a temperamental response. He asserts dominion over a certain type of mind, particularly, of course, in youth ; and no amount of demonstration that a huge part of "Leaves of Grass" is monstrous rubbish will avail to overturn the assurance of these his devout disciples that Whitman stands apart with the master spirits of religion and song.

Again, there is the common impression that Whitman owes little or nothing to the past. He invents, says Mr. Carlill, "his literary form, his system of ideas, his very language." I am inclined to think that it is by means of a consideration of these and similar points that we shall arrive at the most reasonable estimate of Whitman's significance in literature. In what sense can he be said to invent his literary form since there is at bottom no essential difference between it and the irregular rhythm of nearly all primitive literatures ? As for his system of ideas, the unavoidable comment is that he has no system, and that nobody is more perfectly aware of the fact than Whitman himself. His one irrepressible idea is merely a re-statement of the Individualism, the spiritual Anarchism, which seems indigenous to the United States—finding expression in her men of genius, her Emersons and Thoreaus, as much as in the numberless sects and communities which are continually and fruitlessly setting out for the ideal life of absolute freedom from external law. So far from Whitman's "hymning of the Ego" and his glorification of splendid savagery being the annunciation of a new democratic gospel for the age to come it is in effect, simply the final outburst of rejoicing in the ample freedom of a great new nation just emerging into self-consciousness. Equally misleading, I submit, is it to say that Whitman invents his language. He borrows, of course, from foreign tongues or from any jargon that can furnish him with the word he needs. But the attentive reader would have little difficulty in showing that the effect of Whitman's appropriated words is for the most part to add absurdity to passages already absurd enough ; and that whenever his imagination triumphs over his theory he relies on the gift, shared with every other master of speech, of endowing common words with the fresh significance and beauty that come of unexpected use.

It is argued further that accepted canons of criticism do not apply in Whitman's case. He denies the premisses. Be it so. Let us try him strictly by his own test :—"The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferr'd till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorb'd it." Whitman sent his book forth as the harbinger of a new race of national poets, "orbic bards," "sweet democratic despots of the West." They have not appeared. He has no poetical offspring. The impulse and direction which he conceived himself to have given to a new literary form, or a new literature without form, ceased with himself. If it be true that Whitman's chosen manner is, as his latest critic affirms, the only possible form for his philosophy, it is also true, apparently, that it is a possible form for no other philosophy of poetry or life. The old forms which he wished to cast off from literature are capable of infinite use. It is as easy for an original poet to be original in them to-day as it was a century or three centuries ago. But the writer who adopts Whitman's method is foredoomed to Whitmanese. The tentative and ineffectual experiments of his few avowed disciples have produced only feeble, and mainly foolish, echoes of himself. Moreover, it must be remembered that Whitman could not have used the traditional forms however he may have wished to do so. On the one or

two occasions when he tried to move in what Cobbett called "the gewgaw fetters of rhyme," he failed almost pitifully. "Captain, my captain" is to "Come lovely and soothing Death" as an official ode to the "Adonais."

And, once more : It cannot be conceded that in order to discover and understand the merits of "Leaves of Grass" as poetry it is necessary to formulate fresh standards of criticism. If we grant that Whitman's theory of literature or his attitude towards life in general demands a readjustment of the intellectual vision, it must still be maintained that his literary product does not. And we may note that the very critics who plead for the adoption of a new standard are unable to abide by their own conditions. When, for example, they would enumerate the literary virtues of their supreme poet they point, like Symonds, to his "countless clear and perfect phrases," or, like Mr. Carlill, to the faultless and noble sadness of his tone when he speaks of the dead. Both criticisms are entirely justified ; but they mean that when Whitman's elemental struggle after self-expression issues for a godlike moment or two in a glimpse of pure serene, he writes literature, and may quite simply be tried by the accepted canons of poetry. His utterance becomes rhythmic ; his style attains a fine level of passionate directness and simplicity ; he approaches even the measured and regular expression of the "unregenerate" singers whom in his polemic mood he despises ; and we judge him necessarily according to the sincerity and depth of his emotion, the rightness and beauty of the language in which his imagination takes shape. There is no other way, for Whitman or any other.

It will be obvious to any one that observations such as the foregoing cannot in any wise be supposed to stand as a full criticism of Whitman. There remains something to be said, something which all who have undertaken to expound the "Leaves of Grass" seem to imply must always remain unsaid. It may well be that Whitman attempted the impossible. He sought to express in words the amplitude and multitudinousness of "These States," and to make his book the nakedly faithful revelation of life "immense in passion, pulse, and power" as embodied in what he was pleased to call a "composite democratic individual." If he has not succeeded, if he has not even written, as he proposed to write, "the evangel poem of comrades and of love," he has impressed himself upon a great page of his nation's history by living that evangel poem in his own proper person. The doctrine of fellowship is as old as religion itself, but the men in whom the spirit of fellowship is incarnate are the rarest examples of our race. It is Whitman's especial praise that he is one of these and that the passion of humanity which inspired his whole being has in some degree got itself compressed within his inchoate and exasperating rhapsodies. They will endure, no doubt, as a quite unique revelation of a powerful and original character and as a spiritual influence strangely vivid and salutary. But that they can ever be recognized as fulfilling the enormous claims made for them as the inspired scriptures of a revolution in literature is not to be believed for a moment. "Undifferentiated literary protoplasm" is the description applied to "Leaves of Grass" by the critic whose plea for their consideration I have endeavoured to pass in review. The phrase is a condemnation in itself. The product even of a great poetic temperament—though it be rich and abundantly receptive, as Whitman's unquestionably was—remains undifferentiated, protoplasmic, so long as it is not moulded by the creative force of an intellectualized imagination.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

Comparative mythology, or religion, is a fascinating study, and many have been its vicissitudes. Each generation, like Mr. Casaubon, has its own key to all the mythologies—now the sun, or the dawn, or the clouds of heaven; again, some disease of language; even intoxication has, we believe, been suggested (in a preface of five hundred pages to a work which has fortunately not yet come out) as the one principle common to them all. It has been reserved for this generation, following the lead of Mannhardt, to strike out a new and most fruitful line of inquiry through the folk-lore of civilized and uncivilized races. The new study has been made light of by many, even by so keen a thinker as Sir Alfred Lyall; but in the hands of Mannhardt it is a science. The worst of it is, that it is so easy to dabble in. Mr. J. G. Frazer, however, is a faithful disciple of Mannhardt; and if he is occasionally fanciful, such occasions are very few in comparison with his general tone of sanity and logic. The publication of his "Golden Bough" ten years ago was something of an epoch in the history of the new science. Its comprehensiveness and originality have made it a standard work for the student; its fascinating style has attracted a wider circle. We referred to the appearance of a new and revised edition on December 29, promising to return to it; and it may not be uninteresting, well-known as the book is, to give some account of Mr. Frazer's theory as he now presents it to us.

The problem he sets himself to solve in this book is the origin of the customs connected with the King of the Wood at Nemi. In the wood grew a special and sacred tree, guarded by a person called King of the Wood, who kept his place only until some more stalwart ruffian, after breaking a branch from that tree in the wood, should defeat and kill him in single combat. The event is picturesquely described in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor," and the scene is familiar even to those who have never visited Italy, from the picture by Turner. The branch was believed to be that Golden Bough which Æneas broke before visiting the shades, and which gives its title to this book. Mr. Frazer elucidates the tradition by investigating the relations of King and priest to the people as shown in custom. He brings instances of human beings who are at this day regarded as departmental kings of nature, like the African Kings of Rain and Storm; he then traces the history of tree-worship, and shows how the tree-spirit is personified by human beings, who by mimicry strive to bring about the fertility of nature. Hence he interprets the priest of Aricia as embodying the spirit of vegetable life. Now, savages often believe that the commonweal depends upon the health and strength of their King, who is, therefore, not permitted to grow old and die, but is carefully preserved, or is killed by a stronger before he grows old. Hence Mr. Frazer infers that the King of the Wood must needs perish while still in his prime, "in order that his sacred life, transmitted in unabated force to his successor, might renew its youth, and thus by successive transmissions through a perpetual line of vigorous incarnations might remain eternally fresh and young." The Golden Bough he regards as the seat of the King's soul; for it is a common belief that the souls of men are preserved in some place outside them. The bough he believes to have been originally the mistletoe, and the sacred tree, the oak; for reasons which are not so convincing as those he gives for the other parts of the theory, yet which afford a fair presumption.

The custom is odd, and is worth explaining; but one can hardly help feeling that there is very little bread to a vast deal of sack. In fact, one may quarrel with the title. The work really examines in great detail a certain number of questions suggested by the custom of Nemi—sympathetic magic, tree-worship, the external soul, taboo, the scape-goat, and many others. Each of these is a fascinating little essay, and just as we are enjoying our trip into strange lands, and have forgotten all about Nemi and its woodland King, Mr. Frazer reminds us with some severity that we are really not wandering from the subject. Well, it is true that all this has a bearing on the sub-

ject of Nemi; but let us whisper that a due sense of proportion would have suggested a more general title. And if we search for a title, we shall be forced to admit that the thread which binds together all the subjects here dealt with is of the thinnest. We wish to see general principles formulated and illustrated, not by the way, but of set purpose.

If, however, Mr. Frazer somewhat lacks a feeling for proportion and form, his wealth of illustration is something marvellous. For the minutest detail he has a score of quaint parallels. By the way he explains, with greater or less success, a number of ancient myths and customs, such as the sacrifice of Athamas, the rites of Adonis and Attis, the legends of Osiris, Demeter, Dionysus, Linus, and Lityerses. The Exodus he regards as originally commemorating the sacrifice of the Hebrew first-born; the story of Haman and Mordecai he explains by reference to mock Kings who live in clover for a time and are then killed; and the same principle is brought to bear upon certain features of the Crucifixion. This part of the work is largely new.

When we compare the present edition with the first we find that the difference is chiefly the addition of new examples, which quite doubles the contents. Many works of travel have been published since 1890, and all these, together with the volumes of the Folk-lore Society, seem to be laid under contribution. But there are a few important modifications. The theory of Nemi remains much as it was, although Mr. Frazer now withdraws part of the argument about the Golden Bough, which was based on a mistranslation of Pliny. Sympathetic and imitative magic are now clearly distinguished; and an attempt is made to define religion (i., p. 63). Sir Alfred Lyall's "Asiatic Studies" have convinced Mr. Frazer that magic preceded religion, and that it is in principle the same as science although based on wrong premisses. The remarks on totemism, though in the text practically unaltered, are modified in a note which calls attention to the remarkable discoveries in Australia recorded by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen. Our knowledge of the Roman Saturnalia is increased by the account of St. Dasius' martyrdom, which is here for the first time brought before English readers.

Foreign Letter.

RUSSIA.

A whole crop of books has sprung from the Suvorov Centenary, celebrated last summer in Russia. Kutuzov, Gourko, and Skobelev are more familiar soldier names to foreigners; but General Suvorov, the soldiers' general, who worked his way up from the ranks, defeated the Turks, put an end to Poland, and routed Napoleon's troops in France and Switzerland a hundred years ago, is still the popular favourite among the Russians. His name is handed down from generation to generation in endless songs and stories.

Even in his own day he was surrounded by a halo of myth. There is an old English print which shows him as a ferocious hairy monster, half Caliban, half Hercules, clutching a monstrous sword. "This extraordinary man," says the inscription on it, "is six feet ten inches in height; he never tastes either wine or spirits; takes but one meal a day, and every morning plunges into an ice bath. He wears no covering on his head either by day or night; when tired he wraps himself up in a blanket and sleeps in the open air. He has fought twenty-nine pitched battles and been in seventy-five engagements." In appearance Suvorov was one of the most harmless of men, rather below the middle height. The English portrait is wholly imaginary. But the inscription gives a fairly true account of his habits and experience. His better authenticated portraits show him with a lean satisfied smirking face, and an entirely mad expression. His behaviour was as mad as his face, or madder. He had a passion for exercise, indoors and out. He never walked about the streets but always ran; in the house he was for ever jumping over the chairs. He said it kept him young. Ambassadors were scandalized by seeing the little man hopping on one

leg and crowing like a cock at the Winter Palace. His biographers have been at great pains to explain his behaviour; some say he did it to amuse the Empress; others that it was to make his rivals think he was a harmless idiot; they will none of them admit that he really was a little crazy.

Vladimir Korolenko, author of "Makar's Dream," "The Blind Musician," "The Saghalien Convict," and other stories which have been translated—very badly—into English, is at work on a historical novel dealing with Pugachev's revolt. This is good news, for Korolenko has produced very little during the last few years, and his later writings had shown symptoms of a decay which plainly arose from the wish to be topical and improving. His earlier stories displayed a wonderful gift for treating the pathetic objectively. "Makar's Dream" is a masterpiece of healthy humorous pathos, while "Tongue-Tied," one of the last, is a miserable shapeless thing, directed at the evils of Anglo-Saxon civilization. We are safe from anything topical or elevating if our author is confined to the eighteenth century. The subject of his new book is of the best. Pugachev's story is one of those extraordinary romances in real life of which Russian history is full. An ignorant and obscure Cossack of the Ural, Pugachev raised a rebellion which came near to driving Catharine the Great from her throne. He gave himself out for Peter III., who had died suddenly of what the official bulletins described as "a colic which had flown to his head." All South-Eastern Russia accepted him; a little more and he would have succeeded, like that monk-adventurer, the False Demetrius, a century before. But his Cossacks betrayed him. General Suvorov put him into a cage and took him to Moscow, where he was executed. Korolenko shows his courage in choosing the subject, because Pushkin, who wrote a history of the Rebellion, has already founded on it a well-known novel, "The Captain's Daughter."

"The Novel in the West" is the first half of a big work by Boborykin, designed to trace the development of the novel in Russia from the earlier stages of the novel abroad. The second half, which is still in the making, will deal with Russia; the part now published deals with Germany, France, and England. Mr. Boborykin is greatly hampered by his method, which is the method of the fantastic school of literary historians—the "evolutionary" school. His chapter-headings bristle with terrible phrases, such as "Æsthetics as the Science and Philosophy of the Beautiful," "The Psychic Basis," "Synthetic Study of the Genera and Species of Literary Creation." As a successful novelist with forty years of fame behind him, Mr. Boborykin should have known better. One generation of literature produces another; successive phases of public taste develop successive phases of literary creation; but the idea is no more than enough for a magazine article or an introductory chapter. Thrust into the body of a work on literary history and carried out into detail, the theory produces hideous results. While reading the scientific chapters one is haunted by the feeling that there is nothing in it. Relief comes with the chapters which the true scientist can regard only as excrescences. The gist of "The Novel in the West" lies in the supernumerary chapter on "literary landmarks," a critical survey of the great novelists and their works, which fills about a third of the book. On the scientific plan you first trace out the development of the "environment," of the "social and psychic" elements, the public, and the critical faculty; then into this environment you plunge a hypothetical literary germ, and trace the imaginary process of its evolution. The fundamental folly of the method is that you have to assume that literature is always improving; which is plainly a fallacy—as is shown, if by nothing else, by the continual increase in the numbers of the critical reviews, which are so many whipping-posts to accommodate the increase in the numbers of literary malefactors.

Fifteen years have passed since Count Tolstoi attacked the "social problem" in "What Must We Do?" and he now gives to the world a new version of his opinions in "The Slavery of Our Times" and "The Way Out." He is able at last, he says, to approach the subject in a calmer frame of mind. However, there

is no change in his views. The chief difference between the new books and the old is that there is more of political economy and less of the gospel in the new. The Sermon on the Mount figures once more in his heading, but is backed by quotations from Ruskin and Robert Owen. The main argument of "The Slavery of Our Times" is once more that we must return to the life of agriculture if we would be happy. No amount of improvement in factories will ever make the factory life endurable. As a destructive criticism of all the arguments adduced in defence of our present way of life the book is excellent—pointed and humorous; but like all Tolstoi's philosophic works it suffers from his mistaking Russia for the world at large. The condition of the working class which he deplores is to be found nowhere but in Russia. Nor could his remedies be applied anywhere but in Russia. He lives in a country full of vast possibilities for the growth of corn, where there are not hands enough to gather in the crops, because every peasant must earn money as well as necessities in kind for the payment of his taxes. The Russian peasant goes perforce to the towns, ready to sell himself body and soul for three or four years to any one who will supply him with the roubles necessary to pay his taxes. It is very well to preach the Arcadian Gospel in such a country; but what would become of us in England if all our workmen swarmed into the fields demanding the right to grow barley? Count Tolstoi must discover a more universal law of salvation than this before he can convert the "effete Occident" to his views. The chief interest of "The Way Out" lies in the extracts from Tolstoi's letters at the end. "All my energies are concentrated on my work," he says; "the rest of my time I feel 'exhausted.' Strangely enough, this not only does not decrease my working powers; I daresay I am mistaken, but I feel that it increases them." He is justly indignant with a French review, which lately published an article on Chinese affairs over his signature, though he had nothing whatever to do with it; the more so as the article was "a churchy article, praising the missionaries, who are chiefly responsible for what has happened in China." He has felt a strong desire to send a letter to the Chinese, assuring them that the "Christians" they have had to do with are usurpers of the name, and that Christ would have loved the Chinese and taken their part against the "Christians." "What Must We Do?" is as popular as ever; the publishers of a new German translation lately sold 6,000 copies of it in two months.

Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, is expected soon to produce a sequel to "Quo Vadis?" that dismal but popular story of the days of Nero. He is fortunate in his admirers; they have raised a large subscription, and presented him with an estate and country house to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appearance in Polish literature.

Under the title of "Third Collection of the Poems of K. R." the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences has just brought out a book of verses, the authorship of which is not hard to guess. The letters "K. R." stand for Konstantin Romanov, and the poet is the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich, president of the academy. This collection contains the output of the last ten years. The Grand Duke has a graceful lyrical gift akin to that of Lermontov, a musical sympathy with nature, and a pleasant melancholy such as a Grand Duke of good literary taste may be expected to feel face to face with the sphinx-riddles of life in a well-kept garden at Pavlovsk. There is no great depth of thought in his verses; but the Russian language is a rare instrument of music, and Constantine Constantinovich knows how to handle it. While he is purely lyrical he is charming; his mild and musical abstraction from the cares of men is a refreshment after the strenuousness of other Russian minor poets. His gift and his want are plainly seen in the poems written in camp at Krasnoe Selo. The grace which marks his communings with the muse in the solitude of his tent vanishes altogether when he comes to "Soldier Sonnets," "To a Recruit," "The Sentinel," &c. A poet may make one feel sorry for a recruit or a sentinel in war-time by painting him unhappy, timid, and home-sick; but there is not much literary capital in the loyal devotion of a cheerful and healthy conscript in time of peace.

THE DRAMA.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"—"THE AWAKENING."

Professor Saintsbury has defined criticism as "that function of the judgment which concerns itself with the goodness or badness, the success or ill-success, of literature from a purely literary point of view." This is the orthodox, judicial theory of criticism (*judex damnatur cum*, &c.), the theory which is preferred by the man in the street, who is impressed by dogmas and remembers from his boyish days the system of appraising by "marks." M. Ferdinand Brunetière is its chief champion in Europe, and by his brow-beating manner has probably done more to discredit it than any other living man. Anyway, I should be sorry to tackle *Twelfth Night* on the judicial system. I suppose one would have to say that the story of Malvolio is "good," because it is a perfect example of *περσικία*, &c., and that the story of Viola is "bad" because of its strain on probability, and so forth. What a futile business it would be! What spectator ever thought of the play in this fashion? Fortunately there are many theories of criticism, just as many, in fact, as there are critical temperaments. Gibbon found this out long before "impressionist" criticism got its (rather over-worked) name. He records the delight with which, after saturating himself with the "judicial" criticism of Aristotle, he came upon an entirely different sort in Longinus, who aimed at describing the sensations of pleasure or pain he received from the thing criticized. Give me the method of Longinus—at any rate, as Gibbon saw it—when a classic is in question. A classic is *ex hypothesi* a work which gives pleasure to successive generations—the pleasure, of course, varying in quantity and quality from age to age. Boileau's age liked Homer for his "regularity," his "correctness"; ours likes him for something very much more closely resembling Whitman's "barbaric whaup." So Voltaire's age disliked Shakespeare for his "irregularity," his wild and tangled fantasy—the very point for which ours likes him. And such a tangle as *Twelfth Night* is! We look for Viola and get Sebastian, and *vice versa*. What have Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to do with Illyria? And what does Malvolio in that galley? Of course, the commentators make their usual attempts to bring everything into a "concatenation according." One has even seen it gravely argued that Malvolio must not be played as too hopelessly foolish a person, because the Countess Olivia would never have selected such a mere ass for her steward. Can you not hear the laughter at The Mermaid over that desperately logical pronouncement? If there was one thing to which Shakespeare was supremely indifferent it was the business of "jining his flats." *Twelfth Night* is an absolutely wayward thing; a hotchpotch of every sort of fun, poetry, fantasy, and homely observation. Olivia and Viola are dreams of the Italian Renaissance, while Sir Toby comes staggering out of Stratford-on-Avon. Was there ever so delicious a mixture of the real and unreal? For sheer amusement there is nothing, I submit, to touch it in English or any other language. I should be insincere if I said that it had afforded me the greatest pleasure of any comedy I had ever seen. For me Signora Duse in *La Locandiera* represents the high-water mark of theatrical enjoyment—though that is on account of Duse rather than Goldoni. But, next after that, in my private Paradise of Dainty Devices, I must rank *Twelfth Night* at Her Majesty's.

Mr. Tree was bound to be a first-rate Malvolio. He is a highly artificial actor, working not by inspiration from within but rather by a keen perception of the appropriate and the "telling" which prompts him to superimpose detail on detail from without. He has a positive genius for "make up" and for "business." And he has a native distinction, which is bound to make him the central figure—even though it may be a grotesque figure—in any crowd. Also he has a tendency to be slow and stiff—a defect in a passionate part, but for Malvolio the very thing. In this part he has "made himself a head," as the French say, which will have to be the Malvolio-head for future stage tradition. His complacent pauses as he makes his

little joke, followed by an angry start when he finds the joke has gone wrong, the extravagant affability of his demeanour, his gait which is too suave for a strut and too solemn for a prance, his ecstatic self-content in the letter-reading scene, his middle-aged Dan Cupid airs when he approaches Olivia cross-gartered and in yellow stockings—all these things make up a stage picture which is not readily to be forgotten. And, let me say in passing, his musical director has supplied him with an admirably appropriate march-tune for his entrances and exits. The Viola, too, is quite exquisite; Miss Lily Brayton is an ideal girl-boy of Shakespearian comedy. Then there is the prodigious fooling of Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Norman Forbes as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, a handsome (if slightly over-dramatic) pair of sentimental amorists in Miss Maud Jeffries and Mr. Robert Taber, and the most musical of clowns in Mr. Courtice Pounds. Among the minor parts Mr. Fisher White's sea captain stands out as a fine piece of vigorous character. Mr. Hawes Craven's garden scene is one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen on the stage. Altogether, a worthy performance of *Twelfth Night*, ripe in humour, soft with sensuous enchantment.

After *The Tyranny of Tears* Mr. Haddon Chambers' new play is a disappointment. It is too obviously written to put Mr. George Alexander and Miss Fay Davis through their usual paces. We all know the mingled sentiment and man-of-the-worldism of the one, the girlish innocence of the other, as shown in many a St. James' play; excellent things of their kind, but becoming a little too familiar. Somewhat trite, too, is the theme of *The Awakening*, the conversion of an *homme à bonnes fortunes* by a pure love. Nor do my sympathies quite follow the author's beck and call; he is too anxious to provide a happy marriage for girlish innocence at other people's expense. The frail lady who has to give way to the girl is really treated very badly; but the author (with British propriety to back him) seems to have no pity for her. This lady is played with much tact and force by Miss Gertrude Kingston, especially in the cross-examination scene of the third act. Theatrical cross-examinations, it will be noticed, are "booming" just now. Miss Granville, for once, has a pleasant part and plays it pleasantly enough. Mr. A. E. Matthews is allowed to give us another of his inimitable "johnnies"; but Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Julie Opp get no chance.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

SIR HENRY CRAIK'S SCOTTISH HISTORY.

A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY, FROM THE DAYS BEFORE THE '45 TO THOSE WITHIN LIVING MEMORY. By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B., LL.D. (Blackwood. 30s. n.)

It is as difficult to isolate the history of any given term of one hundred years arbitrarily chosen as to confine the narrative of a nation within the limits of a single century as defined in the calendar. The stream of history is continuous; therefore, the title of his book notwithstanding, Sir Henry Craik has found it expedient to prelude his treatment of the period prescribed therein by a recapitulation of the chief events in Great Britain from the Revolution of 1688 onwards, and an examination of their effects upon Scottish circumstances and character in the middle of the eighteenth century. Hence the first 125 pages of the first volume lie outside the border of the hundred years which Sir Henry has set himself to describe and explain. The treatment of this part is necessarily synthetic, yet it lacks nothing in vigour and vividness. We do not remember to have read a more convincing description of the atrocious massacre of Glencoe; and, condensed though it be, the author finds space to relieve his feelings by unsparing denunciation of its authors. Its authors—for, albeit the execration for that deed of blood has been concentrated for generations upon the memory of the Master of Stair, the "Curse of Scotland," Sir Henry

refuses to exonerate King William from an equal share in the guilt :—

In 1695 a commission was appointed to inquire into the report [upon the massacre], and all the documents were laid before it. That commission was sufficiently compliant to acquit William of full privity to the deed ; but Stair's part in it was condemned as having exceeded his commission, and the subordinate actors were demanded for prosecution. If the guilt of William were doubtful before, his action upon this report leaves no room for doubt. Stair presently obtained remission from the King, and his agents were not prosecuted, but received promotion. To plead for a suspense of judgment before such evidence is not argument but chicanery ; it is to palter with plain facts, and to reduce the tribunal of history to contempt. The conscience of humanity will ever brand the massacre of Glencoe as a heinous and unpardonable crime.

In regard to bribery, which has been alleged as the means whereby the legislative union of Scotland with England was accomplished in the teeth of a vast preponderance of national sentiment, Sir Henry Craik denies that there is any proof to support the charge. True, there was a sum of £20,000 paid from the English into the Scottish Treasury, avowedly to smooth the way for the union, but this undoubtedly went to liquidate arrears of salary and to defray necessary expenses.

An ideal standard of political rectitude might require a man to give as ardent a support to a Government which did not pay him what it owed as to one which met all its obligations. But human nature will not often show such cordiality to a defaulting creditor ; and, at least, we must admit that the man who bargains that he shall be paid his wages before he lends his support in a doubtful cause is entitled to have his case distinguished from that of one who sells his vote for a bribe. . . . If bribery there was, it was restricted to a settlement—possibly capricious and sometimes over generous—of claims which had a real existence.

We are surprised to find Sir Henry pronouncing Chancellor Seafield's famous elegy upon Scottish independence "an ill-chosen jest" and "a contemptuous epitaph." "Now, there's the end of an auld sang," sighed Seafield, as he handed the Act to the clerk after signing it ; a homely phrase, no doubt, but surely neither a jest nor implying any contempt. To us the words seem full of gentle pathos—acquiescence in the fulfilment of the dream of the wisest heads ever since the tragic fate of the Maid of Norway on the bleak Orcadian coast on the eve of her marriage to the first Prince of Wales, with much alloy of regret for Scotland's wasted blood and treasure during three weary subsequent centuries. There is no more of levity in the metaphor of "the end of a song" than there is in that of "the fall of the curtain," used by Sir Henry himself a few pages further on.

Sir Henry has made very clear the enduring repugnance to the Union on the part of the great majority of the Scottish nation, and has marked the effect of this repugnance as contributing to the movement for the restoration of the Stuarts. The material benefits of the Union were slow in being felt, for which the author throws the chief blame upon English statesmen, whom he represents as using Scotland only as a weapon of party or, at best, for the interest of their own nation. Has he made enough allowance for their excusable ignorance of Scottish character and circumstances ? It is easy to denounce the Intelligence Department, whether in affairs civil or military—easy to say, retrospectively, "You *ought* to have been better informed" ; yet Sir Henry has laid great and just stress upon the physical and political obstacles to English understanding of Scottish needs. The handful of Scottish members in the united Parliament were naturally disgusted to find how largely the affairs of their own nation were overshadowed by those of the predominant partner. The fact is that Englishmen knew as little about Lowland Scotland as Lowlanders, according to Sir Henry's own showing, knew about the Highlands and the Highlanders. Even as late as 1758, when practically the whole Scottish nation had

accepted and loyally supported the Hanoverian dynasty, this was the condition of things :—

The relations between the two countries were but few, and the distinctive traits of national character were in sharpest contrast. . . . The wide gulf which divided the Highland clans from the Lowland Scots was one which the Englishman could scarcely grasp, and which he naturally ignored altogether. Even the Lowland Scot was a man whose ideas and manners were uncouth to him, and for all he knew and cared, the Lowland Scot was part and parcel of an alien nationality, mainly represented by the barbarous tribes of whom he had heard strange travellers' tales. . . . He was alien in religion, in manners, in politics, in law, and in the interests of his everyday life.

Add to all this the existing defects of communication, and there is considerable allowance to be made for the errors and apparent selfishness of English statesmen. In 1758 the ordinary post took from ten days and a half to twelve days and a half between London and Edinburgh. "For all practical purposes," observes Sir Henry, "Scotland was as far from the metropolis then as are the Western States of America from England at the present day" ; but this is vastly to underestimate the difference between then and now, for the telegraph has rendered communication instantaneous. We are inclined, therefore, to a more generous view than Sir Henry Craik presents of both the motives and accomplishment of the English and Scottish authors of the Union, and to credit them with far-seeing sagacity in anticipating the benefits to flow therefrom to both countries, as well as with the requisite resoluteness and patience to carry it through.

We have spent more than half the space at our disposal, and yet have not reached the beginning of our author's "century," which runs from 1745. But, as he admits, the subsequent course of Scottish history really hinges upon the Union. The chief effect of the brief and brilliant episode of the '45 was upon the national literature ; greatly as the romantic lore of Scotland has been enriched thereby, her steady progress towards prosperity, alien from her shores since the last of the "Kings of Peace," was scarcely interrupted at the time, and the outcome was a better understanding between the sister kingdoms. The story is succinctly told in these pages, and with admirable spirit. The sketches of the leading characters—Simon Fraser of Lovat, Cameron of Lochiel, Forbes of Culloden, and others—are excellent and convincing, though we may demur to the opinion twice expressed that Lovat lived out of his time. He seems to us, on the contrary, to have been the natural product of his time, though the atmosphere was clearer at the close of his long life than at the beginning thereof. Vignettes of later days—David Hume, Henry Dundas, "Christopher North," &c., are drawn with a touch as masterly as the others ; one cannot but deplore that it did not occur to the publishers to illustrate the text with such portraits as give so much vivid charm to Mr. John Morley's "Oliver Cromwell."

Perhaps the ablest chapter in this very able work, and that which bears most evidence of the author's insight into his subject, is that in which he reviews the Scottish school of philosophy. It may be heartily commended to the study of those who love to trace the growth of a nation's inner life, and expect more of the historian than a long succession of "rumours of oppression and deceit, of unsuccessful and successful war." Sir Henry Craik has made a very notable contribution to the history of the United Kingdom, and lent his aid to finish the process of which he has described the inception and gradual growth, *videlicet*, complete understanding between the peoples north and south of Tweed. He will bear with us if, in parting from his excellent book, we venture to express the opinion that he has exaggerated the poverty of Scotland during the eighteenth century, leaning, probably, too much on the authority of Mr. H. C. Graham's recent work. "Of the ornaments of life nothing was known" is an assertion wholly inconsistent with the existence, for example, of Pinkie House, where the author describes Prince Charlie lodging after Preston Pans. Pinkie was only one of numerous beautiful and refined country houses

which existed or were built throughout the Scottish Lowlands during the eighteenth century, and true though it be that the general scale of living was modest, often descending to rudeness and penury, there is abundant evidence in the libraries of country houses, in the pictures on their walls, and in the old-fashioned pleasure grounds about them, that both time and money was forthcoming for the amenities of existence.

By-the-by, was it not from Doune Castle, not Edinburgh, that John Home, author of "Douglas," made his escape?

A STUDY OF SWINBURNE.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. A Study. By THEODORE WRATISLAW. (Groening, 3s. 6d.)

A critical and biographical study which is published during the life of its subject labours under obvious disadvantages. Many biographical details, which appear quite inoffensive when the record of the life is closed, are neither seemly nor desirable while they can still be read by the eyes which have experienced them; and, on the other side, anything like definitive criticism is almost impossible in the case of a living writer. It is not, therefore, to be expected that a series of monographs such as these "English Writers of To-Day" should give us more than a partial estimate of their subjects; and their purpose is no doubt served if they fill the place of a sort of rough, appreciative introduction to the work of the poets and novelists whom they celebrate.

For such a simple function Mr. Wratismaw's study of Mr. Swinburne has several qualifications. Its author has a sincere enthusiasm for his subject, and a satisfactory acquaintance with the poems; his work also shows knowledge of the poetry of the nineteenth century, and certain undeveloped powers of comparison and co-relation which are very useful adjuncts of criticism. But the difficulties of the task have, on the whole, overweighed the writer's resources; and the criticism, of which, for the most part, the book consists, resolves itself into a procession of flashing superlatives from which the reader can derive but little sense of judgment or stability. A few specimens of Mr. Wratismaw's method will show our meaning better than a column of comment.

It was with the publication [he writes] of the first series of "Poems and Ballads" that he [Mr. Swinburne] made himself an eternal place in the literature of the world. There was no question henceforward possible as to the quality of the poet's capacity. Such a volume was absolutely unparalleled in the world's history, for originality and variety of metre, for fulness of utterance, for music, for volubility of erotic passion. . . . The volcanic exuberance of its metres and rhymes is not more astounding than its sustained ebullience of amorous imagination, its metrical music and beautiful verbiage than its frenzied erotomania.

Now, Mr. Wratismaw does right to point out the immense influence which Mr. Swinburne's metrical innovations have exercised in English prosody, but when he talks about "the world's history" he is wading into too deep waters. The Pindaric Odes and the choric songs in Æschylus made history in metre as no English bard could possibly make it; for, when the discussion is of "originality," it must be remembered that, though our poetry is not directly quantitative, its accentual emphasis can only be primarily imitated and developed from the Greek models. In the same way, in speaking of Mr. Swinburne's criticism, Mr. Wratismaw says: "A more lucid critic, one with clearer insight and stronger power of expression of his opinions, has never lived. If any earlier English poet has been gifted with so fine a critical faculty as this, he has not used it; and one may doubt whether any critic of any literature has possessed so wide a knowledge, so strong a memory, or so keen an intuition as Swinburne." The quality of Mr. Swinburne's criticism cannot be discussed within the limits of a brief review; there are, however, a good many things to be said about it which

Mr. Wratismaw seems to have overlooked. But, when it comes to challenging any earlier English poet to show a critical faculty equal to Mr. Swinburne's, we may perhaps remind Mr. Wratismaw of Dryden, who, even if he does not deserve Johnson's noble tribute to him as "the father of English criticism," did at least do an incalculable amount to define and exemplify those critical methods and that true dignity of judgment which Mr. Swinburne has not invariably preserved. It is, indeed, too favourite a caprice of Mr. Wratismaw to commend his poet by means of the condemnation of others, and we regret to notice that this condemnation is not always conveyed with taste. To talk about Byron's "intolerable doggerel" and "uninspired abortion of dulness," of Tennyson's "divorce-court atmosphere" and "mincing preciosity," and to speak of Matthew Arnold as "a poet who was transformed by the combined atmosphere of Rugby and Oxford into the likeness of a perfect prig" is scarcely to preserve the due amenities of literature. Matthew Arnold is, indeed, handled by Mr. Wratismaw with a lack of manner which we cannot sufficiently deprecate. His praise of Byron "damned" that poet "to all eternity"; and his own "Tristram and Isolt" consists of "slipshod inanities of tuneless jingle." Now, not only are these things not true, but the fashion of their expression is unpardonable in a young writer, who has yet to show that he himself possesses the critical faculty in any serviceable degree. Mr. Wratismaw's analysis of Mr. Swinburne's poems is a sort of easy, running commentary, sprinkled with coloured epithets, but marked only by superficial qualities of observation and ear. Of the true qualities and defects of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, of the changefully derivative nature of its inspiration, and of the individuality which differentiates it from other poetry of revolt, he seems to have but little appreciation. His "Study" would serve as a hand-book to the superficial contents of the poems, but it does not penetrate below the surface. It shows few signs of a sensitive critical faculty. Lacking this, Mr. Wratismaw should be the more careful not to mistake violence for judgment. One does not approve oneself to be endowed with criticism by shouting at the top of one's voice that a true and a great critic is an ass!

"RULERS OF THE SOUTH."

THE RULERS OF THE SOUTH (Sicily, Calabria, Malta), by Francis Marion Crawford (Macmillan, 21s. n.), is worthy of the reputation won by its predecessor—"Ave Roma Immortalis." The two books are identical in format, and owners of the one should not be content without possession of the other. Mr. Crawford is further to be congratulated on his artistic ally, Mr. Henry Brokman, many of whose hundred drawings are singularly beautiful. Most of them are fairly well reproduced, and some admirably in full-page autogravure. Some of the many autogravure plates, such as the "Ruins of Selinus," or "The Temple of Neptune at Paestum," or "The Temple of Segesta," are strikingly effective. The full-page reproductions—such as that of the Cavern at Laotamia Del Paradiso, near Syracuse, called "The Ear of Dionysius"; that of the ruined rampart of Girgenti; that of the Fountain and Cloisters of the wonderful Norman Cathedral at Monreale; or that of a lovely columnar section in the Cloister of San Giovanni degli Eremiti at Palermo—reveal in Mr. Brokman an artist after the heart (and in some degree the exquisite manner) of John Ruskin. The artist's self-selected sketches are equally attractive; for example, his "Mt. Etna at Sunrise, from the Sea," or the "Outside Wall of the Moorish Castle at Ravello, near Amalfi." Of three maps, two are of particular interest—that of Sicily with Greek and English names, and that of Italy and Sicily under Roman rule.

"The Rulers of the South" is difficult to criticize, because the book is not uniform in style, and because in parts the author appears to be either more, or less, familiar with his subject-matter than elsewhere. Mr. Marion Crawford's style again and again recalls the least admirable manner of those fine writers

(fine in the true sense), John Addington Symonds and Ferdinand Gregorovius. These specialists on Italian history and art, however, he does not appear to have read or even consulted. Their names do not occur in his specific list of consulted authorities, neither does the greater name of Edward Freeman. To judge by his voluntarily conspicuous list, Mr. Marion Crawford has not availed himself of these authors, and yet, after perusal of his book, it rests almost incredible that he has not learned a great deal from Freeman's lucid, orderly, and scholarly writings on his vast and intricate subject—a subject so vast and intricate that when death came suddenly upon the great historian at Alicante, while he was on his way to fresh investigations, he was only well on the highway and not at the goal of his *History of Sicily*. Mr. Crawford seems to have gone mainly to Italian sources, and doubtless wisely; but from internal evidence we should certainly opine that he had obtained as much from Freeman as from Tomacelli. From the eminent German historian, Adolf Holm, he has evidently learned much. The only Anglo-Saxon work to which he alludes, after Gibbon, is Mr. Bryce's "*The Holy Roman Empire*," though he has been preceded by a compatriot, Mr. William Agnew Paton, whose excellent book on Sicily was published two or three years ago by the Messrs. Harpers. Then there are the French works and other contemporary writings.

In reviewing "*Ave Roma Immortalis*" we noticed Mr. Crawford's inequality in style, but it is much more marked in "*The Rulers of the South*." The best portions of the earlier work were not in the culminating but in the earlier chapters, with one or two later sections. It is not so here. The least satisfactory pages are those which introduce the grand theme. Indeed, so artificial and stilted are they that, were the book written throughout in a like jejune manner, it would be readerless soon after the initial chapter. Fortunately, Mr. Crawford in time relinquishes his efflorescent, pseudo-classical style (wherein he displays all the faults and nothing of the eloquence and distinction of Addington Symonds) and adopts that of a facile and accomplished expositor. Here he grows from fair to good, from good to better. When, at last, he reaches the ever dramatic and moving story of the Sicilian Vespers we realize that a master in his craft is retelling us an oft-told tale with that vigour and convincing novelty which alone justify all but purely scholastic retelling. The style of Edward Freeman lacks more than one cardinal virtue, but it was with singular refreshment that, after an impatient reading of Mr. Crawford's opening pages, we turned over those of the late historian in the admirable "*Story of the Nations*" Series. It was the good strong sea after a perfumed bath. But thereafter, as we have said, all goes well, and from good to better with Mr. Crawford. In "*The Rulers of the South*" the author tells picturesquely, and not infrequently with rare ability, a story of extraordinary duration in time, and one of continuous fascination.

A WALK THROUGH AFRICA.

FROM CAPE TO CAIRO. By E. S. GROGAN and A. H. SHARP.
Illustrated by A. D. M'Cormick. (Hurst and Blackett. 21s. n.)

This is a most readable book. A Cambridge undergraduate, Mr. Grogan, follows the route of the proposed railway which will sooner or later bind together North and South Africa. Where there is already steam communication he availed himself of it, but where that stopped he faced all the danger and weariness of long journeys in the African tropics with the patience and courage of the most experienced traveller. Mr. Grogan had a colleague, Mr. Sharp. They both kept notes, and, finally, Mr. Grogan wrote the book from their joint notes with the exception of one chapter of special English interest, "*Uganda to the Coast*," which was done by Mr. Sharp. From the literary point of view the work is brightly written, naturally youthful at times, but full of good bits of description which are never too long, and the political observations on the various

foreign systems of administration they encounter are sound and sensible. The illustrations are capital.

Mr. Rhodes contributes a characteristic introduction, and when we find Mr. Grogan speaking in unbounded admiration of his "land accumulating, wind-raising, and administrative ability," Mr. Rhodes could hardly do less. He says this walk through Africa from South to North makes him the more certain that he will complete the telegraph and railway "for surely he is not going to be beaten by the legs of a Cambridge undergraduate." Mr. Rhodes adds:—

As to the commercial aspect, every one supposes that the railway is being built with the only object that a human being may be able to get in at Cairo and get out at Cape Town. This is, of course, ridiculous. The object is to cut Africa through the centre, and the railway will pick up trade all along the route. The junctions to the East and West Coasts which will occur in the future will be outlets for the traffic obtained along the route of the line as it passes through the centre of Africa.

"*Qui vivra verra*," but even Mr. Grogan, full of admiration of Mr. Rhodes as he is, in his veridical account of the tropical regions of Eastern Africa, unconsciously shows that a great deal of elementary settlement must precede the through railway, and he also shows that the climate, taken as a whole, leaves much to be desired. The business really bristles with difficulties. It is comparatively easy to run a military railway of vast length across Asia as the Russians have done. They do not look for any commercial reward, or, at any rate, they regard the questions of profit and loss and the development of the districts through which they pass as secondary considerations. It is still more easy to run extensive railways through countries where good administration has already found a footing, and where the cultivation of new crops and the development of indigenous products are only waiting the market which a railway would bring within their reach. But in vast tracts of country in Central Africa tribe is still against tribe, fever reigns in forest and swamp, big game is the only product to be found in great abundance, and in one considerable district even cannibalism is still rampant. Mr. Grogan speaks highly of what the English are doing. "The name of Englishman is held high throughout Africa, and the Union Jack is the surest passport in the land." He speaks equally highly of the German work. Their object, he says, is to make new markets and open up country for coming generations. But he describes the Belgians as only thinking of immediate profit, never of permanent developments. This is worth quoting of the Congo Free State:—

I saw myself that a country apparently well populated and responsive to just treatment in Lugard's time (and that under very trying conditions, owing to the numbers of destitute aliens in the country—to wit, the Soudanese) is now practically a howling wilderness. . . Chaos, hopeless, abysmal chaos, from Mwezu to the Nile. . . On Tanganyika absolute impotence. . . On Kivu a hideous wave of cannibalism raging unchecked through the land.

Mr. Grogan winds up these mild remarks by saying:—

I have no hesitation in condemning the whole state (Congo Free State) as a vampire growth intending to suck the country dry.

He agrees with most students of the Central African question that what is wanted is organization. But the impetuosity of youth cannot wait till organization is advanced enough to bring trade, and railways will naturally be required with their outlets to the east, south, and north. The production of coffee of excellent quality in abundance will soon, if order is established, become the great staple industry; and cocoa and rubber will also make a great item of trade. Further north cotton is already being planted with success. As the districts become peaceable, and planted and inhabited in a settled fashion, the ivory trade will naturally diminish in importance, but that is of little value compared to the other products which will come in time. There

are, of course, in Central Africa the drawbacks to life which are found in all tropical climates, and Mr. Grogan suffered from them as did his predecessors in travel. Poisonous snakes, flies of every size, ants that destroy, ants that bite, abound as they do elsewhere; but the mosquito seems, according to Mr. Grogan, to have chosen Africa as its special hunting-field. Then there is the "jigger," a little insect that bores its way into your foot and makes its home there, producing much inflammation and lameness. Torrential rains alternate with great drought, according to the season, until you reach the lakes, of which the description is well done, if not for the first time.

Mr. Grogan is as much a sportsman as a traveller. Elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, lion, leopard, roe, and antelope all went down before his gun. For those who care for sport there is a good chapter on big game shooting. The book winds up with a notice of the amount of the great railway that is still unmade. The portion from Bulawayo, the present southern railhead, to Lake Tanganyika, about 860 miles, is surveyed and practically agreed upon. Thence, if the vast waterways are utilized, there remain only 410 miles still to be made to the north. Of the through telegraph 1,600 miles were still to be constructed when Mr. Grogan passed through, but much has been done since then. The residue of the railway seems small, but Mr. Grogan himself shows what obstacles have still to be surmounted in gradients over hills of considerable magnitude, through swamps of vast extent, and water channels obstructed by vegetable growth almost impossible to cut through and maintain open.

It is interesting to any one who knew the Sudan and Central Africa when Sir Samuel Baker described Khartum as a den of dishonest officials and the Upper Nile as the haunt of slave-hunters to read Mr. Grogan's account of how all his troubles and dangers ended at Bor, someway south of Fashoda. There he came upon a post of the Egyptian army, and Captain Dunn, who commanded it, came forward. The following conversation ensued:—

Captain Dunn.—How do you do?

I.—Oh, very fit, thanks. How are you? Had any sport?

Captain Dunn.—Oh, pretty fair, but there is nothing much here. Have a drink? You must be hungry. I'll hurry on lunch.

STORIES OF THE OLD WEST INDIES.

The West Indies have always had a peculiar fascination for lovers of the romantic in life or in literature, and two volumes which have recently appeared will help to sustain their place in the public imagination. From the Hakluyt Society comes *THE VOYAGE OF ROBERT DUDLEY*, edited by George F. Warner, and the Royal Historical Society is responsible for an edition of *THE NARRATIVE OF GENERAL VENABLES*, which is prefaced and annotated by C. H. Firth. No particular praise can be bestowed upon either of these editors, but Mr. Warner has at least succeeded in writing a thoroughly readable and accurate preface. Mr. Firth's interest in the West Indies is apparently so slight that he does not realize that the spelling (in his preface) of "Barbadoes" is mainly an old (and still too common) printer's error for Barbados, and he should have looked up a good French atlas or dictionary before indexing the island of Guadeloupe as "Guadaloupe." But the narratives themselves are of great value to any lover of the daring temperament which has done so much to build up the British Empire, and no one who has examined archives in the West Indies can turn to them without keen anticipation of an historical treat. Robert Dudley, that son of the Earl of Leicester (by Lady Sheffield) who lived to be created Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Warwick in the Holy Roman Empire, "was a person of stature tall and comely, also strong, valiant, famous at the exercise of tilting, singularly skill'd in all mathematick learning, but chiefly in navigation and architecture, a rare chymist, and of great knowledge of phisic" in mature manhood, so that it is not likely that he entered upon an adventure, even at the early age of twenty years, without

possessing better practical qualifications for the enterprise than his "impulsive, chivalrous character." Mr. Warner's volume contains three narratives of Dudley's voyage—that of Captain Wyatt, that of Dudley himself, and that of Abram Kendall, Master. The first of these has not been printed before, and is both full and graphic; Mr. Warner thinks that the author may have been that Captain Thomas Wyatt who was Commissary of Musters at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1589, and headed a hundred men of Kent in the Cadiz expedition of 1596. Whoever the man may have been, he was evidently a sincere admirer of Dudley, and capable of setting forth excellent reasons for his admiration. Dudley's own account of the expedition may of course be read in Hakluyt's *Voyages* as well as in Mr. Warner's book. Kendall's narrative is "mainly a Portulano or Ruttier, recording the variations of the course pursued on the voyage," but it includes some matter of greater interest to modern readers than details concerning distances or directions of winds. The writer's references to the now famous Pitch Lake of Trinidad will be new to most students of West Indian topography; and he mentions the Trinidadian Marcasite Mine which supplied "much gold to the Indians, who dig it out for the purpose of making certain half-moons which they wear on the neck for ornament." As Dudley remarked, "All is not gold that glistereth," but that fact would not trouble Caribs. On the 4th of February, 1594-95 Dudley gravely affixed to a tree near the so-called gold mine a leaden plate embellished with the Queen's arms, and engraved with an arrogant Latin inscription. In Guiana, as in Trinidad, the hope of gold was the attraction. The soil of parts of Guiana to-day is undoubtedly auriferous. Dudley, however, failed to find the mine spoken of by one Armago, who showed him a few golden crescents. Perhaps the most interesting detail of Dudley's doings upon this expedition was the two-days' fight which the Bear maintained with a huge Spanish ship of war, that "went up-right as a church."

The "Narrative of General Venables" should stand next to Mr. Darnell Davis' "Cavaliers and Roundheads in Barbados" upon the shelves of students of West Indian history. It largely consists of an apology for the conduct of its writer while in command of the military forces of the expedition. And yet, the more one knows of West Indian "conditions," the less can adverse criticism of the actions of General Venables in the Caribbean Sea appear reasonable. Cromwell might wonder at the way in which Venables let his troops run loose after disembarking them too far from San Domingo, but what if it is true that Penn was detaining the "guides" elsewhere, and that neither Penn nor Dakyns did their duty in other respects? Besides this, we know that the English Government must be blamed for many of the defects of the equipment and even organization of the force; the men had no water bottles, and their arms were undoubtedly, as Mr. Firth very properly points out, "equally deficient both in quantity and in quality." Again, without admitting that Barbados was rightly described by Henry Whistler as "the dunghill whereon England doth cast out its rubbish," we can believe that the Barbadian contingent provided some rather inferior fighting material. However, neither the errors of General Venables nor the defects of his soldiers prevented Jamaica from falling into the hands of the English. It is true that St. Jago was little more than a town of empty houses when the English troops entered it, but this was at least partly owing to the bold manner in which General Venables had announced his intention of taking permanent possession of the island. After his too easy triumph, it was but natural that the real troubles of the expedition should begin. We can understand that what the soldiery desired was a little fighting and plenty of loot, such as might be obtained by a vigorous onslaught upon Carthage or Vera Cruz. To turn their hands to pioneering and peasant-proprietorship in Jamaica was the lot actually offered to most of them. Mr. Firth has furnished his edition of the "Narrative" with some valuable documentary appendices, but it is a pity that the space in his preface is so much taken up with the attempt to pass verdicts upon Venables' conduct and character—matters as to which other students of West Indian history will prefer to

form their own opinions—and so little enriched by any statements of fact bearing upon the order of those events which the "Narrative" of General Venables deals with in a manner most confusing to any but a "specialist" reader.

CÆSARISM IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.*

With the fifth volume of his memoirs, which M. Ollivier, the notorious ex-Minister of Napoleon III., has now published, he reaches the turning point of the Second Empire, the famous decree of November 24, 1860, and treats, towards the end of the book, of the rise of a Bismarckian policy in Europe. The memoirs gather interest as they proceed. More and more vividly they depict two interesting psychological cases: The Emperor and M. Ollivier himself.

M. Ollivier reads the past with the preoccupations and bias which later events have given him; there has seldom issued from the pen of a skilful novelist a more ironical analysis of prodigious self-delusion. George Eliot always tried to trace to small beginnings, to minute causes, to some very trifling disregard of the moral law, the momentous tragedies in which her heroes generally terminate their career; but her Gwendolen Harleth and Tito Melema do not remain always blind to the change that comes over them. They lack the supreme distinction with which the artist invests his characters, a thin veneer of irony.

In 1860, the Emperor discovered that the time had come when the Empire might, from oppressive autocracy, suddenly lapse into Constitutional and Parliamentary Government. Haunted, no doubt, by reflections on his uncle's life, he fancied that he might succeed where the First Napoleon had failed, after Elba. Yet the decree of 1860 is the "Article Additionnel" of the Second Empire. The concessions granted to the Liberals were sufficiently meagre, and the enthusiasm which they caused now appears extraordinary. The Chambers were permitted to vote an address in answer to the Emperor's speech; the papers were allowed to print a report of the debates, and a kind of Ministerial responsibility was established with the curious innovation of *ministres sans portefeuille*.

M. Emile Ollivier's enthusiasm knew no bounds. His Republican faith, which the experiment of 1848 had considerably shaken, succumbed before the magnanimous offers of the Emperor to Liberal France. He has taken care, as is the wont of conscientious writers of memoirs, to explain his attitude. The explanation is full of interest and, read in the light of the recent explosion of nationalism, gives an insight into the working of the political conscience of such men as M. Méline and the members of the *Patrie Française*. A general principle overshadows his whole conduct:—"I held truly aloof from all parties, having to seek only for what was useful to the people, my only judge." His motto was to remain in the Opposition, *non ut everteret, sed ut sanaret*, and to help the Emperor to establish a Government of liberty. But what does M. Ollivier mean by liberty? Political liberty, that is, the right for all parties to express their opinions in Press, pulpit, or tribune, to elect their representatives to the various local or general assemblies, to control the deeds of Government, M. Ollivier cares little for. What he prizes most is social liberty:—

La véritable liberté, ou plutôt le fond, l'essentiel, la substance de toute la liberté, c'est la liberté civile ou sociale, c'est-à-dire celle de gérer ses affaires comme on l'entend, sans gênes inutiles et sans immixtions oppressives, sans autre surveillance que celle de la justice; celle d'être le législateur de sa famille, vivant, par l'éducation, mort, par le testament, de pratiquer librement sa religion ou sa philosophie, de s'associer pour la charité, pour la prière, pour la défense de son travail; d'être le souverain absolu de son corps et de son

esprit, de sa conscience et de ses intérêts, en tout ce qui ne concerne pas les autres et n'est pas de nature à compromettre l'ordre public. . . .

All this is excellent, and no enlightened Liberal would dispute for a moment these golden sentences. But mark the closing restriction. M. Ollivier says several times that his ideal of government is the *gouvernement fort* that maintains order. Unfortunately the strong rulers of France have always considered it an imperative duty, in order to carry out their ideal, to disregard totally the individual right to a certain amount of freedom. M. Ollivier probably opposes M. Waldeck-Rousseau on principle, yet the latter may invoke the former's political theory to justify the trial of the Assumptionist Fathers, free to associate for prayer or charity, but not for political opposition. M. Ollivier fails to recognize that, so long as a form of government is not accepted without *arrière pensée* by an overwhelming majority, the spirit of persecution, the disregard for the rights of man, the morbid craving for espionage, police supervision, and State trials will be characteristic of the party in power. It is a mere question of self-defence; and the laws of war are more brutal than the laws of peace. After the decree of 1860, the Prefect of Police was, as before, the mainspring of the Empire. The good tyrant, the Marcus Aurelius in whom M. Ollivier awaits the saviour of his country, appears only when the world has passed into the hands of a single ruler. And yet, under the wisest tyrant whom the Aryan race has evolved, the opposition had to suffer arbitrary treatment. Such is the law of political necessity.

A last motive for his conduct M. Ollivier finds in the peculiar form of Napoleonic government. Cæsarism is at bottom democracy. With a dictator at the head of a country there is no aristocracy as in a Constitutional Monarchy or an opportunist Republic. The people are the rulers, for they have manifested their will in a plebiscite. Such an apology is merely the defence of expediency in politics. No doubt, had success attended the ex-Minister of Napoleon's plans, his attitude would now be deemed not only judicious, but laudable. Expediency is justified only by success. To fail not ignobly one must fail owing to too strict an adherence to general principles. Cato, Admiral Coligny, Montrose are illustrious vanquished; not so M. Ollivier. The good tyrant, on the other hand, becomes, in this fifth volume, more and more exhausted. There is nothing in his scepticism, his benevolence, his general indifference to strong measures, to recall the great Uncle. Read the chapter on the fall of Minister Thouvenel to discover where the weakness of the Empire lay; the Minister fell on the Roman question, for defending with too much zeal the interest of France, which was not that of the Empress. "You make people think you have abdicated, you lose your prestige," said Persigny, and Mérimée added, speaking of the Empress:—"Every evil, every mistake will henceforth be laid to her charge."

The rise in Europe of a Bismarckian policy, with which the book closes, gives us an opportunity of mentioning three different biographies of the great statesman, which have appeared recently, and which may be read with fruit in connexion with M. Ollivier's defence.

M. Andler's work is remarkable as being in distinct advance on all that has been written in France on the hereditary enemy. A professor at the Ecole Normale, a Socialist, and a fearless savant, M. Andler does not hesitate to pen such sentences as these:—"Bismarck a fait d'abord la puissance allemande en Alsace-Lorraine aussi douce qu'il a pu;" speaking of the Alsatian Deputies to the Reichstag, especially of the Catholic priests, he says:—"Ayant ridiculisé leur cause, ils la trahirent." "La bourgeoisie alsacienne est un peu canarde." "On peut admettre que la France n'ait que des droits médiocres sur l'Alsace-Lorraine, après qu'elle l'a vendue pour avoir la paix." This is not the maudlin attitude of the *revanchard* member of the *Ligue des Patriotes*, who feels equal to venting his fury against the enemy only on the Place de la Concorde, before the statue of Strassburg. Germany, concludes M. Andler, being now a revolutionary country, there is no

* "L'Empire Libéral." By Emile Ollivier. Vol. V. Paris. Garnier. Fr.3.50.

"Le Prince de Bismarck." By Ch. Andler. Paris. Bellais. Fr.3.50.

"Bismarck." By Welschinger. Paris. Alcan. Fr.3.50.

"Le Prince de Bismarck." By Ch. Benoist. Paris. Perrin. Fr.3.50.

reason for her not coming to an understanding with revolutionary France.

This is the voice of Socialist France. M. Welschinger writes from the Nationalist standpoint, and whereas M. Andler's book, issued by a firm of publishers mainly recruited among former members of the *Ecole Normale*, is intended for cultured readers only, M. Welschinger's short biography is for popular circulation. It is short, compact, brilliantly written, and rendered palatable to the average Frenchman by a furious denunciation of the implacable Prince :—

Maintenant, pour nous Français, que doit-il ressortir de l'étude de ce puissant homme d'état, adversaire acharné de tout ce qui pouvait empêcher la grandeur et la prospérité de son pays? C'est qu'il faut, en se gardant de ses injustices et de ses violences, avoir la même ardeur pour les intérêts de la patrie, la même confiance en elle, et pour cela maintenir fidèlement les traditions d'autorité, de respect, de religion sans lesquelles tout irait à la dérive, se serrer étroitement autour du drapeau aux trois couleurs. . . écarter les détracteurs du passé et les douteurs de l'avenir, les ironistes, les corrupteurs et les ennemis de tout idéal . . . enfin croire, dire et répéter que la France est toujours la nation noble et généreuse, avide d'honneur et de gloire.

Here we have the utterance of the *bourgeois* and the Philistine.

M. Charles Benoist's study is an agreeable and suggestive psychological analysis of an unscrupulous statesman's character. Bismarck is for him the "Prince" of Macchiavelli, a strong-hearted man, both of constructive and destructive genius, with dark hours of irritation, nervousness, and depression.

Perusal of these monographs on the once great enemy of France suggests the reflection that the temper of the nation with regard to Germany is changing. Does the hostility towards England mean sympathy towards Germany? One is inclined to think that there is more than a mere coincidence between the interest taken in Bismarck and the triumph of Germany at the Paris Exhibition.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Soul of Ireland.

In IDEALS IN IRELAND (Unicorn Press, 3s. 6d.), edited by Lady Gregory, we have a new phase of the Irish movement which Englishmen ought certainly not to ignore, and which finds expression in essays by "A. E.," Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. Standish O'Grady, Mr. D. P. Moran, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. George Moore. The politician, often noisy and intemperate, gives place to the literary man, who gives a very different and a far more attractive voice to Irish aspirations. The hate of England gives place to the love of Ireland, to the longing to realize in a national life the true "soul of the people" which is to find its free expression through the Irish language. The essays are interesting and moderate in tone; their fault is that they breathe little more than the well-meaning aspirations of literary enthusiasts. Disunion, the dominance of priests, the vast questions connected with commerce and industry—these and many other questions of practical statesmanship must be grappled with before the soul of the Irish can be even found, much less revived; and yet these questions are hardly touched upon. When six Irish *littérateurs* assure us that, if Ireland were only de-Anglicized, there would start into life "a thousand dormant energies, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, social, economic, and human," one can be hardly convinced by the assertion, though one may sympathize with the writer's sincerity, any more than after reading Mr. W. B. Yeats on "The Literary Movement in Ireland" does one find the certain signs of a reborn national literature fresh from "the soul" of the modern Irish in the revival by modern students, in a self-conscious critical age, of the old superstitious lore and legend of the early Celt. But the essays deserve to be read and pondered not only by Irishmen but by Englishmen.

The War.

The ex-Lieutenant of General de Villebois-Mareuil, who has written TEN MONTHS IN THE FIELD WITH THE BOERS (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.), is a truly remarkable person. His most distinguishing characteristic is his invincible but light-hearted ignorance. There is a blunder of some sort on almost every page. His account of our acquisition of the Cape Settlements is delicious: "England, anxious to acquire the Colony when it began to prosper, sent out a number of emigrants, reinforcing them steadily, till they became an important factor in the community." He does not seem to know that England took the Colony by force of arms from France, and in 1814 compensated Holland with £6,000,000. He says that England "confiscated" the Kimberley diamond fields, forgetting to mention that the dispute went to arbitration, and that the Free State got £90,000 for its claims. He says that the Convention of London "recognized the absolute independence of the Transvaal"—a statement disproved by Mr. Kruger's own efforts to get the Convention abrogated. After this the statements that "at Belmont Lord Methuen was repulsed with heavy loss," and that Mr. Rhodes tried to escape from Kimberley in a balloon are by comparison almost credible.

The writer's great complaint is that his Boer friends would not take his advice on military matters. We do not wonder at their reluctance to do so when we read the following passage :—

At the beginning of the retreat, a field cornet came to ask my advice, as often happened. He disregarded it, as always happened. I wanted them to destroy the reservoirs, burn the forage, and poison the wells all along the line of retreat.

The italics are ours. If, as we are told, "an English officer of rank . . . assured me that if the measures I had advised had been taken, Roberts' 40,000 men, for the most part mounted, would never have achieved their task," we are much afraid that that English officer, hearing a prisoner confess that he had proposed to defy the laws of civilized warfare, was polite enough not to believe him.

Paris.

Both the good American who hopes to find his Paradise in Paris, and his less worthy British brother who regards Goethe's "Universal City" in quite another light, will find something to amuse them in Mr. Reynolds-Ball's volumes PARIS IN ITS SPLENDOR (Dana Estes, Boston). He has gathered together an immense amount of material, and, beginning with medieval Paris, the author concludes by giving his readers a glimpse of the side-shows at the late Exhibition. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those which deal with Paris under the Bourbons, for, though the city under the Revolutionary and Napoleonic aspects has been dealt with exhaustively, very little is known even of the history of France between the year which saw the disappearance of Napoleon and that in which Louis Philippe usurped his cousin's throne. Mr. Reynolds-Ball quotes Thackeray's wonderful description of the ceremony which took place in the Invalides when Napoleon's body was brought home to rest on French soil :—

While everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible, Napoleon's coffin passed. It was done in an instant. A box, covered with a great red cross—a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—seamen on one side, and Invalides on the other; they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle. A faint, snuffling sound as before was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced, and said "Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon." Louis Philippe answered, "I receive it in the name of France." Bertrand put on the body the most glorious, victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel, and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

The writer justly considers that no account of "Paris in its Splendour" would be complete without a more or less exhaustive

reference to the wonderful museums and picture galleries which stud every quarter of the town, and of which only the world-famous collections—such as the Louvre and the Luxembourg—are really at all well known to the average English tourist; and yet not only the thoughtful student of French history, but every intelligent visitor to Paris, will find much to delight and absorb him in the minor marvels of the wonderful city. How few of the soldier visitors to Paris know, for instance, of the extraordinary collection of armour and weapons of war stored away at the Invalides, which date from the days of Louis XIV.; though, of course, the collection was much added to and improved under Napoleon I., who, with that versatility which seemed to distinguish him, found time to interest himself with the collection of pre-Revolutionary weapons. As for the Hotel Carnavalet, formerly the town house, or, rather, palace of Madame de Sévigné, it is scarcely ever visited by the foreign tourist; and yet there the municipal authorities keep not only their archives, but their relics of the Revolution; and the great rooms where Madame de Sévigné entertained her friends are so arranged as to give an almost startling idea of what the Paris of Danton and Robespierre was like. In the chapter entitled "The Boulevards and Cafés, and Some Literary Landmarks," the author takes his readers through the Paris made familiar in the hundred and one romances which deal with the Quartier Latin and Bohemian-Paris generally. Of more real value is an interesting account of a little known side of the city, namely, the municipal and legal worlds. There is an exceptionally good index.

Naval.

OUR NAVAL HEROES (Murray, 16s.) looks like a merely popular book. It is really written by specialists for students. The articles of which it consists are reprinted from the *United Service Magazine*, and are mostly written by descendants of the Admirals whose achievements are related. In these circumstances the standard of literary performance naturally varies. Some of the writers hardly get beyond short bald sentences, reading like a string of words of command. Others, like Professor Laughton and Vice-Admiral Colomb, write with the skill of practised essayists. In any case the reader will get from the book not a mere string of battle stories, but a critical appreciation of the development of naval strategy and tactics. Admiral Colomb's defence of the Earl of Torrington, against Macaulay's attack, is especially noteworthy. Macaulay was far too prejudiced a Whig to let considerations of naval policy influence his judgment when purely political interests had a bearing, real or apparent, on the discussion. In the matter of the controversy which has raged over Nelson's conduct at Naples, Professor Laughton sticks to his guns:—"His action was perfectly fair and above board, and those who have impeached his memory on this score have been misled by the lies of the Italian Jacobins." Misled or not, they have made out a case too strong to be dismissed in this very summary manner. The book on the whole, however, is one of great interest and value; though we are not sure that the list of Admirals selected for treatment is the very best that could have been made out. Would not the Duke of York, Sir Edward Codrington, and Lord Cochrane, of Basque Roads fame, have been better worth writing about than, say, Viscount Bridport, Viscount Exmouth, and Sir T. Byam Martin? Each Admiral's portrait is given, and there are plans of Quiberon and of Aboukir Bay. Other plans might have been included with advantage.

SHIPS AND HAVENS, by Henry Van Dyck (Nelson, 1s. 6d.), is a book with a misleading title. It commences with a discussion of ships only to lead up to a discourse on religious and moral problems, is sensible without being brilliant, and is chiefly remarkable on account of the fantastic manner in which it is printed.

The Second Empire.

Monsieur Armand Dayot has won a well-earned reputation by the albums with which he has illustrated various periods of French history. His latest album is entitled *LE SECOND EMPIRE*, and brings together old prints, old photographs, old caricatures, old playbills, old fashion plates, and everything else that can

throw light upon the reign of Napoleon III. The book can hardly fail to interest any one who turns over its pages, and it should be particularly valuable to historical novelists and black and white artists who have occasion to deal with the period. With such a book in front of them it will be almost impossible for them to make their usual mistakes as to the costumes.

Miss Elizabeth Gilbert Martin's translations of Baron Imbert de Saint Amand's long series of books on the reign of Napoleon III. continue to appear. *NAPOLEON III. AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER* (Hutchinson, 6s.) deals with the events of the year 1860—the year of the Syrian expedition, the exploits of Garibaldi, and the Chinese war. The author's anti-English, clerical, and reactionary bias are more in evidence than ever; but we would forgive him for it if the book were interesting. Unfortunately it is not. The books of Imbert de Saint Amand that really deserve to be translated are those about the Captivity of the Duchesse de Berry and the early life of Louis Philippe.

Captain Charles Boothby, R.E.

UNDER ENGLAND'S FLAG (A. and C. Black, 6s.) contains a selection from the memoirs and correspondence of Captain Boothby dealing with the period (from 1804 to 1809) prior to that treated of by the same author in "A Prisoner of France." During these years he served in the expedition to Italy and Sicily under Sir James Craig, and later under Sir John Stuart; in the expeditions to Sweden and Spain and Portugal under Sir John Moore, taking part in the battle of Corunna; and he was in General Sherbrooke's Division at the commencement of Wellington's Peninsular campaign. His memoirs, and especially his letters home, throw many sidelights on these important events, and are remarkably fresh and chatty. Letters in those days were apt to be rather formal affairs, but Captain Boothby's are as modern in tone (and as freely bedecked with slang) as any letters from South Africa to-day. They have the merit also of revealing the writer's character—his earnest and manly simplicity of faith and his devotion to his leaders. No general could wish for a nobler tribute than he has given to Sir John Moore—"the man I looked up to as a god, and held in the most cordial respect and affection"—whose treatment by irresponsible critics at home gave him temporarily a thorough dislike of military service. But the book is interesting throughout, and not only to the student of military history.

Ballooning.

IN *BY LAND AND SKY* (Isbister, 7s. 6d.) the Rev. J. M. Bacon gives a popular account of his recent ballooning exploits and observations. Mr. Bacon was first "balloon-struck" many years ago at Cambridge, but had few opportunities of practising aeronautics until recently; during the last few years he has made a number of ascents and has considerably extended our knowledge of aerial acoustics. Many terrible disasters have resulted from apparently unaccountable failures of the fog-signals off our shores to make themselves heard out at sea; this was notably the case when the *Stella* was wrecked barely two years ago on the Casquets off Alderney. Mr. Bacon's balloon trips, planned expressly for the purpose, have done much to clear up the circumstances under which the air, whether foggy or clear, may become thus impenetrable to sound-waves. But his ascents have not always been so successful. The failure of the Leonid meteoric shower to come off properly as predicted, in November last year, was a great disappointment to the scientific world in general; but probably nobody has more right to express discontent with the defaulting meteors than Mr. Bacon, who went, if not halfway, at any rate part of the way to meet them in a balloon. He gives a very graphic account of this ascent in his book, and points out that if he failed to attain his object on this occasion, he at any rate established the English ballooning record by remaining aloft for ten hours.

Off East Africa.

To Englishmen of the world-annexing type Madagascar must have a rather melancholy interest, since it is about the only great island of importance, with, perhaps, the one exception of Java, in which we had claims and from which we have been

ousted. Though Alfred Grandidier was the first really accurate observer who worked and travelled among the Malagasy, he left much to be done. His work has been carried on in *MADAGASCAR, MAURITIUS, AND OTHER EAST AFRICAN ISLANDS* (Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.) by Professor Dr. C. Keller, who not only writes clearly after the manner of his Gallic predecessor, but is thorough after the manner of the German. There is, perhaps, no book which gives within reasonable limits so clear a picture of the Malagan Hovas, the African Sakalavas, and the other less important ethnologic stocks of the island known to Ptolemy as Menuthias. In the scope of his book Dr. Keller includes Nossi Bé, and the Mascarenes, or Mauritius, Réunion, and Rodriguez, and he has something to say as well of the less-known Austral-African islands and of the Seychelles. The volume is well illustrated.

The Tourist in Abyssinia.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, who lately took a trip to Abyssinia, would, no doubt, be the first to admit that other people have done the same thing before him. It follows that his *ABYSSINIA* (Pearsons, 15s.) is merely a book of travel, and has nothing to do with exploration. The traveller went to Harrar and Addis Ababa, was received by Menelek, and came back again. He tells his story fluently, pleasantly, and in the tone of a man whose contempt for barbarians is mitigated by a lively sense of humour; but he had no adventures and has nothing of importance to say. It is at least gratifying to gather from his pages that English influence has begun to assert itself at the Court of the Negus; that the state of things at Jibuti affords an object lesson in the failure of French colonial methods, and that Menelek desires a quiet life, and is not in the least likely to go seeking adventures in the direction of the Sudan. But, of course, Mr. Vivian had to observe hastily, and his observations have to be taken at their face value. There are a good many photographs in the book. Some of them are better than others. One or two of them are quite good.

Graphology.

THE LANGUAGE OF HANDWRITING, by Richard Dimsdale Stocker (Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. n.), is a little book which may possibly give some people entertainment in assisting them to read, or misread, the characters of their friends from the way in which they form their p's and q's. The "science," however, is attended by many pitfalls, as the tyro will realize when he learns that one and the same stroke can stand either for "satisfied ambition," for "envious pride," or for "modesty." Think of condemning your friend for envious pride on the strength of the first stroke of his capital N and erasing his name from your address-book only to discover when it was too late that what you had mistaken for pride was but the shrinking modesty of the violet! It is not yet clear that graphology any more than phrenology can be reduced to a science at all. A few quite general rules may guide one in reading writing as in reading faces, but the finer modifications cannot be formulated and taught. One has but to remember the exquisitely ludicrous mistakes into which Lavater occasionally fell to be reminded how hopelessly even experts can go astray.

Reprints.

Among reprints we may note Walton's *COMPLETE ANGLER* (3s. 6d.), edited, together with the "Lives" in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics," with a bibliographical note, by Mr. A. W. Pollard; *THE GYPSIES IN SPAIN* added to Mr. Murray's "Borrow" (6s.); Jeremy Taylor's *HOLY LIVING* (Dent, 2 vols.), added to the "Temple Classics," and edited by Mr. A. R. Waller, with a bibliographical note, an explanatory index of words, Taylor's own references being placed at the end; Carlyle's *FRENCH REVOLUTION* (2s.) added to Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Minerva Library," with an introduction by Mr. G. T. Bettany, and Nansen's *FARTHEST NORTH* (6s.) added to Constable's well-selected "Library of Travel and Biography."

The new edition of *THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON* (Methuen, 12s.), bound like the other Stevensons in dark blue buckram, has two new letters of the "composed" type—one to Mr. Austin Dobson, and one written in the character of Alan

Breck replying to a letter written by Rudyard Kipling in the character of Mulvaney—and another of more personal interest to George Meredith, which suggests a classification of the letters into the natural and the artificial. "I am off business to-day," says the writer, "and this is not meant to be literature."

We welcome an abridged edition of *EDWARD WHITE BENSON* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. n.), for, highly as we praised Mr. A. C. Benson's intensely interesting life of his father when it first appeared, its length must certainly have frightened off many readers.

In *ELECTRICITY* (Blackie, 4s. 6d.) Mr. J. D. Everett brings into line with modern electrical theory Part III. of Everett's "Deschanel's Natural Philosophy." It is a book for the serious and mathematical student, but a large amount of explanatory matter has been introduced in smaller print which will help beginners.

Messrs. Cassell are bringing out in parts (6d. each) an illustrated edition of Major Arthur Griffith's well-known *MYSTERIES OF POLICE AND CRIME*. The pictures, partly facsimiles of documents and reproductions of old prints, add much to its interest.

DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH (Dean, 7s.) contains all Parliamentary corrections up to Jan. 22, 1901. Those who have forgotten may be reminded that this work of reference gives particulars of colonial as well as of British and Irish Judges. Whitaker's *PEERAGE* (3s. 6d.) is a little expanded, especially on the subject of Bishops, and it has the distinction of giving the most accurate and complete guide to titles, such as the use of the word "Honourable," that we have seen.

It is impossible to take very seriously Mr. D. Macfadyen's *ALFRED THE WEST SAXON: KING OF THE ENGLISH*, in Dr. Horton's *Saintly Lives Series* (Dent, 4s. 6d.). The subject has been adequately treated by great historians, and it was hardly necessary to give the results of their researches with the addition of pious reflections. The author introduces, not very usefully, a discussion on the question: "May a Christian be a soldier?" The answer to the question hinges on the definition of Christianity. A strict definition leads to one answer and a loose definition to another. Nor would the contemplation of the career of Alfred enable us to decide between the two even if fact and legend could be disentangled. Mr. Macfadyen's book, in short, is half sermon, half biography, and is not quite satisfactory from either point of view.

In *IMPOSSIBILITIES*, by Hugh Beveridge (A. Gardner), we have a collection of the scattered writings of a young literary man who came to London to fight for opportunity, began to succeed, and then fell ill and died at the age of 32. There is some evidence in the book that he would have done well if his health had suffered him to persevere, though his work on the whole is more distinguished by promise than by performance. Some of the items printed are verse, which is good verse, without being poetry; the rest are mostly weird, pathetic, short stories of the sort that editors as a rule are more ready to admire than to accept. We trust that it is the printer and not either the author or his editor who speaks of a certain eminent patron of the arts as *Mœœnus*.

In *CHINESE JEWS* (Oxford: Horace Hart, 1s.), Mr. Marcus N. Adler throws light upon a subject about which most of us know very little. It has been known, however, that there were Jews in China ever since the first Jesuit missionaries visited the country, and there is possibly an allusion to them in the Prophet Isaiah: "Behold these shall come from afar; and, lo, these from the north and the west; and these from the land of Sinim." Subsequent research has elicited many interesting discoveries; the discovery that the Jews are known to the Celestials as "the sect that pluck out the sinews, and the discovery of a synagogue with a "chair of Moses" at Kai-Fung-Foo. To those who suggest that the Jews of China may belong to the lost ten tribes, Mr. Adler replies that he knows of no reason either for or against that theory.

Dr. W. Page May's *HELWÂN AND THE EGYPTIAN DESERT* (Allen, 3s.) is an acceptable new guide-book, drawing attention to a new health resort, fifteen miles south of Cairo, patronized by the late Duke of Coburg, and now coming deservedly into prominence. The photographs are so good that one is tempted to say that they alone are worth all the money; and there are special chapters on the archaeology by Professor Sayce, and on the flora by Professor Schweinfurth.

Major J. J. Crooks' *SHORT HISTORY OF SIERRA LEONE* (Dublin: Nation Printing and Publishing Company) is intended for use in the schools of the colony, and may be

welcome in other circles in which information about Sierra Leone is desired. The narrative is straightforward and concise, as well as simple, and some interesting historical documents are printed as appendices. There are also maps and pictures.

Two new legal works must be mentioned with commendation—*CHARTER-PARTIES AND BILLS OF LADING*, and *THE LAW RELATING TO GENERAL AND PARTICULAR AVERAGE*, both by Lawrence Duckworth (Effingham Wilson, 2s. 6d. n. each). What charter-parties and general and particular average are underwriters do not require to be told, and other people probably do not want to know. The manuals are for underwriters, who will find what they want in them lucidly and briefly put.

ART.

The Ruskin Drawings.

Only those who know intimately the drawings at Oxford, certainly not those who drew their knowledge of Mr. Ruskin as an artist from the Severn collection recently exhibited at the Fine Art Society, could have been prepared for the exhibition which now holds place at the Old Water Colour Society in Pall Mall. It is so bright, so complete, that the public who takes the trouble can see in this collection the depth of the fallacy that only the unsuccessful painter is well fitted to become the critic. There is no sign of artistic failure, and there is even a danger that the hurrying public may forget Ruskin the teacher in Ruskin the artist. What they have neither time nor inclination to learn from the writings of the greatest art critic of our era they may gather from these four hundred painstaking achievements. The collection is unique, for it contains hardly anything, if we except the "Zipporah," beyond the pretensions of a sketch. And yet the beauty of the whole must appeal irresistibly to the artistic mind. The infinite variety, the love of colour which amounted almost to a mania, the delicacy and the firmness of touch, the observation and natural perception show the true artist on every square inch of paper. Ruskin was a superb copyist, and a copyist of Nature using water-colour in a clean bright manner entirely beyond the practice of his time and with a mastery over pencil quite unusual. And the pains shown in every detail free from any appearance of effort! The solid draughtsmanship of "Fondaco de' Turchi," the strength of the "Castelbarco Tomb, Verona," and of the "Study of Rocks and Lichens" (130), the pearliness of "The Approach from Mestre to Venice" and of a "Wayside near Bonneville," these are contrasts of vision enough, even if we take no account of the hard "Sunset at Lucca" and "Crossmount" compared with the gossamer-like "Old Bridge at Bonneville" and "Amboise." The marvel is that with all this conscientious work of the brush and pencil Ruskin found time to be so convincing a writer. Oxford during the past half century has had a proud roll of achievement; but is not Ruskin of the foremost?

AN ALBUM OF DRAWINGS, by James Guthrie (Shorne, near Gravesend, 1900), discloses an artist of more imagination than is usually to be found working within arbitrary and self-imposed limitations. He, it would seem, mixes his methods and combines a rugged line with washes of body colour, of Chinese white and Indian ink, which when reproduced have a tendency to "muddle." The ability to draw is no less uncertain than the technique employed, but overriding all is a poetic temperament which is the one thing which excuses the profession of art. If Mr. Guthrie can retain the poetry of such drawings as "The Wood Elf" and "The Watcher," whilst improving his handiwork, he has more than the average share of this world's chances. At present he has very little sense of the value of blank spaces.

FICTION.

A Tragic Romance.

That romance may bring us nearer to life than realism is a truth not fully appreciated by some novelists—perhaps because the true romance is less easy to capture than that form of realism which comes to the ordinarily gifted observer. Although in his

latest book *VERITY* (Arnold, 6s.) Mr. Sidney Pickering is in some externals conventional, he is yet fortunate enough to give us a truly imaginative picture of the fortune of an extremely interesting girl and woman of the days of the Regency. It is not easy to catch the spirit of country life in the early days of the nineteenth century or to reconstruct the men and women of an age of social revolution. But the heroine, *Verity*, is admirably drawn—a type of changing times. Her father, the proud and passionate Vicar, with an old-fashioned code of manners, also helps the author to create a period and put his narrative in perspective. Such character drawing is rare and as pleasant as infrequent. In the first few chapters an atmosphere is produced, a charm is woven; romance is there, skill, conviction, life as it was in the beginning of the last century, and love and tragedy such as they always are. In the telling, Mr. Pickering gives many entertaining pictures, many vital sketches of subordinate but necessary characters—such as *Zodak Tregoeze* and *Bob Griffiths*—and does so with a spirit and élan that makes the reader feel the life-blood pulsing through the book. From the moment when *Verity's* lover—the picturesque young officer who has been "made by war and women"—awoke in her the first "thrill of passion which to a nature as crystal pure as *Verity's* is a revelation of a new heaven and a new earth," to the final inevitable catastrophe, we are held by the author's agreeable fancy and dramatic skill. Perhaps *Verity's* tragedy is a little too poignant for the highest art, a little too remorselessly driven home; but we are glad to welcome so much that is convincing, and delighted to overlook faults which will no doubt be avoided in the next work of so clever and sympathetic an author as Mr. Pickering.

A Good Historical Novel.

Mr. Francis Marion Crawford has produced a delightful "costume" romance which he calls *IN THE PALACE OF THE KING* (Macmillan, 6s.). It stands as a model to others of his craft who would essay this popular branch of fiction. "In old Madrid, long years ago," in fact in the romantic and sensational days of Philip II., the story is laid. Don John of Austria, the Most Christian King, the delightful lady of the Court, *Dolores*, and her sister *Inez* play their parts in a drama composed of every sort of intrigue and romance that the heart of adventurous man can desire. After more than 350 crowded pages of enthralling narrative the fortunes of all are righted, and the lurid picture ends in peace. Among the many things of beauty in Mr. Crawford's book must be counted the illustrations. In these Mr. Fred Roe gives us some excellent work. Almost all Mr. Crawford's thirty odd volumes, from "Mr. Isaacs" to "Corleone," have been distinguished, but in its especial genre "In the Palace of the King" is a masterpiece; there is a picturesqueness, a sincerity which will catch all readers in an agreeable storm of emotion, and even leave a hardened reviewer impressed and delighted.

We mentioned two of Mr. Richard Marsh's books last week, and might have mentioned a third, but the heroic pace at which his books come from the press and the varieties of his methods leave us a trifle bewildered. What stage in the development of Mr. Marsh as a literary force is marked by *A HERO OF ROMANCE* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) is the question one would like to ask the conscientious student of his works. Failing a reply, we read through the story of boy life beginning at a foolish private school, and then rushing through a course of adventures such as the author of "The Datchet Diamonds" and his readers love, and ending with the restoration of the youthful hero of romance to his devoted parents. We should say that the book leaves Mr. Marsh just where he was, but he may have added to his popularity in private schools.

Behind the solemn title of *THE DUKE* (Edward Arnold, 6s.) Mr. J. Storer Clouston has concealed much social satire and genuine fun. A fourth cousin, whose life has been passed in Australia, succeeds to the titles and possessions of the Duke of Grandon. He is a quietly humorous person, who assumes his heritage by a late and casual call at his town house, the only witness of his arrival being a not very clear-sighted caretaker. To him enters one Jack Kavanagh, an Australian Irishman with much gentlemanly effrontery and not immaculate minor moralities.

It is arranged that Jack shall be "The Duke" for one month. The month affords much amusement and instruction to the social observer, and its progress is very entertainingly described.

THE MAN WITH THE PARROTS (Sands and Co., 3s. 6d.) is not a genial essay on natural history. *Au contraire* it is a weird and complicated detective story. It has neither a striking vice nor a striking virtue in it—unless a somewhat cumbersome ingenuity in unravelling imaginary mysteries can be reckoned a virtue. Mr. A. Eric Bayly, its author, is a painstaking rather than a brilliant tracker of crimes. In the end the innocent are righted, the superfluous conveniently die off, and the unscrupulous are appropriately punished. It is not bad reading "for those who like that sort of book."

Mr. Compton long since won his spurs as a writer of adventure stories. His "Free Lance in a Far Land" was an admirable sample of his bent of mind. He discards the flash devices that give fascination, say, to "A Beautiful White Devil," and presents real men and real events in far lands and stirring times. The greediest of gore-loving gluttons cannot complain of the fare provided, yet the characters are singularly "alive" and the setting is convincingly real. Thus in THE INIMITABLE MRS. MASSINGHAM (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) we get a most vivid glimpse of the birth of Australia and of the England whence it was peopled. Bob Borradaile and his sweetheart, known to stage fame as Mrs. Massingham, deserve to live long beyond the span allotted to most heroes and heroines, and Mr. Compton's picture of the old convict days is masterly.

Correspondence.

DECADENT METRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Patterson's misgivings as to the clearness of his article are quite needless. I understood him perfectly, though I do not seem to have made my meaning plain to him. He thinks our minor poets should enrich their metres by cultivating dactyls and anapaests on the model of Byron and Moore. I objected to his models, and gave my reasons for doing so as well as I could in the compass of a "Personal View." I did not quote Tennyson and Swinburne against Mr. Patterson's minors; I quoted them to illustrate my contention that our poets (major or minor) had the choice of better models than Mr. Patterson offered them. But my dear opponent (if I may adopt his genial language) insists that the melody of Byron and Moore is produced by legitimate means, while the melody which I admire is got by tricks of genius. The metres of Moore and Byron are "correct," while Tennyson's exquisite lyric is "only saved from doggerel by feeling."

Mr. Patterson has given me an admirable illustration of the terrible confusion which results from applying the terms of classical prosody to English verse. Mr. Patterson does not seem to catch my drift here at all. He asks triumphantly "what is classic but that which has sustained time and usage?" and pleads that our four proper metres are five hundred years old. I do not think my friend will find Moore-ish anapaests in the literature of the fifteenth century, but that is neither here nor there. I did not use the word "classical" in Mr. Patterson's sense at all; I meant simply Greek and Latin. We have as yet no accurate scientific nomenclature for English prosody, and the attempt to adapt the Greek terminology only leads to mischief; it leads to Moore with his anapaests! Cannot Mr. Patterson see that it is just the effort to be "correct," to count three syllables to every foot and to force the accent to keep its place, that makes the verses he loves so intolerably monotonous; that it is just the disregard for this artificial "correctness" and regard for truly English rhythmical effects, the judiciously shifted pause, the retardation and acceleration of the movement by varying the number of syllables, the subtle use of alliteration (sometimes degenerating into abuse in Mr. Swinburne's case, I admit)—in a word, the "fine sensitiveness to the melodic value of words, the exquisite feeling for the subtle effects of movement, accent, and pause"—that it is just these things that make the verse of Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne so rich in melody? These may be tricks of genius, but they are the only tricks that can

make English words sing. The verses produced by such "tricks" are not really dactylic or anapaestic, of course. They are no more dactylic or anapaestic than the blank verse of Milton is iambic.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

41, Loughborough-park, Brixton, S.W.,

9th February, 1901.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I venture entirely to disagree with your judgment and that of Mr. Thursfield.

The interposition of an adverb in the middle of an infinitive may possibly be expedient, but is always incorrect, and if I had not arrived at that conclusion independently I think your paragraph would have converted me. You can certainly say that a man was guilty "of exactly describing," "of only describing," or "of not describing" a particular occurrence; but you cannot say that it was his duty "to exactly describe," "to only describe," or "to not describe" without writing both bad grammar and nonsense. Nor can you say that Lord Kitchener hopes "to entirely subdue," or "to have entirely subdued," any more than you can say that he fears "to not subdue," or "to have not subdued" the Boers; but you can say that he hopes "by entirely subduing them" to end the war—or that he fears "by not subduing them" the war will be prolonged.

It would be extremely interesting if the writer of your note would explain exactly the difference in meaning between these three sentences:—

I ask you kindly to clear out that drawer—

I ask you to kindly clear out that drawer—

I ask you to clear out kindly that drawer.

The meaning of the first is obvious—of the third obscure but conceivable—(e.g., if there were rabbits in the drawer). The second has and can have no meaning.

If you use "clear out" in the slang sense it may possibly be expedient to strengthen your slang by adding to it bad grammar. In fact, slang is little but bad grammar, and the split infinitive is slang, and, like all slang, is very often expedient and effective.

Yours,

M.

"A APPLE PIE," &c.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Apropos of "A. G.'s" letter last week on "'A' was an Archer," you might use your influence in favour of a new illustrated edition of "A, Apple pie—B, Bit it," &c. I am firmly of opinion that a revival of that ancient Alphabet would go a long way towards convincing people that it is quite wrong to talk of "Apple tart," "Cherry tart," &c., as is likely to become the established use. Did these persons, I wonder, when they were at the romping age, make each other "Apple tart beds"?

Yours faithfully,

J. C.

CENTRAL CIRCULATING LIBRARY FOR WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS AND KINDRED ASSOCIATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I through your columns call the attention of some of your numerous readers to the above library in its great need of books? The library, which is unsectarian, has been in existence three years, and was formed in order to give working girls and women those opportunities for reading not otherwise within their reach.

A working girls' club, or kindred association, may, on an annual subscription of 8s., become a member of the library, and is then entitled to a loan of ninety books sent in two consignments (one in March and one in October). Clubs whose funds make a still smaller fee desirable pay 4s. a year and receive forty-five volumes annually.

The hon. librarian ascertains from the various club leaders

(who are responsible for the books) the names of or class of books required, and the boxes are sent according to the lists received.

The work of the library has greatly increased lately, and twenty-nine large clubs for working girls and kindred associations now belong. Some of these are in London, some in the country, and some in Leeds, Leicester, Belfast, and other manufacturing towns. The club members consist chiefly of tailoresses, factory workers, and young women in business.

From all, the reports are full of appreciation of our work; for our books have proved a welcome addition to the limited libraries of the clubs, and by the slight guidance of the club leaders the taste of the workers has greatly improved. Wholesome novels are now the general taste, and the formerly popular penny dreadfuls are fast becoming things of the past.

Unfortunately our stock of books is far from equal to the demand! We cannot accept any new members now, for all our available books are at the clubs; our shelves are almost bare, and our funds (dependent on club fees and occasional donations) are not equal to the task of replenishing them.

I give these details in the hope that a few of your readers, realizing how many hard lives may be made a little brighter by means of our work, will spare some books for our library. So many people have more books than they can find room for, the volume bought at the station, read once and then thrown aside, the duplicate copy of the standard novel, yellow backs, bound magazines, fairy tales, the novel of purely ephemeral interest, easy science, historical and biographical works—all these would be a most welcome addition to the library, and those of your readers who could spare copies of the ever popular works of Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, Edna Lyall, Besant, Henty, or Mrs. Oliphant would indeed be benefactors.

Any parcels of books would be most gratefully accepted by the Library Committee, and should be addressed to the Hon. Librarian, Central Circulating Library for Working Girls' Clubs, Women's Industrial Council, 12, Buckingham-street, Strand.

Thanking you many times for your kindness in publishing this letter,

I am yours faithfully,

THE HON. LIBRARIAN.

12, Buckingham-street, Strand, W.C.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

"Beowulf and the Fight at Finnsburg: A Translation into Modern English Prose," by Dr. J. Clark Hall—to be published shortly by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein—is intended both for the student and the general reader. Archaisms have been avoided and it is accompanied by an introduction and a running analysis of the story. At the end of the book are notes, an index of things with archaeological illustrations, and an index of proper names.

Messrs. Methuen announce "The Relief of Kumasi," by Captain H. C. J. Biss, a complete history of the recent campaign in Ashanti by an officer who was with the relieving forces. Illustrated by photographs taken on the spot.

Stephen Crane's uncompleted novel "The O'Ruddy" is, we understand, being finished by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and will be dramatized and produced by Mr. David Belasco.

In reviewing "At Pretoria" by Mr. Julian Ralph last week we inadvertently called the book "Towards Pretoria." This is the title of the author's previous book which forms the first part of his record of the war, published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson.

Mr. B. T. Batsford announces a second issue of Mr. Edwin O. Sachs' exhaustive work, "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," with a special note dealing with the latest developments in theatre architecture.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will shortly publish "The Reign of Victoria—A Retrospect," by Prof. F. York Powell.

Mr. Heinemann is starting an English series of American fiction under the title of "The Dollar Library," one volume to

appear each month. The first volumes will be "The Girl at the Half-Way House," by E. Hough; "Parlous Times," by D. D. Wells; "Lords of the North," by A. C. Laut; "The Chronic Loafer," by Nelson Lloyd; "Her Mountain Lover," by Hamlin Garland.

"The Literary Year-Book" for 1901 will be published by Mr. Allen towards the end of this month. Mr. Allen also announces in his new list an illustrated guide to "The Churches of Chislehurst," by E. A. Webb; and "Oxford University Sermons," arranged for the Church's Year, edited by Principal Bebb.

A new monthly, *Modern Advertising*, is an offshoot of the *Poster*. Its contents are largely paragraphs—sometimes of a rather trenchant character. The advertisements obtained without paying cash over a counter are genially derided.

A book to be published early in the spring by Messrs. Sands is a collection of "Songs of the Sword and the Soldier," edited by Mr. Alexander Eager, beginning with Drayton's ballad of Agincourt, but including modern poets, and reprinting some of the best of the songs inspired by the present campaign. All nations are represented, the songs in many cases having been translated by the editor.

The next instalment of the "Complete Library," published by Messrs. Gowans and Gray, of Glasgow, is to be the complete works of Charles Lamb, to appear in nine monthly volumes, beginning on May 1 next. The edition is edited by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the editor of "The Oxford Wordsworth."

Messrs. Kegan Paul are now arranging a series of histories of Roman Catholic Schools. The first will be a history of "Stonyhurst," by the Rev. George Gruggen and the Rev. Joseph Keating, both of whom are attached to the Great Lancashire College which celebrated its centenary in 1894. Messrs. Kegan Paul also announce "The Church in Greater Britain"—the Donnellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin—by the Rev. G. Robert Wynne, Archdeacon of Aghadoe, Killarney. Dr. Wynne tells the story of the work of the Church of England not only in the colonies but in the United States. The same publishers have a book in hand by the Rev. D. Nickerson, entitled "The Origin of Thought," a simply written introduction to philosophy.

The "Manual of South African History," which Messrs. Kegan Paul are publishing, is by the Hon. Alexander Wilmot, member of the Legislative Council of the Cape Colony, and forms a defence of the present policy of the British Government based upon the facts of history. Another topical book coming from Messrs. Kegan Paul is to be a treatise on "Arsenic," bearing on the beer question, by Professor J. A. Wanklyn, whose treatise on "Water Analysis"—written with E. T. Chapman—is now in its eighth edition.

The new list of books coming from the Clarendon Press includes about a dozen fresh announcements. Dr. Stockoe is following up his excellent "Old Testament History for Schools" with a "New Testament History for Schools," Part I. of which is now announced. A second edition is in hand of "A Manual of Greek Historical Inscriptions," by E. L. Hicks and G. F. Hill, originally published in 1882 as the work of Mr. Hicks alone. Other books are "Texts on Mount Athos," by the Rev. K. Lake, "Eusebii Chronicorum Liber," edited, with facsimiles, by J. K. Fotheringham, M.A., "Old Testament Lessons," by V. Z. Rule; "Aetna," edited, with translation, by Prof. Robinson Ellis, who delivered a lecture on the new fragments of Juvenal at Corpus Christi College last Tuesday, which the Oxford University Press is now publishing; "Elizabethan Critical Essays (1570-1603)," edited by G. Gregory Smith; "The Seventeenth Century," by Sir Hubert Parry; "The Relations of History and Geography," by H. B. George; "The Ethics of Spinoza," by H. H. Joachim; "Micro-Anatomy," by Gustav Mann, B.Sc.; and the new edition of the complete works of Bishop Berkeley, in four volumes, re-cast by Professor Campbell Fraser from his three-volume edition published about thirty years ago, and now out of print.

In their "Guild Library" Messrs. Black will shortly

publish a volume on "Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys," by the Rev. D. Butler, M.A., of Abernethy, with an introduction by Principal Story; and a volume in their "Guild Text-Books," entitled "Studies in the Acts of the Apostles," by the Rev. William Robertson, of Coltness. They will also have two new guide-books ready in a few weeks—"Jerusalem," by Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S., and "Switzerland," by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, formerly editor of the *Alpine Journal*, with a cycling supplement by Mr. C. L. Freeston.

Mr. Alfred Sidgwick has followed up his book on "The Process of Argument" with a work on "The Use of Words in Reasoning" which Messrs. Black will publish during the Spring. Mr. Edwin Abbott's guide through Greek to Hebrew Scriptures entitled "Clue," which Messrs. Black published recently, will be followed by a volume entitled "The Corrections of Mark," in which the same author gives a list of all the deviations from Mark adopted jointly by Matthew and Luke in the Synoptic Tradition. An important booklet to be issued by the same publishers is a translation of Professor Adolf Harnack's historical article on "The Apostles' Creed" contributed to Herzog's "Real-Encyclopædie." It has been translated by Mr. Stewart Means and edited by Mr. Thomas Bailey Saunders. Mr. Mortimer Memphis' "War Impressions," with his ninety-seven illustrations in colour, will also be ready shortly.

The volume on Huldreich Zwingli, by Dr. Samuel Macaulay Jackson—who is editing the series of Heroes of the Reformation to which it belongs—will be published by Messrs. Putnam towards the end of this month. It includes a survey of Switzerland before the Reformation by Prof. John Martin Vincent of Johns Hopkins University, and a supplementary chapter on Zwingli's theology by Prof. Frank Hugh Foster, University of California. Messrs. Putnam will also publish shortly Mr. F. Preston Stearns' study of the lives and works of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Il Veronese, under the title of "Four Great Venetians."

Books to look out for at once.

- HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY—**
 "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate." Vol. 3. 1654-56. By Dr. S. R. Gardiner. Longmans. 21s.
- ART AND LITERATURE—**
 "A List of the Works contributed to Public Exhibitions by J. M. W. Turner, R.A." By C. F. Bell. Bell. 21s. net.
 [With an account of the artist's works, &c.]
 "Stevenson (Robert Louis). A Life Study in Criticism." By H. B. Baildon. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES—**
 "Poems." By A. Blair Shaw. Lane. 5s. net.
 "Fireside Poems." By J. Stratton. E. Stock. 3s. 6d.
 "Rudolph Schrobble. A Tragedy." By E. G. E. Stock. 2s. 6d.
 "The Heart of the Ancient Woods." By C. G. D. Roberts. Gay and Bird. 6s.
- THEOLOGY—**
 "The Temptations of Our Lord Jesus Christ." By L. R. Rawnaley. E. Stock. 2s. 6d.
 "Meditations on Psalms Penitential." Sands. 2s. 6d. net.
 [By the author of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office."]
 "City Temple Sermons." Vol. 4. By Dr. Joseph Parker. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.
- CLASSICAL AND EDUCATIONAL—**
 "Athens and Sparta, and the Struggle with Persia." By E. G. Wilkinson, M.A., Manchester Grammar School. Black. 2s. 6d.
 ["Historical Greek Reader." Illustrated.]
- FICTION—**
 "Anne Mainwaring." By Lady Ridley. Longmans. 6s.
 "The Blue Diamond." By L. T. Meade. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 "Max Thornton." By Ernest Glanville. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 "The Redemption of David Corson." By C. F. Goss. Methuen. 6s.
 "A State Secret, and other Stories." By B. M. Croker. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
 "The Survivor." By E. P. Oppenheim. Ward and Lock. 6s.
 "Trewern: A Welsh Tale of the Thirties." By R. M. Thomas. Unwin. 6s.
 "The Golden Tooth." By J. M. Cobban. Digby and Long. 6s.
 "The Day of Small Things." By Isabel Fry. Unicorn Press. 5s. net.
 "The Treasure of Captain Scarlett." By Adeline Sergeant. Hutchinson. 6s.
 "The Master Passion." By B. Hatton. Pearson. 6s.
 "The New Master." By A. Galsworthy. Pearson. 3s. 6d.
- SCIENCE—**
 "Researches in the Past and Present History of the Earth's Atmosphere." By T. L. Phipson. Griffin. 2s. 6d.
 "Manual of Elementary Science." By Professor R. A. Gregory and A. T. Simmons. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
 "The Principles of Magnetism and Electricity." By P. L. Gray, B.Sc. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
 [An elementary text-book].

- LAW—**
 "A Digest of the Law relating to Marine Insurance." By M. D. Chalmers and D. Owen. W. Clowes. 10s.
 "An Epitome of Personal Property Law." By W. H. H. Kelke. Sweet and Maxwell. 6s.
- MISCELLANEOUS—**
 "Lest We Forget." A Keepsake from the Nineteenth Century. By W. T. Stead. H. Marshall. 2s. 6d.
 "The American Slave Trade." By J. R. Spears. Bickers. 7s. 6d.
 "Bermundsey, its Historic Memories, &c." E. Stock. 12s. 6d. net.
 "Christian Egypt: Past, Present, and Future." By M. Fowler. Church Newspaper Co. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- BIOGRAPHY.**
 "Algernon Charles Swinburne (English Writers of To-day.) By Theodore Wratistlaw. 7½×5½in., 212 pp. Greening. 3s. 6d.
 "Our Naval Heroes." Ed. by G. E. Marindin. 9×6½in., 385 pp. Murray. 16s.
 "The Life of Edward White Benson." By A. C. Benson. New Ed. 8½×5½in., 601 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
 "The Satires of Persius." Trans. by Rev. S. Hemphill. D.D. 7½×5½in., 47 pp. Dublin: Hodges. London: Bell.
 "A Short Manual of Comparative Philology." 2nd Ed. By P. Giles. 7½×5½in., 619 pp. Macmillan. 14s.
 "Chemistry (Self-Educator Series.) By J. Knight. 7½×5½in., 162 pp. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.
 "Notes sur l'Education Publique." By Pierre de Coubertin. 7½×4½in., 320 pp. Hachette. Fr.3.50.
- FICTION.**
 "The Tragedy of a Pedigree." By Hugo Ames. 7½×5½in., 330 pp. Greening. 6s.
 "A Path of Thorns." By E. A. Vizetelly. 7½×5½in., 448 pp. Chatto. 6s.
 "According to Plato." By Frankfort Moore. 7½×5½in., 352 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
 "The Man Who Forgot." By J. Mackie. 7½×5½in., 298 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
 "The Tapu of Banderah." By Louis Becke and W. Jeffery. 8×5½in., 315 pp. Pearson. 6s.
 "The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler." By R. Marsh. 8×5½in., 304 pp. Pearson. 6s.
 "Duke Rodney's Secret." By Perrington Frim. 7½×5½in., 295 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
 "Treadles and Us and Others." By R. Andom. 7½×5½in., 303 pp. Jarrold. 3s. 6d.
 "Le Feu." By Gabrielle d'Annunzio. Traduit de l'Italien par G. Herelle. 7½×4½in., 443 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.
 "Midship." By Pierre Custot. 7½×4½in., 299 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.
 "L'Enthousiasme." By Maurice Leblanc. 7½×4½in., 298 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.
 "Péché Caché." By Paul Perret. 7½×4½in., 295 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.
 "L'Heureux Ménage." By Marcel Prevost. 7½×4½in., 280 pp. Paris. Lemerre. Fr.3.50.
 "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris." By Anatole France. 7½×4½in., 404 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.
- FOLKLORE.**
 "Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life." By S. P. Rice. 9×6½in., 223 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d.
- HISTORY.**
 "Victoria, 1837-1901. Events of the Reign." By F. Ryland. 7½×5½in., 184 pp. Allen. 1s.
 "Fouché. 1759-1820." By Louis Madelin. Deux Volumes. 9½×6½in., 529+568 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr.16.
 "Histoire de la Troisième République." La Présidence de Carnot. Vol. IV. By M. E. Zevort. 9×5½in., 306 pp. Paris. Alcan. Fr.7.
- LITERARY.**
 "Testament Poétique." By Sully Prudhomme. 7½×4½in., 306 pp. Paris. Lemerre. Fr.3.50.
- MILITARY.**
 "Ten Months in the Field with the Boers." By An Ex-Lieutenant of Gen. de Villebois-Mareuil. 7½×5½in., 248 pp. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
 "Notes on Reconnoitring in South Africa. Boer War, 1899-1900." 5½×4½in., 35 pp. Longmans. 1s. n.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
 "Bridge Abridged; or, Practical Bridge." By W. Dalton. 6½×4½in., 139 pp. De La Rue.
 "Cordingley's Guide to the Stock Exchange." 6½×4½in., 130 pp. E. Wilson. 2s. n.
 "Llandaff Church Plate." By G. E. Halliday, F.R.I.B.A. 10×6½in., 106 pp. Bemrose. 12s. 6d. n.
 "Whitaker's Peerage for 1901." 7½×5½in., 576 pp. Whitaker. 2s. 6d.
- MUSIC.**
 "The Pianist's ABC Primer and Guide." By W. H. Webb. 8½×5½in., 307 pp. Forsyth.
- NATURAL HISTORY.**
 "Animals of Africa. (The Library for Young Naturalists.) By H. A. Bryden. 7½×6½in., 240 pp. Sands. 6s.
- PAMPHLETS.**
 "Gibraltar. A National Danger." By T. G. Bowles, M.P. Sampson Low. 1s.
- PHILOSOPHY.**
 "Etudes et Réflexions d'un Pessimiste." By Challemlacour. 7½×4½in., 325 pp. Paris. Fasquelle. Fr.3.50.
 "Ainsi Parlait Zarathoustra." By Frédéric Nietzsche. Traduit par Henri Albert. 7½×4½in., 487 pp. Paris. Société du Mercure de France. Fr.3.50.
 "Le Gai Savoir." By Frédéric Nietzsche. Traduit par Henri Albert. 7½×4½in., 413 pp. Paris. Société du Mercure de France. Fr.3.50.
- POETRY.**
 "Welsh Poets of To-day and Yesterday." Trans. by E. O. Jones. 7½×5½in., 48 pp. Llandilo. Ellis.
 "At the Gates of Song." By Lloyd Mifflin. 8½×6½in., 150 pp. Frowde. 6s.
- REPRINTS.**
 "Walton's 'Lives' and The Complete Angler. (Library of English Classics.) 8×6½in., 497 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.
 "The Gypsies of Spain." By George Borrow. 8×5½in., 433 pp. Murray. 6s.
 "The Complete Works of John Keats." Vol. III. Ed. by H. B. Forman. 7×4½in., 291 pp. Glasgow. Gowers.
 "The Pioneers." By Fenimore Cooper. 7½×5½in., 454 pp. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 "Pride of Jennico." By Agnes and E. Castle. 7½×5½in., 341 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
- THEOLOGY.**
 "The Historical New Testament." A New Translation. Ed. by J. Moffatt, B.D. 9×5½in., 726 pp. T. & T. Clark. 16s.
 "Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, 1900." 2 vols. 9½×6½in., 558+484 pp. R.T.S. 6s. n.
- TOPOGRAPHY.**
 "Highways and Byways in East Anglia." By W. A. Dutt. 8×6½in., 413 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
 "Falaire. The Town of the Conqueror." By Anna B. Dodd. 7½×5½in., 290 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
- TRAVEL.**
 "Mount Omi and Beyond." By A. J. Little, F.R.G.S. 9×6½in., 272 pp. Heinemann. 10s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXXIX.
By Rev. J. JESPERSEN, Denmark.
BLACK. 8 pieces.



WHITE. 11 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

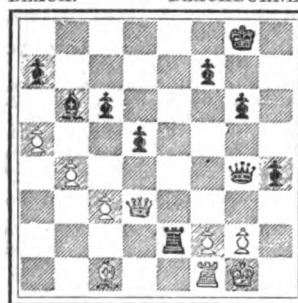
and want to get it well advertised. The promoters also wish to make known one of the numerous table-game inventions called *salta*, which has been puffed up by the aid of anonymous paragraphs which accommodating chess editors are good enough to use.

The entries are as follows. As drawn games are to be replayed—a vexatious French innovation—the real scores will be difficult to settle accurately until the end:—

Won			Won			Won		
S. Alapin	3		G. Marco	2		T. von Scheve	3	
J. H. Blackburne	3		F. J. Marshall	1	½	C. Schlechter	1	½
E. Didler	0		J. Mason	2		M. I. Tschigorin	2½	
J. Gunsberg	2		J. Mieses	2½		S. Winawer	0	
D. Janowski	4		A. Reggio	2				

Endings in the Monte Carlo tournament:—

BLACK. BLACKBURNE.



WHITE. MASON.
Black to play.

In above position Black played the pretty and unexpected move B-K6 which appears to win. If BxR the reply of White is of course P-R6, and mate soon follows. Mason played QxR and fought it out with R and B against queen, but eventually had to give in.

BLACK. JANOWSKI.



WHITE. MASON.
Black to play.

Here Black captured the pawn, which seems fatal. Thus 1. BxP; 2. Q-R4; Q-K4; 3. Kt-B3, and must win by Q-R8 ch or QxB P ch, followed by QxB, &c. All this is of considerable interest.

GAME No. LXIII.—A curious contest at Monte Carlo:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
F. J. Marshall.	M. I. Tschigorin.	F. J. Marshall.	M. I. Tschigorin.
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	14. Kt×P	Kt-B3
2. Q-Kt-B3	P-K3	15. Kt-B5	Kt-Qsq
3. P-K3	P-Kt5	16. Kt-B3	B-B3
4. B-Q2	P×P	17. K-R-Bsq	P-QKt3
5. Q-Kt4	Q×P	18. Kt×P	Kt×Kt
6. Castles	P-KB4	19. QR-Ksq	Kt-K5
7. B-KKt5	Q×P	20. B-B5	Kt(K3)-B4
8. Q-R3	B-K2	21. P-Kt4	P-Kt3
9. K-Kt sq	B-Q2	22. B×Kt	Kt×B
10. P-KKt4	Kt-QB3	23. Kt-Kt5	QR-KBsq
11. P×P	Q×B P	24. R×R	R×R
12. B×B	Q×Q	25. Kt×Kt	B×Kt
13. B×Q	K×B	26. R×B ch	Drawn (a)

(a) Drawn after a long and hard fight, as was the other game played to settle the tie. The opening is extraordinary, but Marshall is fond of surprises. Attention may be directed to the question whether 20. B-B5 was best, but, indeed, the whole game will bear analysis and will delight every player.

GAME No. LXIV.—Played between the Polish experts:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
D. Janowski.	S. Winawer.	D. Janowski.	S. Winawer.
1. P-K4	P-K4	14. P-Kt3	R-Kt2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	15. B-Kt2	P-B4
3. B-Kt5	Kt-B3	16. Q-K2	R-Ksq
4. Castles	P-Q3	17. Kt-Qsq	B-KBsq
5. P-Q4	P×P	18. Kt-R5	Kt×Kt
6. Kt×P	B-Q2	19. Q×Kt	P-B3
7. Kt-QB3	B-K2	20. B-B3	Q-K2
8. K-Kt-K2	P-QR3	21. R-R3	P-R3
9. B-Q3	Kt-K4	22. R-Kt3	P-Kt4
10. P-B4	Kt×h	23. P×P.e.p.	B-Kt2
11. P×Kt	Castles	24. Kt-K3	B-QBsq
12. Kt-Kt3	P-QKt4	25. Kt-Q5	Resigns (a)
13. P-B5	B-B3		

(a) Of course White has the superior game in any case; but the alternative K-Rsq seems imperative. The effect of Kt-Q5 or B5, which could not be prevented, is very striking.

BY SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B.

NOW READY.

A Century of Scottish History

FROM THE DAYS BEFORE THE '45 TO THOSE WITHIN LIVING MEMORY.

By SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B.,

M.A. (Oxon.), Hon. LL.D. (Glasgow).

2 Vols. Demy 8vo. 30s. net.

STANDARD.—"Sir Henry Craik has made one of the most important contributions to the History of Scottish affairs. . . . The author, as his work at the Education Office has shown, is a keen and well-equipped critic of men and movements. . . . We are presented with a chronological narrative of all the chief incidents—political, ecclesiastical, and legislative, no less than literary, social, and commercial—which have shaped the national annals in the period under review."

THE TIMES.—"Sir Henry Craik's work is marked by a wide research, judicial thought, and much philosophical insight. . . . Sir Henry Craik is always fair and dispassionate. . . . He has wisely confined himself to a period—the most important and interesting in Scottish history—so within his limits he can be comprehensive and exhaustive."

SCOTSMAN.—"Sir Henry Craik has made a special study of the progress of Scotland as an individual nationality since it became constitutionally an incorporate part of a wider nationality. The result is a book which gives an intelligent insight into the currents of Scottish life and progress, and is full of valuable information which has hitherto been obtainable only by a wide course of reading. . . . He has produced an instructive and stimulating book—all the more stimulating, perhaps, because some of its views and opinions, and its occasionally forcible expressions of opinion, may provoke dissent."

William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Mudie's Library.

FOR THE CIRCULATION AND SALE OF ALL THE BEST

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND RUSSIAN BOOKS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS from ONE GUINEA per annum.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIPTIONS from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

LONDON BOOK SOCIETY (for weekly exchange of Books at the houses of Subscribers) from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

N.B.—Two or Three Friends may UNITE in ONE SUBSCRIPTION and thus lessen the Cost of Carriage.

Town and Village Clubs Supplied on Liberal Terms.

Prospectuses and Monthly Lists of Books gratis and post free.

SURPLUS LIBRARY BOOKS

NOW OFFERED AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A NEW CLEARANCE LIST

(100 PAGES)

Sent Gratis and post free to any address.

The List contains POPULAR WORKS in TRAVEL, SPORT, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, and FICTION.

Also NEW and SURPLUS COPIES of FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, and SPANISH BOOKS.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, LIMITED,

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.;

241, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.;

48, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., London; and at Barton-arcade, Manchester.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 175. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1901.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE DAY	131, 132,	PAGE 133
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Hooligan in Literature," by Clarence Rook	133	
STUDIES IN RECENT FICTION. III.—The Foreigner.....	134	
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley.....	135	
REVIEWS—		
The Successors of Drake	136	
William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man	138	
Sermons on Faith and Doctrine.....	138	
Encyclopædia Biblica	139	
The Historical New Testament	140	
Recent Verse—		
The Prayer of St. Scholastica, and Other Poems—At the Gates of Song—Songs of the Unseen Hope—Attempts in Verse—The Professor, and Other Poems—The Underdog, and Other Verses —Titania—Songs from the Book of Jaffir—Songs and Lyrics, &c.	140, 141,	142
The Painters of Florence	143	
Modern Abyssinia—Highways and Byways in East Anglia— Monsieur Bergeret à Paris—Talks with Mr. Gladstone—Events of the Reign—Gibraltar: A National Danger—Notes on Recon- noitring in South Africa—Woman—The Care of the Home	143	
The Sacred Fount—The Tragedy of a Pedigree—According to Plato —The Believing Bishop—Aliens Afloat—Pride of England—My First Voyage: My First Lie—The Three Friends—The Strength of Straw—Son of Judith—The Small Part Lady—Number One and Number Two	144, 145,	146
LIBRARY NOTES	146	
OBITUARY—Don Ramon de Campoamor—M. Louis Ménard—M. Armand Silvestre	146	
CORRESPONDENCE—Napoleon and Mr. Elphinstone (Prof. R. P. Karkaria)—The Split Infinitive	147, 148	
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for ...	148, 149	
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	150	

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Bluebooks are usually classed with the books that are no books. Yet there are some of them that the ordinary book buyer would be glad to have and keep if only they could be published in a form that did not so obviously suggest to him the waste-paper basket. "South African Despatches, Vol. I." is a more entertaining and a more instructive volume than most of the narratives of the special correspondents. An edition produced in the ordinary six-shilling or seven-and-sixpenny format would certainly be well subscribed and obtain a wide sale; and as large sales mean large profits the proposal ought to commend itself to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Duke of Wellington's despatches can be procured in a form suitable for the library shelves, and so can the staff history of the Franco-Prussian War. Lord Roberts' despatches would, at the present moment, be more widely appreciated than either of these works.

* * * *

The same thing might be done with Consular Reports. It is a matter of constant complaint that they are not read by those whom they concern. One reason is that their appearance is not properly advertised; another that they look like tracts. Well-edited selections from these reports, put on the market in the ordinary way, would probably do more than pay their expenses, and open the eyes of our merchants to a good many things that they ought to know.

* * * *

Are we to have a Charles Kingsley the Second in literature? It is stated that the biography of the late Miss Mary Kingsley Vol. VIII. No. 8.

is to be written by her brother, Mr. Charles Kingsley, with the help of Mr. R. B. N. Walker, the West African traveller and trader. The Kingsleys make a striking example of hereditary transmission of literary ability—Charles, Henry, and George Kingsley in one generation and Mary Kingsley and Mrs. Harrison in the next. The Arnolds can boast transmission of literary talent through three generations. The Tennysons and Rossettis were both poetical families, but the gift had no chance of descending or has not descended; and the same may be said of the Brontës. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie has inherited a graceful literary talent from her father; and if Zachary Macaulay may be called a literary man, Sir George Trevelyan represents the third generation of another able breed.

* * * *

The dinner to Dr. Furnivall, last Monday, which closed the commemoration of the seventy-fifth birthday of this indefatigable scholar and valuable authority on Early English literature, was a great success. Mr. Bernard Shaw, Professor Skeat, Dr. Bradley, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and Professor W. P. Ker all "enthused" in characteristic style over the work of the great English scholar, and Dr. Furnivall himself was modest and humorous, especially in the emphasis with which, turning from the work which has won him European fame, he upheld the merits of sculls as against oars.

* * * *

Professor Skeat in some clever verses, after Chaucer, inserted as a fly-leaf in the "Miscellany," which we reviewed the other day, sang Dr. Furnivall's prowess on the river. And here is his reference to the great Dictionary.

Of glossaryes took he hede and cure;
And when he spyed had, by aventure,
A word that semed him or strange or rare,
To henten it anon he nolde spare,
But wolde it on a shrede of paper wryte,
And in a cheste he dide his shredes whyte,
And preyed every man to doon the same;
Swich maner study was to him but game.
And on this wyse many a yeer he wroughte,
Ay storing every shreed that men him broughte,
Til, attē laste, from the noble pressē
Of Clarendoun, at Oxenforde, I gessē,
Cam stalking forth the Grette Dictionarie
That no man wel may pinche at ne contrarie.
But for to tellen alle his queintē gerēs,
They wolden occupye wel seven yerēs;
Therefore I passe as lightly as I may;
Ne speke I of his hatte or his array,
Ne how his berd by every wind was shakē
When as, for hete, his hat he wolde of takē.
Soning in Erly English was his spechè,
"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly techē."

* * * *

Clough has certainly suffered in reputation within the last few years. Mr. Palgrave found room for four of his poems in the "Second Golden Treasury" (1897). Mr. Quiller Couch has admitted only one into his "Oxford Book of English Verse." But what is to be said when a literary journal thinks that a bookseller has a grievance against his printer for giving the first edition title of the Long Vacation Pastoral as the "Bothie of

Toper-na-Fuosich ? " Our contemporary ingeniously observes that " the misprints are symptomatic of the neglect into which Clough's poetry has fallen." The printer was of course quite accurate. According to Principal Shairp, Clough took the name of the Bothie from a heather-thatched hut by the side of Loch Ericht. It was altered in later editions for obvious and sufficient reasons to " The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich."

One literary centenary has passed quietly this week, for Thursday was the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of John Henry Newman. It may serve, at any rate, to recall what he said as to the future of English letters, on which many scribes have been speculating lately. Classical authors, he thought, were not only national, but belonged to a particular age of a nation's life. He should not wonder if, as regards ourselves, that age were passing away. Our classical writers had already extended through a longer period than those of Greece or of Rome, and Newman did not think we ought to be disappointed if our own classical period were close upon its termination. Now this was written half a century ago.

One million and twenty-seven thousand copies divided among nine novels gives a little over 110,000 a piece. That is the result of some figures which Messrs. Macmillan send us, and they show among other things that it is a better thing to be an American novelist than an English. Here are the figures:—" Richard Carvel," 365,000; " The Choir Invisible," 213,000; " The Increasing Purpose," 110,000; " In the Palace of the King," 80,000; " Via Crucis," 75,000; " The Forest Lovers," 70,000; " The Pride of Jennico," 47,000; " Young April," 44,000; and " Richard Yea-and-Nay," 23,000.

It is, however, a little rash of our American cousins to talk of outselling us in our own market, like the writer in " The World's Work " whom we quoted recently. There is nothing, of course, to prevent them from establishing direct relations with the British public at once if they choose—two of their leading publishers, as a matter of fact, have had their own London houses for years—but the British public has peculiar prejudices, and its prejudice against American books—fiction more particularly—would handicap the American publishers over here. That, at least, is the opinion held by the London book trade. Many novels, it is explained, come from across the Atlantic with records of immense sales in the United States, and yet fall flat when placed on the English market. True, there have been exceptions, but even in these cases the circulation in this country has been much smaller than that of many of our own authors, and almost trifling when compared with their enormous sales in America. Various things help to make a book successful, apart from its intrinsic worth. The personal element—the associations of a book by Mr. John Morley, for example—would count for little in the case of American writers in England, however popular they might be in their own country. Besides (as a publisher put it to us) the English book market is overcrowded as it is, and competition could scarcely be keener. The existing arrangements as regards American books seem to work smoothly, and the half-dozen successes of the last year or so have not created any demand that could be considered as a boom in American fiction.

A correspondent writes:—"Nobody seems to remember that it was not Tony Lumpkin, but the Fourth Fellow in the tavern colloquy, who delivered himself of the sonorous observation, referred to last week in your columns by Mr. Walkley:—" The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly." Sir Walter Scott, I believe, always attributed the remark to Tony, and his slip has been repeated by writers of all kinds ever since. So

recently as last week a distinguished literary journalist fell into the curiously persistent mistake.

To the struggling authors and journalists who daily frequent the Reading-room of the British Museum fog is a serious interruption. On foggy occasions the Museum authorities cannot supply books from the presses because, owing to the absence of artificial light, they cannot be identified, and so the anxious " reader " must patiently wait (perhaps for a week) until daylight comes round again. This savours, indeed, of the " dark ages " and seems to take us back at a bound to those days a hundred years ago of which, by quaint daily extracts from its issues of 1801, *The Times* is now happily reminding us. There is, of course, the danger of fire. But it is difficult to believe that science could not provide precautions which would enable the Museum to realize the facilities afforded by the invention of the electric light.

The centenary of Victor Hugo is to be celebrated next year; but meanwhile, on February 26, a little preliminary celebration is to be held in the inauguration of the group executed by the sculptor Barrias. Victor Hugo's family is at present not numerous. His eldest daughter, Mlle. Adèle Hugo, is now nearly 77 years of age. She had been engaged to be married to an English officer at Jersey who died in India. On learning of her lover's death her mind became affected, and she is still ignorant of her father's death. The two other heirs of the poet are his grandson and granddaughter—M. Georges Hugo and Mme. Jean Charcot, who married the son of the well-known neurologist. The two literary executors of Victor Hugo were M. Auguste Vacquerie, who died in 1895, and M. Paul Meurice, who is still living. M. Meurice has formed a museum of Hugo relics containing many curious drawings and manuscripts. Next year, no doubt, the public will be admitted to see them.

A SONG.

In the fairyland of sleep,
Where the crooning streams
Shine in many a wavy sweep
Round the Hill of Dreams,
Comes the world to wander, when
Night unlocks the gate to men.

They that sorrow, they that go
Softly in their mirth,
As the light is wearing low
Weary of the earth,
And, like children hand in hand,
Enter into fairyland.

All the phantoms of the day
Vanish with the sun,
Swift as smoke that melts away
When the flame is done;
In their stead in gay attire,
Shine the shapes of heart's desire.

Banished and forlorn, I dwell
By the outer towers,
Listening to the passing bell
Of the dying hours,
All the night long while I keep
Vigil by the gates of sleep.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

Louis Noir, who lately died, was not only the brother of the Victor Noir whom Pierre Bonaparte shot, but also a *feuilletoniste* of some renown; and his death may suggest some remarks on the *feuilleton*. Strictly speaking, of course, the name is applicable to any novel appearing serially in a daily newspaper, as Zola's novels do in the *Aurore*; but it is also, and more often, used opprobriously to describe serial stories of a particular kind. The real

feuilleton is the novel that is written expressly for the newspaper—is deliberately written down, in fact, to the level of the most stupid person who is likely to read the newspaper, with a plot deliberately designed to tickle the fancy and flatter the prejudices of the herd. It was in France that this kind of serial was invented; and in France alone among the countries of the world it brings wealth beyond the dreams of avarice to the men who know how to write it. Of course it was not invented all at once by a single man; it was only gradually perfected as the result of many men's experiments and observations. In France, as elsewhere, the original idea was that the proper people to write serial stories were men of letters, and that literary merit was a qualification to be desired; but the practical genius of the French people prevented this idea from holding the field for very long. It was soon discovered that, in a general way, the least literary writers were the most popular. Du Boisgobey's claims to be called a man of letters were doubtful, but there was no doubt that his serials influenced circulations. He was followed by men who had no claims whatever to be considered men of letters, but who understood, even better than he did, what their public was and what it wanted. Men like Xavier de Montespín, Jules Mary, and Émile Richebourg realized that the bulk of the subscribers to a paper like the *Petit Journal* were market-women, concierges, shop-girls, milliners, very small tradespeople, *et hoc genus omne*, and they realized that such readers had no use for literature, but wanted to be told about missing wills, and long lost uncles, and foundlings who turned out to be heirs to vast estates. They manufactured stories of this kind, studying their market as patiently as any German manufacturer, and being careful to make most of their rich characters vicious and most of their poor characters virtuous. Their reward was great. Émile Richebourg, the most successful of them, used to receive £4,000 for a serial. He could place as many of them as he cared to write, was generally engaged in writing several simultaneously, and is believed to have made an average income of £20,000 a year. And, being the idol of the people, he was worth it. The editor of the *Petit Journal* could not do without him. When he tried to do so, rejecting a story of Richebourg's to make room for Jules Verne's "Michel Strogoff," the circulation dropped 80,000 in a single week, and Richebourg had to be brought back.

Whether this kind of *feuilleton* will ever take equally firm root on English soil it is impossible to say. It may be that a fortune awaits the gifted writer who will introduce it. But we doubt it. Our studies in this branch of reading matter have not been very extensive or profound; but, so far as they have gone, they have led us to the conclusion that the *feuilleton* in England is developing on somewhat different lines. The detective story, of course, we are likely to have always with us; but, apart from that, the English taste in illiterature seems rather to favour stories which treat subjects and, more particularly, work out problems. Supposing that the Continent declared war against England and America, what would England and America do? Supposing that an American millionaire took it into his head that he would like to be Emperor of France, how could he achieve his ambition? Supposing that the Chinese were well armed and aggressive, what would be the consequences to the remainder of the world? Supposing a rich man were robbed of all he possessed on landing in a strange country, what would be his experiences while attempting to establish his identity and replenish his supplies? These are a few of the conundrums on which our *feuilletonists* have lately been exercising their ingenuity. Their treatment of the themes has, very properly, no more to do with literature than, according to Mr. Birrell, the general public has. But, at least, they have ideas, they try to be original, and they give their readers something to think about. Their particular trivialities strike us as superior to the tiresome meanderings of the Frenchmen among long-lost uncles and missing wills. We only wish that the writers made as little claim as the French *feuilletonists* do to be classed among men of letters; but that is a point in which our neighbours at present have the advantage of us.

Personal Views.

THE HOOLIGAN IN LITERATURE.

It has been suggested—and the suggestion has been pointedly passed on to me by the editor of this journal—that the Hooligan is not a real being at all, but only a literary creation, a character invented by hungry writers in quest of a meal and a roof. That all this fuss about street ruffianism is based on fiction and not on fact. That, in short, we should not hear so much about Hooliganism if people did not talk so much about it. The suggestion has a grain of truth in it, a grain of truth to a bushel of nonsense. The grain of truth is the fact that Hooliganism, Hoodlumism, Larrikinism, and disorder in general has been found an excellent sketching ground by the literary artist. The bushel of nonsense contains the assumption that disorder does not exist at all; and that is quite enough to fill the measure.

We know, of course, that Nature always works with one eye on art, and is an unblushing copyist. Everybody is aware that the stature of the contemporary English girl is directly due to the late Mr. du Maurier's pictures. Du Maurier drew tall girls to replace the drooping maidens of the fifties. And forthwith the eighties added a cubit to feminine stature. This was the most glorious instance of the triumph of art. Of the steps in the process I can give no account, though the leading case of "Jacob v. Laban" may suggest an absurd explanation. Literature too, as well as art, has often given Nature a lead. Think of the Byronic young man, his bitterness, his necktie, his general air of being a devil of a fellow who found everything—even sin—hateful. Would he ever have adorned the world of the early nineteenth century if Lord Byron had not made melancholy picturesque? There is the *femme incomprise* again, another purely literary creation; indeed, one might go on indefinitely with the list of characters which have been worked up with pen or pencil, padded out to human proportions and sent out into the world—not to be distinguished from the real article. The reason is, of course, that very few of us have any character to speak of. Few of us can write an original sentence in practical life, and are compelled to go searching for appropriate inverted commas between which we may live comfortably. I am sure that the services of art and literature as labour-saving appliances in the conduct of life have never been properly acknowledged, and the adequate acknowledgment would take me too far afield. But I am equally sure that literature cannot claim the credit of the creation of the Hooligan.

The Byronic young man was Byronic because he had read Byron. And our present daughters of the gods attained their present stature because they—or at least their mammas—had week by week been stimulated by Mr. du Maurier's drawings. But the Lambeth boy who goes forth with his gang to smite him of Drury-lane is out of touch with current literature. He is vivid, strenuous, fearless, and a terrible nuisance to the peaceful citizens who cross his route; but he has no idea how picturesque and amusing he can be when carefully decanted into literature. He is not a subscriber to Mudie's or Smith's, and never dreams of buying a six-shilling book, even at the customary discount. Not one in a thousand of these young breakers of laws and heads who emerge nightly from mean streets has even heard the name of Mr. Arthur Morrison, or Mr. Pett Ridge, or any one of the writers who have tried to catch their picturesque side and startle respectability into interest and action. Literature certainly has not created the Hooligan, for it has never yet come

within a mile of him. And if it be imagined that the lawlessness of Hoxton, of Netting-hill, of Bethnal-green, of Lambeth-walk, the street fights, the highway robberies, the bashing of lieges have no real existence, but are invented by penny-a-liners in hope of a meal and turned into books by writers in hope of a carriage and pair, I will refer you to the police-courts. With all its tremendous power literature cannot lay a man out with a cracked skull. And day by day there is the youthful prisoner in the dock, with the victim—his head carefully bandaged—in the witness-box to bear testimony to the painful reality of the Hooligan.

The Hooligan is real enough ; and the debt is on the side of literature. It is the element of lawlessness which fascinates the man who sits in an armchair and writes, and the Hooligan is the nearest and most obtrusive example of the Disorderly Man. That class of man has always appealed to the man of letters. Virtue and respectability are comfortable to live with in the flesh, but the imagination goes out in sympathy to the rebellious. The Hooligan is the modern representative of his Majesty's opposition to the settled order of things, which is fairly comfortable but not very inspiring. Did not Stevenson lie abed perforce and write of buccaneers and other disturbers of repose ? He had no desire to break the law himself, but he had the instinctive sympathy of the artist with the breaker of laws. Mr. Charles Whibley has no quarrel with the police ; but he writes of bad men with an enthusiasm shared by at least one man who strives under compulsion to be good. Defoe loved the thief—artistically—as you may learn from Mr. Whitten's excellent monograph of Daniel Defoe. "Colonel Jack" is not much read now. But in "Colonel Jack" there is a beautiful description of a purse-snatching in Smithfield, the run through Fenchurch-street, to London-wall, by Bishopsgate-street to Moorfields, given with the evident delight of a writer who sees crime as a picture. In short, everybody loves ill-doing in theory, even though they avoid it in practice. Else whence the popularity of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, whose exploits, though completely discredited, are still believed ? Perhaps the summit of popularity is reached where a man becomes the subject of a pantomime—since the eternity behind us has produced but a dozen or so of such triumphs. And is not Dick Whittington much more popular as a rebellious apprentice on Highgate-hill or as an unsanctioned adventurer with a cat than as Sir Richard Whittington trying prisoners—that, of course, is the popular notion—at the Guildhall Police-court ?

So much in apology for the writer, who shares with the reader a delight in the ill-doing of others, a delight which is purely artistic and has endured since Pisistratus collected into a volume for the pleasure of the Athenians the scattered poems on the immortal Jameson raid upon Troy. But for the Hooligan himself, the unconscious origin of this outcry, there is something to be said. For some months people have been shouting for repression, for the gaol, for the lash. The remedy, fairly simple, fairly cheap, consecrated by centuries of custom, appeals to those who always greet the obvious and the known. For myself—and as this is avowedly a personal view I may drag in my own feelings without offence—I am grateful to that spirit of disorder which from a reasonably safe distance is so picturesque. I share, of course, the universal gratitude towards all, from Homer to Stevenson, who have been inspired by the kickers-up of dust. But I feel also a special gratitude to the kickers-up of the London dust of to-day who, duly pulped, have made material for literary food. The Hooligan—the real Hooligan who is the

terror of the streets—is not wholly bad, and we should do better, I think, to develop the element of good than to crush the offender outright. He has courage—the boy who goes out to risk his own life in a street row, together with the lives of others, has at least that virtue ; he has splendid vitality, for he is poor, ill-fed, and often hard-worked, yet he goes, in his hours of ease, bashing for pleasure. Courage, vitality, and intolerance of policemen : There is the material, and something could be done with it. One Hooligan at least, typical of his kind, the boy whom I called "Young Alf," was caught by the recruiting-sergeant, went to South Africa, and by his commanding officer, who knew nothing of his record of crime, was said to have "died a good soldier," and by this honourable death I think "Young Alf" has pointed the way out.

CLARENCE ROOK.

STUDIES IN RECENT FICTION.

III.—THE FOREIGNER.

It may be rare—it certainly would be disconcerting—to see ourselves as others see us. To see others as they see themselves seems in the case of the foreigner to be made impossible by the presence of a dividing sea. But the barrier is only morally impassable. We are the most travelled nation that exists. But we take with us on our voyage not only our country, but our unchangeable idea of the inhabitants of other countries ; and no amount of intercourse with them will persuade us that those who deviate from our cherished notions are anything but curious anomalies. Hence, of all the conventions dear to minor novelists the convention of the "foreigner" has the toughest constitution. He lives on with health unimpaired even in the pages of those novelists who are slaves to unconventionality.

The case of the American woman is perhaps the most flagrant. We have most of us met her, in society and out of it. We have read of her in books written by her own countrymen. We know very well that, except for a finer knowledge of the great art of wearing clothes, and for a not invariable difference in intonation and pronunciation, the cultured woman of America is hardly distinguishable from her English sister, and that she is so various as to be not one but all womankind's epitome. And yet we know at once what to expect from the novelist when a girl or matron is labelled "American." If she is to be of the attractive type, she is pretty, showy, and frank, with a straightforwardness and a sincerity possessed by no prudent pretty woman on this earth. Her father will have made his money in pork. His name will be slightly facetious—"Ephraim W. Griggs," for example—and his daughter will never weary of "calculating," "guessing," and "reckoning" that he can "lick creation." Often, as in Mrs. Croker's "Infatuation," she will atone for some of her extravagancies by having "a good heart." If she is to be the rejected foil to the poor but beautiful and modest English heroine, she will carry vulgarity a good deal further, breakfasting in diamonds and a teagown, and jingling the dollars with her every step. Sometimes she is allowed to be an ordinary attractive girl, and her relatives only are pilloried. See the mother of the young American beauty in "Rita's" last story, "Vanity." Mr. Howells' dignified Bostonians and Mr. James' subtle and cosmopolitan great ladies would lift delicately disdainful brows at the thought that this lady was, to the vast British public that enjoys "Rita," typically American. The novelist of experience, however, has begun, though rarely, to realize that the conventional Yankee girl is becoming a little tedious—a result to which Mr. Charles Dana Gibson has perhaps contributed. Mr. Frankfort Moore's Coralie—the girl with social ideals—was a refreshing change, but Mrs. Humphry Ward did still better, and struck a quite new note with her Lucy Foster.

But let us turn to the German. The German of fiction is benevolent, stout, simple-hearted, spectacled, and devoted to beer. His naïveté, philoprogenitiveness, and general moral simplicity spoilt my enjoyment of my first Continental tour.

I expected to be addressed as "Mein vriendt," and to see large blue eyes behind spectacles become diffused with tears as "Gretchen" was mentioned. As a matter of fact, some rather sharp practice on the part of a singularly slim and swarthy hotel-keeper of polished manners was my first experience of the Fatherland. He might have passed for another of the stock types—the typical Frenchman. Mr. du Maurier (who ought to have known all about it) was responsible for the typical Frenchman, for his outward presentment at any rate. *Punch*, from mere force of habit, clung to the traditional tightly-buttoned-up, black-coated Monsieur, forgetting that the English tailor is to Paris what the French *modiste* is to London. The pages of "Trilby" leave the kindly caricature a little more in the background and approach the real Frenchman. But Mr. Seton Merriman, in "The Isle of Unrest," is the first English novelist I can remember who has really disabused himself of national prejudice and drawn Frenchmen as human beings, neglecting the labelling superficialities of shrugs and compliments and hair à la brosse. His unscrupulous but dignified Colonel and his sympathetic hero are simply gentlemen. There is no touch of the delicious "these poor foreigners, after all, are God's creatures" about Mr. Seton Merriman. The French maid of the novelist is seldom to be found in real life. I doubt whether any novelist has drawn her except as the maid of light comedy. Her name to begin with is always Minette, or Clochette, or some such familiar abbreviative. Now the worthy, rather stolid type of young woman who comes to England to get a working knowledge of the language would be no more likely to announce herself to her mistress by any such pet name than the English maid would be to give herself out as "Pussy" or "Dolly." That is the first delusion. The second is that the French maid is always coquettish and deft, neat, cheerful, and pretty, with a roguish sparkle in her black eyes, a trim figure, and a cherry-coloured bow in her hair. Alas! it is all one to the novelist whether she hails from Paris or the remotest recesses of France; not so to the employer, whose airy visions run the risk of being dispelled by the arrival of a conscientious, ponderous, bashful, and sometimes inconveniently truthful and inconceivably clumsy specimen of young womanhood. Yet Minette is to be found *passim*. There are no exceptions at all. At any rate, I have met none.

The Italian is left more or less severely alone in fiction, though not by Mr. Marion Crawford. Mrs. Humphry Ward has touched him in "Eleanor," but only in the background. The idea of an Italian held by the British public is (very naturally) almost inseparable from an organ. The Hatton-garden police reports add a hasty temper and a habit of stabbing in the back. For the purposes of romance, this develops into a vendetta, which disposes of the villain at his most villainous moment. The Russian lady never varies in spite of Tolstoi, Turgueneff, and Dostoieffsky. She is a fur-clad, jewelled siren, driving wondrous horses, and informed with a delicate and witching naughtiness. Her victims believe her enamoured of themselves, but it is all Nihilism, after all. She has a little bomb to place. Or she is on the track of some one who has the pay of the Secret Service of Russia. But she is always beautiful, sumptuous, and impassioned, and her name is the Princess Olga. The idea of a Russian lady who sits placidly at home, knits, reads Dickens or J. K. Jerome, and holds mothers' meetings would probably come with as great a shock to the readers of Col. Savage and his kind as it did to a friend who told me how shocked she was to find her first Russian acquaintance "as nice—and as dowdy—as if she belonged to an English county family!"

After all we must not forget that the foreigner repays us in kind. The Englishman and his wife in foreign fiction are usually just as ludicrous. The more obscure French caricaturists still believe in the Englishwoman's ringlets, prominent teeth, and enormous feet; while *le bore* and *rosbif* are still believed to be the tenderest chords you can touch in the organism of an Englishman. In the main there is truth on both sides. But the novelist should avoid a truism; he should not fatigue us by playing always one tune and shut his eyes to the thousand and one variations.

A. H.

THE DRAMA.

"PERIL"—"PEG WOFFINGTON"—"A CIGARETTE MAKER'S ROMANCE."

Any one who wishes to mark the profound change which has come about in theatrical taste within the last half century cannot do better than pay a visit just now to the Garrick and the Prince of Wales's. The main feeling, I am sure, excited by *Peril* at the one theatre and *Peg Woffington* at the other is one of bewilderment. M. Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, from which *Peril* was adapted by Messrs. Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson, dates from 1861; *Peg Woffington*, which is a slightly revised version of *Masks and Faces* by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, from 1852. It is clear that, since then, something important has happened in the playhouse, something so important that these works, entirely delightful to the last generation, appear to the present as things unaccountably strange, almost uncanny. What has happened? To answer that question fully would be to tell a long story. Briefly, Dumas *fils* has happened, and Ibsen has happened, and M. Antoine's *Théâtre Libre*. The whole naturalistic movement has happened, and is, indeed, itself now obsolescent. But the artificial play which it superseded is as dead as a doornail, so that it is only with an effort we can persuade ourselves it was ever alive. Looking at these fifty-year-old plays we whisper to ourselves, with Faustus over the apparition of Helen, though with an ironic surprise not his, *Was this the face?*—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

I speak, remember, of the present generation. It is possible that elderly playgoers may find our bewilderment itself bewildering. What! they may say, is there not a pretty tale of an actress's virtue and charity in *Peg Woffington*? Is there not in *Peril* a moving story of a woman saved from seduction? Are not all sorts of bustling events happening in both plays? Are not the players perpetually doing something exciting or pathetic or amusing? Certainly, and both are genuine plays, if a play is a heap of little scraps of life mechanically thrown together. But nowadays we expect a play to be an organism, something that grows under our eyes. We check it by its resemblance to life. Half a century ago playgoers seemed to turn their back on life in order to dwell in a sham world, a fool's paradise. I daresay they had a very good time. We must not jump to the conclusion that we are wiser or better off than they were. But it is certain that we take a different view of theatrical amusement.

For one thing, we do not care to have our emotions trifled with by mere theatrical prestidigitation. Look at the second act of *Peril*. A young fellow has been making love to his host's wife. Unexpectedly left alone with her at midnight he chases her round the sofa, madly presses his lips to hers and so forth (I prefer this vague description of an extremely brutal scene), when, by a trick, she sends him out on the balcony, and then bars the shutters on him. At that moment her husband enters, and our feelings are at extreme tension. You could not have a "stronger" situation. All the inmates of the house rush in, and one of them, a doctor and friend of the family, guesses that the lover is still outside on the balcony, whither the husband is about to pass. Thereupon the doctor seizes a medicine phial and explains to the assembly that he has a peculiar way of extracting the stopper; further, that he calls all his phials by pet-names, and that this one he calls "Cuckoo" (which is the nickname he has already given to the lover—fond of intruding in other people's *nids conjugaux*). The doctor taps the stopper and cries "Jump, cuckoo!" Out pops the stopper, and, at the signal, down jumps the lover from the balcony. An ingenious idea? Perhaps; but a puerile joke to people whose emotions have been stretched on the rack. Again, in the subsequent act, we are shown the wife and lover terrified by the apparent suspicions of the husband. The young man has sprained his hand in jumping; the husband gives it a violent

squeeze and makes him use it, in torture, to write his name and address. By and by the husband takes a gun and rushes out, a shot is heard, and the wife falls in agony at the thought that he has committed suicide. Not a bit of it! He has only shot a hare which was ravaging his flower-beds. He was never suspicious at all. His sole object in getting the lover to sign his name was in order that he might show the handwriting to a friend who wanted a private secretary! The whole act is designed to cheat the emotions.

This is one side of *Peril*, the dramatic side. The other, the farcical side, exhibits a set of the host's friends (his *intimes*), who are monsters of selfishness and ingratitude. The two sides of the play do not join—except in the arbitrary detail that the false friends do their best to fan the husband's suspicions of his wife. Tested by reference to life the whole thing is absurd. But it is quite possible to get good acting in absurd plays, and you get it here. Miss Violet Vanbrugh brings as much passion into her part of the wife as it will hold, and (when you consider that it is all a case of false alarm) more; Mr. Leonard Boyne is excellent as the doctor; and Mr. Fred Kerr's study of a selfish old curmudgeon is none the less clever and diverting because the character is absolutely impossible.

It is, no doubt, to Miss Marie Tempest's success as Nell Gwyn that we owe her appearance as Peg Woffington. Mimicry, dancing, and a perpetual flow of spirits are all the qualities that are required for the part, and this actress can supply them. She is well supported by Mr. Frank Cooper as Triplet and by Miss Suzanne Sheldon as Mrs. Vane. But there is no vitality, not even superficial cohesion, in the piece; its sketches of Quin and Colley Cibber and Peg Woffington are absurdly unlike the originals; the present revival, I suspect, will have settled its fate for all time.

As for *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, a stage version by Mr. Charles Hannan of Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, produced by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Court, one can only say that it is a rank sentimentalism played by a sentimentalist for the benefit of the (quite harmless) people who revel in sentiment. A young cigarette maker passes for a lunatic because he declares himself to be a count and is always preparing for the day when his noble friends shall come to claim him. In the end they do come. But, as M. Sarcy used to say, "point de lutte, point de drame"; there is no will-conflict in the play, only sentiment, only the pathos of a half-cracked young man looking for what his comrades suppose to be imaginary friends. Mr. Harvey, an intelligent, graceful, romantic, effeminate, affected actor, seems irresistibly drawn towards pathos of this bleating sort. Actors tend to fall into a groove; but this is not a good one, for it illustrates Sainte-Beuve's remark that "l'écueil particulier du genre romanesque c'est le faux"; and I can only hope that Mr. Harvey will escape from it before it is too late.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

RALEIGH AND THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE. By JULIAN S. CORBETT.
(Longmans. 21s.)

Mr. Corbett has rather a poor opinion of the English reading public. He quotes from Sir John Seeley's "Growth of British Polity" a long passage summing up the naval history of England between 1588 and Elizabeth's death as a period of triumph, security, and random buccaneering. Mr. Corbett believes that this passage represents "the prevalent view." If so, we can only say that a generation which derived its ideas of history from Hume was better instructed than one which derives its ideas from Seeley. We believe that three-fourths of those who have read Seeley's statement attentively would agree that it grossly misrepresents the period. As Mr. Corbett truly observes, "That period saw the birth of the Spanish navy, saw

such comprehensive and well-matured attempts as the campaigns of 1596 and 1597, saw a new Armada off Ushant, saw Spinola at Sluys, saw Spanish naval stations established from end to end of the Channel, saw the invasion of Ireland, and the English cruising squadrons again and again driven off their ground by superior force."

But Mr. Corbett, we think, deals somewhat harshly with "our first authority in naval history" in another matter. He will not allow for a moment that the defeat of the Spanish fleet and the destruction of the rest of the shipping in Cadiz harbour in 1596 was the Trafalgar of the Elizabethan war. It is a loose parallel certainly, but Mr. Corbett minimizes the Cadiz exploit unduly. "In the following years," says Mr. Corbett, "Spain was able to despatch two Armadas against England, and a third would have sailed but for the action of the Dutch; nor to the war's end could the English Navy ever get command of the Spanish trade routes. So far from being a crowning success, it was rather an irretrievable miscarriage that condemned the war to an inefficient conclusion." Mr. Corbett must surely have written the whole sentence in his haste. An action which surprised and destroyed a considerable fleet in harbour, inflicted on the enemy immense material damage and an amount of what Mr. Kruger calls "moral and intellectual damage," from which Spain never fully recovered, cannot be described as an irretrievable miscarriage. When he says that it condemned the war to an inefficient conclusion Mr. Corbett apparently means that, in Monson's words, "the riches of Cadiz kept them that had got much from attempting more," and that this victory prevented the victorious fleet, or some portion of it, from making for the Azores and capturing the homeward-bound Spanish carracks. Even this could scarcely have brought the war to an "efficient conclusion." Moreover, Mr. Corbett is not consistent. If, after Cadiz, it was really impossible to undertake the expedition to the Azores, then Raleigh was right in opposing it; and he does not deserve to be charged with "a lack of stanchness at sea and too little faith in what ships could endure"—in other words, with cowardice. The bias against Raleigh here exhibited runs through Mr. Corbett's volume. In deciding the question who should rank as Drake's legitimate successor—as the embodiment of the war spirit in England—the choice necessarily lay between Raleigh and Essex. Mr. Corbett casts his vote without hesitation for Essex; and this he might well have done without doing less than justice to the far greater Englishman whom Essex detested as a rival, and would fain have put out of his way. Taking as his text the advice of the various commanders on the occasion of Philip's threatened invasion in 1596, Mr. Corbett strikes a parallel between Drake and Raleigh, which begins fairly enough, but falls off in impartiality as he proceeds:—

The feature of Raleigh's character, which has dazzled posterity into giving him a much higher place as an admiral than he ever deserved, was his far-sightedness. His enunciation of the doctrine of the command of the sea was clear, sound, and modern. Drake, with all his deep conviction and painful effort to persuade his superiors, had never stated it with half such lucidity or completeness. The difference between the two men is that Drake acted on it and Raleigh did not. Drake, inarticulate, drastic, and convinced, only knew he could have no ease till he was at the throat of the enemy's main fleet. Raleigh, the scholar and logician, was content to know that theoretically the Queen and the States had the preponderance at sea, and that by the rules of the art Spain could not invade them. Of all Englishmen who have achieved a great reputation as a man of action he had most deeply the taint of the man of letters, and to this he owes much of the reputation that men of letters have made him. What Raleigh's counter-scheme was we cannot tell for certain. In any case it was not a project for destroying the Adelantado's fleet at its base.

Mr. Corbett, of course, cannot mean that Raleigh's advice in November, 1596, ought to have been substantially the same as that urged by Drake in March, 1588. Every seaman must have known that, despite Philip's eagerness for an immediate invasion,

the Adelantado, at that time of year, was not likely to bring his ships within striking distance of the English coast in any very formidable condition. Raleigh knew that the blow, if it were ever delivered, must be postponed, and his advice was to prepare the largest possible fleet for immediate mobilization when the proper time came. Better counsel Drake himself could not have given; and as Mr. Corbett himself is of opinion that Raleigh's counter-project was something in the nature of a West Indian raid in Drake's own manner, the contrast between the two commanders which Mr. Corbett seeks to establish appears to us to have little or no foundation in fact.

Nor is it true that literary men have conspired to vamp up for Raleigh a fictitious reputation because he was himself a man of letters. Great as is the power of literature, such a feat is beyond it. It would be nearer the truth to say that literary men have striven, and not unsuccessfully—not to vindicate Raleigh in the circumstances of his fall from favour, for in that respect he needed no vindication—but to redress the unjust balance in which his merits and services were thenceforward openly weighed by servile contemporaries. Mr. Corbett coldly tells us that, after all is said, the contemporaries who vilipended him were best able to judge of his merits and demerits. Who, we reply, were better able to judge than Charles Lord Howard and Sir Robert Cecil, who sympathized warmly with him from the moment of his disgrace, whose loves, as he put it, sought him out in the darkest shadow of adversity, when he was forsaken of all but of malice and revenge, and whose assistance supported him in continuing to serve his country as a private citizen when he was denied a place in the service of his Sovereign? Mr. Stebbing, in his excellent "Life of Raleigh," contends that it was the Guiana voyage which at length rehabilitated him. In the light of the facts which Mr. Corbett has marshalled in the present volume, we should rather say that he was restored to his functions in Council and in action because England in her new peril could not do without him.

We have little but praise for the way in which Mr. Corbett has executed the main part of his task. He has diligently studied every available source of information, printed or unprinted, including the still uncalendared papers at Hatfield; and considered as a chronicle of the stirring events which make up the closing phase of the great Elizabethan war his volume leaves little to be desired. The sequence of cause and effect is skilfully traced, and the following may serve as a specimen of the way in which details of high interest are interwoven with the narrative. The authority, which is quoted from the Spanish "Documentos Ineditos," is the "Declaracion" of a Franciscan friar, who was captured together with a gentleman of Biscay in a Flemish flyboat at the mouth of the Tagus, on the way to Cadiz. When the prisoners were brought before Essex, they found him dressed in white satin, lying on a brocaded couch, and surrounded by the captains of his galleons.

Learning that, as the prisoners were from the Canaries, they could tell him little which he did not know already, he fell to boasting of what he was going to do. He meant, he said, to burn and destroy all the places he could, ay, and, if he was able, to strike the crown from Philip's head, because he had burnt three villages in England, and had taken Calais, and in payment for this he meant to take Cadiz and all the adjacent ports. Then, as the spirit of the old Protestant rovers warmed in him, he began to revile the friar. It was the clergy and friars, he vowed, that were at the bottom of the war, because they would not let Philip make peace. The friar protested they were Christians, and, therefore, would be at peace with all men. But the satin-clad Protestant called him a dog, and vowed he was the better Christian of the two. All Spaniards, he said, worshipped gods of wood and paint, but God could not be in Heaven and on earth as well. Englishmen served and worshipped him in Heaven, and Spaniards on earth. Then he roundly reviled the mass, apologized to the Biscayan, who, he said, was a gentleman and a man of his word, and so dismissed them.

Essex was, no doubt, bitterly disappointed at being prevented from holding Cadiz permanently, and, as Mr. Corbett leans to the opinion that this would have been the right course, the decision not to do so, taken in deference to the opinion of Howard and every naval member of the Council of War, is probably a contributory element in the "inefficient conclusion" which he laments. Mr. Corbett is evidently influenced by the traditional policy of Drake. But Drake had been for holding Lisbon, not Cadiz; and Lisbon was expressly forbidden by the fleet's instructions. The occupation of Cadiz was, no doubt, feasible. But to have carried out in all its fulness the policy foreshadowed by it involved efforts to which the combined forces of England and Holland were scarcely equal, and which certainly did not enter into the Queen's calculations. Elizabeth was no Napoleon. Heartily disliking the war, she desired nothing more than to reign peacefully over her beloved subjects, and would at any time have welcomed a peace with Philip which assured liberty of government and conscience to her Dutch allies. Peace on such terms Philip would never have voluntarily granted. Could it have been extorted from him even by a Power securely possessed of the chief port in his dominions, and using that post of vantage to cut him off from his American possessions, and reduce him, in Raleigh's words, to a mere "king of figs and oranges"? We doubt it.

At the risk of appearing to criticize in a captious spirit a work which evinces rare erudition and a thorough critical knowledge of its main subject, the history of the English Navy and naval policy, we shall take exception to one more of Mr. Corbett's well-turned paragraphs. The defensive aspect of the great Elizabethan war, he observes, is not the only one.

There is also the view of the men who were its moving spirits. For them it meant something more. The offensive movements into which they never ceased their efforts to persuade or trick the Government were not designed as mere defensive measures. It was so they justified them to the scribes, but in their hearts they meant more. For them it was not enough to preserve what England had. Their hot spirit was set on winning for her something from her enemy's dominions. That they ever dreamed that England might become what Spain had tried to be cannot be maintained. Not even Raleigh could see so far ahead. They only felt within them the instinct for expansion which was the great outcome of the Elizabethan regeneration, and to that end they pushed turbulently forward in thwarted endeavour. It was here lay the irreconcilable difference between the men of war and the scribes, between Drake and his successors and the mistress they tried to serve too well. Never once, except in the desire to recover the old English possession of Calais, did Elizabeth swerve from her attitude against expansion. Her most solemn and convincing declarations of policy disclaim the wish to acquire fresh territory, and her actions endorsed her professions. The idea of the expansion of England was alive, and Elizabeth was the first "Little Englander."

We are not sure that the distinction with which this passage begins, whatever authority may be cited in support of it, is maintainable. It is true that the idea of England's claiming a share in the inheritance of the New World dates from before Elizabeth's accession, and that Continental opinion credited her with a design to realize it long before her breach with Philip. It is none the less true that the first project of the kind was laid on her council table at the very moment when her resolution to support Philip's revolted subjects was first taken, and that it was proposed as a measure of defence against the attack which that resolution was sure to provoke, by the very man who a few years after led the first expedition to Newfoundland. When Elizabeth sanctioned that expedition and gave Gilbert as a token of her favour "an anchor guided by a lady," she had certainly not taken up an attitude against expansion. Nor had she done so when she renewed in Raleigh's favour the patent granted to his half-brother, or when she personally conferred the name of Virginia on the territory annexed in her name by Raleigh's

captains. We doubt whether Elizabeth had become a "Little Englander" even in 1595, eleven years later, when two of her "men of war," Dudley and Raleigh, within a few weeks of each other, but quite unknown to each other, received in her name the submission of the native chiefs of Trinidad. Nor can we agree with Mr. Corbett that Raleigh, for one, never dreamed that England might become what Spain had aspired to be. He firmly believed that Spain, despite her frantic efforts to prove the contrary, had hopelessly broken down, and that England was destined to take her place. His Virginian enterprise was inspired by the expectation of finding another Mexico beyond the Appalachian mountains. His later design on Guiana had a much bolder scope. "We have it, either in his own words or by fair inference from them, that his aim was to conquer the supposed empire on the lower Orinoco by posing as the deliverer of the Indians from their Spanish oppressors, and to advance from this point to the conquest of New Granada, and ultimately of Venezuela on the one hand and Peru on the other. Though the subject is in some of its aspects susceptible of a broader treatment than Mr. Corbett bestows on it, we thank him cordially for an intensely interesting volume, in most respects a fine historical study, and in all respects a worthy pendant to "Drake and the Tudor Navy." A word of praise must be added for the illustrations. The noble portrait of Raleigh from the panel in the National Portrait Gallery so closely corresponds with the Duke of Rutland's miniature reproduced in Mr. Stebbing's "Life of Raleigh," taken at a later period, as to leave no doubt of its truthfulness. The portraits of Essex, Cumberland, Buckhurst, Charles Howard, and Mountjoy, taken from the oil paintings in the same collection, seem equally good, and there are many useful charts and maps.

AN AMERICAN LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: POET, DRAMATIST, AND MAN. By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. (The Macmillan Company. 21s.)

The tide of Shakespearean criticism flows at present strongly in the direction of biography, and this volume by an American writer is the latest sign of the current. There are, broadly speaking, two ways of dealing with the dramatist's life. The first is to narrate all that is known about it from external evidence, with little reference to the plays. Of this method Mr. Sidney Lee's biography is the most elaborate product. The other is to reconstruct his personality from a combination of the known facts of his career with inferences suggested by his dramatic work. This method has been used by Prof. Dowden, Dr. Brandes, and others, and it is to this class of biographers that—as the title of his book suggests—Mr. Mabie belongs. Within strictly defined limits, his volume has considerable merits. It is well arranged and well proportioned, and the author shows skill and judgment in selecting those aspects of the plays which throw light on the dramatist's life, thought, and art. His style is luminous, and has a dignified, rhythmical movement, though certain words like "poise" occur with somewhat irritating frequency. He is at his best in discussing some of the wider aspects of his subject, as in the chapter on "The ethical significance of the tragedies." Thus the following passage contains an illuminating generalization, never, as far as we are aware, more tersely and convincingly expressed:—

Shakespeare's ethical view of life was rooted in realities and had the large vigorous vitality of an elemental order, spacious enough to admit of the full, free, and normal development of the human spirit on all sides. . . . Into the region of pure spiritual impulse and ultimate spiritual relationship Shakespeare did not penetrate; in that fact lies his limitation. If to his other gifts had been added the spiritual insight of Dante, he would have been not only the foremost but the ultimate interpreter of the life of the race.

Much insight and mastery of apt phrase are shown in some

of the short appreciations of Shakespearean characters. Thus of Falstaff it is truly said:—

It would be as absurd to apply ethical standards to him as to Silenus or Bacchus; he is a creature of the elemental forces; a personification of the vitality which is in bread and wine; a satyr become human, but moving buoyantly and joyfully in an immoral world.

Did space allow, other examples of Mr. Mabie's forcible character-sketches might be quoted. They appeal to us more than the elaborate descriptions of Warwickshire scenery which fill many of the earlier pages. No doubt a loving study of Shakespeare's environment in youth helps us to interpret his spirit, and for Americans this form of study has always had peculiar attractions, but its results, when put on paper, are perilously suggestive of the glorified guide-book.

We take it that Mr. Mabie has spent more time in exploring the neighbourhood of Stratford than the outlying regions of Shakespearean criticism. The authorities whom he mentions by name in his preface are contemporary English or American scholars. There is, indeed, a tribute to "the poet's devout students in Germany, to whom his fame owes much," but we find few, if any, traces of first-hand study of them, though one or two familiar passages from Goethe and Heine are quoted. As, however, the volume does not claim to be based on deep research Mr. Mabie's deficiencies on this side might be overlooked. But where he errs grievously and inexcusably is in the frequent inaccuracy of his references to the literature contemporary with Shakespeare's works. No one can hope to interpret the dramatist adequately without a closer familiarity with Elizabethan literature as a whole than Mr. Mabie has acquired. Thus he repeats the superficial statement that *Love's Labour's Lost* "betrays the influence" of Lyly's *Euphues*. Now it has often been shown that the play has nothing to do with the distinctive peculiarities of the Euphuistic style, of which Mr. Mabie has evidently a very hazy conception. The statement that "the poets of his own time—Drayton, Brooke, Weever—were under the spell of his genius" is mere rhetoric; Drayton's praise of Shakespeare in his poetical epistle to Reynolds is curiously cool, and his sonnets are more likely to have influenced those of his great contemporary than *vice versa*. Mr. Mabie's knowledge, indeed, of Elizabethan sonnet literature is very superficial. He seems to think that all Shakespeare's predecessors in this branch of poetic art used the same sonnet-structure as himself, not realizing that Wyatt, for instance, adopted the Petrarchian model save for the introduction of a final couplet. Nor is he better versed in Elizabethan prose. He speaks of Greene's "unmistakable reference" to a lost play on Hamlet, being evidently unaware that this all-important allusion occurs not in Greene's *Menaphon* but in Nash's prefatory epistle to that romance.

These and similar blunders render Mr. Mabie's work of comparatively little value to Shakespearean scholars. We have laid stress on them because the book, in its handsome array, is likely to be widely read. But the attractions of a sumptuous format, with one hundred illustrations, which make an extremely brave show, cannot be allowed to cover serious deficiencies in the necessary equipment of a Shakespearean biographer.

THEOLOGY.

SERMONS ON FAITH AND DOCTRINE. By the late BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College. Edited by the Very Rev. the Hon. W. H. FREMANTLE, Dean of Ripon. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

Elderly clergymen may still be found who speak of the writers of "Essays and Reviews" as the *septem contra Christum*. The gibe, amazing as it is, had its vogue among a certain class of orthodox champions a generation ago; at the present day its memory serves to remind us of what original thinkers had to go through in the palmy days of religious polemics. The Broad

Church movement of the middle Victorian period is fast becoming a matter of history ; only within the last few weeks three of its well-known disciples, Dr. Momerie, Mr. Haweis, and Mr. Brooke Lambert, have passed away. But of the greater heroes of "Essays and Reviews" the Archbishop of Canterbury remains, a pillar of the faith, conspicuous not only for his fairness and tolerance, but also for his simple old-fashioned piety. Now Jowett had not that almost bovine temperament which enables a few men to go on, unmoved to the right or the left, by hostile criticism. He was affected, as Dean Fremantle admits, by his environment ; and he said in his latter years that tolerant modern Oxford could not realise the miserable conditions of his youth when every tea-party was ranged in one religious camp or the other. And the effect of his environment was that he shrank into himself, that he ceased to give of his best to theological literature, leaving to many the impression that he had lost his religious faith. No impression could be less true ; but the religion of Jowett has had to be vindicated posthumously. In addition to the two volumes of his *Life* and *Letters* and the additional volume of *Letters*, there have been published since his death the *Notes and Dissertations on the Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*, and three separate collections of *Sermons*, of which the volume before us is the last and most interesting.

What is the religious teacher that is there revealed ? A man easy enough to understand, indeed so simple and straightforward that it is difficult to see how he could ever have been misunderstood. His heresy, his crime in the eyes of his generation, was that he would not stand up to repeat the shibboleths of the generation that had gone before. No doubt some of those shibboleths or symbols represented truths which are being now recovered, although some also are as dead as the dust of Caesar. But Jowett's way was just to utter what he had found out for himself to the true, and no more. Nothing could be simpler, nothing one would think could be more harmless. For he was not a negative or destructive teacher ; he stood amid the ruins of a theology that had been destroyed by other hands than his ; and he commenced the process of re-building, a process that was partly arrested by the attacks of those who were too blind to see the ruins. It is difficult for us now to remember what Oxford was like in the sixties and even later when Christianity was openly regarded as dead, and an undergraduate of Corpus Christi College who retained his faith was regarded as an interesting curiosity under the name of "the Corpus Christian." It was a Nemesis of Faith indeed for those who had pitted the current orthodoxy against the revelations of science. In the first sermon, on "Darwinism and Faith in God," Jowett meets the difficulty, accepting the fresh knowledge because "all knowledge is good, and all serious inquiry and discussion is good" ; but pointing out the limits of the new theory, as of all theories, and the danger of too wide generalizations, of one part of knowledge becoming disproportioned to the rest ; and looking forward to the time "when religion may be enlightened, extended, purified, and philosophy or science inspired and elevated, and both allied together in the service of God and man." Again, in a sermon on "Prayer and Life," after remarking that this is not the first, and will not be the last, age in which the Christian faith has seemed to be encircled with peculiar dangers, he goes on to say :—

Do we imagine that God has been governing the world for eighteen centuries since the giving of Christianity, communing with and inspiring the soul of man, and that during all that time He has given us no increased knowledge of the principles of His government, no wider conception of His purposes towards mankind ? Have not history and physical science told us a great deal about Him, which could never have been known to former ages ? And is God to be regarded as separable from nature, or the knowledge of Him from the knowledge of His works ? Are there not rather clear and manifest instances in which the knowledge of nature has added to our knowledge of God ?

The man who spoke like this was infinitely removed from Agnosticism ; he was a champion and a prophetic champion of Christianity.

In a time of great stress he found the reason for the faith that was in him in those sciences (of which physical science is but one) to which alone man can go for proof of any doctrine. Had he been content to say, this is true because Moses or Isaiah or St. Paul said so, he would have been hailed as a pillar of orthodoxy ; but he was not so content ; and it is due to him and men like him that a new orthodoxy, saner and surer, has arisen from the ashes of the old. His pupils, confessed or unconfessed, are prominent in every school of religion ; and every intelligent preacher now defends the faith in the way that he defended it, and not in the way of his opponents. Even now another problem, as yet only half realized, that of the Oriental religions, is rising before us ; and it is certain that it will in the main be met as he meets it here in a sermon on the subject. Yet his method is after all only that of St. Peter and St. John—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth God and doeth righteousness is accepted of Him," and "That was the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." History may say that it was Jowett and not Burgon who defended the Bible in the nineteenth century.

He did not assert every doctrine that is to be found in the Thirty-Nine Articles, but this volume shows that he asserted a great deal, and that he was content for the rest to wait, confident in the light he had found. "Life," he says, "is a shallow thing without religion" ; and to him religion meant the justice and love and nearness of God, the reality of prayer, the faith in immortality. He was a believer in Christ, and though he never systematized his belief, that was more the world's fault than his. And because he took nothing on trust, held nothing from prejudice, enforced nothing upon others, but welcomed all opinions and was all his life a listener, this record of what he did believe, this explanation of why he believed it will be doubly valuable ; and many will turn to such a sermon as that on immortality because they are sure of finding there arguments that are eternal and universal in their application and uninfluenced by changing theories upon the value of ancient documents or the machinery of nature.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA. Edited by T. K. CHEYNE and T. SUTHERLAND BLACK. Vol. II., E—K. (Black. 21s.).

Scholars will heartily welcome the second instalment of this important encyclopædia, which represents the work of those who may be called "stalwarts" in Biblical criticism. What chiefly astonishes one is the industry of Dr. Cheyne. Of the articles in this volume many of the most important are by him, while almost every page shows tokens of his editorial supervision. He is personally responsible for a host of minor articles, and also in a great degree for those sections which give its peculiar character to the encyclopædia—e.g., the articles on the patriarchs "Isaac," "Jacob," and "Joseph" ; on "Isaiah" the prophet and the book ; on "Jeroboam," "Jonah," "Job" (Book of), "Hezekiah," "Judah," "Jericho," &c. He also writes on New Testament subjects, such as "Faith," "Galilee," the "Sea of Galilee," "John the Baptist." Of other contributions the most noteworthy is the elaborate article on the "Gospels," jointly written by Dr. Abbott and Professor Schmiedel, of Zurich. Professor Guthe, of Leipzig, writes on "Israel" ; Professor Wellhausen on the "Hexateuch" ; Professor W. Max Müller, of Philadelphia, on "Egypt." Some articles are signed by the late Professor Robertson Smith, the original projector of the work.

Those who have used the first volume of this magnificent encyclopædia know what to look for in the present instalment. A significant remark by Dr. Cheyne defines the relation of the encyclopædia to Dr. Hastings' well-known dictionary, published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark. Dr. Cheyne is sketching the literature bearing on the writings of Isaiah, and says characteristically :—

Among dictionary articles G. A. Smith's may be specially mentioned (Hastings' DB). This writer's earlier volumes on Isaiah, stimulating as they are, are open to very much adverse criticism. (English critics have lain too much under the spell of Dillmann.) This scholar is now giving way to the

force of argument. . . . His article, however is . . . one of the most hopeful signs in English Bible-study, which at present in the O. T. department is too predominantly "moderate."

Dr. Cheyne evidently looks for considerable progress in O. T. criticism. "Hexateuch criticism," he says elsewhere, "is passing into a new phase. This phase is largely due to archaeology and the comparative study of social customs, but in part also to the further developments of Hebrew philology and textual criticism." One is inclined, however, to ask, when we reach a really constructive stage in the study of Hebrew history and religion? For we are assured that "a really satisfactory history of the religion of Israel still has to be written, and when we have reached the fresh starting point for which we are looking this much-desired book will be written."

On New Testament subjects the most important article is that on "Gospels," which occupies nearly 140 columns. Dr. Abbott contributes the "descriptive and analytical" portion; Dr. Schmiedel discusses "tentative solutions" of the synoptical problem. From the nature of the case comparatively few positive conclusions are reached. In section 139 of Dr. Schmiedel's article he selects five passages which might "be called the foundation pillars for a truly scientific life of Jesus." The article on "Jesus" by the late Professor Bruce, of Glasgow, cannot challenge comparison with Dr. Sanday's treatise in Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible," Vol. II.; but so far as it goes it is cautious and reverent. As regards the fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel says boldly:—

There is a positive relief from an intolerable burden as soon as the student has made up his mind to give up any such theory as that of the "genuineness" of the Gospel, as also of its authenticity in the sense of its being the work of an eye-witness who meant to record actual history. Whoever shrinks from the surrender can, in spite of all the veneration for the book which constrains him to take this course, have little joy in his choice.

If occasionally we detect a note of undue confidence, it must be admitted that the general tone of the encyclopædia is worthy of a large and nobly-planned enterprise. Like its predecessor, this volume gives the results of laborious research, unfettered by any controversial purpose; it reflects, on the whole, the spirit of a criticism which (as the editors say in the preface to Vol. I.) "identifies the cause of religion with that of historical truth."

THE HISTORICAL NEW TESTAMENT. By JAMES MOFFATT, B.D. (T. and T. Clark. 16s.)

Mr. Moffatt here attempts to arrange the New Testament writings in the order of their composition. His results are no doubt, to a certain extent, provisional, but we have been much impressed by the learning and impartiality with which he discusses the various theories respecting date and origin, and he seems by long practice to have developed a sound critical instinct in dealing with disputed points of literary history. In the "Prolegomena" he states, perhaps at unnecessary length, the principles of the historical method as applied to the N. T. literature. He shows that sound conclusions must be based on a real knowledge of contemporary literature. The following remark seems to us to be much to the point:—

A history of the N. T. would be simply unintelligible if it were severed from any conception of the tendencies and habits existing in that Christian society of which the N. T. literature is at once an outcome and a reflection. To become legible these books need the context of the religious situation. The significance and connexion of the writings cannot be fully grasped until these are approached with some adequate idea of the whole Christian movement during the first and second centuries.

The literary criticism of the New, as of the Old, Testament is becoming more and more dependent on the results of historical and archaeological research. Nothing in Mr. Moffatt's learned volume is more valuable than the carefully-compiled series of historical tables, exhibiting in intelligible form the conditions

under which Christian literature gradually arose. They illustrate in a compendious way the close interdependence of two departments of research—N. T. introduction and the history of early Christianity. Mr. Moffatt's acceptance of modern critical results is cautious but thorough. He rejects the position of those "who, conceding the rights of criticism within the province of the O. T., decline to admit the legitimacy of similar historical research in the N. T. literature, upon the ground that the latter collection possesses certain qualities of finality and authority which exempt it from being judged by the canons of ordinary treatment, or that it was 'produced under very different historical conditions.'" In illustration of his conclusions we may mention that Mr. Moffatt regards Rom. xvi. as a note addressed to the Ephesian Church; that he follows Hausrath in regarding 2 Cor., x., i.—xiii., 10 as the "intermediate letter" to the Corinthians which preceded the despatch of the second Epistle; that he places the Pastoral Epistles between 100-125 A.D., and St. James' Epistle about 130 A.D. On the fourth Gospel he says:—

The terms "genuine" and "Johannine" are out of place in strictly scientific work upon the fourth Gospel. It is genuine upon the score not of authorship but of contents—thanks to the fidelity and insight with which it serves to express certain elements of Christianity as the personal spirit and mind of Jesus. Similarly it is Johannine . . . in the sense that any historical element throughout its pages may be traced back directly or indirectly to that apostle and his school.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Moffatt's book is one of special importance and interest. It represents a large and growing mass of scholarly opinion. It has been compiled with immense care and labour, and embodies the results of very wide reading and conscientious reflection.

MORE VERSE.

The publication of *THE PRAYER OF ST. SCHOLASTICA AND OTHER POEMS*, by Lady Lindsay (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. n.)—a volume not bulky, containing no big thing, but many pleasant and beautiful ones—was certainly not made necessary by any tardiness upon the part of qualified critics to accept Lady Lindsay as a poet of accomplishment and range, for "The King's Vigil" and "The Flower Seller" had well enough established that; and, not fifteen months ago, to these was added a work *de longue haleine*, an effort sustained and serious and successful. When, therefore, it is objected—as it has been, we observe, in one quarter—that Lady Lindsay in her new volume "strikes no new note," the answer is, the "new note" was not necessary; the old was already good enough. Moreover, there is far from being here any real repetition. We have the inspiration, and the labour that gives it form; we do not ask to have the eccentric or the startling; the writer is too grave an artist to obtrude on us the merely obviously novel. Range is the note of this volume. Few women, even in a generation in which writing women abound, can conceive so widely of life and of the variety of its interests; few are in intellectual and emotional sympathy with so many phases of existence, thought, and feeling. And, again, there is the poet's music—the artist's capacity for good technique. The story of the deep affection of Scholastica for her twin-brother, Benedict, is told with ordered simplicity and reticence. "Ora et Labora" is a fine thought, put excellently; and the small poem on the fifty-second page, has, with its naturally exalted tone, a notable sweep of vision. That the whole volume should be as good as that was a consummation not to be expected—a consummation that has not been attained. Place is given here and there to the imperfect, or, at least, to what is not memorable. But the presence of that which is below the best is condoned by the goodness of the best itself—by such subtle work, for instance, as the profoundly veracious fancy that bears the name of "Preference." On the whole, the serious mind and varied art of the writer find, in the volume before us, constantly acceptable expression.

There is both fine thought and fine expression in Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's *AT THE GATES OF SONG* (Frowde, 6s.). They consist, with one exception, of Wordsworthian sonnets, and undoubtedly show a remarkable evenness of merit. In some cases, as in "The Silence after Orpheus' Death" and a few of the pastorals, Mr. Mifflin reveals a fine poetic imagination.

Mrs. Massey's short fly-leaf sentences modestly and accurately indicate the feeling animating her latest book of verses, *SONGS OF THE UNSEEN HOPE* (Skeffington and Son, 3s.)—viz., that "the closer pressure of the difficulties and mysteries of this life leads us to listen with deeper longing to the answers of faith" and that "the turmoil of war impresses on us more intensely the need and the possibility of the hidden life of peace." She is a good metrist; her melodies fit her themes; and she has the reticence which is so necessary to the expression of strong emotion. Occasionally she does not sufficiently drive her thought home to the core of her verse, but the thought is generally easy to appreciate. We select these stanzas from the poem called "As Life goes on":—

As life goes on the faces that are dearest
Look from the dimness of a world untried;
Hopes that were once our strongest and our clearest,
Are rooted up to plant the other side
As life goes on.

As life goes on clear dew and morning whiteness
Are gathered upward till all paths are dry;
Glory of service, and the strength of rightness,
Must cheer our toil while the red sun is high
And life goes on.

Props that upheld us bear our weight no longer,
Perplexed with loss weak footsteps onward go,
Some staves being tried and used are yet the stronger,
What was "I hope," is changed into "I know"
As life goes on.

All paths lead on where the great waves are sounding,
Where solemn lights and far off glories be;
There, one by one, stalk sails with breezes rounding,
Our boats are putting out across the sea
And life goes on.

A first glance at Mr. C. H. Hoole's *ATTEMPTS IN VERSE* (Rivingtons, 4s. 6d.) hardly does him justice, for the introduction to the blank verse poem of "Cæcilius" affords examples of certain blemishes which lie scattered at far rarer intervals through the remainder of the volume. The writer must secure the pause which breaks monotony, and the want of this is sometimes accentuated by what may be called the lack of the instinct of punctuation. It is tantalizing, too, to have to search for a nominative lying hidden in another sentence, and it spoils the reader's enjoyment if he doubts for a moment as to whether he is reading the perfect indicative of a verb or its past participle. Moreover, very short interspersed passages of direct speech in a narrative want more careful handling than the author of "Cæcilius" has always given them. With these reservations, however, the poem is interesting, while the passages descriptive of early Christian interiors, and of Christian life generally in the Roman Empire under Trajan, give it distinction. Mr. Hoole, an *alumnus* of Christ Church, is at his best in his descriptions of old time cities and their surroundings, in which scholarship and a sympathetic imagination play equal parts. In many of his sonnets this descriptive faculty is apparent. They have no great concentration of thought, but it is open to doubt whether anything is gained by the preservation of the sonnet form. At any rate, one or two of those which are most irregular are the most successful. Where there is a central thought it is sometimes either not carried quite far enough or else a little too elusive—a remark which applies to many of the more thoughtful passages in the book. This, which follows a

pendant with spring for its subject, is fairly representative:—

But in the autumn all is changed; the wind
Shrieks through the valley, and the brown leaves fly
In shoals before it; the stream hurries by,
Flecked with great raindrops, like some frightened hind
Seeking to gain his home when storms draw nigh;
The fields are dank with mire, 'tis the same stream,
And the same trees, only a hand has come
To change the music from its summer theme,
To the loud notes of winter's fife and drum.
How like to peace and war; we cannot dwell
For ever listening to the summer breeze;
Yet, who would choose in winter's citadel
To pass his life, when calm and lasting peace
Are offered, and a scene of rest and ease?

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, the author of *THE PROFESSOR AND OTHER POEMS* (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.), is such a scholarly poet and such a master of the technique of his art that he really deserves to be inspired directly by the muses and not through the medium of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. His work, however, is an echo—though an echo that one is pleased to welcome—and not a new voice with a new message. One can sometimes discover his indebtedness even in individual lines. For instance:—

Horace, the ailing lord,
Of plaster palaces and hollow groves,
Absorbed in half-a-hundred tiny arts,
Master of none;

is an echo of Arnold's "France famed in all great arts in none supreme"; and if Tennyson had never written of "bowery hollows crowned with summer seas," we may be sure that Mr. Benson would never have written of:—

Woody islands crowned with byre and barn.

Yet there are happy lines and happy passages, more particularly in the long poem in which the poet Gray is supposed to soliloquize at the point of death. We like the beginning of his farewell:—

Oh Earth; farewell, my Earth, whom I have loved
More like a patient lover than a child,

and there are fine descriptive touches in the closing paragraph:—

But I, beyond the fen, the holy towers,
Beyond the sluggish sea that laps the ooze
With melancholy murmur, hear a cry
That calls me, and is answered by the lapse
Of pulses throbbing faint, intimate pangs
Abhorred; as old dismantled priories,
That seem to doze across the summer fields,
Yet slip, dismembered by the intruding frost,
That cracks their hoary bones, and as they muse,
With sudden start and shock portend decay.

It may be that these lines would not have been written if it had not been for the model furnished by the closing lines of "Sohrab and Rustum." We are glad that they were written, all the same.

THE UNDERDOG AND OTHER VERSES (Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d.) is a collection of clever verses by the Rev. C. J. Boden, which have already appeared in various newspapers. It is refreshing to find so much unpretentious humour in one small volume, and we recommend the book to the frivolous. A writer should not be judged by his parodies, but the following lines "To my Nephew" may be quoted:—

You say, but with no depth of thought,
Lighthearted, you whose eager eyes
Believe in artificial flies,
You tell me trout are easy caught.

I know not; one, indeed, I knew,
Of fishermen perhaps the worst—
Your uncle—who from last to first
Could never throw his tackle true.

Perplexed by lines and hooks and reels,
At last his patience all gave out.
There's not a single honest trout,
Believe me; inside half the creels.

The Rev. A. S. Cripps' *TITANIA* (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d.) is a collection of scholarly songs and poems, mostly short, which are marked by a good deal of genuine poetic fancy. They are superior to the general run of modern verse. Mr. Cripps, of course, owes something to the older men. It is only as though a new air were played on an old violin. Almost any of his songs might be quoted with approbation, but perhaps the following lines are among the best :—

You that fare to Oxford, tell me what you find ;
 " Greyest courts and flow'riest gardens, streams that silver
 wind,
 Sweetbriar hedge of yesterdays,—To-day's Rose sleeps behind ! "

You that go from Oxford, tell me what goes too,
 " All the woman's soul of her a wandering son to woo ;
 Not until you go from her will she come to you."

Folded is her body in a faerie rest,
 Whilst her dreams for banished men go seeking east and west ;
 Till their dreams come back at call to find their mother's
 breast !

The anonymous author of *SONGS FROM THE BOOK OF JAFFIR* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.) has the gift of song-writing in full measure, and we have nothing but praise for him. These Persian songs, adapted rather than translated, have been done into English with an unusual combination of polish and vigour. As the author evidently knows what he is about, we hope he will not rest content with the present very thin little volume. The following lines may not be his best, but are a fair example of his style :—

I know of a land that knows a lord
 That's neither brave nor true ;
 But I know of a sword, a sword, a sword
 Can cut a chain in two.
 Its edge is sharp and its blade is broad ;
 I know of a sword, a sword, a sword
 Can cut a chain in two.

I know of a land that's sunk in shame
 And hearts that faint and tire,
 And I know of a name, a name, a name
 Can set the land on fire.
 Its sound is a brand, its letters flame ;
 I know of a name, a name, a name
 Will set the land on fire.

I know of hearts that loathe the wrong,
 That still are leal and true ;
 And I know of a song, a song, a song
 Can break a fetter through.
 Oh, you who long, and long, and long,
 I'll give you a song, a song, a song
 Will break your fetters through.

If we may hazard a guess we should say that the poems in Mr. C. W. Wynne's little collection of *SONGS AND LYRICS* (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. n.) were written prior to the more ambitious poem, " *Ad Astra*," which he published last summer. They are the kind of verses which we should have expected to find pre-luding what seems to us a far maturer poem. So that (assuming the correctness of the impression) it is pleasanter to congratulate Mr. Wynne upon his increased achievement than to be wondering whether this little volume will increase his reputation. In " *Ad Astra* " he seldom takes those metrical and syntactical liberties which in the " *Songs and Lyrics* " do not appear to be justified by any atoning virtue in melody or expression, just as he has dispensed with much of the excessive sentimentality which flavours the " *Songs and Lyrics*." Still these little poems have fervour and sincerity. We like best perhaps " *To Winifred* " and " *Ianthe*," in spite of the fact that its first line—" *Ianthe ! could thy name express* "—rouses unfulfilled hopes of an echo from the seventeenth century.

War Verse.

As we all know, our wars in South Africa and the Sudan have produced a heavy, but unequal crop of patriotic verses. Some of these have had the ring of true poetry about them ; others as decidedly have not ; the majority have been creditable but uninspired attempts to express the general feeling. We can only say of two unpretending little books before us, *WEAVING IN WAR-TIME*, by Carrie Thackwell (Houlston and Sons, 2s.), and *POEMS*, by F. Montagu Lloyd (Elliot Stock), that they partake of the characteristics of the majority.

Mr. A. Vine Hall is well known in South Africa, and his new volume, *MY BOER HOST*, published at Bulawayo and in London (Sampson Low, 2s. 6d.), will add to his reputation. His verses run well, and show a power of graphic and humorous description. The book is more concerned with the past and future of South Africa than with the present war, of which Mr. Hall relates only one little episode. A longer and better poem is devoted to Thomas Pringle, farmer, journalist, philanthropist, and poet in Cape Colony in the remote days when Lord Charles Somerset was its Governor, more than 70 years ago. We are glad to find that poetry is one of the products of Rhodesia.

SONGS OF THE WAR, by A. St. John Adcock (Brimley Johnson, 1s. n.), is not so much poetry as rhyming journalism. Most of it has that banjo jingle which Mr. Kipling made popular. It is never very good, but it is sometimes rather good. The following lines may be taken as showing Mr. Adcock at his best :—

Now, when the Gov'ment packs us up an' ships us off to fight,
 A transport very often ain't a transport of delight ;
 The Admiralty doesn't check by any sort of tact
 The simple sort of 'abits the contractor can contract.

Says they, " This 'umble tradesman in 'is 'armless kind o' way,
 'E runs a little business, an' 'e wants to make it pay ;
 'Is meat supply is rather 'igh
 For common, timid men to buy,
 But nothin' daunts our 'eroes—it will do for Tommy A."

Among two or three small volumes of nature-poetry, perhaps *WEeping WILLOWS*, by Oakes Burleigh (Thomas Thorp, Reading), contains the most consistently readable verse. We especially like a short piece beginning " I thought I knew my fields and hedges well." *RUS DIVINUM*, by Auguste Smada, B.A.—Captain W. A. Adams (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)—is earnest and cultivated, and full of a genuine love for nature ; while the latest of Mr. Marcus Rickards' many books of verse, *GLEAMS THROUGH THE GLOOM* (Baker, Clifton), contains some more of the bird songs for which he is wont to show such a pretty fancy.

WINGS, by Ethel Ashton (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d.), contains short poems possessing a certain serious grace that is well suited to their subjects, and written in a pure and intelligible style without any eccentricity of language.

Lastly, there is Miss Alice Milligan's paper-covered *LAST FEAST OF THE FIANNA* (Nutt, 6d. n.), a little play—written, she tells us, for translation into Gaelic—rather vague and fragmentary, but not without picturesqueness.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Abyssinia Again.

Mr. Herbert Vivian's " *Abyssinia* " is quickly followed by Mr. Augustus B. Wylde's *MODERN ABYSSINIA* (Methuen, 15s. n.)—a more thorough though a less literary work, and a repository of information on every branch of the subject. The history of Abyssinia is related at considerable length ; there is a chapter of geographical and topographical notes ; a full account is given of the disastrous Italian campaign of 1896, and of the battle of Adowa, in which General Baratieri came to grief. He " was tied to the telegraph station and sacrificed his military duty, and most likely his better judgment, for what might be called an electioneering cry to please his superiors in Italy." A long journey taken by the author is described. So is the manner of life of the inhabitants, and the outfit requisite for sportsmen. The appendix prints various diplomatic instruments, and Mr. Wylde's own views of the political situation are given in the introduction. As Vice-Consul for the Red Sea he has had a good opportunity for forming views and he sees uncertainties and dangers ahead. Abyssinia has a tendency to break up, and on

the death of Menelek, England and France may be found, openly or covertly, running rival candidates :—

An unfriendly Abyssinia, or in the hands of France, would always be a serious menace to the telegraphs and railway that is to be made from Egypt to the Cape, and I do not see how England or Italy, unless they come to some friendly understanding with Abyssinia, can ever be safe in their lands bordering this country. The future of Abyssinia is shrouded in mystery, and it is to be hoped that the influence of those who wish to see her true welfare will be so strong that a peaceful settlement of the question will be arrived at in the most speedy manner possible. Will the three European Powers who are interested come to a friendly understanding is the great question. I am afraid they will not, as France, with the Abyssinian stick in her hand, has an instrument that she can beat both Italy and England with, and can make it very unpleasant for both of them in Africa.

A valuable book, though clumsily and even ungrammatically written.

In East Anglia.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN EAST ANGLIA, by W. A. Dutt, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell (Macmillan, 6s.), is the sixth volume of a series which has won, by its literary and artistic merit, a unique place in topographical literature. The new one is as good as any. Like the others, it is not a guide book, and does not go exhaustively into history and antiquities, so that to chronicle omissions were futile. Indeed, if we only require some mention or other of all chief points of interest, we have no omissions to note, save the rather large one implied in the fact that "East Anglia" does not here include, save in a very minor degree, the county of Essex. Mr. Dutt is a skilful descriptive writer, and he depicts delightfully the life, scenery, and atmosphere of a county full of literary associations, with its memories of Hereward, the Pastons, the Walpoles, Sir Thomas Browne, Robert Bloomfield, Defoe, Cowper, Crabbe, old Crome, Constable, Borrow, Dickens, and Edward Fitzgerald. Mr. Pennell's little landscapes are in many cases better than any he has done for the series—and if, for those who know, a few of them "might be anywhere," those who do not know will at least find in them pretty embellishments of the text.

Anatole France's Last Book.

MONSIEUR BERGERET À PARIS, the new volume in M. Anatole France's series, "Histoire Contemporaine," is gaining the success of "L'Orme du Mail," the "Mannequin d'Osier," and the "Anneau d'Améthyste." Never was there such a happy blend of picturesque erudition, of measured sarcasm in the observation of manners. Alongside of that fantasy of invention, which has given real distinction to such types as M. Bergeret himself, Mme. de Bonmont, and the rest, are studies of the "Affaire," the rise of "Nationalism," political parties, the rôle of Socialism, all touched so humorously, yet so justly, that the book will undoubtedly serve as a document for history. Such a book as this is the quintessence of French mental and moral culture.

Gladstone and Boswell.

To Mr. Lionel Tollemache's agreeable volume of TALKS WITH MR. GLADSTONE (Arnold, 6s.), the author now adds in an appendix "Another Talk with Mr. Gladstone," reprinted from an article which he contributed to our series of essays, entitled "Among my Books." It differs from the other "talks" in that Mr. Tollemache no longer plays the part of Boswell himself, the essay being founded on a letter from "an accomplished divine who lives in France," and knew Mr. Gladstone at Biarritz. In the preface attention is drawn to a slip in one of the "talks" where Mr. Gladstone assigns the appointment of the Devon Commission on Irish affairs to Palmerston instead of Peel. In a note Mr. Tollemache tells us that a correspondent suggests Mr. Gladstone's deafness as the cause of the mistake. The author finds it hard to imagine that he himself had misheard his oracle.

Extra precautions were taken on that occasion. At the dinner-table, in defiance of usage and for the convenience of

hearing and being heard, the great man was sandwiched between Mrs. Tollemache and me; both she and I paid great attention to his remarks; and my report of them, which was drawn up at the earliest opportunity, was carefully revised by her.

An amusing picture of the Boswellizer at work! To place your "Johnson" between yourself and your wife is an extension of the art not we think contemplated by Boswell himself.

EVENTS OF THE REIGN (George Allen, 1s.), a classified catalogue of occurrences of all kinds ranging from the fall of Cabinets to the production of Gaiety burlesques, compiled by Mr. Frederick Ryland, has reached a second edition.

Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles' pamphlet GIBRALTAR: A NATIONAL DANGER (Sampson Low, 1s.) will certainly need serious consideration. His point is that certain harbour works now being constructed on the western side of Gibraltar are, owing to the increased range of modern guns, exposed to the danger of a converging bombardment from one-third of a circle of Spanish territory. How serious a matter this might be if France, for instance, were allied with Spain against us, is clear. Mr. Bowles makes rather a strong case for a commission of inquiry.

NOTES ON RECONNOITRING IN SOUTH AFRICA (Longmans, 1s. n.) has already been printed in the *Cape Times* and in *Longman's Magazine*. It is a series of brief jottings on the natural features of the country in which our troops are campaigning, and explains "sluits" and "dongas" and the like.

WOMAN: A SCIENTIFIC STUDY AND DEFENCE, by the Rev. T. A. Seed (Greening, 2s. 6d.), is adapted from the French of M. Alfred Fouillée. It is too profound for the general reader, but too slight for the student. The statements solemnly made in sonorous language are not a little apt, on analysis, to resolve themselves into platitudes.

THE CARE OF THE HOME, by Lucy H. Yates (Religious Tract Society, 1s.), is a useful little book for inexperienced housewives, though somewhat superficial. It seems odd that there are people who require to be told that "the best way of keeping down bills is to have weekly accounts and settle them regularly," or that a woman should not throw her dresses over the chair-back. But many girls may do worse than buy the book.

ART.

THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE. By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY). With Illustrations. (Murray. 6s.)

This, Mrs. Ady's latest volume, is a useful compilation. Treating its subject—at once a very wide and a very old one—on a scale not too large for convenience and not too small for reasonable detail, this intelligent historian of Art has furnished us with a record which certainly does not lack accuracy, and which may, probably, be excused if it lacks inspiration. There are two kinds of good Art-writing, each in its own way serviceable. There is the kind that conveys the personal impression, that reveals to us that which appears to be the soul of the particular artist—his psychological story, educes, it may be, from his work—the adventures of his spirit and the progress of his craft, as he went his way through the world. To this kind must belong the best æsthetic Criticism—the criticism of the born writer. But with Art-writing of that order the presentation of great masses of facts is incompatible. Yet facts, even masses of them, are useful and instructive, even though we may not echo the wooden Utilitarian satirized by Dickens: "Facts alone are needed in life: stick to facts, sir!" Here then comes in the room and opportunity for the second order of writing. It is not the result of a personal impulse, and is scarcely likely to command in a high degree the graces of personal expression. But it can be faithful and unprejudiced, correct and explanatory. And this is the order of Art-writing to which this book belongs.

Having said as much, and signified, at the least by implication, that as a practitioner of this manner of writing Mrs. Ady stands high—an intelligent, a judicial, even a sympathetic, student, who knows the matter she would

present—it will not be expected that we shall discuss in any detail the opinions she puts forth. They are her own, but they may not differ widely from those of other sensible people. And her journey is over a well-worn track. Beginning with well-nigh the earliest of the Florentine Primitives, she ends with a chronicle of Michael Angelo's accomplished triumph; and as, unlike some writers of her order, she is not so academic as to discount the value of a personal history, we find her interesting and judicious in her selection of the things which shall be told. Nobody admires Michael Angelo the less—there is nobody, indeed, who may not feel actually more interested in him—for knowing what was his devotion to Victoria Colonna, and what his attachment to an old servant who, dying before the master, took, so Michael Angelo says—so old and lonely—the better part of Michael Angelo himself away with him. Mrs. Cartwright's treatment of the Primitives is sound—is, at all events, based on knowledge; but our curiosity is more aroused when she gets so far on as to be recording the story and achievement of Andrea del Sarto's master, Piero di Cosimo. Piero di Cosimo must be accounted something of a genius; in later life he was, indeed, an exceedingly eccentric person. Not unhonoured or unbefriended, he chose at last to live a life of moroseness and isolation. In plain English, the worthy man must have been, last of all, a little crazy.

We have praised a good deal in Mrs. Ady's volume. Taken for what it no doubt professes to be—not in any sense as a substitute, but rather as the supplement or complement, of the work of the poetic interpreter—it is a worthy performance. The intelligent man of the world, the cultivated young woman, who goes to Florence will find it not the least serviceable of companions. And, incidentally, it may introduce one to the company of those who on their own special subjects have more to say. One thing we take exception to in its Preface—if, indeed, we understand Mrs. Ady correctly. She appears to attach more importance than we do to what is called the "scientific" criticism of the last few years—indulged in, much of it, by foreign writers because their minds permitted little criticism of a higher and deeper kind. The last word upon any artistic matter belongs not to the wielder of the merely "scientific" weapon, busy with "attributions," but to the poetic writer, to the true kindred spirit, to whom the gifts of divination have been vouchsafed.

FICTION.

Mr. Henry James.

It will be a curious problem in literary history to find the definitely American quality that accounts for that peculiar American school of writers which consists of two persons, Mr. Howells and Mr. James—with their leisurely self-consciousness, their insistence on leaving nothing to the reader, their intense absorption in microscopic mental states, and the deliberate banishment from their style of spontaneous literary charm. At the moment we are only concerned with the latest and far the most "Henry Jamesian" book of Mr. Henry James—*THE SACRED FOUNT* (Methuen, 6s.). Whatever its merits or defects, it reminds us that Mr. James puts into his apparent subtleties more mind than Mr. Howells. The latter will content himself by putting on record, at considerable length and somewhat in the style of Hallam's "Constitutional History," the commonplace utterances at a commonplace breakfast-table. Mr. James will give us the conversation a little more tersely and brightly, and fill up the remaining space with exegetical matter. His manner in "The Sacred Fount" reminds one of those commentaries on the Classics which present us with two lines of text and a wilderness of comment underneath them. A remark apparently harmless enough is no sooner uttered than we abandon the speaker and his surroundings and devote a page—that is about the average—to an elaborate analysis of all its probable, possible, and improbable meanings and the origin and effect of each one of them. For this procedure the subject—

there is no story—of this book offers immense scope. The narrator devotes himself—during a week-end visit at a country house—to finding out the exact mental relation between his fellow-guests and more particularly to the question which lady has effected an apparent metamorphosis in one Gilbert Long, who from stupid has become clever—the theory being that he must, vampirelike, have sucked the brain-life of some one else, or, to take Mr. James's metaphor, have drained the "sacred fount" of another's mind. Whether this spiritual "loot" has been achieved or not remains doubtful; what is certain is that the observer, to whom the question has become an overwhelming and morbid obsession, had much better have been playing billiards or golf. He is, in fact, a little conscious of this himself; and Mr. James, with a fine irony, recognizes that his readers will find their mouthpiece at last in the lady who at the end thus characterizes the whole proceeding—perhaps we may add the whole book:—"I mean you're carried away—you're abused by a fine fancy; so that with your art of putting things, one doesn't know where one is—nor, if you'll allow me to say so, do I quite think you always do. Of course, I don't deny you're awfully clever. But you build up houses of cards." Or as another lady puts it a little more bluntly:—"Give up, for a quiet life, the attempt to be a providence. You can't be a providence and not be a bore." Mr. James' cleverness, and still more his obscurity, will doubtless find plenty of admirers for "The Sacred Fount," but it has too many of his inartistic qualities for us to rank it with some others of his books. And to show what is accepted in these days from an eminent prose-writer in the matter of style we cannot refrain from quoting a few elegant extracts:—

She was the absolute wreck of her storm, accordingly, but to which the pale ghost of a special sensibility still clung.

My difficulty in profiting by the relief he had so unconsciously afforded me resided, of course, in my not feeling free to show for quite as impressed as he was.

Whatever her successive partners of a moment might have noticed, they wouldn't have discovered in her reason for dropping them quickly a principle of fear that they might notice her failure articulately to keep up.

I a little wanted her to be where she had distinctly ended by betraying to me that her proper inspiration had placed her.

Have you really such a fund of indulgence for Gilbert Long as we most of us, I gather—though perhaps in our blindness—seem to see it stick out again that he supposes?

Talk.

When Major Pond breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone he told so many good stories of Western frontier life that the Premier asked him to come again, and he would have a shorthand writer behind a screen to take his stories down. The process universally applied might sometimes have amusing results, but it would not help the modern school of novelists who sacrifice story-telling to talk. Their talkers are not drawn from the life. Miss Fowler marshals her characters on her conversational parade ground, and for a time one watches the evolutions without being bored. Mr. Hugo Ames in *THE TRAGEDY OF A PEDIGREE* (Greening, 6s.) and Mr. Frankfort Moore in *ACCORDING TO PLATO* (Hutchinson, 6s.) sacrifice too much to the display. Mr. Ames has one or two very well-drawn characters, but only the merest torso of a plot. Welwyn, an academic recluse, who becomes also the heir of a great estate, has married secretly and unhappily. He subsequently has love passages with an attractive widow, Lady Callaby, whose husband appears to have been known indiscriminately as Alfred Lord Callaby, Lord Alfred Callaby, and Sir Alfred Callaby. On the last page of the book Lady Welwyn is introduced to Lady Callaby. We have, in fact, been put off by talk until the book becomes interesting, and then we are told not to ask any more questions. Mr. Frankfort Moore's book is not much more satisfactory. In the last quarter of it there is a good story well told in Mr. Moore's best manner; all the rest is patchwork—clever pieces

of satire which have nothing to do with the matter in hand, and which should have been written for a comic weekly—one of them is, in fact, simply reprinted "without acknowledgment" from an old magazine article of Mr. Moore's. We are afraid a good many readers will not survive the first chapter, consisting of a dialogue of the kind in which one has to count back the remarks to see who is speaking, and which one has to read for some time before discovering whether one of the speakers is male or female. That Mr. Moore is often amusing goes without saying, but as a novel the book bears no comparison whatever with its predecessor, "The Conscience of Coralie." It seems to be hastily thought out, just as it has been hastily revised. We have "literally" for "literary," "Bryon" for "Byron." Mr. Ames' torrent of conversation is less frivolous, and is often clever; but what these writers do not realize is that their own witticisms and apophthegms ladled out indiscriminately through the mouths of their characters do not help a novel. Conversation, if it is to do more than simply help the plot along, should have its own subtle history, its impalpable dramatic points, its elusive suggestions of character. If it has not these qualities the reader will skip the pages of talk to see what happens; and we suspect that that is what will be done by many readers of "The Tragedy of a Pedigree" and "According to Plato."

For Churchmen.

The Sermon on the Mount has become a very favourite text for writers of fiction, and it has been found, if one may say so without irreverence, to ensure an enormous circulation for their books. Two very popular novelists, following on Mr. Sheldon of Topeka, have tried to work out the Christ-life in the modern world. For sense and sanity and sincerity we should not hesitate to say that Mr. Haverall Bates' *THE BELIEVING BISHOP* (Allen, 6s.) beats them all. His Bishop, who gives up for his ideal everything which men consider worth having, is neither prig nor poseur; his worldly people are not caricatures; his presentation of other points of view—the scientific, the ecclesiastical, the fashionable—is well thought out; it is not without humour and is even sometimes allowed to be convincing. The book has nothing melodramatic about it, and the suggestiveness of its teaching—it may be taken as a kind of comment on "The Fatal Opulence of Bishops" which we noticed on February 9—is enhanced by the fact that the Bishop is frankly shown, save for his example, to have been practically a failure. Into the problems thus raised we cannot enter here, but the book deserves praise if only for the contrast it presents to other books of its class.

For the Admiralty.

Mr. H. E. Acraman Coate, whose "Realities of Sea Life" gave an entertaining and unvarnished account of a young sailor's life, now adds to that narration *ALIENS AFLOAT* (Elliot Stock, 6s.). We do not find ourselves able to speak highly of it as a piece of fiction. The plot is anæmic and not one of the figures bears the impress of reality. Here and there the descriptive passages betray imagination, but the value of the book lies in its true rendering of the position of affairs on board British sailing ships. The *Magic* was manned by a crew two-thirds of whom were foreigners, and Mr. Coate manages to drive home the necessary moral that while this portion of our mercantile marine is given over so largely to foreign seamen—if that is the word for men who are frequently novices in navigation as in a ship's routine—it will be an awkward position if war should break out between Great Britain and some European Power. Foreign crews would in many instances be able to seize British ships—what would in other circumstances be an act of mutiny becoming under such conditions a deed of heroism.

Opera Bouffe.

The spirit of comic opera hovers about Marcus Reed's "PRIDE OF ENGLAND" (Constable, 6s.), and the last forty pages, with their lowering cloud of tragedy and final catastrophe, seem a little ill-assorted. One is hardly prepared for a real poisoning and a real stilettoing after more than two hundred pages of consistently light-hearted banter. It appears as though the poisoning ought

to prove all a mistake, due to the Prefect of Police having placed a seidlitz powder in the wrong glass, the murder an unhappy dream, the offspring of a lobster supper. The story contains no such comfortable explanations. Yet an imaginary heroine alluded to as "too good for heaven," a baronet who "delivered his studied compliment as he would hand over a heavy parcel," and an excellent low comedy father who sniffs about with a lamp smelling for fire the last thing at night (being as a consequence arrested in his own house for burglary by a new and zealous policeman), are ample atonement. Throughout the greater portion of this story of themorganatic marriage of a German prince with an English middle-class girl, the author has his tongue in his cheek and makes admirable play with the foibles of Court personages, whose kinship with common humanity has ever been a favourite theme with the comic opera librettist.

Daudet.

When Alphonse Daudet was in London he was an invalid and could go out very little. To beguile the lonely hours in Brown's Hotel, he told a story of his childhood to Mr. Robert H. Sherard, with the intention that Mr. Sherard should write it out. It now appears as *MY FIRST VOYAGE: MY FIRST LIE* (Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.), a little volume of 176 short pages. Perhaps the title is misleading, since the lie recorded seems the lie of an experienced rather than of an experimental liar; but this is hypercriticism. The story is that Daudet and his cousin were sent from Nismes to Lyon on a Rhone steamer, in 1854, and amused themselves by giving out that they were naval cadets from Varna. It is the merest trifle, but a trifle of great charm, and it shows Mr. Sherard in the light of a faithful, a sympathetic, and a skilled reporter. We use the word reporter advisedly, since the work has, as it should have, all the characteristics of Daudet's work. Humour abounds, and the story ends with one of those irrelevant but triumphant touches of pathos in which Daudet excelled all the writers of his generation, not in his own country only. The qualities of "Tartarin" and the qualities of "Jack" are alike to be found in it. Admirers of Daudet—their name is legion—cannot afford to neglect this posthumous work. It must be added, however, that the reader of the proofs has much to answer for. He has let *Numa Roumestan* go as *Numa Roumestare*, and hardly any of his accents are in the right place.

Rugby.

In *THE THREE FRIENDS, a Story of Rugby in the Forties* (Henry Frowde, 3s.), Mr. A. G. Butler describes the everyday life of the great school under the régime of Tait. Mr. Butler does not challenge comparison with Tom Brown. The mad-cap freaks and exuberance of Tom Brown and his admirers give place to the athletic triumphs and intellectual aspirations of older boys. Mr. Butler resists few opportunities of pointing the moral, but without always adorning the tale. As a literary artifice the introduction of Matthew Arnold and A. H. Clough discussing Tennyson's early poems is harmless enough, but we should have liked more such incidents as the Race for the Bags. The three friends are drawn with unfailing sureness of touch and insight into boy character, but the story is, we fear, above the heads of the youngsters of to-day. As a faithful picture of public school life in the middle of last century the story deserves to be read by others besides Rugbeians.

THE STRENGTH OF STRAW, by Esmè Stuart (John Long, 6s.), is a collection of short stories of varying merit. The most successful are the pathetic ones. "Tamzin's Choice" and "A Tale of Swanage" both show dramatic power, and are simply and directly told. In "A Bachelor's Love" and "A Deserted Hotel" we have the supernatural, but it does not thrill or impress. "The Night Boat from Boulogne" is an ingenious detective story. Miss Stuart is least effective when humour is required, and some of her shorter sketches might have been omitted with advantage.

The scene of Mr. Joseph Keating's *SON OF JUDITH* (George Allen, 6s.) is laid in the Welsh mining valleys, and the picture

of a collier's every-day life is evidently based on knowledge. A woman's vengeance on her betrayer furnishes the theme of the story. It is worked out skilfully, but the sombreness of the narrative is wholly unrelieved, and the author's humorous sallies only intensify the prevailing gloom.

Mr. George R. Sims is one of those fortunate authors who have a *clientèle* assured to them. In *THE SMALL PART LADY* (Chatto and Windus, 3s. 6d.) he offers a skilfully-varied menu. There is farcical humour and real pathos in its thirteen tales, and if you tire of one you will probably find yourself diverted, if not satisfied, by the next. For ourselves, we found "A Dead Man's Papers" as readable as any. But Mr. Sims has his particular audience, whom he has done his best to please. He will win his reward from them, and perhaps from one or two new readers.

In the gentle art of expanding her material Miss F. M. Peard may take a high place. *NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO* (Macmillan, 6s.) is, perhaps, as thin a novel as any we have come across lately. Dialogue reigns supreme; so much talk has seldom padded out a volume of this size before; and the conversation, we admit, is handled deftly, as by an experienced hand. For the rest, Number Two is set to hunt for Number One, and there are one or two odd numbers besides, for it must be admitted that Bride Kennedy was a most up-to-date young woman; but she eventually decides against the rake and in favour of the eminently conscientious major, which cannot but be satisfactory to all well-regulated minds. There is cleverness in the book—but it is the cleverness of the seasoned novelist who has learned to make bricks with the least possible admixture of straw. The irreverent might call such work "pot boiling."

LIBRARY NOTES.

Among the honours conferred upon the King's accession we are glad to notice the recognition of the two Royal Librarians. Mr. Maurice Holzmann, Librarian to his Majesty and Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall, has received the Knighthood of the Royal Victorian Order, and Mr. R. R. Holmes, Librarian at Windsor, has been advanced to a Companionship of the same Order. It is pleasing to note that Earl Roberts takes an interest in library work, and has consented to become a vice-president of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

It is quite likely that many librarians know little or nothing of the Peel Memorial Fund. It was raised in penny subscriptions by working men of the kingdom as a memorial of their gratitude to Sir Robert Peel for his abolition of the bread tax, and the money is used for supplying books, maps, &c., to public libraries, mechanics' institutions, and reading rooms. The trustees of the fund have decided to make another distribution from their resources next April, and librarians should make application for a grant before February 28 to the clerk to the trustees at University College, from whom they may obtain particulars.

The project for building a central municipal library in Dublin is taking shape. The idea is to build on the corporation ground in Lord Edward-street, between the City-hall and Christ-church Cathedral, a large library at a cost of £28,000. Such a really central reference library is much needed. The building will also house the magnificent collection of books which belonged to the late Sir John Gilbert, F.S.A., and which is at present inaccessible to students. This almost unique collection was bought by the corporation *en bloc* from Lady Gilbert in order to prevent its being scattered, and has been lying for the past year or two derelict for want of house room. At present there are three small municipal lending libraries, widely used by the citizens, and local libraries are mooted. In a general sense Dublin is admirably provided with libraries, those of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, and the King's Inns being worthy of any great city, while the National Library, the most popular of all, is steadily increasing in public efficiency. But, municipally, Dublin is very badly off in this respect.

An irreparable loss has fallen upon the Royal Academy of Science at St. Petersburg in the destruction by fire of a large portion of the library. Many priceless works on Russian history and several collections of unique MSS. on anthropology and zoology have perished. The library was insured, we are told,

but the statement serves only to remind us of Mummus and his soldiers at Corinth. We often forget how much knowledge lies stored up in similar libraries which may be entirely lost to the world by any such accident as that at St. Petersburg.

Among Mr. Andrew Carnegie's recent benefactions to library work are £40,000 for a public library to Syracuse, N.Y., and minor sums of £5,000 to the Upper Iowa University, £3,000 to Goshen, and £10,000 to Aurora, in the State of Illinois. Mr. Passmore Edwards, following the American lead, has offered £3,000 for a library in Camberwell, a district which is already indebted to him for two libraries and an art gallery.

Twice defeated, the advocates of a public library for Steeple Claydon, Bucks, have succeeded, at the third attempt, in securing the adoption of the Acts. We noted lately the opening of the East Claydon Library, and now we find the movement spreading to neighbouring towns. Steeple Claydon cannot, however, as the *Morning Leader* says, claim the distinction of being the first parish to adopt the Acts in the reign of Edward VII. The City Council of Westminster, a few days before, had resolved to put the Acts in force in the district of St. James', Westminster, and for certain parishes in the Strand.

The Birmingham free libraries are to receive a collection of 3,000 books bequeathed by Mr. H. P. Badley, of Belbroughton, and valued at not less than £1,500. It comprises many scarce and costly works of travel, among them being original editions of Roberts, Legard, and other Orientalists.

Under the auspices of the Library Association, classes for library assistants and others are being held on Wednesday afternoons at the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent-street. Mr. John Southward gives ten lectures on Historical Printing, and Mr. J. H. Quinn, Librarian of Chelsea, addresses the students on Cataloguing Rules.

Applications are invited by the Metropolitan Borough of Woolwich for the post of Chief Librarian. It is proposed to establish three or four separate libraries in the borough.

OBITUARY.

Spain has suffered a great loss by the death of the poet DON RAMON DE CAMPOAMOR in his eighty-fourth year. He was brought up in early youth amidst the "Sierras" of Asturias, a province generally spoken of as "the Highlands of Spain," and their influence is felt in his verse. It was the pure breath of his native mountains that fortified him when he settled at Madrid. Philosopher and statesman though he was, it is in his poetry, in his "Doloras," and his little poems (*pequenos poemas*) that his biography is written. He took part in no less than three literary revolutionary movements, but his individuality knew no change. In his "Doloras" there is an undercurrent of philosophy, the philosophy of one who knows the world and has explored the depths of the human heart. The profound is curiously mingled with the superficial, the sentimental with the brusque. It was written at various epochs of the poet's life, and there is nothing quite like it in Spanish nor in any other literature. Campoamor laughs at humanity, but the laugh is never bitter like that of Don Juan. His first poems were published in 1840. In 1853 he published an Epic poem "Colon," and he was also the author of books on metaphysics and philosophy. Campoamor acquired fame as a politician and had been a Minister of the Crown. He was married to an Irish lady, a Miss O'Gorman, and his domestic life was peculiarly happy.

An amiable Hellenist of that unpedantic sort which, in spite of the famous and eccentric late Monsieur Rossignol, usually flourishes in France, has just died in the person of M. LOUIS MÉNARD, the friend of Renan, Leconte de Lisle, Littré, Maury, and Flaubert. Among his numerous works are two masterpieces "Le Légende de Saint Hilarion" and the "Diable au Café." He was also the author of an excellent "Histoire des Grées." Louis Ménard died, as he had lived, in obscurity. He never sought honours and even disdained to seek readers; he wrote for his own pleasure. But in spite of this indifference, he had a large circle of readers and admirers.

The news has just come of the death of M. ARMAND SILVESTRE, whose career might be cited to illustrate the saying that journalism is the grave of genius. There probably never was a writer who poured out short stories more abundantly for the Parisian dailies. The epithet "Rabelaisian" was applicable to most of them. They were witty, but written for the smoking room rather than the boudoir. Any one who has read them knows the exact meaning of the word "gauloiserie." The author was a copious and beautiful poet, but found that short stories paid him

better. His influence on French literature was bad; but his work was at least brilliant. That of his imitators, whose writings have lately been exciting the horror of French moralists, has not, as a rule, even that redeeming quality.

Correspondence.

NAPOLEON AND MR. ELPHINSTONE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Lord Rosebery in his recent excellent work on Napoleon at St. Helena refers to "a Mr. Elphinstone" who sent some presents to the exiled Emperor which gave rise to considerable disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe. In some Anglo-Indian military circles out here there has long been a tradition that this Elphinstone was the famous Mountstuart Elphinstone, who was Governor of Bombay from 1819-1827, and who twice refused the Governor-Generalship of India and a peerage. Trusting this tradition some have actually blamed the noble author for being ignorant of the fame of this great Anglo-Indian statesman and administrator—and for speaking of him as if he were an obscure person.

I have gone into this tradition and find that it is absolutely without foundation. The Elphinstone referred to by Lord Rosebery was not the famous Mountstuart, but his cousin John, who is not known to fame at all. He was the head of the East India Company's Factory at Canton in China, and his career was quite obscure. Hence, Lord Rosebery is justified in speaking of him as "a Mr. Elphinstone."

The circumstances under which Mr. Elphinstone sent the presents to Napoleon are touching and somewhat remarkable, and, as Lord Rosebery just slightly alludes to them and passes by, I should like to devote a few lines of your valuable space to describe them, especially as in most books no reference whatever is made to them, and, as I have said above, people make a mistake about the central person. The following is Lord Rosebery's allusion :—

A Mr. Elphinstone, who was grateful for attentions paid to a wounded brother at Waterloo, sent him some chessmen from China. Lowe made difficulties about forwarding these because they bore N. and a crown. (p. 79.)

Count Montholon, the chivalrous and faithful companion of Napoleon during his exile, gives the full explanation of Mr. Elphinstone's cause of gratitude. "The Hon. Mr. Elphinstone, with a view of discharging a debt of gratitude to the Emperor, sent to St. Helena several small cases, containing a set of chessmen in ivory of marvellously beautiful workmanship, a box of dice, another of counters, and two magnificent baskets of large dimensions all exquisitely carved. Each of these objects was ornamented with the imperial crown—eagles and letter N. We have already said that it was an act of grateful homage on the part of Mr. Elphinstone, which arose from the following circumstances. On the evening before the battle of Waterloo, Captain Elphinstone, brother of the gentleman in question, had been grievously wounded and was lying stretched on the field in a hopeless condition. The Emperor happened to pass near him, observed his situation, and sent the surgeon in attendance on his person to make the necessary application to staunch his wounds from which the blood was copiously flowing. His natural goodness towards the wounded prompted him also to give him some wine from his silver flask which one of the chausseurs of the guard always carried on service near his person in case of a halt or bivouac. This providential assistance saved Captain Elphinstone's life. These presents gave rise to very lively discussions between Sir Hudson Lowe and the Grand Marshal, whilst more than a month elapsed between their arrival at St. Helena and their being delivered to the Emperor." ("History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena," Vol. II., pp. 480-81, ed. 1846.) It may be mentioned that Sir Hudson Lowe's version of this petty squabble—in which he was almost entirely in the wrong as in most others—may be read in Forsyth's work in

defence of that wrong-headed Governor. Forsyth describes Mr. Elphinstone as "late President of the East India Company's establishment in China." ("Captivity of Napoleon" from Lowe's papers, &c., Vol. II., 153-156.)

It is interesting to note that the Captain Elphinstone whose life Napoleon saved personally on the field of Waterloo survived to meet a very inglorious fate in the mountains of Afghanistan twenty-seven years later. He was the luckless General Keith-Elphinstone who fell an easy prey to the treachery of the wily chief Akbar Khan during the first Afghan war, and died with his hapless army of over 6,000 an inglorious death in the passes near Jugdallak in April, 1842. Mountstuart Elphinstone was the cousin of both these brothers. (cf. Burke's Peerage, 1900, p. 548, and Colebrooke's "Life of M. Elphinstone," Vol. II., 374.)

It is to be hoped that nobody will now mix up these Elphinstones or accuse Lord Rosebery of being ignorant of great Anglo-Indian statesmen. Yours, &c.,

R. P. KARKARIA.

Tardeo, Bombay, February 2, 1901.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In a recent note you plead in behalf of the defendant in this protracted suit as follows :—"Yet a split infinitive may sometimes positively help the language by conveying a meaning which cannot be conveyed in any other way. 'I ask you to kindly clear out' does not mean quite the same as 'I ask you kindly to clear out.'"

Might not counsel for the plaintiff fairly contend that the latter of the two expressions, although it appeals to the eye with less force by reason of the ambiguous position of the adverb, would, if competently spoken, convey the ironic suavity of the former with equal or even greater effect?

Might he not also demur to the assumption of any analogy between the gerund and the infinitive? In a gerundial phrase, he might argue, such as "of exactly describing," of is a preposition not only *de jure*, but *de facto*; it should be parsed as a preposition, and it might be replaced by other prepositions, such as *in*, *by*, or *for*; and the separation of the preposition from the gerund by an adverb is no more to be condemned, either in English or in Latin, than its separation from the noun by an adjective. But in an infinitive, such as "to describe," *to*, although claiming prepositional descent, has lost all the *status* of a preposition; it would not be parsed as a preposition, and it could not be replaced by other prepositions; it has, in fact, degenerated into a mere prefix, or sign of the infinitive, as the older grammars have it, and is therefore inseparable from the infinitive.

Lastly, I imagine, he would submit that there is no trace of the split infinitive in the phrase "to have entirely subdued," inasmuch as the virtue and compactness of the infinitive, which lie wholly in the auxiliary, are no more affected by the severance of the participle than the virtue of the indicative by the same severance in the English "I was quickly recognized," or the still wider severance in the Latin "sum cito a vobis cognitus."

But, after all, the only criterion of correctness in the long run is usage. Nearly fifty years ago I remember hearing a schoolfellow well scolded in class for speaking of a "lot of Jews." The other day I heard the same phrase used in the pulpit by a well-known preacher, and was perhaps the only one of his hearers to whom it sounded amiss. So will it fare, no doubt, with the split infinitive. If it is felt by the literary Demos to supply a want, however much Quintilian may gasp and stare, it will have "come to stay."

February 15.

E. D. L.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I point out to your correspondent "M." that there is certainly a possible distinction between sentences like the first two of the three sentences he quotes: "I ask you kindly to clear out that drawer" and "I ask you to kindly clear out that drawer." In the one case the kindness is in the asking, in the

second case in the clearing out. "To have entirely subdued" is certainly a usage generally accepted. "Lord Kitchener says that our movement east is reported to have 'thoroughly upset all the enemy's calculations'" is a sentence in *The Times* of Monday, the 11th, very similar to the example you gave. It is in accordance with the rule given by the grammars that the usual position of the adverb is between the auxiliary and the past participle. Any grammatical principle which forbids "to have exactly described" must also forbid "to be exactly described," and the latter it would be surely rash to condemn. This seems to me to lend support to the suggestion that the question is not one of grammar but of style.

Yours faithfully, GRAMMARIAN.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. George M. Smith has already stated in *The Times* of Wednesday that the supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography" will bring "the limit of our record of national biography to the close of her late Majesty's long and beneficent reign," and will include the life of the late Bishop of London as well as that of Queen Victoria. It will fill three volumes and Mr. Smith hopes that it will be published "in the course of the next few months."

Some curiosity will doubtless be aroused as to the biographer of her late Majesty, and we are glad to be able to state that her life will be written for the Dictionary by Mr. Sidney Lee. It would be difficult to have made a better choice.

Messrs. Macmillan announce an "Anthology of Latin Poetry," by Professor Robert Tyrrell, whose "Latin Poetry" (1893) was also published by them. Next week they will issue a volume of sermons by Canon Armitage Robinson—under the general title of "Unity in Christ." Another volume of sermons—preached in Westminster Abbey by the Headmaster of Westminster, Dr. Rutherford—will follow early in March, when the revised edition of Francis Procter's well-known "History of the Book of Common Prayer," re-written by Mr. Walter H. Frere, will also appear. The next volume in Macmillan's Library of English Classics will be De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater"—along with the essays on "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts," "The English Mail Coach," and "The Spanish Military Nun"—edited by Mr. Alfred Pollard. The text of the "Opium Eater" reproduces the expanded form revised by De Quincey for the first collected edition of his works, and contains passages not to be found in Dr. Garnett's 1885 reprint. This will be published early in March, when another interesting reprint will appear in a new and revised edition of the late Professor Henry Sidgwick's "The Methods of Ethics." Next Friday Messrs. Macmillan will publish an elaborately illustrated volume on Byzantine architecture in Greece by Messrs. Robert Weir Schultz and Sidney Howard Barnsley, lately members of the British School at Athens. "The Monastery of Saint Luke of Stiris, in Phocis, and the Dependent Monastery of Saint Nicholas-in-the-Fields, near Skripou in Boeotia." On the same day will appear the first volume of the "Dictionary of Architecture and Building," edited by Russel Sturgis, to which some eighty American and European authorities are contributing.

Lady Hodgson, whose "The Siege of Kumassi" Messrs. Pearson will publish next week, was in Kumassi with her husband, the Governor of the Gold Coast, during the siege last summer, and accompanied the force which broke out of the beleaguered town. The terrible march lasted nearly three weeks, and the losses included three officers killed and wounded, and eighty men killed and missing. "War's Brighter Side," by Julian Ralph, which Messrs. Pearson will also publish shortly, gives the history and contents of the celebrated newspaper published in Bloemfontein at the special request of Lord Roberts during his occupation of the town. Mr. Kipling's contributions

are now published in this country for the first time. Among other contributors were Dr. Conan Doyle and Lord Stanley. A little later will come a half-crown "Life of Lord Kitchener," by Herbert G. Groser, who has written a popular "Life of Lord Roberts."

In April the same publishers will issue the first volume of "The Great Peoples Series," edited by Professor York Powell. It will be by Major Martin Hume, and deal with "The Spanish People." Next month they will probably publish a volume entitled "Cyprus to Zanzibar by the Egyptian Delta: The Adventures of a Journalist in the Isle of Love, the Home of Miracles, and the Land of Cloves," by Mr. Edward Vizetelly. A volume of essays by Mr. Frank Bullen—reprinted from the *Spectator* and other journals—will be ready about the same time. Mr. Bullen calls his new collection "A Sack of Shakings." In fiction Messrs. Pearson are publishing immediately "Twixt Devil and Deep Sea," by Mr. C. N. Williamson—who has another novel coming out with Messrs. Routledge. For next month they promise a new volume of short stories by Bret Harte entitled "Under the Redwoods"; "Willowdene Will," by Halliwell Sutcliffe; and for April "Cinders," by Helen Mathers; "Don or Devil," by William Westall; "A Patched-up Affair," by Florence Warden; and "The Eternal Choice," by E. H. Cooper.

Two new books relating to the war in South Africa are included in Messrs. Smith, Elder's list—Mr. George H. Makins' "Surgical Experiences in South Africa, 1899-1900," mainly a study of the effects of injuries produced by bullets of small calibre; and "Yeomanry Cavalry, or Mounted Infantry," by Lieut.-Col. Launcelet Rolleston. Messrs. Smith, Elder also announce "The Siege of the Peking Legations," by the Rev. Roland Allen, who was acting as Bishop of North China at the time of the Boxer outbreak last year; "British Power and Thought: A Historical Inquiry," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning; "Small Farming," by Professor James Long; and a new volume of "The Historical Series for Bible Students"—"Christianity in the Apostolic Age," by Prof. George T. Purves—which will be followed by other volumes dealing with "Contemporary Old Testament History" and "Outlines for the Study of Biblical History and Literature." A useful new edition announced by the same publishers is of the "Handbook of the Administrations of Great Britain during the Nineteenth Century, 1801-1900," by Francis Culling Carr-Gomm. Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel "The Silver Skull" is nearly ready.

Omar Khayyám is not to be neglected this spring. Besides a new edition of FitzGerald's translation in the Flowers of Parnassus Series, illustrated by Mr. Herbert Cole, Mr. Lane will publish a prose translation by Baron Corvo and Mr. E. Slaughter of the French version of the Rubáiyát by Nicolas (Paris, 1867). The French text will be included. Early next month Mr. Lane will publish a volume by the new editor of the *Daily News*—a book of verse, with Cambridge interludes, entitled "Anni Fugaces"; and about the same time will appear a volume by Mr. Herbert Paul—now associated with Mr. Lehmann on the *Daily News*—entitled "Men and Letters." "Poets of the younger generation," by Mr. William Archer, is a guinea book which Mr. Lane will publish shortly, with portraits from wood engravings by Robert Brydon. Other books from Mr. Lane are "King Monmouth," by Allen Fea—uniform with "The Flight of the King"; "Stray Leaves from a Border Garden," by Mary Pamela Milne Holme; "A Garden in the Suburbs," by Mrs. Leslie Williams; "The Aristocrats"—a novel written in the form of letters by a well-known but anonymous authoress; a new novel by Mr. W. J. Locke, entitled "The Usurper"; a book of poems by Lady Margaret Sackville; and a volume by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, entitled "The Queen's Chronicle, and other Verses."

Fiction figures largely in Messrs. Cassell's spring list. Another volume of short stories by Mr. Quiller-Couch is announced under the title of "Wreckwood," and a collection of tales called "Afield and Afloat," by Mr. Frank R. Stockton. Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton is represented by a characteristic romance entitled "A Vanished Rival," and the adventures of John Gifford (the original of Bunyan's "Evangelist") in his cavalier days, before he became minister of a congregation at Maidstone, form the subject of a new novel by Dora M. Jones entitled "A Soldier of the King."

Lord Percy's new book "Highlands of Asiatic Turkey," being the result of his second journey in those parts, will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold at the beginning of March. A souvenir of the war of 1800-1901 will be issued next week by Mr. Edward Arnold under the suggestive title of the "Khaki Alphabet," illustrated by Mr. Tom Browne, the letterpress by Mr. I. D. Powles.

The late Canon C. W. Bardsley, besides the works on nomenclature published during his lifetime, compiled a "Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames," which his widow has now prepared for the press. It will be published in the spring by Mr. Frowde, with a preface by Dr. Bardsley, Bishop of Carlisle. Yet another commentary on the New Testament is to come from Dr. F. N. Peloubet and be published by Mr. Frowde. The title "The Teachers' Commentary on the New Testament" indicates its purpose. Dr. Peloubet has drawn his materials from every source—from scholarship, literature, history, geography, travel, pictures, and the original Greek. The text is that of the combined Authorized and Revised Version, and the references are those lately prepared under the auspices of the University Presses.

The forthcoming number of the Annual of the British School at Athens, shortly to be published for the committee by Messrs. Macmillan will contain Mr. Arthur Evans' preliminary account of his brilliant discoveries at the Palace at Knossos in Crete and a paper by Mr. Hogarth describing his excavation of the Dictæan Cave (both illustrated), with papers by Mr. F. B. Welch on "The Influence of the Aegean Civilization on South Palestine" and by Mr. J. C. Lawson on "A Beast Dance in Scyros."

Fiction is the sole feature of Mr. John Long's new list—see under "Books to look out for at once." Other novels in preparation include "A Woman-Derelict," by May Crommelin; "Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband," by Richard Marsh; "Paul le Maistre," the story of a Jerseyman and his experiences in London, by Frederic Carrel—himself a native of Jersey; "Once too Often," by Florence Warden; "The Three Days' Terror," by J. S. Fletcher; "Nobler than Revenge," by Esmé Stuart; "Plato's Handmaiden," by Lucas Cleeve; "Women Must Weep," by Sarah Tytler; "The Mission of Margaret," by Adeline Sergeant; and new volumes by Mrs. Lovett Cameron and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, William S. Walker, Victoria Cross, and G. B. Burgin.

English authors will be pleased to learn that, in consequence of a report of the United States Commissioner of Labour, there is a chance of reform in the United States Copyright laws in their favour. The existing law allows any American publisher to appropriate any English book of which a copy has not been set up and printed in America at the time when it is published in England. The intention of this provision is to protect American printers from foreign competition; but its disappearance would do the printers very little harm for two reasons:—1. The printing of books is only a small fraction of the total printing done in America. 2. Most of the books that circulate in both countries would continue to be set in both countries because of the devotion of the American public to the American mode of spelling. It is satisfactory to find that, in this matter, the American Publishers' is strongly in favour of justice to England.

Mrs. Max Müller has undertaken to write a life of her husband, Professor Max Müller, and would be much indebted to any of Professor Max Müller's correspondents if they would lend her any letters they may have in their possession. They should be sent to Mrs. Max Müller, at 7, Norham-gardens, Oxford, and they will be returned when done with. Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. will be the publishers of the Life.

It is ten years since Ibsen's "Prose Dramas" appeared in the collected edition, in five volumes—"The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," and "An Enemy of the People." They are now to be published by Mr. Walter Scott in a new and revised edition, in two forms (at half-a-crown in cloth and eighteen-pence in paper cover).

Mrs. Frankau, the writer of "Eighteenth Century Colour Prints," is following up that work with a biography of John Raphael Smith, the mezzotint engraver and miniature portrait painter, who died in 1812. Mrs. Frankau will be grateful for any documents or information having reference to the life of Smith or his associates. Smith was the boon companion of George Morland, William Hilton, R.A., and Peter de Wint were among his pupils. We are asked to state that communica-

tions may be addressed to Mrs. Frankau, care of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., St. Martin's-street, W.C.

Mr. Henry Lucy's "Parliamentary Diary," to be published by Mr. Arrowsmith on Monday week, is prefaced by the following note:—"To the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who made possible the Unionist Parliament 1895-1900, this record of some phases of its history is inscribed." The book will be illustrated by Mr. E. T. Reed of *Punch*.

The next volume in the Scott Library will be "Scotts Essayists: From Stirling to Stevenson," edited, with an introduction, by Oliphant Smeaton.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. will shortly publish a book entitled "The Life of the Sea-Shore: An Introduction to Marine Zoology," by M. I. Newbigin, illustrated by a long series of original illustrations from actual objects.

Messrs. Greening request us to state that Mr. Theodore Wratislaw's book on Mr. Swinburne's poetry was not, as has been stated, written with the poet's "full knowledge and consent," and, further, that the book is in no way intended as a biography but as a study of the poet's work.

Books to look out for at once.

LITERATURE—

"Stray Papers," By W. M. Thackeray. Ed. by L. Melville. Hutchinson. 6s. [With some of Thackeray's drawings.]

"Ephemera Critica." By John Churton Collins. Constable. 7s. 6d. [A comprehensive survey of the vices and defects, as well as of the merits, characteristic of current Belles Lettres.]

"The 'Good Man' of the Eighteenth Century." By the Rev. Charles Whittuck. Allen. [Studies in eighteenth century literature.]

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY—

"Huldreich Zwingli." By Dr. Samuel Macaulay Jackson. Putnam. 6s. "Heroes of the Reformation" Series. Illustrated.

"Shifting Scenes; Memories of Many Men in Many Lands." By Sir Edward Malet. Murray. 10s. 6d. net. [Written in the form of an imaginary interview.]

THEOLOGY—

"Thoughts about God, the Church, the World, and the Human Soul, abridged from the New Diary of Father John (Sergieff)." Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

[Translated by Colonel E. E. Goulaeff.]

"Evolution of the English Bible." By H. W. Hoare. Murray. 10s. 6d. n. "In Terra Pax: Primary Sayings of our Lord during the Great Forty Days in their Relation to the Church." By the Rev. Morris Fuller Longmans. 6s. net.

"The Apostles' Creed." By Prof. Harnack. Translated by Stewart Means and edited by Thomas B. Saunders. Black. 1s. 6d.

"What is Christianity?" By Professor Harnack. Translated by T. Bailey Saunders. Williams and Norgate. [Theological Translation Library.]

FICTION—

"The Royal Sisters." A Romance. By Frank Mathew. John Long. 6s. "Mary Bray, x, Her Mark." By Jenner Tayler. John Long. 6s.

"Scoundrels and Co." By Coulson Kernahan. Ward and Lock. 3s. 6d.

"The Mayor of Littlejoy." By F. C. Smale. Ward and Lock. 6s.

"The Emu's Head." By Carlton Dawe. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

"A Lesson for Life." By Clarence Rook (author of "Hooligan Nights"). Ward, Lock. 1s.

"Two Sides of a Question." By May Sinclair. Constable. 1s.

"A Honeymoon in Space." By G. Griffith. Pearson. 6s.

"Twixt Devil and Deep Sea." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Pearson. 6s.

"A Bid for a Coronet." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Routledge. 6s.

"The Life Romantic." By R. Le Gallienne. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

"A Bicycle of Cathay." By F. R. Stockton. Harper. 6s.

"The Lesser Evil." By Iza Duffus Hardy. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"In His Own Image." By Frederick Baron Corvo. Lane. 6s.

THE ARMY—

"Regimental Records of the British Army." By J. S. Farmer. Richards. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Rifle Brigade." By Walter Wood. Richards. 3s. 6d.

WAR AND TRAVEL—

"The Siege of Kumassi." By Lady Hodgson. Pearson. 21s.

"Through Siberia." By J. Stadling. Constable. 18s.

"First on the Antarctic Continent." By C. E. Borchgrevink. Newnes. 10s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE—

"Practical Organic Chemistry for Advanced Students." By J. B. Cohen. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

"The New Hygiene." By J. W. Wilson. Putnam. 2s. 6d.

"Practical Electric Testing." By G. D. A. Parr. Longmans. 8s. 6d.

"Libyan Notes." By D. Randall-Maciver, M.A., and Anthony Wilkin, B.A. Macmillan. 20s. net. [The result of an expedition to Algeria undertaken in 1900 to establish, if possible, a connexion between the Berber tribes and Egypt.]

MISCELLANEOUS—

"Georgie." By E. E. Kiser. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

[Philosophy of the Dooley description. Illustrated.]

"The Orchestra and Orchestral Music." By W. J. Henderson. J. Murray. 5s. net.

"Manufacture of Mineral and Lake Pigments." By J. Bersch. Scott and Greenwood. 12s. 6d. net.

"The Medical Examiner of Life Insurance." By C. L. Greene. Redman. 17s. net.

"New Century Hymns for the Christian Year." By F. W. O. Ward. "Home Words." 5s.

- NEW EDITIONS—**
 "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen." By W. H. Wilkins. 3rd and cheap ed. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.
 "The Cuckoo in the West." By Mrs. Oliphant. Hutchinson. 6d.
 "Earthwork out of Tuscany." By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan. 5s.
 [Third edition, revised; new volume in the "Eversley Series."]
 "West African Studies." By Mary H. Kingsley. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
 [With additional chapters.]
 "The Scenery of Scotland viewed in connexion with its Physical Geology." By Sir Archibald Geikie. Third ed. Macmillan.
 "Rob Roy." By Sir Walter Scott. (Border Edition.) Edited by Andrew Lang. Macmillan. 6s.
 "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," and "A Doll's House." By Henrik Ibsen. Scott. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each.
 [First three vols. of a new and revised edition of Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Edited by William Archer.]
 "Charles Darwin and the Theory of Natural Selection." By E. B. Poulton, F.R.S. Cassell. 2s. 6d.
 [Cheap ed. in monthly vols. of the "Century Science Series."]
 "Adam Bede." By George Eliot. Lane. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net.
 [Vol. I. of Mr. Lane's "New Pocket Library."]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

- ART.**
 "The Story of Art in the British Isles." By J. E. Phythian. 6x4in., 216 pp. Newnes. 1s.
 "The Exhibited Works of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. With Notes." By C. F. Bell. 10x6in., 184 pp. Boll. 21s. n.
- DRAMA.**
 "Rudolph Schrollé. A Tragedy." By E. G. 7x5in., 99 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
 "Demosthenes on the Crown." By W. W. Goodwin. 9x6in., 348 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 12s. 6d.
 "Advanced Exercises in Practical Physics." By A. Schuster, Ph.D., and C. H. Lees, D.Sc. 9x6in., 308 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 8s.
- FICTION.**
 "His Lordship's Whim." By G. C. Whadcoat. 7x5in., 383 pp. E. Wilson. 6s.
 "Anne Melanawaring." By Lady Ridley. 7x5in., 333 pp. Longmans. 6s.
 "The Monster, and other Stories." By Stephen Crane. 7x5in., 232 pp. Harper. 5s.
 "The Sacred Fount." By Henry James. 7x5in., 316 pp. Methuen. 6s.
 "Max Thornton." By E. Glanville. 8x5in., 317 pp. Chatto. 6s.
 "The Master Sinner." By A. Well-Known Author. 7x5in., 182 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.
 "The Golden Wang-Ho." By Fergus Hume. 7x5in., 307 pp. J. Long. 6s.
 "Trewern. A Tale of the Thirteenth." By R. M. Thomas. 7x5in., 260 pp. Unwin. 6s.
 "Le Fantôme." By Paul Bourget. 7x4in., 345 pp. Paris. Plon. Fr. 3.50.
- HISTORY.**
 "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, 1649-1680. Vol. III." By S. R. Gardiner. 9x5in., 513 pp. Longmans. 21s.
- LITERARY.**
 "Two Lectures Introductory to the Study of Poetry." By the Rev. H. C. Beeching. 7x5in., 57 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 1s.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
 "The Queen's Best Monument." A Memorial Reprint from "The Spectator." 10x9in., 79 pp. "The Spectator." 6d.
 "The American Negro. A Critical and Practical Discussion." By W. H. Thomas. 8x5in., 440 pp. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d. n.
 "French Life in Town and Country." By Hannah Lynch. 7x4in., 361 pp. Nownes. 3s. 6d.
 "The Newspaper Directory for 1901." 11x8in., 216 pp. Mitchell. 2s.
 "Répertoire d'Épigraphie Sémitique." Publié par la Commission du Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum. Tome I. 9x5in., 48 pp. Paris. C. Klincksieck.
 Price of complete vol. Fr. 15.
 "Le Livre des Mille Nuits et Une Nuit. Traduction Littérale et Complète du texte Arabe par le Docteur J. C. Mardrus. Tome VII." 9x4in., 276 pp. Paris. Éditions de la Revue Blanche. Fr. 7.
- Concerning Children.** By Charlotte P. Guman. 7x5in., 306 pp. Putnam. 6s.
- NAVAL.**
 "The British Fleet. Is it Sufficient and Efficient?" By A. S. Hurd. 7x5in., 124 pp. Blackwood. 1s.
- PHILOSOPHY.**
 "The Neo-Platonists. A Study in the History of Hellenism." By T. Whittaker. 9x6in., 234 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 7s. 6d.
 "Ethics, Descriptive and Explanatory." By S. E. Mezes. 9x6in., 435 pp. The Macmillan Co. 10s. 6d. n.
- POETRY.**
 "Fireside Poems." By the Rev. J. Stratton. 7x4in., 118 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d.
- POLITICAL.**
 "Proportional Representation applied to Party Government." By T. R. and H. P. C. Ashworth. 7x5in., 223 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s. n.
 "Vengeance as a Policy in Afrikanerland." By F. J. Dormer. 9x6in., 244 pp. Nisbet. 6s.
 "Problèmes Politiques du Temps Présent." By Emile Faguet. 7x4in., 329 pp. Paris. Colin. Fr. 3.50.
- REPRINTS.**
 "Pride and Prejudice." By Jane Austen. (The Little Library, 2 vols.) 6x4in., 224+251 pp. Methuen. 3s. n.
 "Talks with Mr. Gladstone." 2nd Ed. Rev. By the Hon. L. A. Tolmache. 8x5in., 186 pp. Arnold. 6s.
 "Poems." By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (Siddal Ed.) 6x4in., 140 pp. Ellis & Elvey.
 "King Henry IV. (The Chawick Shakespeare.) Vols. I. & II. 6x4in., 134+147 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. n. each.
 "A Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection." By William Law. Ed. by L. H. M. Soulsby. 5x3in., 200 pp. Longmans. 2s. n.
- THEOLOGY.**
 "Counsels for Churchpeople." From the Writings of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. Mandell Creighton, D.D. Ed. by J. H. Burns, B.D. 6x4in., 202 pp. Stock. 5s.
- TOPOGRAPHY.**
 "Tolmouch: Its History and its Surroundings." By Beatrice F. Creswell. 8x6in., 126 pp. Homeland Association. 5s. n.
 "St. John's College. (Cam. Un. Coll. Histories.) By J. E. Mullinger. 7x5in., 333 pp. Robinson. 5s. n.
 "Rambles round the Edge Hills, &c." By the Rev. G. Miller. 8x5in., 232 pp. Stock. 6s.
 "The Oak Hamlet. Being an account of the History and Associations of the Village of Ockham, Surrey." By H. St. John Hick Bashall. 9x5in., 54 pp. Stock. 5s. n.
 "Bermondsey. Its Historic Memoirs and Associations." By E. T. Clarke. 9x6in., 279 pp. Stock. 12s. 6d. n.
- TRAVEL.**
 "Modern Abyssinia." By A. B. Wylie. 9x5in., 506 pp. Methuen. 15s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXXX.
 By ALAIN C. WHITE, New York.
 BLACK. 7 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
 White to play and mate in two move.

PROBLEM No. CXXXI.
 By R. SAHLBERG, Stockholm.
 BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 11 pieces.
 White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 132. by L. Bachmann, Augsburg. White (2 pieces) —K at Q 4; R at K R 2. Black (3 pieces)—K at Q Kt 8; pawns at Q R 7, Q Kt 2. White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 133. by Dr. Galitzky. White (3 pieces)—K at K R 4; Kt at K Kt 5; pawn at K R 6. Black (3 pieces)—K at K B 5; pawns at K B 4, Q R 7. White to play and win.

THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT.—It is beginning to be apparent who will be the leaders at the close. On Tuesday these were Janowski, 7; Tschigorin, 6½; Alapin, 6; Von Scheve, 5½; Schlechter, 6½; Gunsberg, 5½; Blackburne, 5½. The peculiar arrangement as to drawn games makes all such figures approximate only. One or two games by Mieses compete for the brilliancy prizes. This player has done good work recently. Several players have lost games by exceeding the time limit. Thus Gunsberg by fine play won Tschigorin's queen, and then lost by time.

GAME No. LXV.—Whilst the masters are busy at Monte Carlo very large correspondence matches are being played in England and America, and splendid games result. The following interesting game from an American exchange was played between Mr. F. A. Hill, of St. Paul, Minn., and Mr. J. Tunstall. The notes should be carefully studied. They are by Mr. A. E. Swaffield, of Brooklyn:—

SCOTCH OPENING.

WHITE. Hill.	BLACK. Tunstall.	WHITE. Hill.	BLACK. Tunstall.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	20. P×Pep.	P×P
2. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	21. P-K 5	Q-Kt 4
3. P-Q 4	P×P	22. P×P	Q-R sq (b)
4. Kt×P	B-B 4	23. P×P	Q-Q B 4
5. B-K 3	Q-K 2	24. R-Q B 4	Kt×R 3(c)
6. Kt-Q B 3	B×Kt	25. R×R ch	Kt×R
7. B×B	Kt-B 3	26. Q-B 4	Q×Kt P(d)
8. B×Kt	Q×B	27. Q-R P ch	K-Kt sq
9. Kt-Q 5	Q-R sq	28. B-B 4	Q-K 2
10. P-Q 3	Kt-K 2	29. B-B 4 ch	Kt-K 3
11. Kt-K 3	P-Q 3	30. Q-Kt 5	K-R 2
12. Castles	Castles	31. B×Kt	K-B 3
13. P-K B 4	K-R sq	32. Q-Q 8	Q-K 4
14. P-B 5	Kt-Kt sq	33. R-B 3	B-B sq
15. R-B 4	Kt-R 3	34. P-B 4	P-Q Kt 3
16. Q-K sq	B-Q 2	35. Q-Q 4	Q-K 3
17. P-K Kt 4	P-R R 3	36. Q-Q 4	Q-K 4(e)
18. Q-Q 2	Kt-R 2	37. Q-Q 2	R-Q
19. Q-R K B sq	P-K Kt 4(a)	38. R-B 8	Resigns

(a) Black's defence has been excellent, but we doubt the wisdom of this move, preferring P-K B 3. If 19. —, Q-K 2; 20. P-B 6, P×P; 21. Q-R 4, might be the continuation.

(b) Black disregards the loss of the pawn, so intent is he on his combination, only to find in White's twenty-fourth move that the pawn is to be the main factor in his defeat.

(c) 24. —, Q×Kt ch; 25. Q×Q, R×Q; 26. R×R ch, Kt×R; 27. P-B 8 (Q), B×Q; 28. R×B and White has a winning ending.

(d) K-Kt 2 makes a very strong defence, but it should lose. 27. Q-Q 4 ch, Q×Q; 28. R×Q, R-B sq. (best); 29. Kt-Q 5, Kt-K 3; 30. R-Q B 4, K-B 2 (if —, B-B 3; 31. R×B and B-B 6) makes a hard game to win. White's best is probably R-Q 4, which makes a most interesting position.

If now 27. —, Q×Kt P; 28. B-B 4 wins. If 27. —, Q-B 3; 28. Q×Q ch, K×Q; 29. B-Kt 5, K-K 2; 30. R-K 4 ch, Kt-K 3; 31. Kt-Q 5 ch, K-Q 3; 32. B×B wins. 27. —, P-Kt 4 seems best, the game continuing: 28. Q-Q 5, Q×Q (if Q×Kt P; 29. R-K 4 wins, as White plays Kt-B in reply to Q-B 3 ch and K-B 2 (if Q-R 8 ch); 29. R×Q, R-B (if K-B 2; 30. B-Kt 6 ch); 30. Kt-Q 5, K-B 2 (if B×P; 31. R-Q 4, K-B 2 (forced); B-B 4 wins); 31. B-Kt 6 ch, Kt-B (if K-Kt 2; 32. B-B 5); 32. R×B ch, K-K 3; 33. R-Kt 7, Kt-B 5, &c.; 34. Kt-B 6 ch and wins. 28. —, P-B 4; 27. Q-Q 4 ch, Q×Q; 28. R×Q, R-B sq; 29. Kt-Q 5, Kt-K 3; 30. R-K 4, K-Kt 2 (if Kt×P; 31. Kt-B 6, followed by R-K 7, wins); 31. B-B 4, and must win, for Black cannot move either of his Q-side pawns, while White advances his. Of course, if K-B sq, White wins at once by Kt-B 3.

(e) K-R 3 might have prolonged the game, but that is all. White's play is continuously good throughout.



WHITE. Mr. HILL.
 White to play his 22nd move.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 178. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	151, 152, 153
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Slang and its Uses," by Charles Whibley	153
SACRED FLOWERS	155
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	155
REVIEWS—	
American Literature—	
A Literary History of America—Bret Harte—The Treasury of American Sacred Song	156, 157, 158
The Siege of Kumassi	158
The Far East—	
The Problem of Asia—The Englishman in China during the Victorian Era—China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce—Mount Omi and Beyond—The Awakening of the East	158, 159, 160, 161
Japanese Plays and Playfellows—Counsels for Church People—English Catalogue, 1900—Mudie's English Catalogue—V.R.L. Her Life and Empire—Stories of the Queen—A Manual of Medicine—Mémorial of James Macartney—Mosquitoes and Malaria—On Sanitary and Other Matters—Bridge Whist—Bridge Abridged—Bookkeeping—Ibsen—Drifting, &c.	162, 163, 164
Educational Books	164
The Monster—Whilomville Stories—Quality Corner—Peccavi—The Master Sinner—Trinity Bells—Hate, the Destroyer—A Cuirassier of Arran's	165, 166
ART NOTES	165
AMONG THE MAGAZINES	166
CORRESPONDENCE—The Problem Novel—The Split Infinitive—Decadent Metres—Victor Hugo (M. Alf. Hamonet)	167, 168
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for ...	168, 169
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	170

NOTES OF THE DAY.

"Scenes from Clerical Life" is already out of copyright, "Adam Bede" is out of copyright this year, and "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" will be public property next year and the year after. Impelled, perhaps, by the coming competition, Messrs. Blackwood promise a new George Eliot, of which the first volume will be "Adam Bede," which has also just been republished by Mr. Lane.

George Eliot wears well. After the almost pontifical position she attained during her later life some reaction was inevitable. Edward Fitzgerald could not abide her, just as Mr. Badman could not abide the Lord's Day. (Would it have made "old Fitz" laugh or weep to know that in certain progressive school-rooms texts from the Bible were at one time superseded by texts from George Eliot and Omar set side by side?) Then she had bad times when the rattle of the musketry of Mr. Henley and his young men rang through the kopjes of Fleet-street. Yet she survives. A wise world, it is evident, will not willingly let die Mrs. Poyser, or Tom and Maggie, or mine host of the Rainbow. So Messrs. Blackwood do prudently to forestall competition.

What is to be done with all the six-shilling novels? is a question asked by the *Publishers' Circular*. They are published by thousands, and we have it on the authority of several firms that less than ten per cent. of the manuscripts submitted ever get published. Clearly if the multitude now engaged in writing fiction would consent to serve their country in a more profitable fashion, the problem of national defence without conscription would be solved. The *Publishers' Circular*, indeed, has a

VOL. VIII. No. 9.

proposal for utilizing the superfluity of novels already produced for purposes of Imperial protection. We know from stories without number from the battlefield that there is nothing like a book for stopping a bullet—could we not (our contemporary suggests) pad our soldier in South Africa with "remainders" in fiction? Five six-shilling volumes would make a complete breastplate of impenetrable armour.

An amusing attempt at paternal government is being made in the Legislature of New York State by a member who proposes that all books, newspapers, and other serial literature should be printed in large type. One result would be that a sixteen page newspaper would have to spread its matter over twenty pages. Speaking of American newspapers, by the way, we may note that Mr. Bryan does not seem very successful with his new paper, the *Commoner*. The *New York Times* suggests that it would be more aptly called the "Commonest."

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's tract "The Ideal Book," which has followed the *Agricola* of Tacitus from the Doves Press—and which, like the *Agricola*, has been already sold out—is a plea for beauty in book production. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson starts from the assertion that "Handwriting and hand decoration of letter and page are at the root of beauty in books, and every printer, and indeed every one having to do with the making of books, should ground himself in the practice of the Art of Beautiful Writing." This sums up a feeling that has often been hesitatingly expressed, namely, that we shall not get more beautiful printing until we get a general improvement in handwriting. If a man scribbles off a letter, and with little care for the formation of words and letters, he is not likely to distinguish between ugly and beautiful type, or to demand more beauty in the printed page. We are glad to note that Mr. Cobden-Sanderson admits the whole duty of typography to be "to communicate to the imagination, without loss by the way, the thought or image intended to be communicated by the author." This is a duty typographers have sometimes neglected. Indeed, the general impression concerning any out-of-the-way type is that its object must be to prevent the author's ideas from being grasped without a struggle.

The suggestion that the "psychological moment" has arrived for some "agent" to publish those love-letters of Sir John Falstaff is made by the *Literary World*. "I warrant," said Mrs. Page, "he hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank spaces for different names. . . He will print them out of doubt." The suggestion is apt, but the "Editor" of the letters, if there is to be one, will not be the first literary adventurer to meddle with the fat knight's correspondence. In a letter to Coleridge Lamb warmly recommends some recently published "Original Letters of Falstaff," genially suggesting that Coleridge might get the book puffed. The author, one James White, was, in fact, an old Christ's Hospital boy and a schoolfellow of Elia. The letters, Lamb said, were far superior to Dr. Kendrick's "Falstaff's Wedding." On the whole, perhaps, it would be better to leave Sir John at peace "in Arthur's bosom."

The Stage Society generally manage to get their productions well acted. *Andromache* was an exception. The acting of the play lacked distinction, and some of it was extremely bad. Luckily the piece itself was interesting enough to make most of the audience forget imperfections in its presentation. Mr. Gilbert Murray's play, which we praised when it was published last May, takes a simple legend of the Greek heroic age (an example which, it is said, Mr. Stephen Phillips is about to follow in the case of "The Odyssey") and dramatizes it in the modern manner. It is almost entirely Greek in sentiment—so Greek that it perhaps astonished some members of the Stage Society, whose managers, however, must be congratulated once more on their choice. We hope Mr. Murray will be encouraged to further dramatic experiments.

* * * *

As *You Like It* at the Comedy Theatre suits the Benson Company well—better than *Coriolanus*, which is a difficult play to act in any circumstances. The charm of this delightfully pastoral comedy is well brought out by a really good all-round representation. After *Richard II.* and *Hamlet* Mr. Benson's season at the Comedy Theatre comes to a close. From London he goes to Stratford-on-Avon for the annual festival. There he will play for two weeks, the second of which will be devoted to a cycle of historical plays, including *King John*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.* (Part II.), *Henry V.*, *Henry VI.* (Part II.), and *Richard III.* This is an interesting method of arrangement; perhaps some day we may have the whole series of history dramas acted as a cycle in London.

* * * *

That Sudermann's *Schmetterlingsschlacht*, performed at the German Theatre, is good comedy every one will admit. The widow in straitened circumstances whose one aim in life is, by fair means or foul, to provide her three pretty daughters with well-to-do husbands, an aim in which she is fully supported by two of them, is correct matter for comedy. Rosi, the youngest daughter, however, believes in love and romance and is devoted to her sisters. They, and especially the elder, do not scruple to make a tool of her and to work upon her generous instincts and her ignorance of the world's conventions. On this the drama chiefly hinges, and it is here that for once Sudermann fails in truth both to art and life. There is something revolting in the spectacle of a young, innocent girl who is made a dupe, and of the depravity of a man and woman who, to further their own immoral ends, can daze and obfuscate her with champagne. We have to take the possibility of such innocence for granted, although it makes a large demand on our credulity. But the exploitation of the *ingénue* which is so much in vogue just now does little credit either to the art of the dramatist and the novelist or to their observation of life. The heroine of the "Visits of Elizabeth," the heroine of *The Awakening*, belong to the same class as Sudermann's Rosi. When we are not pained and humiliated by the treatment the *ingénue* receives, we are amazed at her folly and ignorance.

* * * *

When *Schmetterlingsschlacht* was first produced at Berlin in 1894 it had no success, because people read into it an onslaught on capital. How such a construction could be placed on it it is difficult to see; and the dramatist himself declared that the play was nothing more than a piece of *genre* painting without any sort of tendency. But Sudermann's point of view regarding women who have to earn their livelihood has a good deal of truth in it, and a serious problem underlies the comic presentment. In his *milieu*, in his picture of the race for wealth, of the love of shows rather than realities, he shows keen insight. The play was admirably acted.

* * * *

We wonder whether the Salvation Army means to try in England the dramatic experiment which it is beginning in Chicago. *The New Homestead*, by Major Winckell, is to be its first production, and the same author is responsible for two plays with the alluring titles of *Jondh and the Whale* and *The Prize-Fight of Life*, in ten "rounds." There is not much difference,

after all, between an audience of to-day and the audiences of the old Mystery Plays.

* * * *

The "Commonwealth Number" of the *Brisbane Courier* which greets the new century is a good sample of the enterprise of colonial journalism (24 pages for a penny). It contains a retrospect of Australian progress in politics, commerce, science, religion, and letters during the past century with portraits of the late Queen and of the Governors and Premiers of the States of the new Commonwealth. Mr. J. Brunton Stephens contributes "Fulfillment"—a graceful Ode dedicated by permission to her late Majesty. There are the two last stanzas:—

O People of the onward will,
Unit of Union greater still
Than that to-day hath made you great;
Your true Fulfilment waiteth there,
Embraced within the larger fate
Of Empire ye are born to share—
No vassal progeny of subject brood,
No satellite shed from Britain's plenitude,
But orb'd with her in one wide sphere of good.

O Lady, in whose Sovereign name
The crowning word of Union came
That sheds upon thine honoured age
The glory of a rising light,
Across our record's earliest page
Its earliest word, thy name we write—
Symbol, Embodiment, and Guarantee
Of all that makes us and maintains us free,
Woman and Queen, God's grace abide with thee.

There is also an article on Australian literature by Mr. G. Essex-Evans. Gordon and Kendall with Mr. Stephens himself are, of course, reckoned as the triad of Australia's foremost poets. Other names as Paterson, Lawson, Daly, and O'Hara receive due recognition. In prose the advance has been less conspicuous, but the writer is able to mention favourably the work of McDonald, and, of course, the novels of Marcus Clarke and Rolf Boldrewood. Mr. Evans laments that "the interest taken by Australians in their literature may be gauged by the number of magazines that have failed." But he justly claims that Australia has no cause to be ashamed of her progress, considering that only seventy-five years have elapsed since her first book was published.

Mr. Evans himself contributes an admirable "masque" entitled "Australia Federata." Britannia is represented as sitting enthroned, surrounded by her colonies and waiting for the advent of the Dawn-Maiden of the new Century. Each colony addresses her in a stanza of rejoicing, of which we give two specimens:—

Canada.—O Great Sea-Mother, from my prairies vast,
From lonely forests ermined with the snow,
I come to do her honour, who, though last,
Shall mightiest grow.

India.—I, who have read the wisdom of the Seers,
Where Himalayan ridges pierce the blue
From plains and cities of two thousand years
Bring greeting true.

Then Australia, the Dawn-Maiden, enters, attended by her States, each of whom offers her from her products some royal gift, before she kneels to receive from Britannia a crown. Finally, from the centre of the stage, the new-crowned Maid addresses three stanzas to her attendants, of which the last runs:—

The Dawn is overpast. We stand upon
The threshold of the morning and the year;
Down the white century, where no feet have gone
The path lies clear.

The scroll is blank before us. Let us write
Our words thereon in deeds of living fame,
Australia—Freedom—in the whole world's sight
Shall mean the same.

Messrs. Methuen state that, as many of the purchasers of the first and second editions of the Stevenson Letters have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the three letters added in the third and cheaper edition, they will be happy to present copies of the three letters to those who bought copies of the first and second editions, if application is made through the bookseller from whom the volumes were purchased.

* * * *

Many people do not seem yet to have quite realized that there are two Robert Bridges in the world, and that the writer of a poem in the January *Scribner* is not the well-known English poet, but the assistant editor of that magazine, known to the American public as a verse writer under the name of "Droch."

We had occasion to refer, last week, to the advantages, considerable though insufficient, which English authors derive from the Copyright Treaty with the United

*Through Copy-
right to
Literature.*

States. In the same number we quoted figures showing the immense sales attained by the works of certain rising young American novelists. At the first blush the two things do not look as if they had anything to do with each other. As a matter of fact they have a great deal. To England the great benefit of the Treaty has been to increase the revenues of English authors. Looking at the matter from the American point of view one can raise that statement to the *n*th power and say that the Treaty was necessary in order to enable American authors to earn a living. They, far more than their English rivals, were the sufferers from the prevailing piracy. The English authors, at the worst, had to endure the theft of a portion (very often only a small portion) of their gains. They had their own public in their own country, and their profits there remained intact. The American author's grievance lay in the competition, in his own market, of the pirated reprint. That market was flooded with reprints which could be sold at ridiculously low prices because none of the profits on the sale had to go to the authors. It was like allowing a rebate on imported literature, and the result was disastrous to almost all the native writers. There were one or two, like E. P. Roe, and Elizabeth Wetherell, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose popular qualities appealed to the American reader, and there were a few others who, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Mr. Bret Harte, and Mr. Henry James, made reputations. These did well enough, if not always so well as they deserved. But still it was harder for a man of letters to come into his kingdom in the United States than in any other civilized country. The papers, at one time, were full of their complainings. And then came the Treaty and the transformation. The new order of things has only lasted a very few years; but already the results of it are conspicuous. Literary reputations have been made in the United States with a rapidity previously unknown—the reputations, for instance, of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, of Mrs. Atherton, of Mr. Winston Churchill, of Mr. Hamlin Garland, of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, and of many others. Nor is it right or reasonable to speak of the change as if its importance were merely commercial; the commercial and artistic sides of literature cannot be separated so easily. The real significance of the change lies in this—that when the American law failed to protect literary property, native American literature languished; and that, as soon as an irreducible *minimum* of protection is accorded, a national American literature at once begins to spring up under its fostering influence. Honesty, in short, has been rewarded, and a danger has been averted. Let us hope that the moral may be taken to heart in other countries—such countries as Holland and Norway, for example—in which it is still permissible for the property of foreign authors to be stolen for the benefit of native publishers. Otherwise not only will the authors of these countries be impoverished, but their national literatures will lose what distinction they can at present boast.

Personal Views.

SLANG AND ITS USES.

The curious dialects of class, cult, or sport which we call Slang are universal; in all times and in all places men have expressed their intimacy by the interchange of separate words and secret signs. You may see the beginning of Slang at its most odious in the catchwords wherewith some foolish clique embellishes its empty talk; you may see it at its best when it is employed by a clan to befog the common enemy or to mark the aristocracy of a class. A new game, a new fashion, a new industry are each sufficient to create a new lingo, and at each new invention a language increases its power of metaphor.

But while the habit of Slang is universal, it has been practised nowhere with greater assiduity and success than in England. Its virtue and its vice distinguish our language above all others; they give an energy to our familiar speech, a colour to our literature. The canting tongue, the peculiar Slang of thieves and vagabonds has for several centuries preserved a uniform character. Whence came this strange gibberish, which its professors called indifferently Thieves' Latin, Pedlars' French, or St. Giles' Greek? Was it a compost of English and the forgotten tongues of the East? Nobody knows, and nothing is certain save that in Shakespeare's time it was already familiar. Harrison, in his "Description of England," fixes its date and attributes it to a sole inventor. The thieves and beggars, says he, "in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, have devised a language among themselves, which they name Canting, but others Pedlars' French, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession." I doubt whether our Pedlars' French was ever devised by a single brain; I am certain that, if it were, its author deserved a better fate than to die of hempen-fever. But whoever devised it, it was Thomas Harman who first gave it a place in literature, and his "Caveat for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones, set forth for the Utilitie and Proffyt of his Naturall Countrye," was in a second edition in 1568. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries treatises upon rogues and roguery followed one another in rapid succession, all based upon Harman's masterpiece; and the lingo was enshrined in countless glossaries, whose separate value would be greater had they been independently composed. Yet there exist the materials for an interesting study, and some day perhaps a sounder philologist than Borrow will investigate the flash as it was pattered by Hardy Vaux, Bamfylde Moore Carew, and many another vagabond.

"Thieves' Latin," then, is at once the most ancient and the most curious of all the dialects which compose what is called Slang. But, despite its age, it is not without rivals. The commoner vices have their expressive vocabulary. There is scarce a public school that is not fenced about by the privilege of an exclusive and obscure tongue; while many a word has come from the provinces into the larger freedom of our town speech, where it looks as ill at ease as an ill-dressed peasant in a smart crowd. So the accretion is increasing and inexhaustible. The English language wins as many new subjects as the British Empire, and, when it is spoken at any rate, deems nothing unworthy a tolerant interest. In our language, indeed, as in our colonial policy, we display a clear contrast to the French, whose exclusive spirit

shudders alike at strange words and coloured skins. Compare Racine and Shakespeare and you may note the whole difference. The one is elegantly precise in diction as in feeling; the other exhausts the language, as he tears the human heart to shreds. So Richelieu's Academy ordains uniformity, while English taste—Academies we know not—permits the existence of all words, which have won the struggle.

And Slang has a deeper interest than mere curiosity. It is, so to say, the natural speech of mankind. The further we get from civilization and the restraints imposed by it, the more eloquent and quick-witted grows the lingo of street and hedgerow. The harsh simplicity of what Grose calls the vulgar tongue is more rapidly expressive than the trim refinement of written English. Yet if the life of Slang-words is adventurous while it lasts, they run the risk of untimely death. It is printer's ink alone which confers immortality, and oral tradition is only trustworthy among savages. What, then, becomes of the ever-living and ever-dying words which are heard rather than read? Some are shepherded in dictionaries—shepherded with a furtive air, as much as to say "Now you are in the fold, stay there, and don't come out again." Some fail of shelter altogether, and live a precarious life in the mouths of men—*volitant per ora virum*. The old dictionaries opened the gate widest, and such lexicographers as Florio and Cotgrave have preserved for us many specimens, which without their aid would long ago have become extinct. Johnson and his followers exercised a strict censorship, as though words, too, had morals, and might not be recognized without a certificate of character. On the other hand, dictionaries were devised which, like prisons, workhouses, and rope-walks, should admit nothing better than loafers and footpads. Of these Grose's "Classical Dictionary" is the most familiar, while the revived interest in the language of the streets is best displayed in the learned lexicon of Messrs. Henley and Farmer.

But Slang is not always cabined and confined in dictionaries. It has its uses in literature, and the greatest masters have been most highly distinguished by a worthy appreciation of its possibilities. That it is universal no critic would assert; it best suits a literature that is very young or very old. In other words, it is at once primitive and decadent. Ingenuity might perhaps detect its presence in Homer, but the classics of the serenest epoch knew it not, and it is not until we leave the golden age far behind that we find it in Latin. Petronius and Apuleius both understood how to decorate their style with words which were better known to the vulgar than to the cultured ear, and wrote after a manner which was novel and distinct. But the tradition of the classics still bound the Greeks and Romans with a happy chain, and a natural reverence discouraged experiment. Chaucer felt no such restraint, since in his day the line drawn between the literary and the familiar language was less precise; and if Villon wrote jargon as his mother tongue, he knew also the pure French of his century. But it was Rabelais who proved himself the first and greatest master of Slang, and he loved it, as he loved frolic, because it was new, and the world was new, and wisdom, being new, stretched out its limbs like a careless giant. What Rabelais did for France, whose wit was still Gallic in his day, our Elizabethans did for England. They sought new words, as they sought new continents; their enterprise was as keen in the domain of literature as in the golden realm of adventure. They found their words not in books, but in the world; nothing was above or below their vocabulary, if only it were strange and nimble-witted. So Shakespeare wrote Slang with the moderation

of a great artist; so Ben Jonson delighted in St. Giles's Greek with an exuberance which was less of art than of life; and the prose writers of the time rivalled the dramatists in the use of a coloured speech. But as the seventeenth century waned, Slang turned to a vulgar flippancy. The pupils of Dryden debased their style with their manners, and if you would tell the true Slang from the false, compare Motteux with Urquhart, who was a real Elizabethan in all save the date of his birth.

So the change came; it was the business of the eighteenth century to attenuate the language, to exclude from English all that was common with a more than French zeal. The disciples of Boileau achieved their end with perfect thoroughness, and made reaction inevitable. During the present century Slang has regained its ancient ascendancy, until in one shape or another it threatens to overwhelm our literature. Many years since, Bulwer had a fancy for the smasher and swell-mobsman, Dickens more appositely mastered the lingo of the high-road, and Dickens' followers have done little credit to his discretion. George Eliot thought the jargon of modern science apt for romance, and there is no technical vocabulary—the ugliest form of Slang—that has not since her time befogged our literature. The steam-engine, the dissecting-room, the stable, the East-end—all these have their votaries, and, worst of all, we are assailed in three-quarters of the novels now published by such specimens of medieval Slang as "by my halidom," "odds bodikins," and the rest, which begin as local colour and end as gibberish. But the misunderstanding of Slang does not condemn it. Its value depends upon its use more closely than the value of any other artifice. Skill justifies courage, and skill may elevate slang to a fine point of style. A strange word, which escapes or shocks the vulgar, may link the intelligence of writer and reader. What, then, is the proper use of Slang? First, it must be rarely and sparingly employed. As a crowd is better represented on the stage by two or three supers than by fifty, so Slang is most effective, when it lights up a sentence with an unexpected flash, or gives a sudden hint of outspokenness. But as our managers are wont to limit their crowds merely by the length of their pocket and the size of their stage, so many of our writers are only checked by ignorance from composing their books wholly in the jargon of the workshop or the street. They forget that suggestion is better than realism, and in the belief that every word their notebook holds has a value, they empty them all out on to the printed page. When Dickens gave a separate character to the speech of Sam Weller, he indicated that character by the lightest touch. The writers of what we may call the "gorblymy" school are not content unless their whole books are composed in what they believe is the cockney dialect. Only Mr. Arthur Morrison has proved himself artist enough to resist the temptation of "realism"; he alone of them all is never mastered by his lingo.

But the use of Slang must not merely be restrained; it must also be suitable. That which is appropriate to comedy or farce is ridiculous in a serious disquisition, and, while the Slang of farce may be as trivial as it pleases, the Slang of comedy must not fall below its occasion. The artist may find room for all the outcasts, and introduce them with such skill; as never to make his reader conscious of bad company. Wherefore it is not the exclusion of Slang that we should demand; it is its moderate and sensible use. For there is no jargon which may not suggest a dozen new metaphors, which may not, under the hand of an master, give a fresh humour to style, a new colour to language.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

SACRED FLOWERS.

We should like to see other books doing for the rest of the Christian year what is done for the Christmas season in "The Flora of the Sacred Nativity," by Alfred E. P. Raymund Dowling (Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d. n.). The subject is one of great interest for all who love flowers, while for the craftsmen and architects who are concerned with Church building and decoration it is one of much practical utility. The present miserable condition of the Church crafts, the lifeless stupidity of most Church decoration, are due mainly to a want of imagination. Applied art is very much concerned with flowers, and to most craftsmen flowers have lost their meaning; consequently they are content to reproduce mechanically two or three ideas, till every one is heartily sick of grapes, and corn, and lilies, and Passion-flowers. Mr. Dowling presents them with some five hundred plants in connexion with the one subject of the Nativity alone; and, what is of more importance, he helps them and the public generally to look upon all flowers in that reverent imaginative spirit which was once the common heritage of rich and poor alike.

Flowers were indeed a constant source of recollection, a "wayside sacrament," to use Kingsley's phrase, of spiritual things. Even from pagan times how much our sordid age has to learn of that mystical regard for the profound unseen which underlay the love of natural things in ancient Greece and Italy! And this was increased by a thousand delicate fancies, a thousand beautiful names, in Christian times; so that nature was indeed an open book "that heavenly lore imparts" to the peasant as well as to the monkish student, the artist, and the poet. Keble's hymn to this effect is very popular nowadays, but it has no more reality in the mouths of its singers than a great many other hymns. Our idea of flowers, Mr. Dowling says, is now only decorative. But in this he overpraises us; the decorative idea of flowers is a new gospel that has yet to spread among the public at large. Most gardeners seem still to regard each flower as a potential monstrosity. And how many of the principal flower-growers regard them as a means of displaying their vulgar wealth, and possibly of perpetuating their impossible names! True, there is a science of botany as there is a science of anatomy; and it has its admirable uses. But the one does not imply a love of flowers any more than does the other a love of dry bones. And yet flowers should be loved; and the botanist, we fear, does less than he might do to cultivate such a love. We are writing now not from the point of view of the scientific botanist but of the flower-lover, and we are conscious of a want of sympathy between the two. A comparison between the botanist's illustrations and those of any old herbal shows what he thinks a flower is like. Most people are frightened off the study of plants by his methods.

But we can leave the botanist to Mr. Dowling, who hates him sincerely and has many things to say about him in his fifty-page introductory essay on "The Flora Sacra." The poetry of flowers, he points out, gained enormously from the beautiful names which our forefathers gave them, with that genius for lovely nomenclature of which we are all reminded in these days of royal pageantry. But our modern scientists are making the study of botany—nay, even the simplest knowledge of garden and hot-house plants—impossible by their barbarous jargon, which cannot be either spelt or pronounced by ordinary cultivated people and which resists every attempt of the poet to add new flowers to his nosegay. What are we to say, for instance, of such names as *Schivereckia*, *Pleurothallis kefersteiniana*, or *Conopsis utricularioides*? They might be fit to describe diseases, but for flowers! Again we are reminded of a hymn, of that which tells us that every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Still it seems to be only the pedantic and not the natural man who thus loves to shut up the meaning of flowers; and perhaps the natural and regenerate man will conquer, and we shall not cease to be reminded of the unity of all things by such names as *Narcissus*, *Solomon's Seal*, *Rosemary*, *Herb Christopher*, or *Star of Bethlehem*, which recall the Christian

inspiration or carry us back even beyond the Sacred Nativity. Mr. Dowling has something also to say about the "philosophy of herbs"; about the life which sleeps in inorganic matter, dreams in the plant, wakes in the animal, speaks in man, and was gradually unfolded to the world in the Word made matter, and the Word made letter, and finally embodied in the Word made flesh.

Mr. Dowling's work of research into the symbolical flowers and the meanings and stories connected with them has been made the more difficult by the loose writing of most of his predecessors. A worthy Dr. Forster who lived about 1820 has entrapped many an unwary book-maker by his odd practice of inventing all sorts of charming scraps of mediæval verse and folklore, making them up out of his own queer head, and then attributing them to books with long names that were purely imaginary. Conscientious scholars wasted months in hunting through libraries for books that did not exist; the other sort of writers (who are not unknown even in the twentieth century) just transferred Dr. Forster's fancies without attempting to verify them, with the result that a number of flowers are quite falsely supposed to be appropriated to certain days and saints by the Church. Dr. Forster, who thus became a sort of floral pope, does not seem to have been a humorist, and he was much too good a man to have been a conscious fraud. Perhaps he was a little mad. At any rate, Mr. Dowling has now completed his exposure.

This awful warning makes us wish that Mr. Dowling himself had given us his authorities; a book like this would be far more useful if it possessed abundant notes. Also, perhaps, if other volumes follow, we may hope for a little more about the flora and a little less general conversation about Church lore. The chapter on Advent contains much interesting matter (though we do not understand why he persists in adding the title "Immaculate" to the feast which our forefathers were content to call *Conceptio Beate Mariæ*), but there is no mention of any flower in it from beginning to end. Mr. Dowling is occasionally affected in his way of writing. We do not like "men of the moyen âge" on p. 46, nor are we reconciled when it reappears at the end of the book without the accent.

THE DRAMA.

"PROVINCIALISM" AND "SNOBBERY" IN PLAYWRIGHTS.

The combined stupidity and malignity of what once called itself Anti-Ibsenite criticism is now a thing of the past, and the attention which Mr. William Archer devotes to it in a paper contributed to the *International Monthly* on "The Real Ibsen" is very largely a case of killing the slain. We now know pretty well how to "place" Ibsen, thanks chiefly to Mr. Archer himself, and few people would have the hardihood to disagree with the main points in his latest defence of the old cause. But, as I say, I fancy that defence exhibits some superfluity of zeal, and, as zeal in excess is apt to do, it has betrayed him here and there into a certain faultiness of logic. I refer to his attempts at refuting the charge of "provincialism" or "parochialism" often brought against his hero. This charge, he contends, rests among other things upon the "illusion of centrality." "We cannot disabuse our minds of the idea that our own particular parish is the hub of the universe, and that habits which are not our own, manners which differ from ours, even names with which we are not familiar, are essentially inferior, contemptible, ludicrous. . . . There are a good many things in Ibsen's plays—traits of Norwegian manners and so forth—which quite naturally raise a smile in England or America, just as French manners raise a smile in Germany, German manners in France, English manners in America, and American manners in England. The sense of the ludicrous is unavoidable, and is harmless so long as it is not accompanied by a sense of superiority—so long as we remember in smiling that our neighbours have an equal right to smile at us. But this is just what English critics do not remember. They postulate some sort of supernal validity for the conventions to which they happen to be accustomed, and

hold it inherently ridiculous on Ibsen's part to portray a society in which these conventions do not obtain." Now, in this argument, I submit, there lurks an insidious fallacy. It is true that we laugh at what is strange to us in the manners of other nations—"un-English" things, as we call them. We laugh at the stage Frenchman's (obsolete) convention about "ma mère," just as the Frenchman laughs at our (obsolescent) pruderies, our "Aoh! schocking!" as he epitomizes them. We laugh, however, here, as he laughs, without a sense of superiority. If we had the sense of superiority we should indeed be suffering from "the illusion of centrality." But these cases, and the laughter excited by them, are really irrelevant to the question Mr. Archer is discussing. For they are not cases of "provincialism" or "parochialism." Take the case of the stage Frenchman—or actor of Latin race—not when exclaiming "Ma mère!" but when representing a man of fashion in an exceedingly ill-fitting dress-coat and white tie. Those who remember the guests in the first act of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* as presented by Signora Duse's company, and compare them in recollection with the same people in the St. James' version, will know exactly what I mean. We smile, and our smile is now undoubtedly blended with a certain feeling of superiority. The inferiority of the Italian to the English actor in the art of externally counterfeiting a "smart" English gentleman is easily explained. He has not the social status of his English *confrère* and, further, Italian tailoring is inferior to the tailoring of Savile Row. But the sense of superiority in our smile is not explained by the strangeness of the Italian "get-up," but by its close resemblance to something very familiar to us at home, the Englishman who is not accustomed to evening dress. We say that such an Englishman is, so far as the little trifle of dress clothes goes, "provincial." And we smile at the "provincialism" of the Italian actor's costume. Our laughter at "provincialisms," then, proceeds not at all, as Mr. Archer assumes, from an irrational sense of superiority to manners different from our own, but from a (possibly unphilosophic but) very natural sense of superiority to manners which are the very counterparts of our own—in socially undeveloped and unsophisticated circles. Manners of this latter sort are occasionally depicted by Ibsen; for example, there is "Ibsen's habitual employment of champagne as a sort of symbol of rollicking festivity, if not of unbridled luxury," alluded to by Mr. Archer. Well, Ibsen is there taking the point of view adopted by, say, the people in Peckham, described (whether truthfully or not is not the question) by Mr. George Gissing. In that respect, then, we justifiably consider Ibsen as "provincial." There is a reason for it, of course, and Mr. Archer supplies it for us in declaring Norwegian society to be a society of narrow means and bourgeois habits. Norway in fact is, so to speak, a larger Peckham. But that statement only explains Ibsen's "provincialism"; it does not, as Mr. Archer seems to think, explain it away.

Apparently conscious of the weakness of his case, he proceeds to abuse the plaintiff's attorney. He raises the familiar cry of "snob!" "It has yet to be proved," he says, "that the capacity of human beings for sin and suffering, for exultation and agony, varies in direct proportion to their yearly income; and until this is proved the insistence on Ibsen's 'provincialism' or 'suburbanism' is a piece of irrelevant snobbery." A man's yearly income may not affect his capacity for sin and suffering; but, as I will try to show later, in so far as it determines the society in which he moves, it does affect his capacity for figuring appropriately in plays of a certain kind—of the kind, for instance, which is popular in this country. "We are accustomed in the theatre," says Mr. Archer truly enough, "to the society of marquises and millionaires; or, if we admit middle-class life at all, it is always of that order which apes, in its external appointments, the habits of the class above it." He has compiled a small peerage and baronetage out of the chief plays of our leading dramatists. "I find that they introduce us to two princesses, four dukes, three duchesses, five marquises, one marchioness, eleven earls, seven countesses, five viscounts, and sundries (such as baronets, ladies of undefined rank, and

honourables) to the number of about ninety-five. There is nothing 'provincial,' nothing 'suburban' about this, is there? How odd it is, then, that the 'parochial' Ibsen should be world-famous, while Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones are barely struggling into notice outside the English-speaking countries!" Odd it would certainly be, if any one had suggested that the eminence of a dramatist depends solely on his freedom from "provincialism." But who has made any such suggestion? Mr. Archer triumphantly refutes what has never been advanced.

But I pass over that to his general charge of "snobbery" against the English dramatist. There is perhaps just a grain of truth in it; I make the admission because, like other Englishmen, I am snobbishly afraid of being thought imperfectly sensitive to snobbery. The dramatist, catering for the national taste, naturally does not overlook the national love of a lord. But his preference for the peerage has, I submit, a much more respectable basis than that; it has, in fact, a sound artistic justification. In the first place, plays which deal with fashionable society present us with pictures of an elegant or sumptuous luxury, a brilliance and vivid colouring of external life, which we do not necessarily covet, but which it is an innocent pleasure to observe as a spectacle. They afford us, in this respect, the gratification sought by Peggy the housemaid when she stands in the crowd outside Buckingham Palace to see the "fine folks" going to a Drawing Room. Such plays, too, show us the greatest number of pretty women in gorgeous gowns—always a pleasing sight to the normal eye. Of course philosophers (like Mr. Archer) know that "All is Vanity"; but the playhouse is not the home of philosophy. Further—and this is the artistic justification I spoke of—fashionable society offers the widest choice of those peculiar humours, manners, and minutely graduated demi-semi-emotions out of which comedy gets its account. Just as Racine, say, chose kings and queens for his *dramatis personæ*, because these great personages, being above law, reveal the elementary passions in freest play, so the modern writer of comedy instinctively chooses the "smart" set, which is a law unto itself, which has leisure to make elaborate love, money for elopements or second establishments, and other materials for the sentimental stage. Let me quote a comprehensive description of this set by a very "mundane" French novelist, M. Henri Rabusson:—

Le monde n'a sa raison d'être que dans le luxe et par le luxe; c'est une association pour le plaisir, ou ce n'est rien. Et il en a toujours été ainsi, quoi qu'on dise. L'amour, l'intelligence, le talent, l'esprit même, tout cela non seulement peut se passer du monde, mais a toujours vécu hors de lui, loin de lui, sauf par accident. Ce qu'il lui faut, c'est un dévergondage élégant d'esprit et de mœurs, n'excédant pas les limites de la tenue; il n'aime pas le vice parce que le vice est salissant; mais sa morale, toute en surface, repose sur des principes pour rire, qui seraient de pures niaiseries, n'était la nécessité de maintenir un certain décorum dans toute assemblée nombreuse, où la licence dégenère forcément en grossièreté. . .

There you have the best possible choice of materials for comedy and "elegant" drama. And there, I submit, Mr. Archer will find a more philosophical, as well as a more charitable, explanation for the English dramatist's peerage than mere "snobbery."

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA. By BARRETT WENDELL, Professor of English at Harvard College. (Unwin. 16s.)

A vast misunderstanding has divided English-speaking peoples of the Mother Island and of the New World beyond the Atlantic as to the question of American literature. The tendency of Americans to suppose that their unexampled expansion, economic and social, ought to be paralleled by a

corresponding development not less triumphantly American, in literature and art, has been too often met by a similar error on the part of Englishmen who have clamoured for a literature from America, redolent of its great inland seas, and its special social life. Hence Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, or this or that craftsman of the short-story among contemporary Western American writers has been hailed in England, and sometimes in the United States, as the kind of impulsive and experimental artist which the world was looking for as the only legitimate American product.

On the other hand, average Americans, given, like the Southerners of France, or the Greeks of Homer, to exaggeration, have affirmed the existence of an American literature as notable as that of England; and the average Englishman in turn has stolidly ignored the existence of anything worthy of the name of English letters in a land supposed to be absorbed in purely material occupations. Professor John Nichol, of Glasgow, writing nearly twenty years ago, said, "If the literature of the North has been hitherto inferior to that of most European countries, the Southern States have produced scarcely any literature at all." This was not the view of the Southern States themselves, for in 1869 appeared a book entitled "Living Writers of the South," containing notices of 241 authors. Such a discrepancy of opinion attests the richness of the opportunity which the distinguished Professor of English, at Harvard, has seized in producing a critical "Literary History of America."

The book is really critical. It has already had the good fortune to arouse, chiefly in Boston, a veritable blizzard of abuse. To find anything like the reproaches heaped upon a writer for his honest work we must go back to the appearance of Matthew Arnold's most judicious utterances about the characteristics of the British middle-class. Cooper, earlier in the century, for utterances less judicious, had flung at his head a number of epithets which Mr. Barrett Wendell complacently reproduces:—"Liar," "full jackass," "grub," "reptile," &c. Evidently Mr. Wendell is in the tradition, and to be this is to be a "success." But those who have followed his work for the last twenty years have long known that he was in the tradition for better reasons still. The author of "Stelligeri," and of that admirable book on Shakespeare, is probably the man best qualified in the United States to write a history of English literature in America; not merely because of his erudition—in which, no doubt, he has any number of rivals—but because of the breadth of his experience, owing to the happy accidents of his social connexions in the two great centres of American life, Boston and New York; and also because of the unusual probity which enables him to comprehend more than one kind of intellectual activity.

It is true that Professor Wendell writes in the style—a little flamboyant and sometimes "smart"—which is common to American critics, and which does not always commend itself to Englishmen. It is true also that his love for generalization leads him occasionally to be lax in verifying details for himself. But his work has been accomplished with a singular steadiness and sincerity. Nothing could be clearer than his method. He does not pretend, like Taine, to explain everything by the theory of the *milieu*, yet he is as lucid and convincing as if he had adopted some such labour-saving device. His plan of comparing English letters in the Mother Island with English letters in the American colonies before and after the Revolution, period by period, while marking, by a sure analysis, the manner in which the two peoples diverged, is one which arrives at the most luminous results, and dispenses the author from drawing conclusions or, as the French say, dotting the i's of gratuitous generalizations. For him, American literature was English literature developing, or marking time, in new conditions. But it was this process of marking time which gives to American literature its most characteristic note. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries while American literature was what Mr. Wendell calls a story of national inexperience, whereas that of the Mother Country, with Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Johnson, and Burns, was a period

of national experience, yet America was keeping alive the fire of that Elizabethan alertness of mind which diminished rapidly in the native literature of England. So that if, to match the names that we have given, America can offer none more eminent than those of Cotton Mather, Edwards, Franklin, the writers of the "Federalist," or that Freneau, whose "Indian Burial Ground" was violated by Campbell, it was, nevertheless, cultivating that American temper which blossomed forth, not merely in the Renaissance of New England, but in the general artistic sensibility of Americans, as shown in the supreness of their taste as imitators and plagiarists, and in their fine endowment as constructors of the short-story.

What, then, have we during the nineteenth century to represent English literature in America? There is Brockden Brown, who shows that in America literature begins just where the literature of a normally developed language is apt to leave off—namely, with laboured prose fiction. We have the charming refinement of "the permanent literary figure" Irving. But, Mr. Wendell takes pains to remind us that all this prose was contemporaneous with the period in England which began with the "Lyrical Ballads" and ended with the death of Scott. Yet America, too, had its poetry—the somewhat Lamartinean Bryant, whose plaints went unheeded in England; and Poe, characteristically American, in his freedom from conventional taint, histrionic like Beaudelaire, but still a product of that world of inexperience so unlike that other world which bred the writers contemporary with him in the Mother Country. If we turn to Mr. Wendell's Book V., in which we have the most satisfactory diagnosis of the social atmosphere of New England that has ever been formulated, we find a detachment positively heroic. Whom have we here to fill the long spaces, so crowded in England, of the Victorian era? That remarkable city of Boston—an acropolis from which the academic gardens of Harvard are visible, and whence on a further horizon, in a blue haze of transcendentalism, one may evoke the serene shades of Emerson, Alcott, and the Brook Farm idealists, while Margaret Fuller represents the only incarnation of an Aspasia which the stern morality of New England seems to have merited—Boston produced Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau, and Lowell. The last of these writers seems to be treated with scant justice by Mr. Wendell. Perhaps he felt keenly the danger of exaggerating the importance of a writer whom he personally knew so well. Moreover, with Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Emerson, and more even than they, Mr. Lowell had his meed of recognition from his English kinsfolk. But these reasons, which are not good ones, only tend to show the rigour of Mr. Wendell's attitude, and partially to explain, without justifying, the irritation of certain sciolistic and susceptible readers in America.

Mr. Wendell believes Americans to be more alive to artistic duty than Englishmen have often been. America's first literary utterances, even in its inexperience, were marked by no wildness or vagary, but showed an almost timid loyalty to the traditions of excellence. In the presence of the great struggle of the twentieth century between democracy and excellence, Mr. Wendell suggests that the simple, hopeful literature of nascent New England may have a mission for the world. This remark is curious. It would at all events have been approved by Emerson.

BRET HARTE, by T. Edgar Pemberton (Greening, 3s. 6d.), consists for the most part of extracts from the works of the great Californian novelist and from eulogies passed upon those works by various critics. The result is perhaps better than it would have been if it had occurred to Mr. Pemberton to make his book, as the schoolboy made his boat, out of his own head, for Mr. Pemberton's qualifications for literary criticism are not conspicuously apparent. His line is rather to write with the awestruck reverence of the interviewer admitted to the perfumed chambers of the great. The book would be a fairly profitable quarry for a paragraphist who wanted "personal matter" to accompany Mr. Bret Harte's portrait in an illustrated paper on his birthday; but it has no other *raison d'être* that we can discover.

THE TREASURY OF AMERICAN SACRED SONG, edited by W. Garrett Horder (Frowde, 3s. 6d.), is an anthology which has reached a second edition. It proves among other things that the Americans are singularly at ease in Zion. One does not readily imagine an English poet writing of the Lord's Supper in this rollicking rhythm :—

What song sang the twelve with the Saviour
When finish'd the Sacrament wine ?
Were they bow'd and subdued in behaviour,
Or bold, as made bold with a sign ?

Were the hairy breasts strong and defiant ?
Were the naked arms brawny and strong ?
Were the bearded lips lifted reliant
Thrust forth and full sturdy with song ?

Sat Saint John, with his silken and raven
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes
Lifting up to the faces unshaven
Like a sensitive child in surprise ?

Yet this is how Mr. Joaquin Miller writes upon the subject. It is also interesting to compare with Tennyson's famous "Crossing the Bar" a rendering of the same theme by Mr. Bret Harte :—

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea ;
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lea :
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching tract,
With pennant and sheet flowing free ;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback—
The ship that is waiting for me !

But lo ! in the distance the clouds break away,
The Gate's glowing portals I see ;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore
To the ship that is waiting for me.

The idea of the poem is almost identical with that of Tennyson's, though it is unlikely that Tennyson took it from this source. The music is the strange haunting music of Edgar Allan Poe.

THE SIEGE OF KUMASSI.

THE SIEGE OF KUMASSI, by Lady Hodgson (Pearson, 21s.), was bound to be interesting even if it were badly written. As a matter of fact, Lady Hodgson begins by writing indifferently, but when she has got away from preliminary gossip of no importance about hammocks and fetishes and palm wine her subject inspires her, and she becomes graphic as well as fluent. Her accounts of actual military operations are largely taken from Reuter's despatches ; but her description of the privations and experiences of the garrison who escaped is her own, and is vivid without being too painfully realistic for general reading. The stores on which the garrison had to live were mostly four years old, "and to complete the picture of our daily ration, which consisted of one pound of tinned meat and one biscuit, this must be remembered, because the meat ration, upon the tin being opened, was often found to be enriched by a coating of green mould, and the biscuit had, not unfrequently, to be carefully guarded lest it should be walked off with by the ubiquitous weevil." And this was only the beginning—only, so to say, the humorous side of the starvation. A more tragic picture follows :—

Leaves from the trees, grass, anything that was thought eatable, was eagerly sought for and converted into food ; all around us people were dying. I often had the pain of seeing a man sitting in the road suddenly fall forward dead. Most terrible of all was to see those who from starvation had gone mad. The shrieks and yells of some of them were heart-rending ; others would quietly sit down, perhaps picking and tearing their clothes to pieces, with a vacant smile upon their faces in which each bone could almost be defined.

A soup kitchen was started to feed some hundred

and fifty children every morning. The soup—indeed it was only an apology for soup—was made from the crumbs of biscuits left in the tins and any scraps that could be spared from the various tables. Long before the time to serve out this daily ration the poor wee things would take their places by the roadside and clamour for it, holding out their tins with great impatience. As much as ten shillings was offered for a rat, but rats, lizards, parrots, dogs, and pets of all kinds had long since disappeared.

The story of the long march through the bush is told with equal power and vividness ; and then follow some lighter chapters, in which Lady Hodgson gossips about various aspects of West African life—the goldfields, the servants, the civilization of the natives, &c. Some letters written by native servants are printed and seem to show that Coast English may run Babu English hard for unintended humour. This application for employment is worth quoting :—

Sir,—I beg that you will be so good enough to strive manly to get me another employment for substituting of my present position. Don't be considered that my handwriting of which I having it now is very bad, but I know many a man whose hand using like my yet they were employed, but I mean not say that I was not employed at all, I mean my position will not let me improving at whatever when I come to office I sitting down like wood doing nothing till the office close. And if there is a knif it will not be taking to cut anything it gets to damage. I learn experience that everyman wishes to receive eyes open, etc., and I wish too to get my eyes open, so I therefore lay hold of you with my supernatural power like Jacob the father of Israelites when he laid hold of the angel, said he except thou wilt bless me before I let you, and may I trouble you the same manner to help me.

The whole story is one full of interest to Englishmen, and Lady Hodgson may be congratulated on the skill with which she has told it.

THE FAR EAST.

THE PROBLEM OF ASIA AND ITS EFFECT UPON INTERNATIONAL POLICIES. By Captain A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N. (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.).

The pernicious *sequelæ* of a "hit" in literature are proverbial, and we fear that Captain Mahan is no exception to the law of degeneration. The success of his "Sea Power" books has apparently convinced him that whatever he writes must be acceptable, and the result is a *cacoethes scribendi*. This is the second half-a-guinea book (of less than 250 pages, however) that he has put forth during this winter, and should anything further happen in any part of the globe which seemed in any manner to connect itself with sea power, we should not be surprised to receive another volume, equally sparse, from the same practised pen. This is a pity, because we have been in the habit of looking for mature judgments from Captain Mahan, and all his ingenious explanations about "long views" and "short views" will not reconcile us to the obviously ephemeral and conditional character of much of his recent work. At the same time, a good deal of the present volume deals with forces and conditions which are more or less permanent, and also, we cannot help saying, exceedingly obvious. We suppose that it is owing to the fact that Captain Mahan writes primarily for people of a crudely logical turn of mind, who object to the omission of those premisses which we usually take for granted, that leads him to utter so many truisms in a tone of deep solemnity. Who, for example, needs to be told, as if it were some great discovery, that "the onward movement of the world is largely determined, both in rate and in direction, by geographical and physical conditions" ? And, if we must have so portentous a pronouncement, would it not be better to define precisely what movement is referred to, and in what manner geographical conditions differ from physical ? We are then told that the mass of details in current

events is apt to "conceal the determinative conditions. Such conditions, however, there always are"—this with an air of final court of appeal; as if it were conceivable that any course of events should exist without "determinative conditions." "The first law of states, as of men, is self-preservation." "Growth is a property of healthful life." "Lines of communication by sea, whatever their starting-point and their course, extend as far as ships can float and navigate." "The greater ease, and therefore the greater copiousness, of the stream of traffic result in a corresponding increase in the wealth—the gain—which is the concrete expression of the mutual benefit." "Divergence of interests generates contention, even among those of the same household." These great truths, enounced in Captain Mahan's most impressive manner, remind us painfully of the once celebrated "Proverbial Philosophy," and though we are far from describing the talented naval student as a Marine Tupper, it is only fair to warn him that a habit of sententious commonplace will not always be accepted as evidence of a genius for philosophic history.

The present volume, however, came out in sections in *Harper's Magazine* and the *North American Review*, and the author probably understood the taste of his predominant audience. We have no dislike to the reprinting of consecutive magazine articles, properly fitted together; Mr. Morley's "Cromwell" came out in the same way; but there is in the present instance a special tone and a temporary air which harmonize ill with a pretention to profound political truth. Even when Mr. Mahan is not writing platitudes, he has a slow way of spinning out a tedious sentence which is fatiguing:

Granting outside interference [in China] at all—which not only is most likely, but has actually begun—the successful issue would be found in a condition of political equilibrium between the external Powers, whereby the equality of opposing forces, resting each on stable foundations, should prevent the undue preponderance of any one State, or of any one force resulting from a combination of States, and which at the same time should promote, at the utmost rate consistent with healthy growth, the material and spiritual development of the populations affected.

Mr. Mahan appears to be addressing the babe in arms; he explains everything from the very beginning, argues in formal syllogisms, repeats his premisses again and again, and after all arrives at few, if any, conclusions that the despised man in the street has not jumped at, in his unconsidering way, ages ago. To be told that there is a belt of Asia, lying between the 30th and 40th parallels of north latitude, and extending from Turkey in Asia to the valley of the Yang-tze-kiang, which is in "a position of political instability," and is threatened by a land-power from the North and a sea-power from the south, by Russia and by England, does not carry us very far towards a solution of the Eastern Question whether in Turkey, Persia, or China; and to say that "the whole question of control of commerce with the Far East by political intrusion—viewed apart from the question of competition by purely commercial methods—really turns, in the actual conditions of the civilized world, upon the competing forces of land and of sea power" is surely, in view of these "actual conditions," a little too obvious to need insistence. But Mr. Mahan has acquired a habit of grinding out the tunes of his sea-power organ in a certain monotonous sequence, and at a studiously melancholy rate; he loves to listen to the sonorous echoes of ancient commonplaces, and he refuses to introduce a fresh note until the last has been repeatedly dinned into the deafest ear of the meanest intelligence.

Divested of much superfluous verbiage, the book is discovered to be an argument for concerted action on the part of the United States with Great Britain and Germany on the lines of their common interests in Asia. The essential community of interest of the three Teutonic "sea-powers" (using the term in reference to the fact that they are only able to act upon Asia by means of the sea) is emphasized from various points of view, and the author is convinced that they must act together against the

"land-power" of Russia if they are to preserve their commercial advantages in the East. A good deal that he says on this point is very well said, but it can hardly be termed novel or profound. On the new foreign policy of the United States he has much to advance, but, as far as we can understand his cautious periods, the main fact seems to be that there are good things up for auction in Asia, and the United States are not disposed to be left out of the bidding. On the other hand, he thinks the United States might very well unload some of her responsibilities:—

Briefly, this remark is intended to raise the question, in view of the tremendous advance in importance of the Pacific and Asia, whether the extension of the Monroe Doctrine, to the extent of supporting the independence of the States of extreme South America against all European interference, is a position now either wise or tenable? Great Britain suffers many strains by the dispersion of her Empire, but it is at least *her* Empire—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. But what part have we, naturally or politically, in the foreign communities—foreign in blood and in tradition—south of the valley of the Amazon? That they do not love us is notorious; probably, indeed, they love us less because of our supposed purpose of interposition, which they would doubtless welcome in a strait, but which in ordinary times causes them chiefly mortification and apprehension. Within range of the Isthmus, certainly, our clear interest forbids toleration of any acquisition, through possession or through influence by a great foreign State—more so now than ever before; but for the American communities beyond that range our professed political concern is to us a waste of strength, as it is to them distasteful.

Mr. Mahan would welcome a sphere of influence in the Amazon valley, and we are not sure that he has not his eye upon the British islands of the Caribbean sea. But surely in his depreciation of all openings for political and commercial extension in the southern hemisphere he is taking a very "short view?" Asia is doubtless the "world problem" of the present day; but who knows when the world may turn its mind upon the great resources of South America? And as for South Africa, it does not look as if England, at least, regarded its loss or possession with the calm indifference of our American critic. On the Transvaal war, however, Mr. Mahan has always been sound. In the final chapter of this book—which despite its mannerism and over-elaboration of elementary propositions is undoubtedly interesting and suggestive—he writes unhesitatingly:—

A Government is not worthy to live that, having shown to all its subjects the impartiality and liberality which Great Britain has to British and Dutch alike throughout South Africa, should supinely acquiesce in the conditions of the Transvaal. . . . It would have been Imperial suicide to have allowed the well-known, though undervalued, military preparations of the Transvaal to pass unnoticed, defiant opposition to continue, and race disaffection to come to a head until the favourable moment for revolt should be found in a day of Imperial embarrassment. To every subject of the Empire the Government owed it to settle at once the question and to establish its own paramountcy on bases that cannot be shaken lightly.

England has a just and intelligent advocate in Captain Mahan, who sees clearly even when he writes with the utmost complexity.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN CHINA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CAREER OF SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK. By ALEXANDER MICHIE. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Blackwood. 38s. n.)

Mr. Alexander Michie has taken the career of the late Sir Rutherford Alcock as a text whereon to hang an elaborate and singularly able retrospect of English relations with China during the nineteenth century. Scarcely a quarter of these two massive volumes can be said to deal with Alcock's biography. Indeed, Sir Rutherford seems to have left scarcely any materials.

"My life," he said, "is in my work; by that I am content to be remembered." Hence, beyond some portions of an early journal, there is nothing from his own hand except extracts from reports and despatches, and the lack of letters and of all details of private life may disappoint those readers who are more interested in the personality of the man than in the work of the diplomatist. What is written of his career, however, is interesting and discriminating. His spirited conduct in the affair of the outrage at Tsingpu is rightly held up to admiration as a red-letter day in the somewhat dingy and flyblown calendar of our official relations with China; and his vigorous and dignified maintenance of foreigners' rights in the stormy days preceding the birth of new Japan is described in some stirring chapters. The reserved and austere character of the Minister, which engendered respect rather than popularity among the sanguine young communities of Anglo-China and Japan, did not lend itself to expansive biographical treatment; and one feels that in these volumes Sir Rutherford Alcock's public services find an adequate and appreciative, yet by no means exaggerated, memorial. After all, the life of a diplomatist, at a post where history is in making, lies almost wholly in his public duties. One cannot describe it without also relating the history of the State to which he was accredited, without a full comprehension of which most of his actions would be enigmas.

Mr. Michie realizes this, and in any case his life of Alcock would have required large introductions and digressions on Chinese and Japanese history to make the diplomacy intelligible. But his book has another purpose besides biography. He is himself an old resident in China, and has been a witness of many of the chief events in the chequered annals of British relations with the Far East. He wishes to set before the public the result of his long experience and close observation, and few men have enjoyed larger opportunities or used them better for this purpose. Mr. Michie is a shrewd and keen observer. He holds very strong views, as those who have read his earlier publications, or noticed from time to time the energetic letters appearing over his signature in *The Times*, are well aware. He represents the forward policy of the great merchant communities of China, and is as much an advocate of the "mailed fist" as the Kaiser himself. His ideal of statesmanship in the English Foreign Office in relation to the East is Lord Palmerston, as indeed it is of every competent student of Chinese history during the past century. Precisely the same view was expressed in the "Life of Sir Harry Parkes," whom Mr. Michie cites as the most admirable product of the China Consular Service. Indeed, it has often been remarked that had Sir Harry Parkes lived, or had he been succeeded by Ministers of anything like his own determined character and knowledge of the Chinese character, the present dangerous crisis in China could never have occurred. Mr. Michie traces the various causes of our diplomatic impotence at Peking down to the present time, and while he obviously distrusts the catholic elasticity of the Government's appointments, whereby men who have had no training in China have been set at the head of British interests there with disastrous results, he throws the chief blame for the series of diplomatic blunders upon the Foreign Office, where he considers there has been no competent successor to Palmerston and his *fidus Achates* Hammond. The story of Lord Clarendon's hoodwinking by Burlingame, the "Yankee-Chinese" envoy, and the extraordinary way in which the Foreign Office, having no Intelligence Department in China, is said to have depended for its information on the Inspector-General of the Maritime Customs, a loyal servant of the Emperor, lose nothing when told in Mr. Michie's very vigorous style. At the same time it may be doubted whether all Foreign Secretaries were really quite such fools as they are here depicted. Lord Clarendon was often afraid of taking serious responsibility, and he displayed a ruinously vacillating policy at the time of the Crimean War, but even he must surely have perceived that Sir Robert Hart's first duty was to the Chinese Government, who paid him, and that his advice must always be corrected by this equation. We do not believe that Sir R. Hart was allowed to override the Legation except when the Legation condemned

itself by feebleness. In our opinion the radical vice of our diplomatic relations with China lay in the initial weakness of the position taken up by Sir Frederic Bruce. The "Bruce tradition," as Mr. Michie calls it, was only too faithfully carried on by Sir Thomas Wade, in whom the curious spectacle was seen of a man of great ability, vast Chinese learning, and intimate knowledge of the people, who nevertheless allowed the British Legation to "lose face," perhaps irreparably. Wade's delightful personal charm, and his chivalrous honourable nature, almost disarm criticism, and one is not displeased to find causes nearer home—in the Foreign Office and its permanent staff and in the incurable indifference of the British Government to all Eastern policies—for the loss of prestige at Peking. But Mr. Michie has reason on his side when he urges that "a scholar and a gentleman" is not necessarily a statesman. Sir Thomas Wade's mind, he thinks,

Was cast in another and finer mould than befits the political arena; and, unnatural as the inference may seem, it is open to question whether his extensive knowledge of China was the best qualification for dealing at first-hand with current affairs, even in that country. Profound researches into Chinese literature and philosophy tend to overshadow and induce a distaste for the jarring questions of the day. Seen through the luminous haze of its classic history, China presents to the contemplative mind an object of romance unlike any other existing State, for the thread of its continuity since the time before Abraham is unbroken. Grandeur than hewn stone or graven bronze, the monuments of China are written books, and a living race, the heirs of all her ages, to be conversed with and interrogated. The burden of such vast homogeneous antiquity may well oppress the mere man of politics; he needs a certain alloy of Philistinism and a limitation of view to enable him to concentrate his attention on the exigencies of the passing hour.

This is all perfectly true, granting the "exigencies"; and Mr. Michie goes on to draw an amusingly ironical picture of the "illuminating discussions" between the European linguists of the sixties and the first Manchu members of the Foreign Board:—

In these interesting symposia Mr. Wade naturally played the prominent part. On the enchanted ground of Chinese history and literature, also, the interlocutors made endless excursions together; and Chinese philosophy being directed to conduct rather than speculation, it was possible to deduce from the teaching of the sages authority for the adoption of almost any useful measure. Between the modern innovator, therefore, though in foreign garb, and the ancient moralists there was no such intellectual disagreement as sympathetic explanations could not resolve.

Mr. Michie, it is seen, writes frankly as the Philistine; his is the commercial view of Chinese politics, and he has no room in his philosophy for more than an indulgent smile for such literary and historical discussion as interested Wade or Professor Giles or Sir Walter Hillier. Nevertheless, it is possible to see another side to the Chinese question, not wholly commercial. One has the same alternative in Turkey—the other "sick man" of the East. In both there is an old traditional civilization which its possessors do not wish to change, but which is perpetually subject to the assaults of traders, promoters, concessionists, missionaries, and other intruders. If China was happy in her own manner of misgovernment, if her people preferred to submit to extortions and occasioned brutality, rather than adopt the advice and the inventions of "foreign devils," if they were prepared to live on their own land and do without foreign imports, save such as could be smuggled quietly under the approving eyes of the mandarins, what international right had any other country to interfere and impose a different system? We are too fond of assuming that a form of civilization that suits us must therefore suit every other country. Hence Lord Dufferin's "constitution" for Egypt, and Midhat Pasha's parliament at Constantinople. Had there been no trade

question, we may be sure all this ardour for improving China and making her recognize our "rights" would have been confined to the missionaries and the lawyers. We never heard of any similar zeal for the opening up of Central Arabia or the revision of treaties with Nejd. But once trade got in, of course "rights" followed, and hence came all the experiments, failures, wars, and retreats which are chronicled in Mr. Michie's trenchant chapters. There is no going back now, and in order to go forward one cannot do better than hearken to his sound and experienced advice. Yet there may be permitted to "the contemplative mind" some trace of regret for the disturbance of the most ancient and reasoned civilization in the world, some touch of sympathy for the wanton ruin of the relics of immemorial art and science in the capital of the Son of Heaven, now devastated by the Philistines. Commerce, of course, will conquer in the end, and everybody will be much the better for it, no doubt, in pocket and stomach. There are other things—but they do not count in politics.

Mr. E. H. Parker on the Chinese Question.

Mr. E. H. Parker, the author of *CHINA, HER HISTORY, DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE* (Murray, 8s. n.), has been Consul at Kiung Chow, and adviser on Chinese affairs to the Burma Government, and is now Reader in Chinese at University College, Liverpool. That is to say, he is a writer with a first-hand knowledge of his subject—a fact which we think we should have inferred from internal evidence, if it had not been implied by the statements on the title page. At all events, Mr. Parker writes with a level-headed aloofness that inspires confidence, and worshipping no fetishes, whether commercial or religious, convinces us that he is describing things as they really are. A certain portion of his work is only Blue-book and history made interesting; to have made such things interesting is in itself no small achievement. But the more valuable chapters are those which unfold the personal character of Chinamen and their attitude towards missionaries. "Natural religion," Mr. Parker maintains, the Chinese have already got. In the main, they recognize the same moral obligations that we do. As for dogmatic religion, he does not believe any power will succeed in drumming anything of the sort into the Chinese mind, "which is much too clear to take on trust any mere insistence upon alleged facts which cannot be proved by plain evidence." Moreover, the missionaries are not clever enough to make headway with them:—

The average Chinese, though behindhand in science, is, in many matters, the intellectual superior of the average European—more especially is he the superior of the untrained Protestant missionary of the colporteur class, who has only a "call to Christ" to justify his turning teacher of the world. Hence comes the trouble.

It should be added that if Mr. Parker has no particular respect for missionaries, he has no particular affection for Chinamen. His tone is rather that of a man who dislikes them, but will not allow other people who do not know them as well as he does to be unjust to them. Their ideas of morality, cleanliness, and honesty are not ours; but they are more moral and clean and honest than is generally allowed. And they are handy. The average Chinaman can do everything except:—

Shave himself; do up his own hair; cure his own maladies; keep off vermin; fight with his fists; manage a steamer; keep military or naval discipline; handle trust-money honestly; tell a plain, unvarnished story; be punctual; show nerve in times of sudden danger; eat cheese; or tolerate a female "master."

Mr. Parker does not speculate as to the future, but his account of present-day China is the best we have seen.

Mr. Archibald Little's Opinions.

MOUNT OMI AND BEYOND (Heinemann, 10s. n.) is a diary of a journey on the Tibetan border by Mr. Archibald John Little, the well-known pioneer of commerce in the Orient. The mountain which gives its name to the book is a sacred

mountain, with Buddhist temples on the top, 10,500ft. high. A still more exalted eminence scaled by Mr. Little is Saiking Shan, 11,100 feet high; but his account of the ascent scarcely makes out a case for classing him with mountaineers. He went up part of the way by means of ladders, and reflected that a terrible fate would be his if he let go. A more appropriate observation would have been that no harm could come to him so long as he held on. But let that pass. The book is only incidentally a climbing book. Most of it is about the discomforts of Chinese inns and the prospects of Chinese trade. From the preface we gather that Mr. Little is one of the few Englishmen who have a definite policy for China. He holds the truly mercantile view that everything will be all right if only the country is opened up to trade:—

Our future here depends, it seems to me, upon the action of the Allies in the North. If they are satisfied with the capture of Peking, and are bamboozled into a new treaty yielding on paper everything demanded, it will be 1860 over again, with the addition that the Chinese are now roused, and it will only be a question of waiting until they are better and more universally armed to make another and possibly successful attempt to throw off the foreign yoke under which they now labour—officials and people alike.

But if the Allies, with Britain and Japan in the van, persevere until they have caught the Empress and Prince Tuan and the rest, and bring them to trial, and set Kwanghsu or a "progressive" nominee on the throne—consistently opposing partition meanwhile—then we may hope for the real opening of the country with resulting prosperity and peace.

This is a suspiciously simple solution of a problem which puzzles even Sir Robert Hart. It ignores the question "What will the Chinese be doing in the meantime?" And, as was to be expected, we have not read very far before coming upon a sentence which throws considerable doubt upon the utility of the plan. Observing a case of Chinese cheap labour at some brine wells, Mr. Little naively remarks:—

Truly, when the Chinese do introduce Western knowledge and machinery into their arts, the control of the industrial world will be in their hands.

We are left wondering whether Mr. Little really thinks it worth while to hold the gorgeous East in fee, at great trouble and expense, in order that the gorgeous East may oust us from the neutral market. Our wonder, however, does not prevent us from finding the book readable or from admiring the photographs taken by the author's wife.

A Frenchman's View.

THE AWAKENING OF THE EAST, by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, translated by Richard Davey, with a preface by Henry Norman (Heinemann 6s.), may be called a manual of the Far Eastern Question. It has the incalculable merit of French lucidity—that clearness of arrangement and style which is only the result of the clearness of thought characteristic of the best French writers. But it has a further merit, extremely rare in French writers on political questions—it is marked by a tone of aloofness, impartiality, and one might almost say cosmopolitanism, which makes it a peculiarly safe and congenial guide to people of other races than the author's. He may give a good tempered prod at stupid England now and then, but it is all fair play, and he gives quite as sharp criticisms to the other Powers. Moreover, Mr. Henry Norman is at hand to correct in a footnote any unauthentic tale against his country. A guide to the great Asian problem, at once lucid and fairminded, is indeed a *trouvaille*, and we have no hesitation in recommending M. Leroy-Beaulieu's handy little volume to all who wish to grasp the essential factors in the question which eight Powers are trying to solve—or rather to postpone—around Peking. By the "awakening of the East" the author, of course, refers to the effects, begun, continued, and to come, of European influence on the Yellow peoples. The first in his order, though the latest in accomplishment, is the Siberian Railway. He deals, indeed, with Siberia as a whole, and his account of its development under Russian colonization will astonish many readers; but the

projection of Siberia into China by means of the great railway is the latest salient fact which bears most pertinently on the Far Eastern Question. Next he discusses the awakening of Japan, the "child of the world's old age," now a child of some standing and sturdiness, and the only example on record of the successful adoption of Western systems by an Eastern State. The introduction of this very wide-awake nation into the field of Eastern politics is the subject of some extremely interesting chapters. M. Leroy-Beaulieu believes in Japan, and so far he is justified. There is no doubt that but for her very public-spirited action last year there would have been an unparalleled catastrophe at Peking; and England is only now realising the gravity of the error committed after the Sinico-Japanese war in allowing Russia to reap the fruits of Japan's exertions. Finally, he takes up the subject of that unchanged and apparently unchangeable old empire of China, and points out her incurable weaknesses, and the evident (but perhaps curable weaknesses) of the Western Powers who have so far failed to influence her. He is opposed to any sweeping changes or violent interference on the ground that though the Chinese may be bad soldiers they are first-class rebels, and it is not wise to stir a hornet's nest. This is, of course, a French view, because France has little to gain in any solution of the Peking imbroglio. The book is not all diplomacy and politics; it contains interesting chapters on the physical and commercial characteristics of the three countries described, and thus supplies the reader with a great deal of suggestive information in a very convenient form.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Japanese Drama.

JAPANESE PLAYS AND PLAYFELLOWS, by Osman Edwards (Heinemann, 10s.), must not be ranked with the "common form" globe-trotting books, and it is a good sign that though Mr. Edwards was not without a camera he gives us instead of photographs some beautiful reproductions of pictures by Japanese artists. He writes well and interestingly, and has penetrated further into the inner social life of Japan than most of the numerous exploiters of that country. Though there is much that will be new even to many English travellers in Japan in the chapters on "Taking the waters," "Afternoon calls," and in an interesting study (written in good taste) of one side of Japanese manners in "The Scarlet Lady," the most important part of the book is its chapter, with many quotations, on "Vulgar Songs," and its history and description of the Japanese drama, which throws much light on recent performances in England. In the traditional religious *Nô* Drama, now revived by patriotic archæologists, and in the national drama, the birth of which almost exactly synchronizes with the birth of a national drama in England, there is an abundance of suggestive parallels for the student of the stage, though the development of the drama in the West has been wholly different from its development in the East, where its main object is, as Mr. Edwards says, not illusion, but edification.

The Wisdom of Bishop Creighton.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of a book like **COUNSELS FOR CHURCH PEOPLE** (Stock, 5s.). The same publishers have already issued two or three volumes containing selections from the writings of certain eminent contemporary Churchmen, edited by Dr. J. H. Burn, and the same compiler here gives us, in the form of extracts of moderate length, the reflections of the late Bishop Creighton on most of the questions doctrinal or social which are of interest to Church people. Their note is their direct appeal to the intelligent lay mind, which cannot appreciate the conventionalities of the preacher and his stringing together of texts. On such subjects as "Church and State," "Public Opinion," "National Progress," to say nothing of matters more definitely theological, Bishop Creighton is invariably clear, sensible, and suggestive, and his manner of treatment is admirably suited to the mental habits of the time.

Book Catalogues.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.'s **ENGLISH CATALOGUE**, 1900, has now appeared, and contains the excellent new feature of a list of American publishers, appended to the list of English publishers. We have often called attention to the merits of this publication; and we can only say that, speaking for ourselves, the more we use it the more serviceable we find it. As a complete list of publications of the year, arranged under the names of both author and title, and in such a manner as to fulfil to some extent the purpose of a Subject Index, it stands alone. As the publishers have recently pointed out in the *Publishers' Circular*, these English Catalogues supply the only means, apart from the voluminous catalogues of the British Museum, of obtaining in uniform volumes information about English books published during the last sixty-five years—the first catalogue having appeared in 1835. They are bound up in five volumes with four index volumes—the two first volumes, however, and the first index volume are now out of print and difficult to obtain. The others are to be had at a moderate price and certainly make an invaluable bibliographical record of English publications.

We may at the same time call attention to a book which now makes a definite and well-founded claim to be a subject-index of useful and popular books, viz., the 1901 edition of Messrs. Mudie's **ENGLISH CATALOGUE** (1s. 6d.). The principle of classification, introduced in 1900, is now extended, particularly in the departments of history, travel, and topography, with the result that the catalogue may now serve, to a certain extent, as a bibliography and subject-index to recent literature.

Queen Victoria.

Many lives of her late Majesty will assuredly be required; more than are required will as assuredly be forthcoming. **V.R.I., HER LIFE AND EMPIRE**, a finely illustrated Life by the Duke of Argyll (Harmsworth), has begun to appear in sixpenny numbers, and must be reserved for further consideration. Of the slighter biographies, which will also be the more numerous, none is likely to be more deservedly or more widely popular than **STORIES OF THE QUEEN: AN ANECDOTAL HISTORY OF THE REIGN** (*Review of Reviews* Office, 6d.). The purpose of the little book is to bring together from all available sources "those episodes, incidents, anecdotes, or sayings, which most vividly depict the Queen as she lived and moved amongst us in the sixty years of her reign." Contribution is levied upon many volumes of memoirs, and many old magazine articles. It is not an ambitious plan; but it has been carried out with consummate skill. We do not understand whether the work is actually done by Mr. Stead, or is only carried out under his direction. On either alternative congratulation and praise are due to him.

Medical.

The second volume of **A MANUAL OF MEDICINE**, edited by W. H. Allchin (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. n.), continues the description of General Diseases begun in the first volume. The articles on the various and somewhat disconnected diseases included in this book are contributed by thirteen writers, and are illustrated by pictures and diagrams that are good in quality, though few in number. This Manual does not, of course, compete with Professor Clifford Allbutt's great "System of Medicine" either in size or in completeness; on the other hand, it promises to be far more thorough than the text-books commonly read by medical students—such as Osler's or Taylor's—can ever hope to be. It appears to fill the gap between the "System" and the text-books very satisfactorily, and it is in this that its chief value lies. The Manual is well got up and of a very convenient size, and is to be completed in three more volumes.

The **MEMOIR OF JAMES MACARTNEY, M.D., F.R.S.**, by Professor Macalister (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), gives a very interesting account of the making of the Irish Medical School. Macartney was Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Trinity College, Dublin, from 1813 to 1837; he found both the teaching and the attendance at the classes at a deplorably low ebb when he first took up his professorship, but when he left, thanks to his

twenty-five years of unremitting effort, the Dublin school was attracting pupils over the sea from both London and Edinburgh. But reformers rarely meet with due appreciation from their colleagues, particularly in University towns; and the story of Macartney's life is largely the story of the continuous series of petty annoyances that the University of Dublin contrived to inflict on "the greatest teacher, the best anatomist, the most philosophic surgeon that Ireland has ever produced." Professor Macalister has little to say about Macartney's domestic life and relations; the book is well written, and may be cordially recommended to all who are interested in the history of Irish medicine.

MOSQUITOS AND MALARIA, by Cuthbert Christy (Sampson Low, 6s. n.), sums up lucidly all the knowledge at present accumulated on this important subject. The case against the mosquito known euphemistically as "anopheles" or "unprofitable" seems pretty clear. So far as investigation has gone, it is found wherever there is malaria, and malaria prevails wherever it is found. Moreover, patients inoculated with its poison get malaria, and patients who use effective mosquito curtains when living in its haunts escape malaria. The evidence on which these statements rest is well presented by Mr. Christy, whose book also contains hints for the destruction of mosquitoes, and half-a-dozen plates showing various mosquitoes and their larvæ under the microscope.

From Mr. George S. Keith, the author of "Fads of an Old Physician," comes a collection of miscellaneous papers **ON SANITARY AND OTHER MATTERS** (Black, 2s. 6d.). The main contention of most of them is that we should be more healthy, and live longer, if we would eat less meat.

Bridge.

Although playing-cards may be the only books available in extreme old-age, it is a little difficult to establish a close connexion between them and literature. Still, as we have lately noticed a work on the Russian national game of Vint, we must *a fortiori* extend a welcome to two books on a game so popular in this country as Bridge. Mr. C. J. Melrose's elaborate book on **BRIDGE WHIST** (Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d.) is written extremely well, and discusses copiously the principles and play of the game. If we do not criticize this part of his book, it is for the author's own humorous and unanswerable reason that argument on such points opens the door to all sorts of frivolous objections, and that it is simpler to assume the authority of an oracle. We may say, however, that his dicta, unlike most oracles, are clear and intelligible. His more difficult task has been the construction of a code of rules. It is true, as the preface says, that a rather new game such as Bridge cannot very well possess a final and complete code, but the time has at any rate come for some approach to authoritative laws applicable to all possible cases. Mr. Melrose, accordingly, has collected all the disputed points he could, and has done his best to provide for them. Now and then anomalous results follow from even the best regulations. There is the penalty for a revoke, for instance, where Mr. Melrose makes a new proviso, regretting, however, that in certain cases the law will still be logically faulty; and he mentions another case which, as he shows, is susceptible of very subtle argument indeed. In short, the laws of Bridge cannot as yet be perfect, but this book represents an advance in that direction.

Mr. W. Dalton's book **BRIDGE ABRIDGED** (De La Rue) is to the new game pretty much what "Cavendish on Whist" was to the old one. He leaves legislation to the committees of the Turf and Portland Clubs, preferring to expound the principles and practice of the game, especially the latter, which he ranks higher than any knowledge of its theory. Here again we are not disposed to discuss the author's decisions, partly for the reason given above, and partly because, as he truly says, the game constantly throws a player upon his own resources. His own opinion is that experience, duly bought and paid for, and observation of the finest players are the best teachers after all. That is the case with all games, but a great deal may be learned, nevertheless, from a clear and sensible book such as this. In particular, we commend all that is said on

the etiquette of the game, an important matter that is too often neglected. By the way, no one knows the exact origin of any of our games. Mr. Dalton has traced Bridge to the Autumn of 1894, when Lord Brougham introduced it at the Portland Club. Perhaps it would be possible, while the game is still young, to find, and to immortalize, its actual inventor.

Bookkeeping.

BOOKKEEPING FOR BUSINESS MEN, by J. Thornton and S. W. Thornton (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), is a new manual on a subject on which there are already many manuals. None the less it presents points of novelty. The author assumes himself the partner of his reader in a shop doing a general trade, and for one calendar month keeps the books of the firm of J. Thornton and Gentle Reader, throwing in footnotes explaining why such and such an item is posted to "trade expenses," or "wages account," or "suspense account," as the case may be. The method has the advantage of presenting difficulties pretty much in the manner in which they present themselves in real life, with the result that the solutions are easier to remember than they would be if they only figured in a table of rules. The book is a really valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

Another bookkeeping manual is **PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING** (Allman, 2s.), by W. D. Odham, and W. E. Holland, the latter author being an instructor in the subject at the Borough of West Ham Municipal Technical Institute. The explanations are clear; the difficulties are approached in the right order; and there are plenty of exercises of the right sort. The present volume is elementary. A second is to follow, dealing with the "Tabular System" and the accounts of manufacturers, contractors, public companies, benevolent institutions, &c.

Another bookkeeping book, notable chiefly for the large number of exercises, is **THE PRECEPTORS' BOOKKEEPING**, by Thomas Chalice Jackson (University Tutorial Press, 1s. 6d.).

Mr. William Archer's first three instalments of his revised Ibsen translations **THE LEAGUE OF YOUTH**, **PILLARS OF SOCIETY**, and **A DOLL'S HOUSE** (Walter Scott, 2s. 6d. each) are very neat and well-printed volumes. On Mr. Archer's general preface we have already commented. Each of the plays now published has an interesting introduction dealing with its stage history; and the introductions gain a good deal from the fact that Mr. Archer, solely to show what he considers to be the ineptitude of taste on the part of English newspapers, quotes various "flowers of [adverse] criticism." They will probably help the student of Ibsen in forming his own opinion.

DRIFTING (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.), by an anonymous writer, is a short and pessimistic volume on our government and our trade. He emphasizes a great many of the evils—most of them perennial—of party government, and warns us once more of the increasing competition of German and American industries. But he is not so prodigal of remedies as of grievances. We gather that he is a friend to more paternal interference on the part of government, and an enemy to free trade; but beyond this he is not very explicit. One remedy which he does suggest, to check the ills of our present party system, viz., the establishment of yet another party—the "Patriotic"—does not seem helpful. What would prevent the patriotic contingent from being swayed by electioneering influences just as much as any other party?

Mr. H. C. Beeching publishes in one volume two suggestive essays on the **STUDY OF POETRY** (Cambridge University Press, 1s.) which we commented upon when they appeared in the *Cornhill*.

Mr. E. O. Jones is continuing in **WELSH POETS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY** (Ellis, Llanidloes) his anthology of Welsh nineteenth-century verse, and includes in the present instalment a long translation from Islwyn, of whom we published an account on June 23, 1900. Mr. Jones asks for suggestions and assistance with regard to future volumes.

John Oliver Hobbes' epigrams lend themselves to the uses of the **BIRTHDAY BOOK** (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.), compiled from her works by Zoë Procter. Her tongue is a sharp one, and the young lady who possesses the book will get more fun out of it than the young gentleman who has to sign his name against such remarks as "He seems a babbler." This statement is not by the way very interesting out of its context, and such sayings as "Life is not what we find it, but what we make it" are too obvious echoes even for birthday books. There is no selection from "The Wisdom of the Wise."

FIFTY YEARS OF WORK IN CANADA, SCIENTIFIC AND EDUCATIONAL (Ballantyne, Hanson), consists mainly of the autobiographical notes of the late Sir William Dawson. The scientific work recorded, mainly geological, is not quite of the highest importance. Sir William Dawson had some difficulty in falling into line with the most advanced thinkers, and no very sound reason for not doing so. On the other hand, his services to education in Canada are great and unquestioned. As Principal of the McGill University, Montreal, he made a languishing institution flourish, and seems to have had no difficulties with the discipline—often a weak point in the Universities across the sea. His narrative is interesting and modest, though it is likely, perhaps, to find more readers in Canada than in England.

PAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A QUEENSLAND SQUATTER, by Oscar de Satgé (Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d. n.), is the story of the very uneventful life of a gentleman who emigrated to Australia in 1853, and achieved prosperity by assiduous attention to agricultural pursuits. There are one or two rather tame bushranger stories, and there is some account of Queensland politics, with long lists of political gentlemen who are no doubt eminent in Queensland; but the essence of the book is sheep farming, and it is among sheep farmers, actual or potential, that it must find its public. Potential sheep farmers in particular will find it useful, for, so far as we can judge, it gives the sort of hints that they require. The rest of us can look at the pictures. All of them are well printed, and some of them are rather interesting.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION APPLIED TO PARTY GOVERNMENT, by T. R. Ashworth and H. P. C. Ashworth (Sonnenschein, 6s. n.), treats electoral questions mainly from the point of view of Australian politics. But much light is thrown on the general question by the discussion in the light of theory and experience of the Hare system, the Lubbock system, the Hare-Clark system, and the Droop Gregory system. The subject is, of course, a complicated one, but those who follow it closely will be interested in a system of his own which is unfolded by the author.

Two little legal books come from Mr. Edingham Wilson. **RAILWAY LAW FOR THE MAN IN THE TRAIN**, by George E. T. Edalji (2s. n.), acquaints passengers with their rights and their prospects of obtaining redress when "put upon" or otherwise injured by the companies and their minions. **THE LAW OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES**, by James Walter Smith (2s. n.), is a work in its 26th thousand, brought fully up to date, and incorporating the most recent legislation on the subject.

The Agent-General for New South Wales presents us with **FORTY YEARS OF PROGRESS IN NEW SOUTH WALES, THE TIMBER RESOURCES OF NEW SOUTH WALES**, and some other official publications, all written by Mr. T. A. Coghlan. The bold and elegant appearance of the pamphlets contrasts strikingly with the woe-begone format in which, as we complained the other day, Consular reports and similar documents are presented in this country.

Educational.

THE MANUAL OF ELEMENTARY SCIENCE, by Mr. Gregory and Mr. Simmons (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), has been prepared to pass pupil teachers through the "Queen's Scholarship" examination in somewhat the same way that a new shell is generally evolved to penetrate the newest kind of armour-plate. It begins with Mechanics, which is the worst part of the book. It is too brief, and few students could understand it who had not had previous teaching in the subject. Each section (as throughout the book) commences with experiments and observations, and is followed by a text-book description of results, the chapters terminating with a summary and set of examples. The "Henristic Method" is surely overdone in such a case as "Put a stone in a teacup, then into a tumbler, and then into a basin; the shape of the stone remains the same wherever it is placed." The First Law of Motion, on the other hand, is referred to what "common experience tells every one." The treatment of "Work," "Mass," "Centre of Gravity," and other parts is loose and unscientific. The other subjects treated are "Fluid Pressure," "Terrestrial Magnetism," Heat, Light, Chemistry, and Astronomy. These are much better done, the last being the most novel feature. The illustrations here are interesting and often ingenious.

CHEMISTRY, by James Knight (Self-Educator Series, Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.), seeks to introduce the elements of the Chemistry of everyday life to those whose earlier education has not included Chemistry. The book is, therefore, more a series of essays than a course of Chemistry, and is arranged in the

delightfully uneducative order of starting with a chapter on the Atomic Theory, and terminating with some excellent advice to those who desire to take to the subject more earnestly. We find interesting chapters on Coal Distillation, Iron and Steel, the Chemistry of Foods, and so forth. On the other hand, space is found for description of chemical composition and reactions, including illustrations of structural formulæ and quantitative calculations. The reader is encouraged to perform the experiments described in the text and a list of necessary apparatus is supplied. We can thoroughly recommend this book to readers of the class indicated above, and are satisfied that it will not only create an interest in Chemistry, but remove that dread of the unknown which many feel in the presence of a chemical formula.

Among the latest additions to the Temple Cyclopædic Primers (Dent, 1s.) are two volumes on **MODERN CHEMISTRY**, by Professor William Ramsay, of University College. The first is devoted to a statement of the fundamental laws and principles of chemical theory. It deals fully with recent developments of the electrolytic dissociation hypothesis and of the theory of isomerism and structural chemistry; in particular, it explains very lucidly the arrangements of the atoms in a molecule. The second volume opens with a brief discussion of the modes by which the elements are prepared, together with a few notes on their physical properties. The interactions of these elements occupy the remainder of the book, and the various classes of compounds, divided into six main groups, are systematically passed in review. The two volumes between them contain only about 330 pages, but into this small space Professor Ramsay has succeeded in compressing a very clear and readable outline of a huge subject. One fault, however, may be found, and that is the meagreness of the indexes; a few more pages might with advantage have been spared for them, especially considering that there is no synopsis of contents whatever, except such as is afforded by the headings that appear at the beginning of each chapter, but are nowhere collected together.

HANDBOOK TO THE PENTATEUCH, VOL. I., Gen.-Exodus xii., by H. C. Batterbury, B.A. (Rivington, 2s. 6d.), is intended for "students and those engaged in the religious instruction of the young, especially in elementary schools," and aims at "guiding the teacher in steering a clear course between the rock of modern destructive criticism on the one hand and that of indiscriminate literalism on the other." The Biblical text (with some considerable and desirable omissions) is given with notes, many of them useful. But the teacher will have to use great discretion with some of these comments. As the author lays it down as important not to "teach children what they are to unlearn," we must give one or two sample notes. From Gen. I., vv. 1-3, "we have learnt this, that each Person of the Holy Trinity took part in the creation of the world." Ex. vii., v. ii., "The Magicians did their wonders either through the agency of evil spirits or by skill," and (*ibid.* v. 22, Magicians also turn the water to blood). "This must have been on a very small scale." We have selected the first extract from among many as an example of putting a strained construction on simple words, and the last two as "suggesting difficulties" to children by unwise comments. Each section terminates with a skeleton lesson. In reading the book we cannot help feeling that there is an undercurrent of antagonism between the text, and the commentary, which now reads into a passage an apparently unnatural meaning, now acts as apology for the story, and then leaves the teacher without aid in avoiding the "rock of modern criticism."

DENT'S SCHOOL GRAMMAR OF MODERN FRENCH (3s. 6d. n.), by G. H. Clarke and C. J. Murray, is distinguished from the majority of grammars for school use by the fact that it is a grammar merely, and does not contain exercises; and the space thus gained is profitably used. Almost all the subtle points of syntax on which examiners trip up the unwary are brought to the notice of students, and the book may be warmly recommended for use in higher forms. For lower forms it is not apparently intended. M. Leygues' "tolérances" are given in an appendix, and are regarded by the authors as "a manifest step in the right direction." A new departure is made in devoting separate sections to the grammatical usages, now obsolete or obsolescent, of the seventeenth century.

THE LONDON MATRICULATION DIRECTORY, published by the University Tutorial Press (1s. n.), contains the papers set in January, 1901, together with solutions by tutors.

To his volumes already published of "Questions" on Shakespeare's Plays, Mr. John Lees now adds **QUESTIONS ON KING HENRY V.** (Allman, 2s. 6d.), interleaved. It includes papers actually set at the Cambridge "Locals." The questions are very exhaustive, and will be of great service to those who are working this play with their forms.

ART.

Mr. Mortimer Mempes has learnt the secret of our times; he is never behind the fair. He was an impressionist of Japanese ways when public taste set in the direction of Orientalism; he etched in the palmy days of painter-etchers, and he built an excellent specimen of "domestic Gothic" when Ernest George was the vogue. He once more shows his adaptability in the series of landscape and portrait studies made during his recent visit as a correspondent at the seat of war in Africa. He has sacrificed much, possibly too much, at the shrine of novelty, and, as an artist, South Africa has apparently left him as dissatisfied as it leaves most recent adventurers. The portraits of Earl Roberts, Cecil Rhodes, Sir Alfred Milner, General French, and Mr. Kipling have been drawn, it would appear, rather because they are just now in the public eye than for any other reason. They are painted for the most part with almost troublesome directness in a medium as hard and dry as the atmosphere of this inhospitable country. Few of them appear to be comfortable. It is otherwise with the landscapes with the blue of African hills against a hot, golden, palpitating sky, and there are some picturesque old houses and gardens of flowers which remind us of Mr. Mempes at his best. On the whole, however, the collection is more topical than artistic.

Very different is the exhibition of water-colours with which Messrs. Agnew seek to interest us just now. One of the screens devoted to Turner restores all our faith in the greatness of the master, which the exhibition of some of his less worthy work has somewhat shaken of late. Here is the "Dover," dated 1824, and consequently painted during his most mature period. It is less conventional in colour scheme than his earlier work, and is less full of effort than much of the work which he attempted ten or fifteen years later. "Ramsgate" and "Bath Abbey" the artist may vainly endeavour to emulate, and this exhibition is unusually fortunate in its Turners. The examples of David Cox are less satisfactory, but the "De Wint," "Haymaking in Lincolnshire," is one of the best examples of this artist. There is an admirable J. S. Cotman (No. 29) and drawings by Hine which seem once more to prove, as we have before pointed out, that very few English water-colour painters had his knowledge and superb ability. He painted the English Downs as no painters before or since have realized them.

The collection of water-colour drawings by Reginald Jones entitled "Summer Sun and Autumn Haze," now at the Continental Gallery, is not so evenly good as his last exhibition; but the larger drawings are good examples of the individuality of his method and his realization of the value of "breadth." An artist to whom breadth would add much interest is Miss Rosa Wallis, a sister of the energetic curator of the Birmingham Corporation Art Galleries, who promises to exhibit a collection of water-colour drawings at the Graves Galleries on March 11. Miss Wallis, who has painted on the Italian lakes, in Rome, and Venice, and in the smaller towns of Italy, has chosen most of her subjects in the Gardens of Italy in the early spring, during the gorgeous but treacherous summer, and in the autumn when the vineyards are laden with purple fruit.

It is understood that M. de Saulles will model the effigy of King Edward VII. for the new coinage. There will be some feeling of regret that the work has not been entrusted to Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

The receiving days for the Royal Academy summer exhibition are—for water-colours, miniatures, black and white and architectural drawings, Friday, March 29; for oil paintings, March 30 and April 1; and for sculpture, April 2. Forms and labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of a stamped and directed envelope. There will be no Academy dinner this year.

Mr. J. Ernest Phythian's bold attempt to sketch *THE STORY OF ART IN THE BRITISH ISLES* (Newnes, 1s.) seems to us surprisingly successful. A great portion of it is devoted to architecture—and justly, for it is here, if anywhere, that British art has asserted its individuality, and it is a subject of the widest interest to all. But all the leading events in the history of painting in England are sketched with a detail and an interest one seldom sees in a small handbook.

FICTION.

Whilomville Stories and Others.

The late Mr. Stephen Crane's talents and literary adaptability were so great that it is no wonder that the magic and, from a writer's point of view, dangerous world of child-life should have attracted his attention. In some of the stories contained in *THE MONSTER* (Harpers, 5s.) and in the collection entitled *WHILOMVILLE STORIES* (Harpers, 5s.) Mr. Crane appears to us to essay a picture of child-life that, among many, Mr. Kenneth Grahame alone has fully succeeded in giving us. Of course any book by the writer of "Maggie" is full of acute insight. But the children of Whilomville refuse to live for us; their pranks and sorrows and passions leave us cold. The world of "The Golden Age" is open to the few, and Mr. Crane with all his gifts had not the key for its unlocking. There is humour in the doings of "The Angel-Child"; there is amusement in "Lynx Hunting"; there is keen insight and some pretty analysis in "Shame," but the spirit of youth, the grace of life's beginning, the exquisite pathos of, say, "The Roman Road," or the joyousness and mystery of Stevenson's "Lantern Bearers," these things are lacking. Mr. Swinburne once said that "the art of writing adequately and acceptably about children is among the rarest and most precious of all arts," and Mr. Stephen Crane could not command the gift at will. Yet there is much that calls for praise. His sketches of American parents, his portraits of coloured servants, his cunning in weaving the little stories are all remarkable. The illustrator of the "Whilomville Stories," Mr. Peter Newell, gives admirable drawings of just the children the author seems to have intended. The book as a whole is worthy of a place among the most successful of the failures to depict the world of child-life. In "The Monster and Other Stories" Mr. Crane carries his attempts in Whilomville studies a little further. The eponymous personage of the first story is not a child but a coloured servant who, out of love for his master's little boy, tries to save him from a fire and is terribly burnt in the attempt. He is preserved in life, but without brain or features, by the boy's father, a doctor of great skill; but his preservation leads to tragic issues. The story is told with the graphic touches which were Mr. Crane's great gift; but it is painful in the extreme, and all the more so on account of its vivid detail. It is written in the American language; for example, when some one tells a barber to cease talking and go on with his work Mr. Crane writes, "Instead, Reifsnnyder paused shaving entirely, and turned to front the speaker." But these things are on the surface; beneath, there are heart and strength and tragedy and a remarkable gift of observation. Some other stories in this volume deal with the histories of children, but so weird a piece of work as "The Blue Hotel" and so queer a one as "An Illusion in Red and White" are far more representative of the power and genius of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage" than, say, "His New Mittens" or the main portion of the "Whilomville Stories." These two books can hardly be said to add to the fame of Mr. Crane, but they contain work of interest and are worthy of his renown.

A Northern Garden.

"North was the Garden," quotes Mrs. C. L. Antrobus as the motto of her excellent story *QUALITY CORNER* (Chatto, 6s.) in which she captures much of the charm of that northern garden at Ringway, where the people are a sturdy race, not rural, but quiet, stolid, with slow fire in their veins. Ringway shows "a curious goblin beauty of sudden lights and transient showers, of blooms, of quick sparkling soft colouring, of deep green moss, and ashen-grey lichen and blue mist—a dusky Arcadia." Here, where the strong west wind blows up from the Irish Sea, there are many old-world influences at work. The people grow uneasy about ghosts and witches, and second sight, and they combine with this touch of mysticism a northern shrewdness that does not wholly please the stranger in Arcadia. Mrs. Antrobus has already won a considerable following by her story of Lancashire life,

"Wildersmoor," and her new story will grapple her readers to her with hooks of steel. For, from beginning to end, one traces with increasing appreciation the delicacy and firmness of her work, her wide sympathy and quick instinct, her acute observation and agreeable culture—one realizes with gratitude that a novelist of no small power is giving us of her best. We can recommend this book with an unusual certainty of pleasing our readers—and those of Mrs. Antrobus.

PECCA VI, by E. W. Hornung (Grant Richards, 6s.), is a striking and uncommon novel in its treatment of a situation not altogether new. From "The Scarlet Letter" to "The Silence of Dean Maitland" (to bracket great things with small), the clergyman whose life contains a guilty secret has been a favourite central figure for the novelist. The splendid sinner in "Peccavi" carries all sympathies with him, right through to the tragic end. His wrong-doing may have been immense, lacking as it did even the supreme excuse of love; but his reparation is so untiring, so brave and uncomplaining, that the reader feels, with the sympathetic Bishop of the story, that atonement has been magnificently made. We prefer this book to any of its author's previous work.

THE MASTER SINNER (John Long, 3s. 6d.) is not, as might be inferred from its dedication to "those inspired persons who quarrel amongst themselves whilst instructing the world by means of Religious novels," a satire on "The Master Christian." It is in fact a religious novel itself, though of rather an original kind. The ruler of hell—this is the teaching of "A well-known author," who is responsible for "The Master Sinner"—is a more merciful being than the ruler of heaven, and he admits into his "shining portals" all who have not committed certain "tabulated sins." Anthony Grigg, who learns all this by means of communications sent him by a deceased friend, finds at last that he has committed one of the tabulated sins, and is debarred from both heaven and hell. The story is narrated with some power and originality, but its teaching is hardly of the kind to appeal to the public interested in religious fiction.

TRINITY BELLS (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.) chime sweetly in obedience to the touch of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. Her theme is slight, but her treatment of it is dainty to a delightful degree, with a charming series of pictures of life in New York round about the year 1800. The reader will love the characters and really understand their surroundings, so deft is Mrs. Barr's workmanship; and, whether the reader be a good little girl—if such a person has survived into this new century—or a big bad man, the book will be laid aside with regret. The illustrations are excellent and admirably in keeping with the spirit of the story.

HATE, THE DESTROYER (Ward, Lock, 4s. 6d.), is, of course, blood-thirsty, and meant for those who love to sup on horrors. Its hero, Edward Calvert, together with the villain, Robert Tangye, discovers platinum mines in Central Asia. The villain smites the hero over the head, and returns to England to pose as the prosperous platinum king. But Calvert is by no means so dead as Tangye believed, and, armed with various aliases and diabolic cunning, he pursues the villain with a lust of vengeance that would satisfy the author of "L'Auberge Maudite." We can hardly rejoice in the story of this sin-stained avenger of his own wrongs, despite the relief afforded by flirtations between medical students and lodging-house young ladies.

Mr. Claude Bray's new novel, *A CUIRASSIER OF ARRAN'S* (Sands, 6s.), is a good enough example of the historical romance, recalling memories of many earlier adventures in the same field. It is concerned with the days of the second James, but Mr. Bray has nobly resisted the temptation of Monmouth's rising, and we are spared Sedgemoor. Mr. Scrope, the young officer in Arran's whose adventures form the groundwork of the story, has a perhaps unavoidable resemblance to the creations of Messrs. Stanley Weyman and Anthony Hope—but yet he has an individuality of his own. James himself is handled more tenderly than usual, and even Jeffreys seems to have something of

the glamour bestowed upon him by Mr. H. B. Irving. Sunderland, on the other hand, is not spared. There is plenty of action in the story, which is brightly written throughout.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The article in the *Monthly Review* which we like best is Mr. Arthur Symonds' "A Study at Toledo." Mr. Symonds writes this sort of travel article better than any one else—possibly better even than the late John Addington Symonds. Those, however, who prefer more actual articles will find plenty. Admiral Fremantle criticizes the articles of Lieutenant Bellairs on "The Training of Naval Officers." His view is that the cry against theoretical or academic training is not justified, and that "as a rule the best educated and most intelligent man will be the best officer." Writing of "Trade and the Siberian Railway," Mr. Alexander Kinloch maintains that "the impetus required by Siberia would carry her exactly in the direction most closely parallel to the course of British trade instincts and interests." "The Evolution of the Boer," by Poultney Bigelow, is a discursive historical paper, containing one notable statement throwing light upon the value and extent of Continental sympathy with the burghers. "A learned German official recently justified the exclusion of Boers from German West Africa on the ground that Germans should reserve that country for people who spoke German, that it would be a national disgrace if the next generation should speak Dutch!" "Two Poets of the New Century," by R. A. Streatfeild, is a survey of the work of Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Binyon. Mr. Streatfeild suspects, though he is not sure, that Mr. Binyon "is destined to be the leader of a new movement in English poetry," and is quite sure that "he is a poet of the kind to which fame comes slowly but surely." Mr. Arthur J. Evans' article on "The Palace of Minos" is illustrated. The poem is by Mr. George Meredith, the first lines running:—

Or shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if derided;
Each claims worship undivided,
In her wake would have us wallow.

Cornhill is very readable. An account of hospital work in the great Civil War, by Mr. C. H. Firth, is timely and authoritative; so is Mr. Fuller Maitland's criticism of Sir Arthur Sullivan. A C.I.V.'s discovery of a bundle of Boer war bulletins is of the utmost interest, and shows that the Boers kept to the truth—perhaps more than we did. Modern life in suburban London and in a provincial town (Manchester) are dealt with in excellent style in second instalments respectively of "A Londoner's Log Book," and of the "Provincial Letters," which our entertaining friend Urbanus Sylvan is now writing. We are very glad of Mr. G. S. Street's *apologia* of Anthony Trollope—that true social historian. This *Cornhill* is, in fact, an exceptionally good number.

Another C.I.V. relates his experiences vividly in *Macmillan's*, which also has a very interesting story of a breakfast with Lord Lytton, who said, by the way, that he "loved Dickens." Sir Courtenay Boyle passes in review a good many new words, as to which every one is sure to differ. He "has sometimes thought" that the Royal Society might periodically issue sheets of allowable words. We are sorry he was not successful in getting the unit of supply of electrical energy adopted in Acts of Parliament called a "kelvin." There are other articles connected with Queen Victoria and the King.

One can realize the importance of "Bridge" without being a player when one finds it the subject of a discreet and sober article in *Blackwood*. The war is the subject of no less than three articles. The most notable of them—on "The War Despatches"—will not be agreeable reading for everybody. Sir Henry Craik's History of Scotland is reviewed, and there are some strongly Protestant remarks about the coronation oath. It is an oath, the writer thinks, which "we may read with pleasure." "Victoria R. et I." is an anonymous article evidently written with intimate personal knowledge. A story of her late Majesty's shyness may be quoted. A faithful and most devoted subject of the Queen relates the following incident:—

The first of her Majesty's appearances at any public function after the death of the Prince Consort was when she

laid the foundation stone of St. Thomas's Hospital. Next day I had an interview with her at Windsor. She asked me whether she had shown any symptoms of agitation or nervousness. I answered, "None." Upon which the Queen said: "I am so glad. The truth is I was shaking down to the soles of my feet." At that time I had become so familiar with the expression of her Majesty's face that I could read in it at the Hospital the strong constraint she was using to maintain her self-command.

In *Longman's Magazine* Mr. C. L. H. Dempster gives, apropos of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon," a graphic description of Bonaparte's landing in the south of France after escaping from Elba. The story is gathered, as Mr. Dempster phrases it, "from the lips of spectators or from their children." The encounter with the Prince of Monaco on the beach at Antibes is characteristic:—

The Emperor had caused all horses to be requisitioned for his guns, yet the Prince of Monaco's courier had already bespoken what was required to take his master on to Nice. The high contending powers met on the beach. "Ou allez-vous?" said Napoleon gruffly. "Chez moi," was the curt reply of the ruler of the smallest kingdom of the world. "Et moi aussi," said the Emperor.

Another witness told Mr. Dempster how a certain Corsican who owed Napoleon a grudge nearly saved the allies the trouble of Waterloo by shooting his enemy on the beach. Here is another reminiscence:—

When Napoleon reached Grasse he was placed on a sort of throne made of saddles and haversacks, and he breakfasted with gusto and gaiety. He stood up, stretched out his hands: "Le beau pays!" he exclaimed; and then went on to say that, even if Grenoble and Paris did not receive him well, he should be quite happy if permitted to spend his remaining years here, and "to die here," he added; "for there, to the right, lies Toulon, where my early laurels were reaped, and there lies Corsica, the country of my mother, the land where I first saw the light."

Mrs. Percy Frankland discusses the power of salt to fight against bacteria, and under "At the Sign of the Ship" Mr. Andrew Lang writes sympathetically of the late Mr. Myers.

Mrs. Emil Luden's interview with Mr. Kruger in the *Pall Mall Magazine* has been so extensively quoted that we need do no more than say that it is certainly worth reading. The same magazine has secured the article which Sir Robert Ball was bound to write on the subject of "Signalling to Mars," and also a story by Mr. Frederick Wedmore. There is also a brace of poems by the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." The last poems published under that signature were considered by some critics to point, by internal evidence, to the authorship of Mr. Henry Newbolt. The ones before us certainly do not. For readers who are indifferent alike to literature and to epoch making events there is an article on "Men's Dress," by Colonel Newnham Davis, who establishes the awe-inspiring conclusion that "your well-dressed man spends over £400 on his first purchases and requires an allowance of at least £120 a year to maintain his wardrobe in order." Sir Herbert Maxwell has a good and well-illustrated article on Queen Victoria, and the Duke of Argyll contributes some verses headed "2nd February, 1901." We miss Mr. Sambourne's capital design on the cover.

The *Imperial and Colonial Magazine* for February appeared towards the end of the month. It has an excellent programme of contributors—Mr. Henniker Heaton on Imperial Communications, Sir John Cockburn on the prospects of Australian Federation, Professor R. Dutt on Indian Famines, Mrs. Evelyn Cecil on her tour in Rhodesia, Lady Jeune on Queen Victoria, and so on. The articles are comparatively brief; but it is an attractive publication, with good "Current News and Notes."

The *Argosy* publishes a memorial number in which all the articles survey and summarize some aspect of "the reign of woman under Queen Victoria"—"The reign of fashion," "Nursing," &c., and there is a poem by Mr. Herbert Morrah. The pictures, both old and new, are interesting, well selected, and admirably reproduced, and the issue is a great artistic success.

A new sixpenny monthly published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and edited by Mrs. Stuart Erskine and R. J. Richardson—the *Kensington*—is an agreeable creation of large quarto size, and a print clear but not pompous. It touches all the arts, including drama, gives a side glance at literature, and has a page about "local matters in Kensington." It is well illustrated, and notices foreign art every month. Another good feature is announced, "There will be no interviews."

Correspondence.

THE PROBLEM NOVEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Allow me to enter a protest against this modern evolution as being hysterical, unreal, and calculated to corrupt. I thought that the *coup de grace* had been dealt to that type of anti-ethical dramatic narration in the severe handling which Mr. Grant Allen's "Woman Who Did" received from the critics; but, it seems, folly, like superstition, dies hard, and occasionally we have to witness the recrudescence of the same moral epidemic. The latest is perhaps less objectionable than poor Grant Allen's masterpiece (?); yet as regards false sentiment Mr. Compton Reade's "Aftertaste" runs him hard. The moral, if it be a moral, of the book would appear to be sound enough—viz., that it is perilous to a girl's peace of mind to marry for any other cause than sincere affection; but is it worth while from an ethical standpoint to trace step by step the corruption of a pure woman? I venture to think not. Mr. Compton Reade may plead, fairly, that he has gone out of his way to paint error in painful, and, indeed, repulsive, colours, while "the woman taken in adultery" pays an awful penalty for her sin; and I will do him the justice to say that he has not, as was the case in the "Woman Who Did," placed a premium on a violation of the ordinary rule which governs the relations of the sexes. But why sink to the level of French fiction? Why constitute adultery the climax, and repentance plus retribution the anticlimax? Alphonse Daudet lamented in his last days that the seventh commandment formed the sole basis of French dramatic narration. Have we descended to that bathos? I should hope not, for truly the aftertaste of conjugal infidelity must be bitter, and it is bad not to make the heroine the villain.

Yours faithfully,

A. W. EMLYN.

77, Park-road, West Dulwich, S.E.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your note on the split infinitive a week or two back you rightly remark that it is hard to demonstrate its incorrectness. You point out that, while the phrase "to have entirely subdued the Boers" is allowed, the phrase "to entirely subdue" raises the indignation of the stylist. In his letter to you last week "E. D. L." tries to account for this anomaly by asserting that there is no trace of the split infinitive in the phrase "to have entirely subdued." "The virtue," he says, "and compactness of the infinitive, which lie wholly in the auxiliary, are no more affected by the severance of the participle than the virtue of the indicative by the same severance in the English 'I was quickly recognized,' or the still wider severance in the Latin 'Sum cito vestris cognitus.'"

The soundness of this statement seems to me to depend on the question whether the virtue and compactness of the infinitive, as "E. D. L." somewhat vaguely calls it, do really lie wholly in the auxiliary. If this is so, the important word "subdued" must be considered as not belonging to the infinitive. But in the phrase "to have entirely subdued" the word "subdued" is just as much a part of the infinitive or, to use "E. D. L.'s" phrase, contributes as much to the "virtue" of the infinitive as the word "subdue" in the phrase "to entirely subdue." As a matter of fact, in both cases, the infinitive is broken in upon by the word "entirely." Both phrases are therefore, as you imply, examples of the "split infinitive," and "E. D. L.'s" attempted explanation does not, as far as I can see, explain the anomaly that one of these phrases is allowed, while the other is not.

On another point "E. D. L.'s" letter seems to be open to criticism. In defence of the split infinitive you suggested that the phrase "I ask you kindly to clear out" is really ambiguous. "Grammarians" points out that the split infinitive might make it clear that the kindness is in the clearing out and not in the asking. "E. D. L." objects that the ambiguity of

the first phrase "I ask you kindly to clear out" could be removed, "if competently spoken." Surely a phrase which is clear when written as well as when spoken is better than a phrase which is only clear when spoken. Surely, therefore, "I ask you to kindly clear out" is better than "I ask you kindly to clear out." Long live the split infinitive!

HAIR SPLITTER.

February 26, 1901.

DECADENT METRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Art is long, arguments are sometimes longer, and life is short; yet must I ask the favour of being once more, and the last time, allowed to pay my respects to Mr. Charles Camp Tarelli. I now recognize the fact that he and I are of distinctly opposite schools in this matter. He is apparently of that class which would think no more of a carpenter who made an excellent dining-table of 12ft. by 6ft. in a room but 1ft. larger each way, than they would of one who produced an article no better from a workshop twice its size. To my thinking it is a piece of marked injustice to allow one man double the licence used by another, then judge their work of equal merit. Mr. Tarelli and I are evidently dear antagonists who would fight week-in, week-out over our moot point, yet, I trust, never be the worse friends—nor perhaps be any the better off. He says that the terms used in classic prosody will not apply in English. Again we have here a matter of opinion over which it were as wise to fight as it would be to quarrel about the religion of the Martians—if Martians there be. Yet "A thousand rugged feet I stand above" is surely iambic pentameter. So, too, will the other three metres which I instanced apply to English prosody. Thus I bid him "Good-bye" on this subject, and thank you for the space so kindly allowed me.

I am, Sir, very truly yours.

J. E. PATTERSON.

VICTOR HUGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Speaking of Victor Hugo in your last issue, page 132, you say that his *eldest* daughter Adèle is now the only surviving of his children. This is a slight error. Adèle is the *youngest*. Her elder sister was Leopoldine who had married Charles Vacquerie (the brother of the well-known Auguste), and who died with her husband in so tragic a manner through a boat accident, soon after their marriage, during a sea promenade near Havre in 1843.

I am, Sir, yours truly.

February 26, 1901.

ALF. HAMONET.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. Methuen are starting their Spring season in earnest, and publishing a good many new books—which are included in our list of "Books to look out for at once"—before the end of next week. Captain Biss' history of "The Relief of Kumassi" differs from Lady Hodgson's book in that it is written by an officer who was with the relief force; and it tells not only of the siege, but of the advance and triumphant return of Sir James Willecocks. Sir T. Hungerford Holdich's volume on "The Indian Borderland" contains a personal record of the various expeditions of the last twenty years. There are many other announcements, including "The Real Chinese Question," by Chester Holcombe; "The Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton," by G. S. Layard; "The Last of the Great Scouts (Buffalo Bill)," by his sister, Mrs. Wetmore; "A History of the Jesuits in England," by E. L. Taunton; "Reminiscences of Brother Musicians," by Constance Bache; "The English Turf," by Charles Richardson, and "Lyra Apostolica" (in the Library of Devotion), with an introduction by Canon Scott Holland and notes by the Rev. H. C. Beeching. The next volumes in Methuen's Standard Library will be White's "Selborne," edited by Professor Louis Miall and the Rev. W. Warde Fowler; and Swift's

"Journal to Stella," edited by G. A. Aitken. "The Life of Savonarola," by E. L. Horsburgh, is to be the next volume in the Little Biographies Series; and "King Lear," edited by W. J. Craig, the next volume in the new edition of Shakespeare. The Little Library will include "Selections from Wordsworth," edited by Nowell C. Smith; "The Purgatorio of Dante," translated by H. F. Cary and edited by Paget Toynbee; "Selections from the Poems of William Blake," edited by T. Perugini; and "Lavengro," edited by F. Hindes Groome.

Messrs. Blackwood's spring list is strong in military books. Perhaps the most important is Colonel R. H. Vetch's "Life, Letters, and Diaries of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham"—the Crimean hero and commander of the Suakin expedition, 1884, and friend of Gordon—who died in December, 1899. Colonel Vetch is himself an old officer of the Royal Engineers—he edited the R.E. Journal from 1877 to 1884 and the Professional Papers of the corps during the same period. The career of another distinguished R.E. officer is told in "The Life of Major-General Sir Murdoch Smith," by his son-in-law, William Kirk Dickson. Sir Robert Smith was an authority on Persian antiquities, and some of the acquisitions of his adventurous expeditions are at the British Museum and South Kensington. He was Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, and died in July last. There are two volumes of biographies of Anglo-Indian officers in Messrs. Blackwood's list, one being "Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts," by Mr. G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., of the India Office, and the other the life of Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, entitled "A Leader of Light Horse," written by Captain L. J. Trotter, the author of the "Life of John Nicholson." Another military biography in preparation is an illustrated memoir of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas A. Freeman. Messrs. Blackwood also announce a volume entitled "Essays: Descriptive and Biographical," by Grace, Lady Prestwich, widow of Professor Joseph Prestwich. A memoir of Lady Prestwich by her sister, Louisa E. Milne, is included. Another volume of essays by Dr. William Macintosh, entitled "Rabbi Jesus: Sage and Saviour," is adapted for Confirmation classes. Messrs. Blackwood's new library edition of George Eliot, to be published in monthly volumes, beginning in April, has as a special feature photogravure frontispieces by William Hatherall, Edgar Bundy, Byam Shaw, A. A. Van Anrooy, and Maurice Greiffenhagen. A "George Eliot Reader," by Elizabeth Lee, is also announced. Two volumes of "Selections from the Writings of Sir Charles Murray" are in preparation, edited by his wife, and new editions of his "Travels in North America" and his Egyptian tale, entitled "Hassan; or, The Child of the Pyramid." Then there are to be cheap reissues of the "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," edited by Professor William Knight, and Kinglake's "Crimea," both to begin this month. Among Messrs. Blackwood's novels are "Doorn Castle: A Romance," by Neil Munro; "The Warden of the Marches," by Sydney C. Grier; "Harlaw of Sandle," by John W. Graham; "Mountains of Necessity," by Hester White; "The Extermination of Love"—"a fragmentary study in erotics"—by E. Gerard (Mme. de Laszowska). Two cricketing books are Mr. W. J. Ford's "A History of Cambridge University Cricket Club" and a sixpenny edition of Prince Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket."

Mr. Grant Richards has issued one of the longest lists of the season. It includes two books by Mr. A. Stodart-Walker—one being "Robert Buchanan: The Poet of Modern Revolt," and the other an edition of "The Day Book of John Stuart Blackie." Mr. Aylmer Maude has another Tolstoy volume—a collection of essays under the title of "Tolstoy and his Problems"; Mr. W. J. Stillman two volumes of reminiscences, entitled "The Autobiography of a Journalist"; Baron Corvo, "Chronicles of the House of Borgia"; George Paston, "Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century"; Captain Alfred Hutton, "The Sword and the Centuries; or Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways"; Mr. Arthur Lazenby Liberty, "Springtime in the Basque Mountains"; and Mr. Eustace H. Miles—escaping from his books on sport and training—"A History of Rome," arranged for the Universities or the higher forms of schools, and for the Civil Service examinations. "The Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff," and selections from Nietzsche's works entitled "Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet"—compiled by Mr. Thomas Common—are other items in the list, in which, too, Grant Allen again figures, with "Country and Town in England: With a Chronicle of Churnside," containing

an introduction by Professor York Powell. In fiction, Mr. Grant Richards is publishing "The Fall of the Curtain," by Mr. Harold Begbie—also down in the list as joint author with "F. C. G." of a companion volume to their "Political Struwwelpeter," entitled "Great Men"—"Rosa Amorosa: The Love Letter of a Woman," by George Egerton; "The Lord of the Sea," by M. P. Shiel; "In the Shadow of Guilt," by Marie Connor and Robert Leighton; and other novels—besides "A Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction" in the "How To" Series. In patriotic, sporting, and general literature the list includes "The Briton's First Duty: A Plea for Conscription," by George F. Shee; "Wrecking the Empire," by J. M. Robertson; "Patriotism and Ethics," by J. G. Godard; "The Psychology of Jingoism," by J. A. Hobson; "How Sailors Fight: An Account of the Organization of the British Fleet in Peace and War," by John Blake; "Sea and Coast Fishing," by F. G. Affalo; "From Gladiator to Persimmon: Turf Memoirs for Thirty Years," by Sydenham Dixon ("Vigilant" of the *Sportsman*); "The British Thoroughbred Horse: His History and Breeding, together with an Exposition of the Figure System," by W. Allison; and "Trusts and the State," by Henry Macrosty (Fabian Series, No. 1.).

At the end of March Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. will publish Max Pemberton's novel "Pro Patria." Within the next month or so they will publish a romance of the days of Queen Mary by Joseph Hocking, entitled "Lest We Forget"—in which, for the time being, he abandons controversial topics; "My Indian Queen," by Guy Boothby; "A Race with the Sun," by L. T. Meade; "Edward Blake: College Student," by Charles M. Sheldon—his first story since the "boom" in his Kansas sermon-tales; "Dinah Kellow," by Christopher Hare; "The World's Finger," by T. W. Hanshaw—his first book to be published in this country; and "A Bear Squeeze," by M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C. To their new Minerva Library Messrs. Ward, Lock are adding "Sartor Resartus" and "Society in China," by R. K. Douglas; to their "Youth's Library" three books by R. M. Ballantyne—"The Coral Island," "Ungava," and "Martin Rattler"—which are just out of copyright, and are also to be issued by the same publishers in sixpenny and shilling form; and to their new series of sixpenny novels "The Crime and the Criminal," by Richard Marsh; "A Gentleman's Gentleman," by Max Pemberton; "Mr. Witt's Widow," by Anthony Hope; and "Pharos, the Egyptian," by Guy Boothby.

The most important item in Messrs. Nisbet's new list is Major Martin Hume's "Treason and Plot: Catholics and Protestants in the last years of Queen Elizabeth." It was only last week that we announced another work by Major Hume, a history of "The Spanish People," to be published by Messrs. Pearson next month as the first volume in their "Great Peoples Series." The latest book recounts, with the help of new material, the final struggle for Catholic supremacy in England. Another historical work announced by Messrs. Nisbet is entitled "Bolingbroke: A Study and a Vindication," by Walter Sichel, a work of original research in which Mr. Sichel replies to Mr. Leslie Stephen's criticism of Bolingbroke's philosophy. The list also includes "Italy To-Day: A Study of her Politics, her Position, her Society, and her Letters," by Bolton King—whose "History of Italian Unity" was also published by Messrs. Nisbet and still has a steady sale—and W. Okey; and "The Social Problem: Work and Life," by J. A. Hobson, whose volume on Ruskin as a social reformer was issued by the same firm. In theology there is to be a new volume in Nisbet's Church of England Handbooks—"The Position of the Evangelical School in the Nineteenth Century"—by Dr. Handley Moule, and a little book by the Rev. Andrew Murray entitled "Working for God," a sequel to "Waiting for God."

Mr. William Westall, besides his new novel, "Don or Devil," to be published by Messrs. Pearson next month, is bringing out another tale with Messrs. Chatto and Windus, entitled "Her Ladyship's Secret." Messrs. Chatto will also issue Mr. David Christie Murray's new novel, "The Church of Humanity," next Thursday, and for the 21st inst. they promise volumes three and four of "A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth," by Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Mr. Justin McCarthy is now writing a history of the reign of Queen Anne, so that, when this work is finished, he will have produced a history of England from the period at which Macaulay's work leaves off down to the closing years of the Victorian Era. His new novel, "Mononia: A Love Story of 'Forty-eight,'" will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus on April 3. About a fortnight later they will bring out

Mr. Ernest Vizetelly's translation of Zola's "Work." Their new list also announces another volume of South Sea stories by "Sundowner," entitled "Told by the Taffrail," and a new book by Max O'Rell—"Her Royal Highness Woman."

In Law, Messrs. Macmillan (most of whose announcements we gave last week) announce "Lectures Illustrating the Changes in the English Law during the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Blake Odgers; and in Politics, a translation in two volumes of M. Ostrogorski's "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," by Frederick Clarke, formerly Taylorian Scholar in the University of Oxford—with an introduction by Mr. James Bryce. Other new volumes will be a collection of papers by the late Dr. John Richard Green entitled "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century" (the most of which appeared in "The Oxford Chronicle," and are now republished under Mr. Green's supervision), and "The Problem of Conduct," by Alfred E. Taylor, which won the Greek Moral Philosophy Prize for 1899, though it opposes Green's view that ethics rest upon a metaphysical basis.

Books to look out for at once.

- POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES—
 "Anni Fugaces: A Book of Verse, with Cambridge Interludes." By R. C. Lehmann. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
 "Men and Letters." By Herbert Paul. Lane. 5s. net.
- THEOLOGY—
 "Unity in Christ, and Other Sermons." By Canon Armitage Robinson. Macmillan.
 "The Key of Knowledge: Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey." By Dr. W. G. Rutherford. Macmillan.
 "Philosophy of Religion in England and America." By Alfred Caldecott, D.D. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
 "The Soul's Pilgrimage." Devotional Readings from the Writings of George Body, D.D. By T. A. Burn. Methuen.
 "The Epistle of St. James." Ed. by H. W. Fulford. Methuen. 1s. 6d. net. ["The Churchman's Bible."]
- BIOGRAPHY—
 "Famous Englishmen." By J. Finemore. Black.
 "Alfred the Great." By W. H. Draper. E. Stock. 5s. [With an introduction by the Bishop of Hereford.]
 "Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick: a Study in the History of the Eighteenth Century." By Lord E. Fitzmaurice. Longmans.
- FICTION—
 "The Body of Death." By Adeline Sergeant. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
 "The Column: a Novel." By Charles Marriott. Lane. 6s.
 "What Men Call Love." By Lucas Cleeve. White. 6s.
 "The Midnight Passenger." By R. H. Savage. White. 6s.
 "The Girl at the Half-Way House." By E. Hough. Heinemann. 4s. [First volume in the new monthly series of American fiction, "The Dollar Library."]
 "Strange Happenings." By W. Clark Russell & Co. Methuen. 6s.
 "The Froshishers." By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen. 6s.
 "The Salvation Seekers." By Noel Ainslie. Methuen. 6s.
 "John Townley. A Tale for the Times." By R. Thynne. Drane. 6s.
 "The Shadow of Gilsland." By Morice Gerard. H. Marshall. 3s. 6d.
 "The Wings of the Morning." By Helen V. Savile. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.
 "The Church of Humanity." By D. C. Murray. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 "The Banner of St. George." By M. Bramston. Duckworth. 3s. 6d. [A Tale of the Peasants' Revolt in Essex and Hertfordshire.]
- THE ARMY AND THE EMPIRE—
 "England's Danger: The Future of British Army Reform." By Theodor von Sonosky. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
 "Efficiency and Empire." By Arnold White. Methuen. 6s.
 "The Relief of Kumassi." By Captain H. C. J. Biss. Methuen. 6s.
 "The Indian Borderland: Being a Personal Record of Twenty Years." By Sir T. H. Holdich. 15s. net.
- TOPOGRAPHY AND ARCHITECTURE—
 "East London." By Sir Walter Besant. Chatto and Windus. 18s. [Uniform with "South London." Illustrated by Phil May, L. Raven Hill, and Joseph Pennell.]
 "The Monastery of Saint Luke of Stiris in Phocis and the Dependent Monastery of St. Nicolas in the Fields, near Skripou, in Boeotia." By R. W. Schultz and S. H. Barnsley. Macmillan. Three guineas net.
 "Dictionary of Architecture and Building." By Russell Sturgis. Macmillan. Vol. I., A-E. Illustrated.
 "Black Country Sketches." By Amy Lyons. Stock. 3s. 6d.
 "Shakespeare's Family." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. Stock. 10s. 6d. net.
- SCIENCE AND EDUCATION—
 "Elements of Darwinism." By A. J. Ogilvy. Jarrold. 2s. 6d.
- GUIDE BOOKS—
 "Jerusalem: A Practical Guide to Jerusalem and its Environs." By E. A. Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S. Black. 2s. 6d.
 "The Churches of Chislehurst." By E. A. Webb. Allen. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
- NEW EDITIONS—
 De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," with the essay on "Murder as a Fine Art"; "The English Mail Coach" and "The Spanish Military Nun." Ed. by A. W. Pollard. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net. ["Macmillan's 'Library of English Classics.'"]
 "The Methods of Ethics." Revised Edition. By the late Professor Henry Sidgwick. Macmillan.
 "Casa Guidi Windows." By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Lane. 2s. net. ["Lover's Library."]

MISCELLANEOUS—

- "A Sack of Shakings." By F. T. Bullen. Pearson. 6s.
[Papers from the *Spectator*, &c.]
"Princes and Poisoners." By F. F. Brentano. Duckworth. 6s.
[Translated by George Maidment from Brentano's book of historic poisoning cases in "Le Drame des Poisons."]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

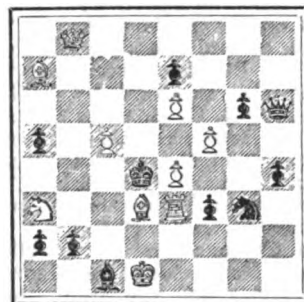
- BIOGRAPHY.**
Robert Louis Stevenson. By H. B. Baildon. 7½x5in., 244 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
- CLASSICAL.**
Myths of Greece Explained and Dated. By G. St. Clair. 2 vols. 8½x5½in., 797 pp. Williams & Norgate. 10s.
- DRAMA.**
Japanese Plays and Play-fellows. By O. Edwards. 9x6in., 306 pp. Heinemann. 10s. n.
Not Set to Music Yet. By L. L. Haigh. 7½x5in., 58 pp. Liverpool. Booksellers Co. 1s. n.
- EDUCATIONAL.**
Practical Organic Chemistry for Advanced Students. By J. B. C. Hen. 7x4½in., 284 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Greek and Roman Mythology. By Prof. H. Stendring. Australasia, &c. By A. W. Jose. (Temple Primers.) 6x4in., 134+164 pp. Dent. 1s. n. each.
Cicero: Philippic II. (University Tutorial Series.) Ed. by A. H. Allcroft. 7x5in., 130 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.
The Preceptor's Bookkeeping. By T. C. Jackson, LL.B. 7x5in., 173 pp. Clive. 1s. 6d.
Manual of Elementary Science. By R. A. Gregory and A. T. Simmons. 7x4½in., 429 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
- FICTION.**
The New Master. By A. Gotsworthy. 7½x5in., 244 pp. Pearson. 3s. 6d.
The Master Passion. By Bessie Hatton. 7½x5in., 336 pp. Pearson. 6s.
The Day of Small Things. By Isabel Fry. 8x5½in., 228 pp. Unicorn Press. 5s. n.
The Black Tortoise. By F. Viller. 7½x5in., 282 pp. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.
The Blue Diamond. By L. T. Meade. 7½x5in., 347 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.
A Bicycle of Cathay. By F. R. Stockton. 7½x5in., 240 pp. Harper. 6s.
Tales of a Colporteur. By J. Macalister. 7½x5in., 144 pp. Stockwell. 2s. 6d.
Time's Fool. An English Idyll. 7½x5in., 278 pp. Edinburgh. Douglas. 6s.
Two Sides of a Question. By May Sinclair. 7½x5in., 332 pp. Constable. 6s.
That Sweet Enemy. By Katharine Tynan. 7½x5in., 326 pp. Constable. 6s.
The Sin of Jasper Standish. By "Rita." 7½x5in., 342 pp. Constable. 6s.
The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss. 7½x5in., 418 pp. Methuen. 6s.
In the Midst of Alarms. By Robert Barr. (The Novelist Series) 9x6in., 142 pp. Methuen. 6d.
A State Secret, and other Stories. By B. M. Croker. 7½x5in., 278 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
A Narrow Way. By Mary Findlater. 7½x5in., 301 pp. Methuen. 6s.
The Royal Sisters. By J. Mathew. 7½x5in., 313 pp. J. Long. 6s.
Veronica Verdant. By Mina Sandeman. 7½x5in., 304 pp. J. Long. 6s.
Monique et Valentine. By Edmond Fazy. 7½x4½in., 310 pp. Paris. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.
La Cadette. By Marie Anne de Boet. Le Roi des Neiges. By Charles Foley. (Pour les Jeunes Filles.) Paris. Colin. Fr. 3.50. each.
- LAW.**
The Law of Joint Stock Companies. By J. W. Smith, LL.D. 7x4½in., 237 pp. E. Wilson. 2s.
- LITERARY.**
Scotts Essayists from Stirling to Stevenson. Ed. by O. Smeaton. 7x4½in., 292 pp. Walter Scott. 1s. 6d.
- MILITARY.**
The Siege of Kumassi. By Lady Hodgson. 8½x5½in., 306 pp. Pearson. 21s.
Yeomanry, Cavalry, or Mounted Infantry? By L. Rolleston. 9x5½in., 35 pp. Smith, Elder. 1s. 6d.
The Regimental Records of the British Army. By J. S. Farmer. 8½x6½in., 238 pp. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. n.
British Regiments in War and Peace. I. The Rifle Brigade. By W. Wood. 7½x5½in., 215 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
- MISCELLANEOUS.**
A Birthday Book. From the Writings of John Oliver Hobbes. Ed. by Zoe Procter. 7½x5½in., 256 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.
- PHILOSOPHY.**
Le Vocabulaire Philosophique. By Edmond Goblot. 7½x5in., 489 pp. Paris. Colin. Fr. 5.
- POETRY.**
Vigil and Vision. By W. Phelps. The Bacchante, and other Poems. By W. Hogg. Rose Leaves from Philostratus, &c. By Percy Osborn. (The Unicorn Books of Verse, 6, 7, 8.) 6x5in. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. n. each.
Poems. By A. B. Thair. 7½x5in., 115 pp. Lane. 5s. n.
Town and Country Poems. By E. J. Legge. 7½x5½in., 102 pp. Nutt. 3s. 6d. n.
- POLITICAL.**
Drifting. 7½x5in., 218 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.
The Expansion of Trade in China. By T. H. Whitehead. E. Wilson. 1s.
- REPRINTS.**
Thomson's Poems. Ed. by W. Bayne. 5½x4½in., 286 pp. Walter Scott. 2s.
Pillars of Society. The League of Youth. A Doll's House. By Henrik Ibsen. Ed. by W. Archer. 7x5in. Walter Scott. 2s. 6d. each.
West African Studies. By Mary H. Kingsley. 8½x5½in., 507 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. 8½x6in., 162 pp. Grant Richards. 6d.
Adam Bede. By George Eliot. (New Pocket Library.) 6x4in., 768 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.
Emerson's Essays. 1st & 2nd Series. (Temple Classics.) 6x4in., 288+279 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n. each.
Pendennis. By W. M. Thackeray. (The Little Library.) 3 vols. 6x4in. Methuen. 4s. 6d. n.
- THEOLOGY.**
Meditations on the Psalms Penitential. By the Author of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office." 7½x5in., 153 pp. Sands. 2s. 6d. n.
Christian Egypt. Past, Present, and Future. By the Rev. M. Fowler. 8½x5½in., 319 pp. Church Newspaper Co. 6s.
Dissent in England. By H. H. Henson, B.D. 7½x5in., 119 pp. Rivington.
The Psalms of David. By W. B. Randolph. The Library of Devotion.) 6x4in., 313 pp. Methuen. 2s.
Richard Hooker on Confession and Absolution. Ed. by the Rev. J. Harding. 7½x5in., 141 pp. "Home Words" Pub. Co. 2s. 6d.
- TRAVEL.**
First on the Antarctic Continent. By C. E. Borchgrevink, F.R.G.S. 8½x5½in., 333 pp. Newnes. 10s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXXXIV.
By MAX FEIGL, Vienna.

BLACK. 11 Pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.PROBLEM No. CXXXV.
By K. ERLIN.

BLACK. 9 pieces.

WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 136, by J. Perlis, Vienna. White (three pieces), K at K 5; B at Q sq; pawn at Q R 5. Black (five pieces) K at Q B 3; B at K R 2; pawns at Q 2, Q B 4, Q Kt 2. White to play and draw.

THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT.—The following were leaders on Wednesday, before the final round:—Janowski, 9½; Schlechter and von Scheve, each 8½; Tschigorin, 9; Alapin, 7½; Blackburne and Gunsberg, each 6½; Mieses, 6.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem 122.—Wainwright (2) Q-B 6. No. 123.—Fritsch (3) Key Kt (R 7)—B 6. No. 124.—Black plays 1. R×Kt (best), and then if 2. P×R, Q-K B 2 and draws (stalemate or win is forced). No. 125.—Marik (2) R-Q 2. No. 126.—Stritecky (3) key Q-K Kt 8, followed by Kt-Kt 7 ch, or Kt-B 4 ch, or Kt-Kt 5 ch, &c. If 1. —, K-Q 3; 2. Q-Q 8 ch, &c. No. 127.—Kondelik (3), key 1. Q-K Kt 8, Q×Q; 2. K-B 7, &c. No. 128.—Kosek (3), 1. B-Q 4, P×P, 2. K-B 3, R-Kt 8; 3. Kt-B 2 ch, P×Kt; 4. K×P ch, R-Kt 7 ch; 5. B×R mate. No. 129.—Jespersen (3), 1. Q-K B 8, followed by 2. Q-B 5 ch, &c. If 1. —, B×Q; 2. Kt-B 3 ch, &c.

Correct Solvers are:—A. C. Waters (Bromley), Nos. 122, 124 to 129; J. D. Tucker (Leeds), 120 to 123, 125, 126, 129; W. M. Lane (Southampton), 122, 129; R. E. Frost (Vienna), 122, 127; W. J. L. M. (Hampstead), 122, 124, 129; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), 114 to 121; S. L. Snellgrove, 120; Red Rook, 125, 130.

Notes by Solvers.—"No. 120 difficult, owing to the tempting try Q-K7."—J. D. Tucker. "In No. 122 there is a tremendous array of White force here, but no mystery whatever. The mate by moving K in answer to any move of a Black B or Kt (except B-K sq or B-Kt 3) is not merely obvious, but obtrusive."—A. C. W. [Problems are not constructed merely to present the one feature difficulty, which is very often only a minor point. Number of variations is a feature occasionally, and probably so here.—Chess Ed.] "No. 124 is not difficult as a problem (when it is known that Black can draw), but very charming as a specimen of actual play. Nos. 125 to 129 are all delightful specimens of the poetry of chess."—A. C. W.

GAME No. LXVI.—Sicilian Defence:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K 4	P-Q B 4	17. P×P	P×P
2. P-K 3	Kt-Q B 3	18. Kt-K 4	Kt×Kt
3. Kt-K B 3	P-K 3	19. B×Kt	P-B 4
4. P-Q 4	P×P	20. B×Kt	R×B
5. Kt×P	Kt-B 3	21. B×P	P-B 5
6. K Kt-Kt 5	B-Kt 5	22. P-B 3	P-Kt 5
7. P-Q R 3	B×Kt ch	23. Q-Q 2	Q-B 2
8. Kt×B	P-Q 4	24. P-K Kt 3	B-B 5
9. P×P	P×P	25. B×P	R×B
10. B-Q 3	Castles	26. P×R	Q-Q 2
11. Castles	B-Kt 5	27. R-K sq	P-Kt 5
12. P-B 3	P-K 3	28. P×P	R-Kt 3
13. B-K Kt 5	P-E R 3	29. P-B 5	R-E 2
14. B-R 4	P-K Kt 4	30. P-K Kt 4	Q-Q 3
15. B-B 2	R-Q B sq		
16. P-B 4	P-Q 5		

(a) Black seems to have erred in opening his K-side position with 14. P-K Kt 4. Of course, his ultimate defeat is largely a result of this risky move. Thus 30. P-K Kt 4 cannot well be replied to, for if rook moves, clearly Q-Kt 5 ch is fatal.

GAME No. LXVII. Played in Russia.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
M. I. Tschigorin.	A. Gontscharov.	M. I. Tschigorin.	A. Gontscharov.
1. P-K 4	P-K 3	14. R-K 5	Q-K 2
2. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	15. Kt-Q 4	B-R 3
3. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-K B 3	16. Q-K 2	Q-Q 3
4. B-K Kt 5	P×P	17. Q-R-Q sq	R-Q 2
5. Kt×P	P-K 2	18. B-B 2	Q-B 2
6. Kt-K B 3	B-K 2	19. R-Q 3	Kt-Kt 5
7. B×Kt	Kt×B	20. B-K E 5	P-B 4
8. B-Q 3	P-Q B 4	21. Kt×K P	K R-K sq
9. Kt×P	B×Kt	22. Q-R-R 3	Kt-R 3
10. P×B	Q-R 5 ch	23. B×P	Kt×B
11. P-B 3	Q×P	24. B-P ch	K-Kt sq
12. Castles	Castles	25. Q-R 5	Kt-R 3
13. R-K sq	B-Q 2	26. R×Kt and wins.	

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 177. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	171, 172, 173
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Age of Genius," by W. E. Garrett Fisher	174
APOCRYPHAL STORIES	174
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley.....	176
REVIEWS—	
A Treasury of Irish Poetry in the English Tongue	177
Peerage and Family History	178
Shifting Scenes	179
The Sources and Literature of English History.....	179
Leading Documents of English History.....	179
Charles III. of Spain—Macaulay—Speeches of Oliver Cromwell—Egypt and the Hinterland—Christian Egypt—West African Studies—The Regimental Records of the British Army—Yeomanry Cavalry or Mounted Infantry?—The Rifle Brigade—Logs of the Great Sea Fights—The British Fleet: Is it Sufficient and Efficient?—In Nature's Workshop—Animals of Africa—Memoirs of Edward Hare—Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life—St. Anthony of Padua—William Herschel and His Work—Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy—In Tuscany—Vengeance as a Policy in Afrikanderland, &c. 180, 181, 182, 183, 184	
The Life Romantic—A Missing Hero—The Royal Sisters—The Master Passion—The New Master—Driscoll, King of Scouts—A Boer of To-day—The Luck of Private Foster	184, 185
LIBRARY NOTES	185
AMONG THE MAGAZINES	185
OBITUARY—Mr. Frederick S. Ellis—Dr. W. Bright—Félix Gras	186
CORRESPONDENCE—"The Aftertaste" (Mr. Compton Read)—The SpMt Initiative.....	187, 188
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for ...	188, 189
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	190

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a Supplement containing a classified list of Publishers' Spring Announcements. The number will also contain an article on various books of memoirs which have just been published in Paris.

* * * *

It is more than six weeks since the nation went into mourning for Queen Victoria, and the rush of minor biographies has given place to more important announcements. We shall probably have to wait for particulars of an authoritative memoir; it was ten years after his death before the official biography of the Prince Consort appeared. Meantime, we are to have lives from Professor York Powell and the Duke of Argyll, besides Mr. Sidney Lee's for the "Dictionary of National Biography." Of *The Times* Life of Queen Victoria particulars will be given later. It will be an elaborately illustrated volume, and will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low. The cheaper edition of Mr. Holmes' biography, which Messrs. Longmans have ready, is, we understand, only waiting for King Edward's approval of the chapter bringing the record down to the end of the Queen's reign. A volume on "The Childhood of Queen Victoria," by Mrs. Gurney, is also announced by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. There was a fairly good market for the cheaper lives, although the supply soon overtook the demand. Nearly thirty of these volumes were issued in one week. The first part of Messrs. Cassell's serial "Life and Times of Queen Victoria" had to be reprinted five times, and they also exhausted several editions of Mrs. Oliphant's "Personal Sketch."

VOL. VIII. No. 10.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' *Odyssey*, to which we referred last week, will be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at the end of next September. On the general subject of dramatizing Homer we make some remarks in another column. It is to be hoped that the poet will prevail upon Mr. Tree not to overlay his play with scenic furniture and unnecessary pageantry. Many people thought that the unnecessary comings and goings in *Herod* greatly lessened the effect of the drama. It is interesting to remember that the late Professor Warr founded a dramatic masque, which he called *The Tale of Troy*, upon certain episodes culled from the *Iliad*. Professor Warr's death, by the way, has put a stop, for the time being, to an attractive project in which he was interested. This was the proposed performance by the Benson Company of a cycle of Greek plays done into English, to have taken place during this year. We hope this very good idea will be carried into effect later on.

* * * *

"Obiter Dicta," from Mr. Birrell's Lecture on "Walter Bagehot" delivered at Leighton-house on Monday:—

He was like a man that made you free of his house, not like a tradesman handing you goods over the counter.

His writings were an armoury against fools and pompous persons.

A man may print his private thoughts, but he does not speak them.

There is more meat on Bagehot's bones than on those of any other writer, and a deft cook makes them into a hundred dishes.

He was one of those men whose remarks never seem to have been made before.

He did not exactly revere business, but he spoke of it and other mundane matters, like the House of Lords, with respect tempered with amusement.

* * * *

Mr. Andrew Lang has revived, in the March number of *Longman's*, the old query as to the authorship of the pentameter verse,

Conscia lympha Deum vidit et erubuit.

The question is discussed by Malone in one of his notes on Boswell's "Johnson." In a conversation between the Doctor and Mr. Edwardes, the former reminded his friend of an incident when they were "drinking together at an alehouse near Pembroke-gate." "At that time you told me of the Eton boy who, when verses on our Saviour's turning water into wine were prescribed as an exercise, brought up a single line which was highly admired—

Vidit et erubuit lympha pudica Deum."

According to Malone, however, both Johnson's version and Mr. Lang's are at fault. The original appears in an epigram by Crashaw, published in his "Epigrammata Sacra" (Cambridge, 1634), and runs thus:—

Aquae in Vinum Versae.

Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?

Quae rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?

Numen, convivae, praesens agnoscite numen,

Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.

* * * *

The spring season promises to be full of Mary Stuart. Light will be thrown on the casket controversy in Mr. Lang's volume

"The Mystery of Mary Stuart," to be published by Messrs. Longmans, and a new work by Mr. Samuel Cowan, J.P., of the *Perthshire Advertiser*, entitled "Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters," to be published in two volumes by Messrs. Sampson Low. Several portraits of the Queen not hitherto published are included in these volumes. The illustrations in Mr. Lang's book will include photographs of the casket at Hamilton Place and facsimiles of handwriting bearing on the question of forgery. Another announcement relating to the Queen is the volume entitled "The Palaces, Prisons, and Resting Places of Mary Queen of Scots," by Mr. Michael M. Shoemaker, a limited edition of which will be published in London by Messrs. Virtue and Co., and another edition in Edinburgh by Mr. W. Brown. Mr. Shoemaker is an American whose object has been to illustrate a pilgrimage to every important place of residence or imprisonment of Mary Stuart, in France, Scotland, England. Mackie's similar work, published some fifty years ago, reproduced a few of the places in England, but none in France.

NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.

I leaned upon the circling balustrade,
Leaned and looked down on that ambitious stone
Within whose cold unmindful arms France laid
Her citizen who carved himself a throne;
And ceaseless, like a wounded creature's moan,
Rose the hushed voices of the crowd that swayed
With grating feet above that sheathed blade,
That vacant house of crumbling flesh and bone.

Then through the multitude that thronged the well
I passed, reflecting on great souls who toss
In childlike yearning after earthly dross;
And on mine eyes, like some lone sentinel,
Flashed the high altar, and the sunbeams fell
On the neglected Christ nailed drooping to His Cross.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

Mr. Herbert Vivian proposes to publish a "weekly" with the title of the *Rambler*, in continuation of Dr. Johnson's periodical—indeed, its first number will be number 209, if the hibernicism be permitted. It will be conducted on its old lines (though presumably the literary style will not be lavishly adhered to) and mainly old-world subjects will be chosen. Among the early contributors will be Mr. W. E. Henley.

The dispersal of a complete set of Vale Press publications on Saturday gives remarkable results. Excluding the Shakespeare plays and the Benvenuto Cellini, not yet completed, thirty-eight works have been issued from this press during the last seven years. The cost to original subscribers was £39 11s., yet the books at auction brought a total of no less than £112 9s. The most noteworthy appreciations include Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," 1897, from 6s. to £8; "Hero and Leander," 1894, from £1 15s. to £5 15s.; the "Queen of the Fishes," 1894, from 2gns. to £15 2s. 6d.; Ricketts' "Typographie," 1898, from 6s. to £2 10s.; the Lyrical Poems of Shelley, 1898, from 7s. to £3; and Keats' Poems, 1896, from £1 16s. to £6. The rise in Vale Press issues has been more rapid than that in Kelmscotts, but it is doubtful if it will be as well sustained. The Kelmscott Chaucer, sold last week for £80, has quadrupled its issue price.

Old fashioned book-collectors will be more interested in the fact that a Shakespeare Quarto realized almost twice as much as one has ever done before. A fine copy, with several of the forty leaves uncut, of *Titus Andronicus*, 1611, the second known edition, made the extraordinarily high price of £620. Leaving out of account the 1591 issue of "The Troublesome Raigne of

King John," from which Shakespeare wrote his play about 1595, sold in the Spring of 1899 for £510, the previous record for a quarto, we fancy, was the £385 paid in 1890 for the fine Gaisford copy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602. At George Daniel's sale, 1864, an example of *The Merry Wives* made 630 gns.; the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 230 gns.; *Much Ado About Nothing*, 255 gns.; *Richard II.*, 325 gns.; and *Richard III.*, 335 gns.

The autobiography of a book is often more interesting than the book itself. Certainly it was its historical associations that fetched fifty-five shillings for the little dilapidated French Prayer-book sold at the same sale at Sotheby's last week. It was the pocket companion of an abbé who was confined in the Bastille during the Revolution for writing a pamphlet entitled "Sur l'avenir du Clergé." When the mob broke open the dungeons in 1789 the poor abbé was found in his cell, bed-ridden and paralysed. The book appears to have been brought away from the Bastille by a certain Charles Drouet, who gave it to M. Colmache. Carlyle himself was the next to own it, and it bears his autograph and 1850 as the date of receipt. In handling such a book as this one is tempted to wish for the power of clairvoyance, the second sight of an Adolphe Didier.

But to leave romance and come to heavy prices, among the more important items in Messrs. Sotheby's sale were some excellent copies of early English plays, besides the *Titus Andronicus* already mentioned, *Pericles*, third edition, 1619, went for £100; the Third Folio, a poor copy, £19 10s.; the Fourth Folio, a stained but otherwise good copy, £40; *Philaster*, first edition, £40 10s.; *The Maid's Tragedy*, first edition, £27; *Epicæne*, £10 5s. The prices paid for first editions of some modern English authors were fair—"The Ingoldsby Legends," £4 12s. 6d.; Blackmore, "Lorna Doone," £3 6s.; Lytton, "Sculpture," a presentation copy, £6; Byron, "Hours of Idleness," Newark, 1807, £3 10s.; Coleridge, "The Fall of Robespierre," £1 15s.; Congreve, "Incognita," £1 10s.; Beaconsfield, "The Revolutionary Epic," £9 9s.; Johnson, "Irene," £1 12s.; Lamb, "First Book of Poetry," £4 12s.; Meredith, "Richard Feverel," £2 3s. There was a long series of Stevensoniana, the following being the most noticeable:—"Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," £7 10s.; "Deacon Brodie," £10; "Beau Austin," £10 15s.; "Macaire," £4 15s.; "Father Damien" (1890), with two manuscript corrections, £27 5s.; "A Letter to Mr. Stevenson's Friends," £5; "The Graver and the Pen," £6 15s.; "Moral Emblems," £11 15s.; "The Pentland Rising," £6; "New Arabian Nights," £12 15s.; "An Object of Pity" and "Objects of Pity," £59. Kelmscott Press "Chaucer," £80; "The Golden Legend," £10 5s.; Shakespeare's "Poems, &c.," £14; "The Earthly Paradise," £23; "The Glittering Plain," (1891), £21; "The Order of Chivalry," vellum copy, £25; "Biblia Innocentium," £25 10s.; Vale Press, "Queen of the Fishes," £15 2s. 6d.; "Sonnets from the Portuguese," £8; "Keats," £6.

Among the other books were:—Conway, "Meditations and Prayers," 1571, £19; Corbet, "Certain Elegant Poems," 1647, £16; Edward Fitzgerald, "Polonius," £11 10s.; "Six Dramas of Calderon," £14; "The Mighty Magician," £30 10s.; Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village," first octavo edition, £25; Landor, "Gebir," £23; Herrick, "Hesperides," first edition, a stained copy, £56; Spenser, "The Faerie Queene," 1590, imperfect, £14 10s.; Robert Wier's print of the sermon by Erasmus on "The Marriage at Cana," probably a unique copy, £24; Fox, "Rerum in Ecclesia Gestarum," 1559, £31; "Life and Acts of Sir William Wallace," Edinburgh, 1661, £19; Whetstone, "Sir James Dier," 1582, a fine copy of this very rare poetical volume, £25; a copy of Bradshaw's "Railway Guide," the original 1839 edition, £25; and Milton's Bible, containing the poet's autograph signature as well as that of his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, £225; "The Pennsylvania Gazette," seven of the first eight numbers, 1768, £33 (Winslow); "Good News from New England," 1624, a soiled copy, £90; Denton, "A Brief Description of New York," 1670, date cut off, &c., £75; Columbus, "De Insulis Nuper in Mari Indico," 1497, £14 14s.; the "Enchiridion," printed by Kerver on vellum, 1528, with finely painted and illuminated miniatures and initials, £67; Molière, "L'Escole des Femmes," first edition, £7; "Le Sicilien," first edition, £7; "Le Festin de Pierre," first edition, £6; La Fontaine, "Contes et Nouvelles," Fermiers

Généraux edition, an excellent copy, £27; "Fables Choiesies," 1755, four vols., a splendid copy, £128.

Our readers, having learnt that Omar Khayyam is being dramatized for Mr. Richard Mansfield, are doubtless steeled against surprise at the announcement, to which *Back to the* we alluded last week, that the *Odyssey* is being dramatized by Mr. Stephen Phillips for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The difficulties are almost as great, though in a different way. It is, perhaps, apter to remember that Mr. Gilbert Murray has already set the example of returning for dramatic inspiration to Greece, the fountainhead of so many streams which flow into the broad current of modern culture. If the stage can recapture for us "the glory that was Greece," it will do much to retrieve its rather damaged credit. But the dramatization of old world legend is an exacting task in modern days. Greek fairy tale is certainly more cheerful and more varied than Celtic legend; but while the Dublin stage makes it its object to preserve the Celtic "glamour," we can hardly hope to catch across the footlights that true Homeric spirit, the essence of which lives only in the simple epic narrative. The *Odyssey*, as a whole, does not, of course, lend itself to the close-knit drama of our modern requirements. It belongs more to the picaresque type of story which revives in *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*—and, we may add, in *Pickwick*. Many of its incidents would remind the gallery too forcibly of the conjuror, or of the clown in the harlequinade. It is a string of stories round one character, which if related by the modern novelist would probably be reviewed side by side with *Captain Kettle* or *Sherlock Holmes*—two heroes who have much in common with *Odysseus*, the one in virtue of his wanderings, and the other in virtue of his cunning. But, told as Homer told it, the story is transformed into the highest poetry, and, to appreciate its beauty it is quite unnecessary to read into it, with medieval interpreters, a moral allegory, or, with some modern scholars, an astronomical fable. Into the web of Oriental romance and Greek myth of which it is composed Homer has imported an abundance of intense human interest. Johnson, in his sledgehammer way, condemned the Homeric drama. "We have been too early," he said, "acquainted with the poetical heroes to expect any pleasure from their revival; to show them as they have already been shown is to disgust by repetition; to give them new qualities or new adventures is to offend by violating received notions." This is very superficial, and would cut at the root of all the familiar plots on which dramas of the highest merit have been founded. The pathos and the humour of the *Odyssey* both find an echo in every age. Bentley said that the *Iliad* was written for men, the *Odyssey* for women—a tribute, at any rate, to its emotional quality. How truly human it is appears from its perennial popularity. Its episodes—*Scylla* and *Charybdis*, *Circe*, the *Sirens*, and the rest—are familiar even to the unlettered moralist for whom Homer is but a name. It is a favourite hunting-ground for the modern artist—Turner recurred to it over and over again; and pictorially it offers much attraction, perhaps too great attraction, to the stage manager. Almost every episode would make a foundation for a play. The age of the Stuarts produced two Homeric plays—*Lord Lansdowne's "Heroic Love"* and *Rowe's "Ulysses,"* and both these writers in the spirit of their day foisted into Homer modern sentiment or intrigue. One can hardly doubt that the beautiful close, the recognition by *Penelope*, is what attracts the modern poetic dramatist. Yet, perhaps, after all, the final "curtain" should be one for which Homer does no more than give a hint. Dante records the death of *Odysseus* at sea. Tennyson leaves him still yearning for "some work of noble note," and determined

To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.

Perhaps *Odysseus* should, in accordance with the legends of the middle ages, pass away from his recovered wife into the unknown, spurred once more by the old lust of travel to seek, like *Arthur* parting from *Guinevere*, "death, or I know not what mysterious doom."

Personal Views.

THE AGE OF GENIUS.

An ingenious writer in one of the magazines makes a learned inquiry as to the time of life at which the human mind works to the best advantage. He maintains that, so far as authors are concerned, this golden age is from forty to sixty. The matter may appear to have a merely academic importance, but it nevertheless deserves practical consideration by such as intend to "commence author." Every man has in him the material for one really good book, as *Oliver Wendell Holmes* was fond of maintaining, and, since most writers cannot boast more than this average endowment, it is clearly desirable that they should not waste it by attempting to write their *magnum opus* until they have reached the time of life at which they can handle it in the maturity of their powers. If they must write sooner, let them be content to boil a humble pot. There is a well-authenticated anecdote of a laborious author who proved, to his own satisfaction, that the full fruition of human brain-power was attained in the year which used to be known as the grand climacteric—sixty-three. So, although he published with considerable regularity throughout his life, he reserved his chief ideas for use at that age. Accordingly, he wrote his great book at the proper time, but to his horror it was received with a general chorus of contempt. The mystery was solved by the discovery that his certificate of birth had been, by a sad mistake, two years post-dated, so that he had really written his book at sixty-five, and could only expect that it should be damned by the critics. I seem to remember that he either killed himself or turned reviewer in his disgust with life. Of course it is not easy to cut things so fine as was here attempted, but it ought to be within the resources of science to tell us, on the average, what age is best adapted for literary labour. The *Old Law* of the *Brahmins* settles a similar question with fair exactness; according to it, the ideal man should be twenty years a youth, twenty years a fighter, and twenty years head of a household. Our own Government Services, with their slow promotion and compulsory retirement by age, have decided to their own satisfaction that a man's work is most valuable during a period roughly corresponding to that here suggested. No doubt in official life it is true that a man is best equipped for his work after he is forty—then he not only knows the worth of a lass, but is comfortably prepared to fall in with the routine and the tradition, of which youth is scornfully intolerant. At that time of life he has learnt, with *Colin Campbell*, to "damn all that eagerness," and with *Talleyrand* or *Archbishop Manners Sutton* to cry, "Point de zèle!" And the superior limit, no doubt, also has a basis in wide experience—though not only the officials to whom it applies, but the public, are sometimes of the opinion that "the law is a lass."

To apply any such rule of seniority to literature, however, is not quite so easy. The writer who maintains its existence has brought forward a number of ancient and modern instances in its support. Thus we are reminded that *Scott* was forty-four when he found his true vocation in life and published "*Waverley*." *Milton* settled down to write "*Paradise Lost*" when he was about fifty, and had nearly fulfilled the *Brahminic* law. *Defoe* was fifty-eight when he turned away from the dull round and common task of journalism to give the world its immortal epic of tools, "*Robinson Crusoe*." *Swift* produced "*Gulliver's Travels*" at fifty-nine. *Darwin* was fifty when he published

"The Origin of Species." George Eliot did not write "Middlemarch," which is generally considered her finest book, until she was fifty-two. Hood was forty-six when he wrote the two poems that have done most to keep his memory green—"The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt." The writer in question gives a great many other instances, but it is hardly necessary to increase a list which every intelligent reader can extend to any desired length. But I fear that the theory based on them will scarcely hold water. As with so many other theories, which are specious and pretty without being sound, its proud deviser has omitted to take note of the contrary instances. This is so common a habit as to be regarded with sorrow rather than anger. Most of the people who believe in the fulfilment of dreams, or in popular weather-prophets, or in the crystal-gazers and fortune-tellers and palmists who are always with us (though not at all poor) make the same blunder; they remember all the successes and speedily forget the failures. Swift and Milton have been quoted in favour of this theory; but what about "Lycidas" and the "Tale of a Tub"? One has only to take down a book of literary history in order to sweep up instances by the dozen which make entirely in the other direction. No doubt, the holder of a brief for youth must bar all the famous writers who died before forty. If I remark that young Keats was a genius only comparable to young Raphael, as some other literary gentleman has said, I shall be told that if he had lived to be sixty he would have outdone all the poets who took so unfair an advantage of him by not being consumptive. Shelley and Byron are similarly ruled out of court. Perhaps one may suspect that, like the notorious Maud Muller, they might have disappointed expectation if they had lived on; how would Byron have managed to finish "Don Juan," for instance, or Shelley have equalled "The Cenci" and the "Ode to the West Wind"? But there is no proof of that. Other poets of the last century, however, seem to have done their best in youth. Tennyson, no doubt, is a matter of opinion. Edward FitzGerald always maintained that he never again touched the level of poetry that he reached in the volume of 1842, and a surprising number of good critics have "said ditto to Mr. Burke." Still, it is open to any one to argue that Tennyson's later manner—the manner of "The Revenge" and "To Virgil" and "Crossing the Bar"—was preferable to that of "The Gardener's Daughter" and "The Lotus-Eaters" and "Ulysses." But if we turn to Browning, there is no question at all. Only a very crabbed psychologist would have the face to prefer the poet of "Red-Cotton-Night-cap Country" and "The Inn Album" to the brilliant young singer of "The Lost Leader" and "The Laboratory," "Home Thoughts from Abroad" and "Paracelsus." Take Wordsworth again. We all agree with Matthew Arnold that "Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is no exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced." In verse-writers, as well as in mere politicians and prosemen, we may often agree with Sainte-Beuve that there is a poet who dies young.

Recent novelists, again, make quite as much for youth as age. Dickens never wrote anything so good as "Pickwick." Thackeray flowered later, but it is not very rash to assert that he never surpassed "Barry Lyndon," which he wrote at thirty-one. Mr. George Meredith has worked long and busily, but I have yet to learn that he has beaten "Richard Feverel" and that immortal trifle of "Shagpat." Scientific writers, of course, like Darwin and Bacon, wear different shoes altogether; obser-

vation takes time. Mr. Arthur Balfour has pointed out that "philosophy," however, "is nearly as likely to be well done in early as in later life." Berkeley is an admirable case in point, and Mr. Balfour has developed this thesis in the introduction to his writings. History, again, can hardly be written to advantage by the very young; they lack that wide tolerance for which an omniscient cocksureness is but a poor substitute. But I really cannot feel bound to advise the imaginative writer to cork up his great ideas on the strength of this theory of the maturity of the author's powers. It is not every vintage that will bear keeping for twenty years, and the result is too often a watery and tasteless fluid, even if it be not positively sour. The counsel of perfection is rather to write freely at all ages, and publish as much as God pleases; the reading world can be trusted to decide whether it will keep. What would the critic do if he had not the right to discriminate between an author's earlier and later manners, to the disadvantage of whichever happened to be under consideration? Perhaps the cynic will say that this ancient controversy may be summed up in the familiar proverb, "Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so."

W. E. GARRETT FISHER.

APOCRYPHAL STORIES.

It is a fact, worthy of a special jeremiad, and one which has received much illustration in connexion with recent events, that our best stories are apocryphal. For this state of things it is to be feared the historian, by bad example, is largely responsible; and here, no doubt, is one opportunity for "scientific history." It is significant that Bishop Creighton should have expressed a desire for a simple epitaph:—"He tried to write true history." A favourite topic with Palmerston was the delusiveness of historical fact, and Lord Beaconsfield used to talk about the "historical conscience" as if it were something altogether different from the ordinary one. Indeed, it has been argued that the test of the historian is not whether he tells the truth—apparently that were to argue superfluously—but whether he gets as near the truth as possible. Samuel Daniel, with commendable honesty, laid it down in his History that it was only the business of the writer to "get as neare Truth's likeness as hee possible can." One critic openly asserts that "Gibbon's style is not one in which you can tell the truth."

Is it because our history has been in the hands of writers "who, unlike Dr. Johnson, 'were determined that the Whig dogs should have the best of it'"; or because historians have felt the necessity of lightening their pictures; or is it because facts and stories get somehow into circulation and are accepted without due investigation by writers for the purpose of seasoning their narrative just as the novelist's printer put in the punctuation marks, with a pepper box? It is easy to see how this may happen. Hume tells very agreeably the story of Edgar's amours, and one is to suppose that the device by which Elfrida was substituted for her mistress, the detection of Athelwold's artifice, and the vengeance of the amorous king are incidents about which, as Macaulay says, there is no more doubt than "about the execution of Anne Boleyn or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose." But William of Malmesbury, who was contemporary with Stephen, and on whose authority it is given, distinctly gives notice, like Sir John Maundeville in the relation of his most astonishing "marrylls," that he cannot warrant the story, which really rests upon no better authority than ballads, notoriously an insecure foundation to build upon; and since Edgar was the friend of the monks, and the monks and minstrels were at deadly feud, we may well guess that the king would suffer unkindly at the hands of the balladists. Here we have as

ancient fiction, the invention of some early minstrel whose dialect has long become obsolete, inserted as an unquestionable fact in our historical narrative.

But, to most of us, recent examples will come readily to the recollection. Since Plato set the fashion of recording the death-bed scenes of the great, some account of the last words of the famous has always been forthcoming. Recently an authoritative contradiction has had to be given of a pathetic story, circumstantially told, of the death-bed of our late Mother Queen. When Mr. Kipling lay at the point of death, with a world at his bedside, the American papers, with an enterprise peculiarly native, were full of witty sayings uttered by a man whose lungs were so congested that he could not even whisper. The future biographer, forgetting this latter fact, will possibly use the choicest of these fictitious anecdotes. The death-bed of Disraeli, in the house in Cannon-street, was wilfully misreported. The anecdotalist, building up the texture of the man from his epigrams, relates that the statesman's last remark was, "Is there anything in the *Gazette*?" What he actually said, as the languor of dissolution approached, was, "I am oppressed."

In the press of corroborative material, two other instances may be adduced as showing how easily traditions arise. Canon Scott Robertson, writing to a London newspaper and referring to the universal wearing of lilies of the valley at the ceremony of enthronement of Archbishop Temple, said, "There is a prevailing opinion that this is an old Canterbury 'use.' That is the way history is written. They were only used at Benson's enthronement because he was fond of them, and they are the fashion to-day." In the second instance, it was announced that the Pope had presented a golden hammer to Cardinal Oreglia di Santo, upon which a rather pretty fable was built. His Holiness's *glaisanterie* will be seen in the fact that he was ill at the time, and that in case of his death the Cardinal's office would have been to tap him on the forehead three times with the hammer in recognition of his decease. It is a pity so picturesque a story has to be dismissed. But as a matter of fact no such ceremony exists; the function known as the ceremony of recognition in the event of a Pope's death is quite different. What the Camerlingo does is to remove the white veil from the face of the dead Pontiff and to make in formal terms a solemn declaration of his death. The tradition of the hammer has, however, got into general belief, and refuses to be dislodged, just as Richard III. will go down to posterity in the guise of Shakespeare's crook-back'd Richard, with his Herodias-like passion for heads on chargers.

A luminous example of the way in which "delusions crystallize into items of traditional history" is given by Archibald Forbes in one of his excellent articles on the war of 1870. With a companion he occupied the beautifully-pannelled dining-room in the charming Chateau Bellevue on the night following the fateful 2nd September. Sitting at the great oaken table on which the articles of capitulation had been signed, Forbes, "sullen and hungry," was writing a despatch to the *Daily News*. His companion, disconsolately gnawing a ham-bone, "the miserable remnant of their store of provisions," threw it, with a muttered objurcation, on the table, upsetting the ink-bottle and spilling its contents. Revisiting the Chateau later, Forbes was shown a huge ink-stain on the great table, which, the guide solemnly informed him, was caused by the upsetting of the ink bottle at the signature of the capitulation of Sedan. General Wimpfen had overturned it in the agitation of his grief and shame! The guide added that great sums had been offered for this table with the "historic" inkstain, but that no money could induce the proprietor to part with it. Will this not remind us of another historic stain—that of Holyrood—

And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learn'd to weep?

In the "Chronicles of the Canongate" the author of "Waverley" playfully handles arguments with dear Mistress Baliol as to the authenticity of the memorial of Rizzio's slaughter. We, too, may be willing, with Mistress Baliol, to accept the common tradition

and to hold the stain to be of no modern date, but actually the consequence of the terrible assassination; yet there is a haunting suspicion that it is the "result of a saucerful of beet-root vinegar upset by the janitor's baby centuries after Mary Stuart met her fate." There is a pathetic conclusion to Forbes' article which may excuse an interpolation:—"To me was assigned the bedroom which on the previous night the Emperor (Napoleon III.) had occupied. It was in the state in which he had left it. . . . The glass doors of a bookcase stood open, and on the commode at the bedside lay open, face downwards, a volume which had been taken from the case. The reader of the night before had made a selection in which there was something ominous—the book was Bulwer Lytton's 'The Last of the Barons.'"

But if, sympathizing with Sir Robert Walpole in his sweeping assertion as to the unreliability of historical narrative, we are moved by a common impulse towards historical biography, as being more likely to get properly at facts, is there any greater guarantee that we shall get them? A sufficient example of how biographical history is sometimes written is surely afforded in a characteristic anecdote told of Sydney Smith, who had, willy-nilly, to father almost as many jokes, good and bad, as Joe Miller himself—and it is tolerably well-known now that this respectable comedian was so particularly lugubrious as to be incapable of perpetrating the thinnest humour; at the meetings of the wits at the Black Jack in Clare Market he was always so markedly morose that a friend collected a number of funny things, in sheer irony ascribing them to Joe. Landseer once asked Sydney Smith to sit to him for his portrait. As quick as a flash came the witty reply, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" That is how the story is told. But Sydney Smith related it otherwise. He said he merely thanked the eminent animal painter in conventional terms, and when he got home thought what an excellent joke the Scriptural answer would have made. Alas! the things "we might have said" would fill a volume; "every ditch is full of after wit." A platitude at the moment, it has been well said, is (conversationally) worth a dozen repartees the next morning. Biographers often call upon us to admire not the actual sayings of their heroes, but what they should have said, just as James I. is given the personal credit of the detection of Fawkes' plot, the courtly fable ignoring Cecil and Suffolk. Why is it that the stories invented about divines are legion and—in their favour it must be said—invariably good? Probably because it is so easy to leap from the sublime to the ridiculous; because what is naturally solemn is the best fuse for an explosion of laughter; and because the pulpit is a storehouse of humour. Such was the fervent aspiration of Dean Burgon when preaching on the transcendent merits of the High Church theology:—"May I live the life of a Taylor and die the death of a Bull." Or the Presbyterian meenister's reproof of the unco' guid:—"Half of this congregation are going to hell. It is very hot in hell—fire and brimstone, which burns for ever and ever. Ye'll lift up your arms and say, as ye've said to me, 'Lord, Lord, we didna ken we was doing ony harm.' And the Lord will just look down on ye and say, 'Weel, ye ken it noo!'"

When looseness of statement is detected, or lack of foundation discovered for a picturesque incident, it is a commonplace to shrug the shoulders, and exclaim, "Ah! That's the way history is written." The fault is that the historian must be a book-maker as well as a mere chronicler; as Lord Clarendon more than hints in the preface to his "History of the Rebellion," those who write history must appear to know more than they really can know. Did not Montaigne realize this? He says "'Tis very easy to make it appear that great authors, when they treat of causes, do not merely mention those which they judge to be true causes, but those also which they think are not so, provided they have any beauty to recommend them." Voltaire was cute enough to guess at this truth—

On court, hélas! après la Vérité,
Ah! croyez-moi, l'Erreur a son mérite.

It has to be confessed that it is often difficult, perhaps impossible, to get at the truth. We have an exemplification of this in the anecdote told by Baroness Lehzen of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. The Baroness relates her recollection of the charming incident which brought to the knowledge of the young Princess Victoria her close place in the succession, and ventures to repeat, in actual phraseology, the remarks made by the Princess, which, indeed, are very much what we should expect would have been said by so young a girl. The Queen, as we know, expressed doubts as to the form in which the knowledge of her probable succession came to her, and, positively, as to the remark she made to the Baroness. "I will be good," Baroness Lehzen quotes her Majesty as saying, with impulsive emphasis twice—words which the Queen had no recollection of using. And it has to be remembered that both the Queen and the Baroness were speaking from mere recollection of a very remote event. But, remembering Montaigne's assertion, can we doubt that the historian would prize so dainty a story? Indeed, one might go further—could it be expected that the historian would resist the temptation to utilize so pretty an embellishment to his sober text? The nearer we approach the record of the actual words of historic personages—or what purports to be their actual words—the greater the difficulty of securing that absolute accuracy which in historical chronicle is desirable, but not always obtainable.

There is the same difficulty in respect of phrases that have become historic; they pass, indeed, into currency, but the ascribed occasion of their origin is often apocryphal, and their ownership hotly contested. The question of disputed ownership opens up a large field. That celebrated saying "It is more than a crime—it is a blunder" is generally ascribed to Talleyrand, but Fouché says it was his, and, moreover, claimed that other people were appropriating the distinction which belonged only to him. How many claimants are there for the phrase now much in use, "Little Englanders," and how many tales circumstantially setting forth its birth? The definition of an archdeacon has passed into a classic. Here, again, there is a hot dispute as to authorship, the phrase being impartially attributed to Bishop Wilberforce and Dr. Blomfield, and less known clerics have also had the greatness thrust upon them. The story, we believe, belongs to Bishop Blomfield, and it is told with a convincing preciseness of detail. Lord Althorp, proposing a vote for the Archdeacon of Bengal, was met with the question from Mr. Hume: "What is an archdeacon?" which puzzled House and Chancellor alike. A subordinate occupant of the Treasury Bench was sent to the Bishops for a definition, and by pure chance first encountered Blomfield. "An archdeacon," replied the Bishop in his quick way, "an archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer who performs archidiaconal functions," with which sonorous definition Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied, though we can hardly believe that Mr. Hume was. And, indeed, the Bishop afterwards denied the paternity of the jest, saying that if he did return such an answer it was suggested to him by an old chemist, John White, who used to recommend lavender-water to all his customers, and, when pressed for a reason, replied, "On account of its lavendric properties." Bishop Walsham How in his "Lighter Moments" tells the story of the Bishop who, when visiting a village for a confirmation, found some children in the road making a model in mud of the village church. He asked, "Where was the Bishop?"—and received the reply, "We haven't muck enough to make a Bishop." This experience has been credited to Bishop Fraser of Manchester, but its true origin seems doubtful. Perhaps it was a *ben trovato* of Bishop Walsham How's.

Certainly, as Montaigne says, "it is very easy to make it appear" that historians like stories, whether true or not, which have any beauty to recommend them; and after all there is much to be said for Chesterfield's apophthegm that all beauty is truth—but the true historian may find something wanting in his reasoning.

THE DRAMA.

"THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH."

A haunting recollection of my childhood is the vision of an engraving called "The Queen Presenting the Bible to the Maori Chiefs." Her Majesty wears (for I can still see the dreadful thing) all her orders and a crinoline of vast circumference. By her side, enormously wooden and in full Field-Marshal's uniform, stands the Prince Consort. The Maori chiefs, on bended knee, receive the Bible, heavy, gilt-edged, and massively clasped—a true Bible of the early 'sixties. One eye of each chief is fixed with reverent loyalty on the Great White Mother, the other gazes with fervent adoration upon the sacred volume, the symbol of a religion which they have just begun, or are just about to begin, to embrace. This picture expresses British fetish-worship in its most vulgar form, giving it the additional allurements of devotion to the Throne and the love of Court frippery. It is quite the most irreligious picture I have ever seen. Nor can I escape from it even now. If I take a short cut through some unfrequented by-way it is sure to catch my eye in the shop window of some shabby print-shop or marine store. Several London streets have been "stopped" for me by that picture, just as the streets round Dick Swiveller's lodgings were stopped for him by unliquidated accounts.

If this little fragment of autobiography should seem impertinent, let me say that, it is an indispensable explanation of the annoyance which I feel over the critical scene of *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. You remember the scene in which the third act culminates? The Rev. Amos Winterfield has just offered Mrs. Ebbsmith a Bible. She waves him away, but he deposits it tenderly on the edge of her couch. Thereupon she flings it into the stove, and the Rev. Amos departs deeply shocked. The next moment, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, Mrs. Ebbsmith thrusts her arm into the burning coals and withdraws the Bible, scorched but still readable. And the curtain comes down amid a whirlwind of applause. But an old, strangely-familiar disgust assails me. Behind the stove and Mrs. Ebbsmith I can see the Royal crinoline and the Maori chiefs. For Mr. Pinero, it is but too evident, is here pandering to British fetish-worship. The episode provides a thrilling "situation," to be sure, but the thrill is illegitimate, and the situation misplaced. The Bible as a symbol of genuine religious "conversion" is wholly irrelevant to Mrs. Ebbsmith's upbringing, whole mode of life, and mood of the moment—still more the Bible as a fetish. Mrs. Ebbsmith, as a girl a female Bradlaugh or Colonel Ingersoll, as a woman an advocate of free (but strictly Platonic) love as part of the New Altruism, sees her past mocked and her ideals besmirched by the unworthy man whom she has chosen as her comrade in the experiment of trying the "higher life." The natural woman awakes in her, she finds that she cannot sever herself from the sensual and sentimental weakling with whom she has cast in her lot, and she decides to share with him the life of ordinary fleshly love—in short, to resume with him the part of the "harem woman" which she played with the late Mr. Ebbsmith. But her lover, Lucas Cleeve, has a wife, and that fact involves a further degradation for Mrs. Ebbsmith which she had not foreseen. It is proposed that she shall figure as the wife *de facto* in, say, St. John's-wood, while Mr. Cleeve ostensibly lives with the wife *de jure* in Mayfair. Lucas, the poor woman sees, hopes she will accept the disgraceful arrangement, though he is too shamefaced to press it. She is on the point of yielding when—enter the Rev. Amos with the Bible. The incident of the Bible burning is, I repeat, grotesquely irrelevant. Why is it there? It is there, no doubt, in the first place, because it is a dramatic scene, in the jargon of the theatre, an admirable "curtain." It is there, too, because the writing of *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* (produced 13th March, 1895, at the Garrick) followed close upon the performance in London of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, wherein a striking (and perfectly congruous) incident was the committal of a manuscript to the flames by the heroine. Lastly, it is there because of the success assured to

such an incident with British fetish-worshippers, who are as important an element in the playhouse as in the world outside. But the one and only reason which would have been an artistic justification for the incident—that it presented a natural phase in the development, either by progression or by reaction, of Mrs. Ebbsmith's character cannot with the slightest plausibility be alleged.

See how impossible it is to elude the obsession of the Maori Chiefs and the crinoline! Mid-Victorian art has much to answer for. Apart from this Bible burning and its sequel, the fourth act, which certainly cuts Lucas adrift from Mrs. Ebbsmith, but otherwise leaves things for her at rather a loose end—she departs to begin a new life on a Yorkshire moor, where she will either eat her heart out like Miss Vye on Egdon Heath or else, like Charlotte Brontë, marry a parson (very likely the Rev. Amos Winterfield)—apart in short from the *dénouement* this play of Mr. Pinero's is a masterly piece of work. The first act exhibits promptly and neatly the true inwardness of the Cleeve-Ebbsmith union, the second and third show us every stage of the desperate fight wherein the woman has to abandon ideals, character, down to her very last shred of self-respect, under the miserable weakness and egoism of her mate and the social forces represented by the "wicked uncle," the Duke of St. Olpherts. There is not a superfluous, not an inopportune, word in the dialogue; the characters of the man and woman are drawn with the greatest subtlety; even the Duke, a conventional figure, is a consistent and plausible piece of convention; and the "march" of the play satisfies the supreme test in that it provokes at every moment curiosity and interest as to what is going to happen next. In fine, the piece stands the test of revival and confirms the primacy of Mr. Pinero among our contemporary playwrights. To Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Agnes Ebbsmith one may apply the cant phrase of an evening journal about politics—"as in 1895, only better"; Mr. Courtenay Thorpe gives a thoughtful—too obviously thoughtful, rather over-anxious—performance of Lucas Cleeve; Mr. George Arliss is capital as the Duke; Miss Winifred Fraser and Mr. Berte Thomas, Miss Beryl Faber, and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier are all good in the subaltern parts.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

ANGLO-IRISH VERSE.

A TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE. Edited by STOPFORD A. BROOKE and T. W. ROLLESTON. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

We have noticed a tendency among the critics of this book to treat Irish poetry with very supercilious patronage, as though it had no right to claim the high name of poetry at all. We have also read a considerable number of recent English effusions on the death of the Queen, besides the first two numbers of a new periodical exclusively devoted to the "publication of Original Poetry." One remembers a certain proverb about glass houses; and, on the whole, if our English poets cannot produce anything better than the lamentable stuff evoked by the most moving event in living memory, they might show a little modest charity to their Irish competitors. Indeed, one of the best compositions that has so far appeared in the *Thrush* is by an Irish writer, Mr. A. P. Graves; though not in his best manner, it has a technical merit in its characteristic assonances. Of course, Mr. Stopford Brooke, though for the nonce he poses as a rampant nationalist, a sort of O'Brienite Bard, is much too sound an English critic to admit into the Realm of Art, with largest capitals, anything that is not Poetry; and he repeatedly confesses "with some sorrow" that "the Irish poetry of the first sixty years of this [i.e., the nineteenth] century would not reach, except in a very few examples, the requirements of a high standard of excellence." "We do not claim for this poetry a

lofty place." He would have preferred to include nothing but those few but relatively high examples; but Mr. Yeats had already done this—and done it with admirable taste—in his "Book of Irish Verse," and so it was resolved to make the present selection less of an anthology than an historical Treasury of what Irish poets have attempted. The result is that the real excellence of the best Irish poems is almost hidden in a mass of third-rate verse, and instead of an Anthology we have a Physic Garden, where extremely ugly herbs are allowed to overgrow the rare flowers in the interests of literary and political history.

As a book to carry about with one and enjoy again and again, Mr. Yeats' Anthology is far to be preferred, but we can appreciate the argument in favour of Mr. Brooke's and Mr. Rolleston's Physic Garden. Some such general collection, carefully arranged and chronologically classified, is desirable. It gives a remarkably complete view of Irish poetical endeavour, as a whole; and though to our mind it errs on the side of over-abundance, the volume is handy enough. A useful and interesting feature is the biographical notice prefixed to each writer. Some of these, such as Mr. Brooke's on Moore, Mr. Lionel Johnson's on Mangan, Mr. Graves' on Ferguson, and Mr. Rolleston's on Darley and on the "Poets of the Nations," are admirable examples of condensed criticism. Others, by the small group of new Irish poets, on each other, strike one as a little premature and too mutually-admiring, though few will read Mr. Yeats' essay on his friend "A. E." without sympathetic appreciation. To "enthuse" with Dr. Douglas Hyde over Dr. Sigerson, or with various other living writers over their particular friends, is a little difficult to the cold outsider; but it is all very pretty and fraternal, and why should one object? It is pleasant to find such a warmth of inter-appreciation in a group of poets whose nation and calling are not usually supposed to exclude the possibilities of green-eyed jealousy. And whatever one may think of the earlier poetry—apart from the great names of Ferguson, Mangan, and Davis—there is not the smallest doubt that the group which includes Mr. Yeats, A. E., Mr. Lionel Johnson, and Miss Nora Hopper is fuller of promise than anything we can at this moment show in England. We are sorry to draw the distinction, just as we are sorry to note how strongly Mr. Brooke draws it himself. Little did one think, when one "sat under him" at York-street or Bedford Chapel, that so truculent a rapparee lay under that ample surplice; and his brilliant Introduction is marred by this generally irrelevant patriotism. After all, many, perhaps most, of the best Irish poems are not political, though possibly without "England's cruel red" they might not have developed their "passionate" (how Mr. Brooke loves that word!) sadness. Nor do we see why he, as an old graduate of T. C. D., should have gone out of his way to sneer at "the neglect" of Irish poetry at Trinity College. Mr. Brooke should have glanced at the biographies in his own volume. Thirty-one of the poets he edits were Trinity men, and amongst them were Davis, Sir S. Ferguson, Tom Moore, Wolfe, Darley, Lever, Le Fanu, Callanan, Ingram, Graves, Dr. Hyde, and both the editors. Even Mangan owed to Trinity College a kind and anxious effort to save and support him. As for sympathy, a University which is not fastidious in its standard of poetry is not fit to be a University, and there is much—very much—in this volume which falls far below the most tolerant academic standard.

On the other hand there is a great deal that is exceedingly good—better, we think, than the editors dare to claim. Besides the really admirable work of scholarly Ferguson and high-hearted Davis (the latter surely inadequately represented; why not "My Land" and "The Geraldines," and "O! the Marriage," for example?) and the astonishing visions of Mangan, the Edgar Allan Poe of Ireland—the translations from the Irish are often not only interesting metrically and historically, but possess an individual poetic art in themselves—a rare thing in translations. Dr. Hyde's "My Love," and still more Mr. Rolleston's exquisite "Dead at Clonmacnois,"

both translations, are among the gems of the book. There are some beautiful extracts from Aubrey de Vere, founded on Irish legend but not specially Irish in treatment, and his delicate "Song" to Sorrow might have been written by Shelley. But why is Lady Duferin's famous "Irish Emigrant" doomed to a fatal misprint ("even" for "ever" in the fifth stanza) both here and in Mr. Yeats' book? We miss in the present selection Milliken's "Groves of Blarney," which is not very exalted poetry, but has its ingenuities of jingle which made Barham imitate it in his "Coronation." The early street ballads are represented by some striking examples, one of the best being the famous "Johnny, I hardly knew ye," but we could have welcomed more. The "Kottabistai" are certainly scantily represented. No more brilliant University magazine ever existed than *Kottabos* under the editorship of Professor Tyrrell; and its writers deserved a less perfunctory selection. But here again politics stood in the way. On the other hand we owe Mr. Rolleston gratitude not only for printing Wolfe's beautiful "Lines written to Music," which is far less known than it should be, but also for discovering and publishing for the first time a fine sonnet found in MS. in a volume of Wolfe's "Life and Remains," together with a curious unfinished poem on George III. Why Wolfe should be included as Irish, whilst Goldsmith is omitted as too Anglicized, is one of those anomalies inherent in a selection of so-called Irish poetry. It is only when Irishmen, or any other men, study the great poetry of the world, English or other, as Goldsmith did, and Mangan, and as Mr. W. B. Yeats does, that they learn to write poetry themselves.

Mr. Stopford Brooke sees this clearly enough, as so competent and learned a critic must, and we feel throughout his graceful and often brilliant preface that he is writing with reserves. The guarded references to the Irish language agitation are amusing, and it is plain that he could say a good deal more, if only he would. His criticisms on the rareness of religious poetry in Catholic Ireland, and the curious absence of the poetry of outward Nature, as well as on the dangers of the modern mystical spirit—it would be unfair to call it a vogue—are suggestive of much more than we should like to hear from so true a student of poetry. Nothing, however, could be better than his sympathetic analysis of the characteristic "notes" of Irish poetry, its beauty and its limitations. As he says, if the Irish poets could "write about universal human life as well as all the greater poets have done, and about Nature as she seems to the senses as well as to the soul, it were better." But this is touching on dangerous ground, and if we were to hint that even "the national and spiritual elements of the character of the Irish people" and "that appealing emotion"—how well said it is—"which lives like a soul in the natural scenery of Ireland" are not a wide enough world for a great poet, no doubt Queen Meave would "drive us from her presence" (as she appears to have driven Professor Dowden, p. xiv.) and "transport us on the viewless winds to England."

DEMOLISHED PEDIGREES.

IN *PEERAGE AND FAMILY HISTORY* (Constable, 12s. 6d. n.) Mr. J. Horace Round, who is one of the extremely restricted number of writers of real authority on genealogical matters, has written a volume of great interest. The principal themes with which he deals in these attractive pages are the extravagant pretensions of the Heralds' College and its advocates, and the strange confusions in the matter of peerages which have resulted from misunderstandings as to their proper devolution, the assumption of dignities that never existed, the continuance by craft and subtlety of others which were legally extinct, and the occasional stretching of the prerogative of the Crown itself. His assertions upon these matters, incredible as they will often seem to the reader unversed in the wiles of pedigree-makers, are vouched for by documents and references which admit of no question. As to the Heralds' College, we do not go

so far as Mr. Round, who does not hesitate to suggest that the real offence of those who fall under the displeasure of Queen Victoria-street is that they have not paid fees to the Kings-of-Arms or their satellites. But undoubtedly it has only itself and the embarrassing zeal of its friends to thank for his very plain criticism. The College of Arms claims to be the Vatican of English heraldry—without its pale there is no armorial salvation, and it defines its position with great simplicity. "No coat-of-arms," it says, "is genuine unless its grant is registered in our archives." It then proceeds, more frequently, perhaps, by the pens of outsiders than by the voices of its own responsible officials, to declare that an heraldic coat not so registered is bogus and its user an impostor. It applies the same sweeping condemnation to the head of an old county family who is not *en règle avec le gouvernement* as to a retired shopkeeper who has had his "crest and county" found for him for three and sixpence. This position would be comprehensible did the facts bear it out, or even if the College had power to enforce its pretensions. But there are plenty of perfectly genuine coats-of-arms not recorded in their books, and their predecessors have over and over again compiled pedigrees that are demonstrably untrue and registered them as officially certified documents.

The history of some pedigrees here investigated will be a revelation to those who are fond of sneering at foreign titles. There is unquestionably sufficient proof that in some cases baronies have in the past been assumed or invented, wrested from their proper devolution, or kept going when they were legally dead, or at least in a condition of suspended animation. The decisions of the House of Lords have been contradictory and sometimes contrary to the evidence, so that no man may say what peerage-law really is; while the Crown itself has endeavoured, as in the Buckhurst case, to do that which even the Royal authority is powerless to do—jump a peerage about from one living person to another. So artistic is the finish with which Mr. Round demolishes certain noble pedigrees that he is sometimes able even to identify the genealogist who, two or three centuries ago, manufactured the descent going back to the Conquest or beyond, and to show how he cut a genuine ancestor into two, married him to his own mother, or made a great man and a valiant warrior of him while he was yet in the medieval equivalent for pinafores. The claim of the Earls of Denbigh to be Counts of Hapsburg and quasi-members of the Imperial House of Austria has been recorded by Gibbon in a memorable passage; Mr. Round asserts that it rests upon ancient but demonstrably forged documents; and he further accuses the Dukes of Norfolk themselves, the hereditary chiefs of the Heralds' College, of using arms to which they are not entitled. It would almost seem, indeed, that the only members of the House of Lords who have not committed crimes, genealogical or heraldic, are the nobles of recent creation.

Mr. Round's chapter upon "Henry VIII. and the Peers" suggests that the King carried his ecclesiastical reforms by a special creation of peers who swamped the clerical opposition in the Upper House. No more remarkable indication could be desired of the value of the genealogist in the elucidation of history. Historians of the Reformation have generally taken it for granted that up to the Dissolution of the monasteries the spiritual peers were in a majority. Mr. Round is able to show from an examination of the Lords' Journals and of Dugdale's lists that, whilst in 1523 the House of Lords contained 28 lay peers, in 1529 the number was 44; and by 1534 the total had risen to 54. The spiritual peers, at the earliest of the three dates, are reckoned variously at from 48 to 51, and their preponderance was still further reduced in the beginning of the Session of 1534 by three lay additions, bringing the temporal peers up to 57, while the spiritual ones simultaneously shrunk on the Journals of the House to 37. The Journals show that, on the first day of the Parliament which opened in 1539, there were 40 spiritual and 50 lay lords present. Into the question how far the course of events was actually influenced by this change in the proportion of lay to spiritual ones, Mr. Round does not, of course, enter; but the fact cannot be ignored by the historian.

It shows again how much remains to be done in turning to historical use those contemporary documents which have become available to the student only within the last generation. Further proofs of this will be found in Mr. Round's lengthy dissertation upon "Charles I. and Lord Glamorgan," which is a re-statement and summary of his whole controversy with Mr. Gardiner upon a subject that has baffled historians and antiquaries for two centuries. The chapters upon the origin of the Stewarts, the Russells, and the Spencers are all attractive as efforts, fortified by unimpeachable references, to substitute facts for fictions, while the article upon the Barony of Mowbray supplies some curious illustrations of the confusion of peerage law. Mr. Round's speculations upon "The Succession to the Crown" are of much interest. He likewise suggests that there is nothing, in law or precedent, to warrant the belief that, in the event of a Sovereign leaving only daughters, the Crown would necessarily pass to the eldest. The result of an elaborate argument seems to be that the Throne would fall into abeyance; but obviously in such a contingency mere technical legality would become of very little account.

A GENIAL DIPLOMATIST.

The autobiography of a diplomatist must always raise expectations which he is of course quite unable to satisfy. Nevertheless, among the host of "reminiscences" few are so interesting as his. He is sure to have had experiences worth telling; he is pretty sure not to be a snob; and he may be relied on for tact when he talks about other people living or dead. The *Life of Sir John Drummond Hay* was one of the best of such books. Sir Edward Malet's *SHIFTING SCENES* (Murray, 10s. 6d. n.), though much slighter, is quite as good. Washington and South America, China and Formosa, Berlin and Paris, Turkey and Egypt, shipwrecks and buffalo hunts, pass quickly across the sheet; and Sir Edward tells his story in the form of an interview with an imaginary and humorous impersonator of the Press who sits on his bed at midnight, and who, reversing the rôle of the Ancient Mariner, "knows the man" who must tell him the story of his life. It is a very happy idea, for Whiffles—that is the reporter's name—is always ready with just the remark which occurs to the reader, and thus Sir Edward manages both cleverly and pleasantly to disarm the critic. Thus we feel at one both with Whiffles and Sir Edward Malet after this summing up of a story which generally takes two or three chapters:

"I know all about your youth. It may be passed over for the present. You entered the service in 1854, and as you were born in 1837 you could only be sixteen years old then. Was not your appointment at that early age rather an abuse of patronage?"

"Possibly. My father was a friend of Lord Clarendon, who at that time was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and my nomination as attaché to the Legation at Frankfort, where my father held the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, was dated the 10th of October, which was my sixteenth birthday."

There is no chapter on ancestry and schooldays to be skipped. Sir Edward began at Peking, and he has sound advice for those who would enter the diplomatic service as to beginning in outlandish countries, so as to learn the breadth both of human nature and of the English Empire. Constantinople was a useful experience. Sir Edward's account of his dealings with the Turkish Ministers is very interesting, so is his assertion that if Sir Evelyn Baring had become, as he was within an ace of becoming, Minister of Finance at Constantinople, the whole future of the Empire might have been changed. Equally good is his account of the Khedive Tewfik and his calm reception and subdual of the company of soldiers who came to murder him. In Egypt he met Gordon, who once turned up at Sir Edward's dinner-table after refusing the invitation on the ground that he never went to

dinner parties if he could possibly help it. His arrival made the number of guests thirteen. Sir Edward objects to thirteen at dinner, for the simple reason that more than twelve people cannot be served by a single service. But though not superstitious, Sir Edward had some faith in palmistry, though very little in palmists—despite the fact that he would not, so he thinks, have been promoted to the rank of an Ambassador had he not taken to heart the criticism of a palmist who told him that he wanted self-confidence. It was at the time of the Franco-German war that he came across Bismarck, to whom he was sent from Paris with a pacificatory despatch by the British Government—a dangerous mission which Sir Edward describes in detail. "How like you are to your mother," was Bismarck's friendly greeting. More equivocal was his parting remark. "I would lend you my horse, but flags of truce have been fired on. I hope you will get through safely, but I cannot risk my horse being shot." The whole account of the end of the war and of the perils, the humours, the pathos of Paris during the Commune which closes the book is perhaps the best thing in it. The British Embassy was not without its dangers, and two future Ambassadors at Berlin nearly closed their careers on May 22, 1871:—

My room was on the second floor looking on to the Champs Élysées. Frank Lascelles and I went to see what we could do in that direction, but I hesitated to open the shutter lest it should attract the fire. "Only just a peep," urged Frank, and he moved it ajar. Immediately a bullet came whizzing through, breaking the shutter and lodging in the wall of the room behind us. "That peep must do for to-day," I said. "Let us go downstairs."

This will make the reader realize that there are in the diplomatic life things more serious than the solution of that vexed and knotty problem, as to which "innumerable questions have arisen"—viz., when the Ambassador resides on the upper floors, how far down the stairs should he come to receive Princes below the rank of Sovereign? The book throughout is a masterpiece of genial autobiography.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

Source Books.

THE SOURCES AND LITERATURE OF ENGLISH HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO ABOUT 1485, by Charles Gross, Ph.D. (Longmans, 18s. n.), and LEADING DOCUMENTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY, TOGETHER WITH ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS, with a Bibliography of Sources, by Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. (Bell, 7s. 6d. n.), the one from Harvard, the other from Johns Hopkins University, illustrate the excellent work which is being done by American writers to popularize the sources of English history. Something like what Dr. Gross has now done has long been wanted. It is a remarkably minute and thorough bibliography of English history. "It contains a systematic survey of the printed materials relating to the political, constitutional, legal, social, and economic history of England, Wales, and Ireland." MSS. are dealt with only incidentally, and reference is only made to the admirable work of Sir Thomas Hardy and of Mr. Scargill Bird. But the book is far from being a mere bibliography; it is something of an estimate, too, though necessarily brief, of the sources so carefully assorted and calendared. Dr. Gross tells us that it is the outcome of an annual course on the sources and literature of English history delivered at Harvard in the nine years from 1900. Something like this, we believe, has been attempted at Oxford by the Regius Professor of Modern History, but far less systematically, and the course is not half finished. So that Dr. Gross occupies a field which as yet no one has attempted seriously to secure.

We find it difficult to speak warmly enough of the excellence of the work. There are, of course, omissions, but we have found the book more complete than we dared to hope before we subjected it to a careful testing. In local history it is remarkably so—an achievement of great and obvious difficulty. Not only have books been calendared, but many learned periodicals have

been indexed, perhaps in the case of the English Historical Review rather jejune, but still with reference to nearly all really important articles. We may call attention to the special excellence of the section on the Anglo-Saxon laws—but only as an example of the whole treatment. The section on “the Vill and the Manor” is of interest, too, now that Professor Ashley has republished his articles on the subject—some of them trivial certainly, but the greater part worth consideration. In the introductory section on Historical Methods we should have liked to see a reference to Dr. G. W. Prothero’s inaugural lecture at Edinburgh. Another omission here and there might be noted. But on the whole the book is a remarkable achievement to which we can give unstinted admiration.

Dr. Lee’s book, though it has an excellent brief bibliography of sources, is for the most part a collection of extracts from the original sources of English history. It seems to us very well done—not, perhaps, quite so well as the similar volume issued in 1898 by another American Professor, Dr. Colby, of McGill University, but still with obvious merits. As it will probably run to a second edition we may note a few special points. The section on Anglo-Saxon laws might, we think, be supplemented, and is certainly in need of some explanatory foot-notes. William the Conqueror’s charter to London is wrongly translated. It should run, not “I grant you to be all law-worthy,” but “that ye two be law-worthy” (i.e., the bishop and the portreeve). Some illustrative extracts for the reign of Henry III. might be taken with advantage from Matthew Paris as well as from the laws of the time. In later times the use of the Somers Tracts is not always critical. Warren Hastings’s letter to John Shore should certainly not be printed without an acknowledgment of the great man’s complete exculpation in our own day. The book goes down even to the present Transvaal question, with extracts from the conventions of Pretoria and London.

A Good Prize Essay.

Charles III. of Spain has never had the reputation he deserved. Even in his own country people are only now awakening to his greatness, and in England his career has been strangely neglected. The monumental work of Señor Danvila y Collado will prevent the fame of the great reforming Bourbon again suffering eclipse in Spain. Mr. Addison’s modest but thorough little book, *CHARLES III. OF SPAIN, the Stanhope Essay, 1900* (Blackwell, 2s. 6d. n.), will certainly attract attention in England to the history with which it is concerned. We have long ceased to sneer at prize essays, and this one is evidently the work of a cultivated writer, who has considerable knowledge of Spanish and French authorities, and is a capable historical critic. We should have liked a fuller treatment of Charles’ life and work in Naples, which was a real preparation for his Spanish Kingship. Naples was an absolute monarchy, but while to reign there was easy, to know how to govern was difficult; and Charles’ choice of Bernardo Tanucci for chief Minister was a turning point in his life. The influence of Tanucci throughout the whole of Charles’ later career can hardly be exaggerated. We wish Mr. Addison had given a fuller account of the King’s relations with Rome, for they would have illustrated the close association between King and Minister. Queen Amalia, a few months before her death, wrote to Tanucci on the general question, approving the aims of her husband, who was full of reverence for the Holy See, full of zeal and love for the Church, but determined to preserve the regalia and to correct abuses. Tanucci declared that the Romans would rather the people were ignorant, and that it was high time the clergy understood that the only result of popular ignorance was abuse of ecclesiastical power. The edict of 1762, declaring that all bulls should be subject to Royal sanction, delighted the Neapolitan Minister, and was a first step towards accomplishing the great design which Charles himself eagerly supported, of the banishment and eventually the suppression of the Jesuits. There are some points such as these which Mr. Joseph Addison, doubtless for reason of space, has too briefly treated. But his essay is excellent, and well worth study. He is especially interesting on the family compacts. We cannot conclude without noticing

with pleasure that the name of Joseph Addison is again connected with the most beautiful of Oxford Colleges.

Macaulay.

The lecture on MACAULAY, which Professor Jebb gave last summer to the University Extension students at Cambridge, has recently been published (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.). The average student asks himself, as he reads Macaulay, whether the brilliant pictures which captivate his imagination are really compatible with an unclouded historical vision. This is the question which Professor Jebb sets himself to answer. He admits that Macaulay was not a scientific or philosophical historian, but he urges that he brought great gifts of another kind to his work, and, if partisanship is alleged against the History, contends that its general truth does not suffer in consequence. Macaulay’s acquittal of William III. in regard to the Glencoe massacre is always charged against him, and here Professor Jebb cannot defend him, for the facts are very strong against the King. But when we come to the other principal charge, that Macaulay’s sweeping assertion of the social inferiority of the clergy between 1660 and 1700 is altogether unwarranted, we are not sure that the defence is not abandoned somewhat too readily. Nor are we convinced that Macaulay would have relied, as the lecturer expects, only on the dramatists and satirists of the period to support him. Still, against these defects the author may fairly set Macaulay’s far more conspicuous merits, his diligence, his knowledge of details, his narrative power, and his artistic sense of material; qualities, especially the last two, which are not prodigally exhibited by all historians. The lecture is a popular and a just appreciation, both from a historical and from a literary point of view.

Mr. C. L. Stainer, in his *SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL* (Frowde, 6s.), performs a task to which one or other of Cromwell’s numerous biographers might perhaps more profitably have devoted themselves. A collection of these speeches starting from a period before the Civil War, and based on careful textual criticism is what we do not possess, and it is this which Mr. Stainer’s careful collation of the original sources now gives us. Unfortunately, it is impossible to get back to Cromwell’s actual words with certainty as our authorities are not first-hand reports, and are, moreover, probably too often translations from somewhat clumsy shorthand. But the book fills a gap in the complete “documentation” of the Protector.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Egypt.

EGYPT AND THE HINTERLAND, by Frederic Walter Fuller (Longmans, 10s. 6d. n.), is, in the main, written from bluebooks. From these unimpeachable sources it brings together much information, chiefly about the reforms instituted under English direction, in the departments of justice, finance, education, irrigation, &c. The ground has already been pretty well covered in Sir Alfred Milner’s “England in Egypt” and Mr. Silva White’s “Expansion of Egypt,” not to mention Mr. Basil Worsfold’s Temple Primer. Mr. Fuller is able to supplement these books in certain particulars, but he cannot, and apparently does not, claim to have superseded them. As an unpretentious work of reference his book may be found an acceptable substitute for other similar books. More than that one cannot say for it, except that it contains a remarkably good map. It certainly will not be found to furnish light reading for leisure hours, as did Steevens’ “Egypt in 1898”; and we cannot help remarking Mr. Fuller’s curious notion of literary antithesis: “It is true the Copts hang ostrich eggs in their churches, but they do not recognize polygamy.” It should be added, however, that Mr. Fuller displays a great knowledge of the Copts, and what he has written should be read by all who are curious about these peculiar Christians. But why does he treat Mahdism without reference—or with only a passing reference—to the Senussi?

For further information about the Copts, fuller but less interesting, we must turn to the Rev. Montague Fowler's *CHRISTIAN EGYPT* (Church Newspaper Company, 6s.). Mr. Fowler, as a traveller, a divine, and the son of Sir John Fowler who performed valuable engineering work in Egypt, is well qualified for the task of tracing Christianity from Alexandrian times through the early history of the Coptic Church to the present day, when Copts in their various subdivisions, together with Anglicans, and Presbyterians, represent the Christian faith. The book is not brilliant in its literary style, and attempts only a chronicle of the external history of religion in Egypt. For this purpose it will be found a useful compendium of information.

West Africa.

Far the most important additions which appear in the second edition of Miss Kingsley's *WEST AFRICAN STUDIES* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) are her learned and lucid Hibbert Lecture on "African Religion and Law," and her Imperial Institute Lecture on "Imperialism in West Africa." The lecture on "Imperialism" lends itself to quotation by both sides in the dispute and does not seem to us very forcible; the chapter on West African Property contains little new matter. Much interest of a different kind attaches to the account of Captain Thomas Phillips' voyage in the *Hannibal* in 1693-94, given in an appendix; and also to Mr. George Macmillan's well-written appreciation of Miss Kingsley which appears in an introductory notice.

Military.

THE REGIMENTAL RECORDS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, by John L. Farmer (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. n.), is an historical *résumé*, chronologically arranged, of titles, campaigns, honours, uniforms, facings, badges, nick-names, &c. There it may be read that the Royal Fusiliers are also known as the "Elegant Extracts," the Norfolk Regiment as "the Holy Boys," the Somersetshire Light Infantry as "the Bleeders," the Fourteenth Hussars as "the Emperor's Chambermaids," and the Fifth Lancers as "the Daily Advertisers." It is sumptuously bound and printed, and will serve well those in quest of the information which it gives.

YEOMANRY CAVALRY OR MOUNTED INFANTRY? by Colonel Rolleston, of the South Notts Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry, second in command of the 3rd Imperial Yeomanry (Smith, Elder, 1s. 6d.), is a well-reasoned pamphlet protesting against the proposal to turn the Yeomanry into mounted infantry, favoured by Dr. Conan Doyle and others. An excellent instance of the need for the *arme blanche* is cited in the case of De Wet's escape by galloping through our lines at Springhaan's Nek. Our mounted infantry there "fired away at him merrily," but "hit practically no one." On the other hand, "if, instead of men armed after the heart of Dr. Conan Doyle, there had been waiting for him a dozen squadrons of mounted lancers—how then? How many would in that case have escaped?" The pamphlet is one of those that should be read.

Military histories continue to rain upon us. Now we have *THE RIFLE BRIGADE* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), by Walter Wood. It tells the story of a gallant regiment which has twenty-nine battle honours, and has won distinction with Nelson at Copenhagen, with Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and also in the Crimea, in India, and in South Africa. Not only were the rifles at Ladysmith; they also took part in a campaign against the Boers under Sir Harry Smith in 1848. The book is moderately well written.

Naval.

The Navy Records Society have issued Vol. II. of *LOGS OF THE GREAT SEA FIGHTS* (Longmans), covering the battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. The engagements have been the subject of exhaustive study, and it can hardly be said that the logs throw much fresh light upon them. On the vexed question of Collingwood's behaviour after Nelson's death at Trafalgar, the editor, Admiral T. Sturges Jackson, says:—

He hardly seems to have appreciated the principle of the

orders which he so ably executed. . . . While every allowance must be made for the great difficulties of the situation, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that had Nelson lived he would not have permitted any of his hard won prizes to fall again into the hands of the enemy, though he might have been compelled to destroy them.

In addition to the logs the volume contains some interesting private letters not previously published. One of these, from Rear-Admiral Thomas Graves to his brother, supplies most of the evidence for the editor's view of Nelson's attitude towards Sir Hyde Parker.

The latest naval pamphlet is *THE BRITISH FLEET: IS IT SUFFICIENT AND EFFICIENT?* by Archibald S. Hurd (Blackwood, 1s.). The author answers both questions in the negative, and makes various suggestions, most of which are endorsed in an introductory chapter contributed by Admiral Fremantle. On Mr. Hurd's proposal that a certain number of warrant officers should be promoted to lieutenancies, the Admiral writes:—"This, I am convinced, could be done with advantage to the service, if the number were limited, say, to ten a year, and the men were carefully selected, while the effect on recruiting would be incalculable."

Natural History.

About nine out of ten intelligent observers of current literature welcomed the late Mr. Grant Allen as a popularizer of science rather than as a writer of fiction or an assailant of the conventional ideas of British religion and morality. The majority will receive confirmation of their verdict from each of the excellent essays which are now set forth under the title of *IN NATURE'S WORKSHOP* (Newnes, 3s. 6d.). For almost every page of this entertaining and informing book shows some happy example of the combination of humour and science. It is impossible to read far without seeing how genial and learned (in the best sense) was that son of Canada and Oxford whom too many "men in the street" thought of as only a tilter at venerable windmills. The first essay, "Sextons and Scavengers," is full of bright, natural writing, such as the following:—

. . . those [small animals] that die in the field or copse are either eaten at once by larger beasts, or else decently interred within a few hours by the sexton beetles and other established scavengers. . . . I need hardly say, however, that the burying beetles do not perform their strange funereal office out of pure benevolence, without hope of reward. Like human sextons and undertakers, they adopt their lugubrious calling for the sake of gain: they expect to be paid for their sanitary services. The payment is taken in two forms: one, immediate, as food for themselves; the other, deferred, as board and lodging for their children.

In "False Pretences," the whole description of the life and character of that insect which is usually known to grooms and footmen as "The Devil's Coach-horse" is exceedingly graphic. Mr. Enock's illustrations to this chapter are admirable, his insects here being as well drawn as are his flowers in the next essay, "Plants that go to sleep."

The chapter upon "Animal and Vegetable Hedgehogs" is beautifully illustrated, and goes straight to the heart of any one who has ever succeeded in introducing a hedgehog to an urban garden. In "The Day of the Canker-worm," Mr. Grant Allen gives special attention to what is called "the seventeen-year" cicada, that pest of Kentucky and other American States. Aided by Mr. Enock's illustrations, any intelligent lad can gain from the letterpress a singularly accurate conception of the wonderful ovipositor of these insects; a section of the cicada's saw is portrayed, and four stages of its nest and eggs, as found in a chestnut twig. "In Nature's Workshop" forms excellent light reading for all persons save men of science and insect-hating females. The book comes to us as a legacy not unworthy of the naturalist who wrote it. But it is strange that the volume should be issued without an index, and without any preface or note of a biographical and bibliographical nature.

To Messrs. Sands' "Library for Young Naturalists," which began with Mr. Afalo's "Types of British Animals," is now added Mr. H. A. Bryden's *ANIMALS OF AFRICA* (6s.). It is copiously and well illustrated, and written by a sportsman who has as much reason to know about African animals as anybody living. His style strikes an admirable mean between the too childish and the too scientific and is, indeed, exactly what the young naturalist wants.

India.

Surgeon Hare served through the first Afghan war and was present through the siege of Delhi during the Mutiny, and this, to say nothing of the second Burma war, provides reasonable material for a book such as the *MEMOIRS OF EDWARD HARE, C.S.I., late Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bengal*, by Major E. C. Hare (Grant Richards, 5s.). Hare's letters from Kabul form an interesting addition to the narratives already published, and his frankness engages the reader's confidence. He was at Jellalabad at the time of the disastrous retreat, and saw Dr. Brydon, the only man who escaped, brought into the fort, and helped to nurse him to recovery. He describes the siege of Jellalabad in some vivid letters to his parents. We do not know that there is anything especially new in the correspondence, but it gives a good picture of the times, and Major Hare has done well to publish it without reserve. Hare's greatest service to India was his discovery of the value of quinine as a specific for malarial fevers, instead of the old treatment by calomel and bleeding, which often injured the patient's constitution for life. He published a series of articles in the *Medical Times* of 1864, which were reprinted as a separate work, "The Treatment of Malarious Fevers and Dysentery," which produced a marked change in the methods of physicians in the East. He rose to be Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals in India, and on his retirement in 1866 was gazetted Honorary-Inspector-General and awarded the Companionship of the Star of India. He died in 1897 at the age of 84. The little book is pleasantly written, with all needful historical commentary, and is a model of editorial tact and judgment. The illustrations from original sketches or after Lieut. Rattray's published drawings, are charming, and there are some useful maps.

The centre of interest in India shifted long since from the Madras to the Bengal and Bombay Presidencies. Still, though Madras politics are humdrum, there is much there to occupy the attention of the student of ethnology and of the manners of primitive man. It is of these matters that Mr. Stanley P. Rice mainly writes in his *OCCASIONAL ESSAYS ON NATIVE SOUTH INDIAN LIFE* (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). His sphere of usefulness was, for a long time, among the Uriyas—a little known people, with various peculiar customs of their own, a little to the south of Orissa. The marriage and funeral rites of these people, their superstitious and religious observances, and their general habits (not in the main commendable) are described by Mr. Rice, from intimate personal knowledge, in an agreeable and cultivated style. His long paper on this subject, filling about half his volume, will be welcomed by those who are curious to penetrate beneath the surface of Indian life, as well as to those who take an interest in the traditions of partially civilized peoples. The other papers are slighter, but they, too, have their value.

St. Anthony of Padua.

Mrs. Arthur Bell's *ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA* (Sands and Co., 3s. 6d.) is a distinctly picturesque biography of the eminent Franciscan preacher, miracle-worker, and *malleus hereticorum*. He was a learned man, according to the standard of his times; attractive and eloquent; personally irreproachable; courageous. These facts at any rate emerge from the legends with which his history has been embroidered. But, as his history has to be disentangled from a great deal of fiction, it is necessary to take a more decided line in regard to his legendary miracles than Mrs. Bell has adopted. St. Anthony of Padua is credited with an indefinite number of miracles, performed both before his death and afterwards. Some of these the

author quotes as legendary; others, to judge from the terms in which she refers to them, she seems to accept as historical facts. She gives no reason for this discriminating view of the matter, nor do we see how any such reason can be given or any criterion applied. One hardly knows what should be done in such a case as this. Take the miracles away, or remove them to an appendix, and nothing remains but a pious and strenuous preacher, whose story has lost half its charm. Include them as though they were true, and the result is not a biography, but an unscientific mixture of fact and fiction. The preface obliges us to treat the book as a biography, and consequently exposes it to this remark. We should have preferred to take it, less seriously, as a pleasantly-written account of what history and legend combined have to say of St. Anthony, without considering how much of it is true or untrue. It may be that he did not really reunite a severed leg, did not restore a shattered glass, did not attract a shoal of fish by his preaching. The circumstances may conceivably have been misreported. But the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, if not later ages, believed them, and Italian art repeatedly recorded these and other miracles of his in pictures and bas-reliefs. Some of these are agreeably reproduced in this volume. Mrs. Bell has a good chapter on St. Anthony's place in art, and, except for the difficulty we have already mentioned, has written a satisfactory book. The difficulty, however, is one which a biographer is bound to meet.

An Astronomical Epoch-maker.

Mr. James Sime's *WILLIAM HERSCHEL AND HIS WORK* (T. and T. Clark, 3s.) is the second volume of the "series" called "The World's Epoch-Makers," and is, on the whole, a favourable example of this class of biographical compilation. The writer is occasionally a little obscure, and has an awkward trick of running ahead of his dates and then turning back to them; but he knows his subject and is thoroughly in sympathy with Herschel and his clever, grumbling, managing sister Caroline. Mr. Sime has a good deal to say about the piquant detail of the musician-astronomer having deserted from the Hanoverian army, in which he was a bandsman, and suggests that this awkward circumstance may have had much to do with his tardy recognition in Royal quarters. But surely that recognition was not very tardy, after all; while the permission that was given him by George III., as King's Astronomer, to make telescopes for his own profit entitled him to accumulate fortune enough to endow the baronetcy which was conferred upon his hardly less distinguished son. Not the least striking part of Mr. Sime's story is the amazing physical strength, vitality, and activity of William and Caroline Herschel. They laboured from morning till night, and from night till morning again; yet the one lived to well over eighty, and the other to nearly a hundred. The discoverer of Uranus worked at a time when astronomy was at a turning-point, and, as Arago said, his life formed an epoch in an extensive branch of the science. His great telescope, not so wonderful now in the light of all that, thanks largely to him, has since been accomplished, was one of the marvels of his time, and it is rather painful to read of its compulsory breaking up from decay. Mr. Sime gives a pleasant and piquant account of Caroline Herschel, with her adoration for her famous brother, her impatience with people who praised him insufficiently, or in the wrong way, and her matured conviction, in extreme old age, that it was impossible for her to spend more than £100 a year "without making myself ridiculous."

Commercial Federation.

COMMERCIAL FEDERATION AND COLONIAL TRADE POLICY, by John Davidson, Professor of Political Economy in the University of New Brunswick (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.), surveys these subjects from the standpoint of a philosopher who is also a practical man and a colonist of strong Imperialist inclinations. Actual commercial federation Mr. Davidson believes to be impracticable, since it would benefit the colonial producer at the cost of the British consumer, who would soon kick when prices rose. But he offers alternative suggestions for policies which, to a certain extent, would produce the same results. The Imperial Govern-

ment "could assist in making colonial goods better known to the English consumer," could "make a point of buying its military and naval supplies as far as possible in the colonies," "might within limits guarantee colonial government debts," and "might even go further and make loans for the construction of great public works like the Canadian Pacific Railway." Incidentally Professor Davidson pays a colonial tribute to the work done by Mr. Kipling in welding the Empire and making its heirs conscious of the greatness of their heritage:—

We protested our loyalty too much, and yet regarded the Empire as England's, not as ours. Canada was a dependency. And, much as we disliked to admit the individual superiority of the men of the islands, we did bear ourselves as inferiors and allowed ourselves to be patronized. Kipling brought us to self-consciousness and to self-respect. He made us see that all talk about loyalty to the Empire was a mistaken use of terms, because it did not express the truth of the situation. He showed us that the Empire was ours, and that colonists had in it not the place of an hired servant, but that of a younger son who had not wasted his substance in riotous living in a far country. It is as the poet of the native-born that he has done most for the Empire. He has not only brought the colonies to a perfect passion of devotedness; he has also expressed the thoughts they themselves did not know they cherished. He has, in short, been to the Empire what Burns was to Scotland, the revealer of men to themselves.

In Tuscany.

Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, the author of *IN TUSCANY, TUSCAN TOWNS, TUSCAN TYPES, AND THE TUSCAN TONGUE* (Murray, 9s. n.), has lived during many years in Tuscany, and is thoroughly familiar both with the towns and villages of this pleasant land and with the ways of its kindly and simple folk. He is keenly alive to the excellences and imperfections of Tuscan servants and peasants, to their inborn grace of manner, their sunny courtesy, their honesty and affection, their dirt, slovenliness, and indifference to truth. Many are the amusing experiences which he has to relate, many the clever portraits which he draws of individual types—the begging friar, Fra Pacifico; the cook Elvirina, who tells so many barefaced lies and eventually proves herself a valuable housekeeper and skilled *cordón bleu*; and his faithful, but eccentric, servant Benedetto. Convents and religious orders have for him, he owns, an especial attraction, and one of the best chapters in the book describes a pilgrimage to the great Franciscan sanctuary, La Verna, in the lovely district of the Casentino, while another records a visit to the less known house of the Passionist Order on the heights of Monte Argentario, near Orbetello. Mr. Carmichael prides himself on omitting all reference to the famous cities of Florence and Siena, and gives us instead descriptions of much less-visited towns as Leghorn, Volterra, Lucca, and Portoferraio, the harbour of the island of Elba. But in speaking of the treasures in the Cathedral of Lucca, and telling us of the miraculous *Volte Santo* and of Matteo Civitali's sculpture, he might have mentioned the perfect tomb of Ilaria del Carretto which Mr. Ruskin has celebrated in matchless prose, and which must always have an especial attraction for English travellers. The last two and not the least interesting chapters of his book are devoted to the popular Tuscan game of *pallone*, and the famous State Lottery which produces a yearly revenue of at least £1,000,000 and exerts so baneful an influence on the Italian character. But since, as our author remarks, the Tuscans are born gamblers, this strange institution may act as a safety-valve and restrain them from worse excesses. Mr. Carmichael's book is charmingly illustrated with clever sketches of Tuscan types, reproductions of Civitali's Madonna and of the arms of cities and religious orders, as well as views of the seaboard at Leghorn, of the wooded slopes of Montecatini in the fair Val di Nievole, and of the rugged heights of La Verna.

Dutch and English.

Mr. Francis J. Dormer is an ex-editor of the *Johannesburg Star*. In *VENGEANCE AS A POLICY IN AFRIKANDERLAND*

(Nisbet, 6s.) he endeavours to allocate responsibilities for what has happened. Though the germs of trouble were always present in South Africa, the trouble, in Mr. Dormer's opinion, would never have come to a head had not virulent personal feelings been imported into political controversies. This, of course, is what Lord Kimberley meant when he said that, if the Foreign Office conducted its business in the same style as the Colonial Office, it would embroil England with every country in Europe in next to no time; but the Colonial Office is only one of the objects of Mr. Dormer's indictment. His general view of the situation is that Dutch and English were not born to love each other, but that they would have settled their differences instead of fighting over them, if their respective protagonists had not hounded them on to the combat. In short, the blood of our soldiers is now being spilt on the veldt because Mr. Kruger mistrusted Mr. Rhodes, and because Mr. Rhodes, having once been baffled by Mr. Kruger, wanted to "get even" with him; while Mr. Chamberlain also had grudges to pay off, in connexion with rebuffs encountered at the time of the raid, and Lord Salisbury remembered Majuba. The story of the war, in fact, according to Mr. Dormer, shows that democracies can furnish their own examples of *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. Mr. Dormer, as an Afrikaner journalist, has no doubt a good title to be heard, and he states his case clearly as well as emphatically. He is not a pro-Boer; he is, in fact, particularly bitter against Mr. Kruger. But he holds that there will be no durable union between English and Dutch in South Africa unless Mr. Rhodes is suppressed:—

His temperament [says Mr. Dormer] is subject to this radical vice of phenomenal vindictiveness. . . . The Ethiop does not change his skin nor the leopard its spots. The Dutch are as conspicuously lacking in the quality of pliancy as Mr. Rhodes is in that of a wise forgetfulness, and we have only to contemplate the possibility of a prolonged struggle between natures so irreconcilably opposed to become seriously alarmed.

Alfred.

It is right and proper that the British public should make the Alfred millenary an occasion for refreshing their memories and supplementing their knowledge of the great King and his claims to renown; and it looks as though there would be no lack of books specially written to assist them in doing so. The subject is one which any writer may for ordinary purposes easily know as much about as any other writer if he will take the trouble; and it is only in the matter of "readableness" that their books ought to differ. This quality undeniably belongs to Mr. Warwick H. Draper's *ALFRED THE GREAT* (Elliot Stock, 5s.). It consists of a biographical sketch, followed by seven studies of different aspects of Alfred's life and works, and preceded by a preface from the pen of the Bishop of Hereford. Of the millenary books so far published this is the one to buy.

The manner of Mr. Lucy's *Parliamentary Diaries* is well known, and his *DIARY OF THE UNIONIST PARLIAMENT, 1895-1900* (Arrowsmith), is as welcome as the others, with its happy blend of real history with good-natured personal gossip. Mr. E. T. Reed's pictures are convincing as portraits and they are funny, if not artistic. Mr. Lucy includes "Calendars" borrowed from *THE POLITICIAN'S HANDBOOK*, by H. Whates (Vacher, 6s. n.). This review and digest of the State papers of the year is a very useful annual publication, very well put together.

In *SCOTS ESSAYISTS* we have a selection of typical essays by typical Scottish authors, from Stirling and Drummond of Hawthornden to A. K. H. B. and Robert Louis Stevenson, edited with an introduction by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton (Walter Scott, 1s. 6d.).

WILLIAM HARLEY: A CITIZEN OF GLASGOW, by J. Galloway (Glasgow: Morison), is the biography of a man who "introduced turkey red checked gingham," whatever that may be, founded the Glasgow Sunday Schools, preached the Gospel, and went bankrupt.

A BOOK ABOUT LONGFELLOW, by J. N. M'Ilwraith (Nelson, 2s.), is an example of bookmaking of the better sort. There are plenty of pleasant anecdotes pleasantly narrated, though no new

information, and the criticism, though not profound, is just and acceptable. The biographer quite recognizes Longfellow's limitations, though he naturally is more anxious to insist upon his merits.

We can warmly praise three "Manuals of Employment for Educated Women," edited by Christabel Osborne (Walter Scott, 1s. each), entitled SECONDARY TEACHING, ELEMENTARY TEACHING, and SICK NURSING. The writers know their business and engage in no loose and idle talk about the essential nobility of the calling of a music mistress or a monthly nurse; but they supply plenty of practical information about the women workers in the different departments of human endeavour, telling them what sort of lives they will have to live, what sort of emoluments they may reasonably expect, and how and at what cost they may be trained for their professions.

ADVICE TO 20TH CENTURY BUSINESS JUNIORS (Horace Marshall, 1s.) is apparently written for the benefit of clerks and shop assistants. It covers a great deal of ground. Not only are the obvious virtues of civility and punctuality inculcated, but the author counsels his readers not to have breakfast in bed, not to bolt their meals, and not to "scorch" when they ride the bicycle. One must not complain because the advice is sometimes obvious, for, if every moralist conceived it to be his duty to devise absolutely new and original maxims for the guidance of youth, the consequences might be perplexing and disastrous.

FICTION.

Mr. Le Gallienne.

In *THE LIFE ROMANTIC* (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.) Mr. Le Gallienne purges himself of most of his fripperies. He does not wholly give up tying pretty ribbons into loveknots; he is still a little inclined to attitudinize with a daintily bound volume of erotic poetry in his hand. But the story of his hero, to whom the combined malignity of his ancestors and his parents has given the name of Pagan Wasteneys, and of his hero's emancipation from the slavery of a love which could never mean for him the happiness of married life, is told in good taste, with a pleasant literary touch; and the method of the emancipation is well, even finely conceived. For Wasteneys's slavery is not that of any commonplace *liaison*; his imagination is mastered by the face of a woman, Meriel, whom a chance meeting had united to him in a purely spiritual Platonic passion, and whom he saw and corresponded with but rarely. This lady, we may say at once, is not the lady to whom Wasteneys is making love in the first chapter, having just made her acquaintance at a tea party, and who reveals her name to him as "Daffodil Mendoza":—

"Mrs. Daffodil Mendoza!"

"Yes,"—with a pretty sigh.

"I always think Mrs. such a charming addition to the prettiest name."

The lady, we may add, was a widow, though she did not tell him so. We can assure the reader that this is quite an unfair idea of the book. It is certainly all more or less unreal; love-making does not go on so briskly in this unromantic world as Mr. Le Gallienne would have us think; his icy and remote Meriel we do not believe in; and the whole thing relapses into pure extravaganza when Wasteneys seeks Meriel in Provence with a revolver in his pocket determined to gain freedom for them both from the uncompleted dream—by killing her. Wasteneys, too, is, we are afraid, a poor creature at best, who can say as he walks through the moonlight to his ancestral home "Yes! nature is moral; nature is terribly pure and sane. But how sweet to be pure and sane!" and who is much given to recording his moods in lyrics. He is, in fact, a sentimental amorist, but of a more attractive type than Mr. Le Gallienne's other sentimental amorists. In his mental history it is not only women, but nature, and a Nonconformist preacher, and a Roman priest, who play their parts; and the history is recounted with far more sincerity than Mr. Le Gallienne has lately shown. Moreover, there are many fresh, happy touches, many pictures full of colour or of drama, many suggestive reflections throughout the book. And when the "fictional output" shows so little

in the way of literary charm, when the inventor of the cumbrous obscurities which we quoted last week is called a master of style, it is something to find an author who writes fiction in a manner which, at its best, is certainly easy, graceful, and imaginative.

Mrs. Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander in her new book *A MISSING HERO* (Chatto, 6s.) means to be thoroughly pleasant—pleasant personages people it, pleasant incidents occur, pleasant ways are found out of unpleasant situations; Geoffrey Lisle, after many adventures, settles into an active country gentleman eager to breed cattle and be crowned with love; Maurice Forrester, who would have liked to be wicked, wins success in other ways and escapes the punishment of his evil intentions; other characters play their parts and miss or win their desires, and, at the end, the reader has not been very greatly moved or entertained. The picture of South Africa, in the time when Mr. Kruger was young, is admirably drawn, and its life depicted with skill and fluency. But the story itself, leisurely and obvious, will give more pleasure to the young and hopeful than to the experienced and wise.

When youth has done its tedious vain expense
Of passions that for ever ebb and flow

it is late to pretend a very powerful interest in such a volume as "*A Missing Hero*." But it is, of course, the work of an accomplished writer who has long ago conquered her particular field of fiction.

Under the Tudors.

THE ROYAL SISTERS (John Long, 6s.) is an historical novel, dealing with the days of Mary, and purporting to be written by no less a hand than that of Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England. Mr. Frank Mathew has handled it all with much ingenuity—the death of Edward, Northumberland's rebellion and Wyatt's, the coming of Philip of Spain and the rest—but perhaps there is a shade too much of the history book in some of the speeches of these gentry. There is a great deal of dialogue, and wherever it was possible to weave in the speaker's actual words, as reported by some industrious historian, Mr. Mathew has done so. But he has done his work very creditably. Arundel, Elizabeth, Pembroke, are all delineated with care, if not in strict accordance with tradition, and sometimes with real pathos. The book is worth reading, for those who admire the historical novel; but it is sometimes just a little dull.

Convent Life.

The novelist who succeeds in drawing a girl's character, in the time of her passage from the child to the woman, has gone some way towards making an interesting book. Miss Bessie Hatton has done this in *THE MASTER PASSION* (Pearson, 6s.), and has introduced besides a good deal of love-making and a careful description of education in a French convent, so that her readers should have no cause to grumble at any lack of variety. The result is a creditable novel, containing some well-drawn characters and much passionate emotion. Perhaps there is too much of the Convent of the Visitation, but the theme has not elsewhere been overdone, and it bears marks of having been drawn from the inside. The young women are very charming—the young men suffer from comparison with them; to be frank, they are not quite as manlike as one could wish.

The Usher—Old Style.

When a book bears a title such as *THE NEW MASTER* (Pearson, 3s. 6d.), and is furthermore adorned on the cover by the portrait of a fatuous-looking gentleman enduring a bombardment of dead cats and other missiles, you may rely upon finding in its pages a good deal of the forced humour that most writers think necessary in dealing with stories of assistant masters. Mr. Arnold Golsworthy can be clever enough on occasion; but here he has deliberately chosen the cheapest kind of fun procurable, and he drives home every point he makes with an unrelenting grin. The ancient jest of the bad disciplinarian beset by a crew of disrespectful youth is played out once more, and we are not

spared a single booby-trap. Mr. Galsworthy is capable of better things.

The War.

What M. Zola did so splendidly for the Franco-Prussian war, Mr. A. G. Hales, the somewhat impulsive war correspondent of the *Daily News*, essays to do for a certain portion of the South African campaign. DRISCOLL, KING OF SCOUTS (Arrowsmith, 6s), tells the story of well-known persons, and often under their own names (sometimes incorrectly given, as "Sealy" for the Captain of the Hampshire Yeomanry). But the reader will have cause to ask continually—is this fact or imagination? Often one knows the incidents are already historical. Often one trusts that they are invented by the writer. The moral, of course, is that we are mostly fools in war—and therefore in peace—but that, on the other hand, to quote the author's own ebullient phraseology, "The old Lioness of Britain whelps heroes still." And of one of these Charles Leverish heroes, Captain Driscoll, the famous scout, he writes *con amore*. His hero-worship is of a most engaging kind, and he even appears to enjoy Driscoll's wit which takes the form of never calling people by their names; the war correspondents are "quill-dhriving lumps av sin," his Boer maiden lover "yon voldt-bred flower." Mr. Hales' style of nomenclature for his characters is not happy. It is the old trick of the playwrights worn to death by the farces of the last century. To call your foolish officers "Glasseye" and "Pompom," and your good lieutenants "Ardwork," shows an aridity of humour unworthy of the writer of many stirring and often tender passages and so many vivid bits of description. Mr. Hales has made his fame in other fields, and we do not know whether novel writing is the particular branch of literature he intends to follow. We cannot give "Driscoll, King of Scouts" high praise as a novel. The use of real personages is poor art, the use of clap-trap phrases is also poor art; the style is hurried and occasionally hysterical and usually without distinction. But if we may judge the book rather as a compliment to a gifted soldier and a criticism of a military system we can commend his endeavour and appreciate his accomplishment.

Mr. George Cossins must, we suspect, have been led more by a desire to be up-to-date than by his own judgment to write *A BOER OF TO-DAY* (George Allen, 6s.). It is a simply constructed and not badly written tale, but it is disappointing to those who found hopes on titles. Recent events have familiarized us all with Boer life, and Mr. Cossins adds nothing to our knowledge. The Boer of to-day goes to England, and, inevitably, falls in love with an English maiden, who, equally inevitably, cannot accept his suit in spite of his wealth. He returns to the Transvaal shortly before the war, and can only serve his fellows by playing the spy so unsuccessfully that he is shot while trying to escape. He makes amends by a kind of pseudo-heroism in saving the lives of some of his English friends. The last part of the book is the most readable.

THE LUCK OF PRIVATE FOSTER (Hodder, 6s.), by Mr. A. St. John Adcock, ought to be popular, for it tells in agreeable fashion an obvious, pleasant tale of an heroic young gentleman whose misfortunes at home, undeserved of course, drive him to the war. The adventures that befall him are not startlingly convincing, but are well enough for the casual reader; simplicity is the predominant note of the book—*naïveté* of idea, *naïveté* in the writing, simple, honest story-telling from start to finish.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The article on "Fiction and the Public" which Mr. Frederick Wedmore recently contributed to *Literature* has called forth the opinions of some representative booksellers. According to the *Daily Mail*, his view that the good old public of past days is swamped by superficial readers of modern successes cannot be borne out by actual figures of sales. New editions of Dickens, Scott, Brontë, and Thackeray are still steadily sold. Librarians in general will confirm this view. Even in London, where most of the new novels are published,

the works most in request from public libraries are those of old established writers. In the country, where fewer new novels penetrate, the old writers are first by a good many issues.

The will of the late Mr. R. C. Christie proclaims that his death has merely heaped up the bounty which might have been spread over lengthened years. Owens College receives books, manuscripts, pictures, and, eventually, a sum of £10,000 for library purchases. To the Royal Holloway College is bequeathed £2,500 to found a scholarship in history and two annual prizes for French and Italian literature. To the Library Association Mr. Christie has left £2,000.

We have good evidence of the popularity of the Edinburgh Public Library. To find room for the increasing flood of readers and for 120,100 volumes the library is to be extended at a cost of £8,000. On the other hand, owing to want of support the Edinburgh Subscription Library has closed its doors after an existence of more than a century. Yet, better fitted as the public library is to minister to modern requirements, the older library did good work in adverse circumstances. It nursed the spark which now its successor blows into full flame.

The Cardiff Public Library has been considerably stirred by what amounts to an ultimatum from the Publishers' Association directed against a firm which offered a discount of 15 per cent. off net books. The president of the Association wrote expressing a hope that the committee of the library would have nothing to do with this firm, and intimated that the supply of net books would be stopped unless the tender was withdrawn. The committee, however, accepted the offer of the firm.

The library movement has spread to Grimsby, where Lord Yarborough opened a public library last month. The Acts were adopted in 1899, and the premises of the old Mechanics' Institute have been adapted to the purposes of the library. It opens with a good selection of books of which a large number have been presented. A new district library, containing 12,000 volumes, has been opened at Bristol. This is the fourth additional library provided in the city within the last seven years.

We have received a well got up little volume from the Wigan Public Library. It is mainly an account of the presentation of the freedom of the borough to Lord Crawford, who is chairman of the library committee. There is also a history of the institution and a list of some of its rarest and most important books. The reference library at Wigan is evidently remarkably rich and well chosen.

Mr. John Macfarlane, assistant in the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum, has been appointed Director of the Imperial Public Library, Calcutta, and has left England to take up the duties of his new position.

Mr. John Shepherd, Assistant Librarian of the Cardiff Public Libraries, has been selected as Librarian of the public library at Birkenhead.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

There are as many as three South African articles in the *Contemporary*. The most important of them, by a pseudonymous "Cape Town," apparently a man on the spot, is very pessimistic. The author would have a far better title than Sir Robert Reid to protest against the appellation of pro-Boer; but he considers that we have made a mess of things. "Lord Roberts has been a failure and Lord Kitchener has not been a success. Sir Gordon Sprigg, in spite of his good intentions, is a danger to the security, not only of the Colony, but also of the Empire." "The statesmanship of Paul," by Professor W. M. Ramsay, is not about Mr. Kruger, but about the Apostle of the Gentiles. "The case of the British Army Officer," by an Army Instructor, takes the reasonable line that, even in military circles, a fair day's work should be rewarded with a fair day's wage. "The training college problem" is discussed by Mr. J. H. Yoxall, M.P. It is really wonderful how many "problems" there are in these hard times. Mr. John Macdonell, C.B., hits out straight from the shoulder on the subject of "Looting in China"; and Mademoiselle Claire de Pratz encourages us to expect great things from subcutaneous injections of the glyccero-phosphates. They stimulate the system, we are assured, like cold baths and trips to the mountains or sea-side. But who is responsible for "Mdle." as the abbreviation of "Mademoiselle"?

As usual there is something good for everybody's taste in the *Fortnightly*. "Diplomaticus" contributes a study of the Queen's reign, insisting upon "the profound love and sympathy for Germany," by which her Majesty was always animated; and

Miss Helen Zimmern a study of "Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy," from whom she expects great things; "young, energetic, and far-seeing, serious, cultivated, he will know how, when the hour comes, to choose the road which suits the monarchy and the people, and without the Parliament, but with and for his people, for the good and the honour of the Fatherland." The necessary article on Verdi is by Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden. Military matters are represented by a paper in which Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman insists on the importance of learning to shoot straight; and Irish affairs are attended to by Mr. T. W. Russell, who declares, with all the emphasis of "small caps," that "to settle the Irish Land Question is to BUY OUT THE FEE SIMPLE OF IRISH DISAFFECTION." There is also an article by Maeterlinck on the unexpected, and not very symbolistic, theme of bees, and one by Mr. G. Percival on "The Civil List and the Hereditary Revenues of the Crown"; while Mr. Wells engages in controversy with Colonel Balfour on the subject of cyclist drill.

Mr. W. G. Elliot in the *National Review* echoes the growing pessimism on the prospects of the stage as a profession, and shows that as a result partly of low salaries, partly of specialization of parts, actors or actresses of real merit and position can hardly make a decent livelihood. An article of interest in another branch of art is Mr. G. F. Bodley's plea for higher ideals in modern architecture, in which he discusses thirteen principles of good building which are curiously reminiscent of Ruskin. The note of war sounds in articles on the Future of the Yeomanry, on M. Bloch as a Prophet (by Colonel Maude), and on the South African Hospitals inquiry, in the latter of which the Bishop of St. Asaph undertakes to show that Mr. Burdett-Coutts was by no means so well justified in his criticism as people have lately begun to think. Sir R. Blennerhassett pleads ably for a good understanding between England and Russia.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* are memorial lines on her late Majesty, signed E. M. Rutherford, which have a Tennysonian ring, and please us better than many of the elegies of more famous poets. Those who read the lines we quote will want to read the rest:—

When watching, at the sun-set hour, the clouds—
Which, in white majesty, do onward ride
Gold-lin'd, in fleecy and fantastic shapes
Out towards the West—then in a waking dream
We look, beyond the hills, to that far sea
Whose waters wash an island valley's shore,
Fairer than that she left. But not in pomp
We see her thither borne. No muffled peal
Or cannon's thunder greets her coming there,
Nor dirge of fun'ral march or hymnal strain,
But a great silent peace o'er which doth steal—
Borne on the perfumed air—a whisper'd breath
Of Welcome Home from voices known and lov'd.
Deep to the strand the full, calm ocean moves
Around the Isle; so that no grating keel
Sounds on the shingle; and the bark is moor'd
In stillness—and the shadows shroud the rest.

In the *North American Review* the place of honour is given to Mark Twain. Mr. W. D. Howells studies the great humourist's contributions to literature, remarking:—

One of the characteristics I observe in him is his single-minded use of words, which he employs as Grant did to express the plain, straight meaning their common acceptance has given them with no regard to their structural significance or their philological implications. He writes English as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it, or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English literature are cast, rather than the English of Milton, and Thackeray, and Mr. Henry James.

Most of us, perhaps, have already observed that Mr. Mark Twain writes otherwise than Mr. Henry James; and we have the opportunity of reviving our impressions by reading an article by him addressed "To the Person Sitting in Darkness." It is about America in the Philippines, English enterprise in South Africa, and German enterprise in China.

Next, to our heavy damage, the Kaiser went to playing the game without first mastering it. He lost a couple of missionaries in a riot in Shan-tung, and in his account he made an overcharge for them. China had to pay a hundred thousand dollars apiece for them, in money; twelve miles of territory, containing several millions of inhabitants and worth twenty million dollars; and to build a monument, and also a Christian church; whereas the people of China could have been depended upon to remember the missionaries without the help of these

expensive memorials. This was all bad play. Bad, because it would not, and could not, and will not now or ever, deceive the Person Sitting in Darkness. He knows that it was an overcharge. He knows that a missionary is like any other man; he is worth merely what you can supply his place for, and no more. He is useful, but so is a doctor, so is a sheriff, so is an editor; but a just Emperor does not charge war prices for such.

Mr. Henry James certainly does not write like that. Other contributors to the number are Mr. Augustine Birrell, Sir Lepel Griffin, and Mr. Arthur Symonds.

The contributors to the second number of the *Empire Review* are not so uniformly famous as the contributors to the first number, though they include the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord Stratheona, and M. Yves Guyot, whose name is becoming very familiar to magazine readers. The articles are interesting, but in some cases too short to allow the writers to do full justice to their subjects. The best informed article in the number seems to be that by Sir Walter Miéville on "British Administration in Egypt."

Harper's Magazine leads off with one of Mr. Arthur Symonds' delightful travel articles—a sketch of Seville, wonderfully well illustrated by Mr. Lucius Hitchcock. A new serial by Miss Mary E. Wilkins also begins in this number, while the best known contributors of short stories are Mr. Bret Harte and Miss Edith Wharton. "Colonies and Nations," by Woodrow Wilson, is one of those carefully written contributions to American history which are standing attractions in American periodicals. The whole world seems to have been ransacked for illustrations for it.

The *Badminton* goes on with its subject pictures in colours: "The tiger roared and sprang," &c. There are articles on sport of one sort or another, in quarters of the world as remote from each other as Rhodesia and Iceland, Skye and the Pyrenees. The claims of Bridge to take the place of Whist are stated by Mr. Archibald Dunn, junior. "Whist makes the heaviest call on the card-memory, but Bridge requires from its exponents greater judgment both before and during the play of the hand."

The *United Service Magazine* has many things worth noting, and especially a long article on "Hysterical Warfare," by Dr. Miller Maguire. "Who drives fat oxen, &c.," and Dr. Maguire very properly discusses his subject in the language of hysteria. Colonel Maude's long series of notes on the evolution of cavalry has now got to Spichenen; and Judge O'Connor Morris, in his history of Frederick the Great, gets to Minden.

In the *New Liberal Review* Viscount Mountmorres writes of "Queen Victoria," Dr. Robertson Nicoll of "The Political Aspects of Church Union in Scotland," and Mr. W. Macneile Dixon on "The Making of a Modern University."

Two articles on the Humanitarian merit attention: one in which Mr. Wirt Gerrare shows in what respects "The Russia that is" differs from the Russia of the novelists, and one in which the late Grant Allen draws a moral from Stevenson's confession that he hardly ever wrote about women because he was afraid of offending the prudishness of the British public.

In addition to the serials by Mr. Kipling and Mr. Pemberton, *Cassell's Magazine* has short stories by Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. Edward H. Cooper, Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, and John Strange Winter. Among the trick articles that by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes on "Famous Horsewomen" is just what such an article ought to be.

We have also received the *Reformer*, *Little Folks*, the *Munsey*, the *Lady's Realm*, the *Universal and Ludgate*, *Saint Nicholas*, the *Art Journal*, the *Century*, the *House*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *School World*, the *Antiquary*, the *Genealogical Magazine*, the *Eastern Counties Magazine*, the *Literary Era*, the *Woman at Home*, *Mercure de France*, and *Le Pays de France*.

OBITUARY.

The late Mr. FREDERICK S. ELLIS was not merely a man of great book knowledge, but was an early and intimate friend (as well as the publisher) of Dante Rossetti, William Morris, and other men who have long since become eminent. The son of Mr. Joseph Ellis of the Star and Garter, Richmond, and brother of Sir Whittaker Ellis, he began his career with Edward Lumley, a well-known bookseller and publisher of 56, Chancery-lane, but his real book knowledge was acquired with C. J. Stewart, the once famous and learned bookseller of King William-street, Strand. Mr. Ellis started in business on his own

account at 33, King-street, Covent-garden, but after a few years he purchased the goodwill of the business of T. and W. Boone at 20, New Bond-street, from which he retired some fifteen years ago. His stock was sold at Sotheby's in November, 1885, the sale occupying twelve days, and included many books of the highest interest and rarity, realizing a total of £16,000.

During his career as a bookseller Mr. Ellis was intrusted with very many important commissions. He valued the Hamilton Palace manuscripts (of which the chief portion was purchased for Berlin, and the remainder was sold in London) and arranged the division into equal portions of the famous library of Baron Seilliére, one portion of which was sold in London in 1887. He is understood to have compiled the catalogue of the Henry Perkins Library, which was dispersed in 1873, and which, though not large, proved to be one of the choicest libraries ever sold by auction in this country. He was also one of the valuers of the Ashburnham collection of printed books and manuscripts; but, perhaps the most enduring monument to his great bibliographical knowledge is his portion of the work in compiling the noble Catalogue of the library formed by the late Henry Huth. Whilst still engaged in business Mr. Ellis, in addition to the Huth catalogue, did much literary work, and wrote privately printed accounts of the Pembroke Book of Hours, 1880, and of the Brandenberg Book of Hours, 1883, as well as compiling a catalogue of the collection of drawings and etchings by Charles Meryon, formed by the Rev. J. J. Heywood, 1880. After his retirement from business Mr. Ellis published an excellent "Concordance" to Shelley's Poetical Works (1892). Of the works produced at the Kelmescott Press of his old friend William Morris he edited eleven issues:—"The Golden Legend," 1892; "Poems," by W. Shakespeare, 1893; "The Order of Chivalry," 1892; "The Life of Thomas Wolsey," 1893; More's "Utopia," 1893; "Psalmi Penitentiales," 1894; "Poetical Works" of Shelley, 1895; "Syr Percyvelle of Gales," 1895; Herrick's "Poems," 1895; Coleridge's "Poems," 1896; the *magnum opus* of the press, the Chaucer, 1896; "The Floure and the Leafe," 1896. When the rise in the Kelmescott books began Mr. Ellis said that he should live to see the Chaucer fetch £100; unfortunately he was not spared to see this, although the book has now reached to just four times its subscription price. Mr. Ellis edited another edition of Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey" for the Temple Classics, to which series also he contributed his own version of "The Roman of the Rose," only just lately published. He wrote several delightful monographs for Mr. Quaritch's "Dictionary of English Book Collectors," notably on Mr. Huth, Bertram, Earl of Ashburnham, George Daniel, and Dr. Hawtrey of Eton. Mr. Ellis, who was a *diseur de bons mots*, is credited with the saying that "confrère" in the book trade meant a man who would cut your throat if he could do it with impunity! But *autre temps, autre mœurs!*

The late Dr. W. BRIGHT's first work, "Ancient Collects Selected from various Rituals," was published nearly half a century ago, when he was Theological Tutor at Trinity College, Glenalmond, under Dr. Wordsworth. This position and that of Bell Professor of Ecclesiastical History gave him much influence in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and an opportunity of research among its records. On a question of opinion his connexion with the Scotch Church was severed, and he became Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford in 1868, where as an Anglican historian and an authority on patristic literature he did excellent work. Messrs. Longmans published his well-known Latin version of the Prayer-book, of which he was co-editor with Canon Medd; as well as his "History of the Roman See in the Early Church"—a volume which included other studies in Church history; his "Waymarks in Church History"; "Some Aspects of Primitive Church Life"; "The Age of the Fathers" (in two volumes); "Lessons from the Lives of the Great Fathers: St. Athanasius, St. Chrysostom, and St. Augustine"; "The Incarnation as a Motive Power" (1891); and "Morality in Doctrine" (1892). One of his most successful works is his "Chapters of Early English Church History," first published by the Oxford University Press in 1877 (third edition 1897). He was responsible for many reprints of patristic treatises issued by the same publishers. One of Dr. Bright's last volumes was "The Law of Faith," published in 1896 by Messrs. Wells, Gardner, and Co. In 1885 he issued "Iona and other Verses," and his famous hymn "And now, O Father, Mindful of the Love" (Hymns Ancient and Modern) is generally popular.

The death of FÉLIX GRAS, poet and romancist, removes from the society of Provençal men of letters one of the most distinguished of their number; save for Frederic Mistral, indeed, none has used with finer effect the Provençal tongue of which he was so proud. In 1876 the epic poem, "Li Carounie," won

for him a place at the head of the younger generation of Félibres; and in 1891 Gras was elected the Capoulié, or official master, of the Félibrige. Until his "Reds of the Midi" was translated into English, he worked practically without money-recompense; but so great was the vogue for that book (in this country partly by reason of Mr. Gladstone's appreciation), and in still greater degree in America, that he was enabled to build a beautiful little house not far from Saint Rémy, whither literary wayfarers have directed their steps during the last few years; for personally Félix Gras was a delightful man. Mrs. Thomas A. Janvier, in her translations of "The Reds of the Midi," "The White Terror," and "The Terror," three parts of the same great scheme, worked directly from the Provençal, consulting with the author whenever important questions arose.

Correspondence.

"THE AFTERTASTE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—“He calls me Heliogabalus!” cries the harmless man in the play. My assailant is even more severe in depicting me as a problem-monger, and withal scarcely accurate. A problem demands solution, and in “The Aftertaste” I have led up to the conclusion, and established it, that a woman who marries for any other motive than love—e.g., gratitude, respect, position, money—sins against herself. I might have gone further and urged that the sin affects her offspring.

One of the main causes of the abnormal increase of lunacy is the prevalent marriage of convenience, where the woman outrages nature. Where there should be attraction there is repulsion, and nature avenges herself on unnatural intercourse.

This is not a problem, but a psychological truth. Neither should an author be denounced for proclaiming boldly that a woman who marries without pure love entails misery on herself, her husband, and her children. In “The Aftertaste” I have put the case in its best aspect, for religion brings together an antipathetic couple. But it is *religio quæ non religat*.

Had I, after the French method, lent a charm to illicit passion, I should have been righteously denounced. I have, on the contrary, painted the Devil in his true colours, and the aftertaste of sin is bitter as gall.

COMPTON READE.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—If your columns are still open to the discussion of this subject, will you allow me to add my contribution to the controversy?

The ambiguous sentence “I ask you kindly to clear out that drawer,” which has called forth so many expressions of opinion on both sides, seems to me an unfortunate example, as it is not a typical one. The real point at issue is complicated by two peculiarities from which a typical example should be free.

First, the use of the adverb “kindly” to split the infinitive. This word is itself ambiguous, and in one of its two distinct senses I venture to suggest that it is not a true adverb—i.e., it does not modify the verb in respect of manner, time, place, or circumstance. Compare the two following examples:—

(1) “Will you speak kindly to this man?”

(2) “Will you kindly speak to this man?”

In (1) “kindly” is obviously an adverb of manner; the speaking is to be done in a kind manner. In (2) the word may bear the same meaning, though in that sense its position would be unusual. Ordinarily the sentence would be taken to mean “Will you be so kind as to speak to this man?” The kindness lies in speaking at all as opposed to not speaking; the manner of speaking is in no way indicated by the word “kindly.” I think it will be found that, when used in this sense, “kindly” always precedes the verb which it apparently modifies; and this is a natural order, for the phrase “Will you kindly . . . ?” is merely a convenient contraction for “Will you be so kind as to . . . ?” On the other hand, a true adverb (e.g., “kindly”

in its first sense) may either precede or follow the verb it modifies.

The second of the two peculiarities to which I have referred above consists in the fact that "kindly" in its first sense has little or no meaning when applied to the phrase "to clear out a drawer," unless, as I think one of your correspondents suggested, there are rabbits in the drawer.

I propose now to examine a sentence of the same form as the original example, but free from the two objections I have mentioned; and I hope to show that the use of the split infinitive is in no case necessary or even defensible.

"I ask you gently to speak to this man." This sentence is ambiguous, but the split infinitive is not necessary to make the meaning clear. Its two meanings, of course, are:—

(a) "I gently ask you to speak . . ."

(b) "I ask you to speak gently . . ."

Now let us replace "gently" once more by "kindly":—

"I ask you kindly to speak to this man."

This sentence bears the same two meanings as the preceding one, and the ambiguity can be got over in the same way; but, in addition, it is capable of a third meaning:—

(c) "I ask you to be so kind as to speak to this man."

And this meaning cannot be clearly expressed by any arrangement of the words of the sentence, not even by the use of the split infinitive.

(d) "I ask you to kindly speak to this man"

is still ambiguous on account of the double meaning of the word "kindly." Notice that this is the case corresponding to the original example of the split infinitive,

"I ask you to kindly clear out that drawer,"

which has been defended because it is not ambiguous. I hope I have made it clear that it is saved from ambiguity only because "kindly" in its first sense cannot well be applied to the second verb. In general the split infinitive will not save a sentence of this form from ambiguity; and if it occasionally does so, surely that is no sufficient reason for its use. The proper way to overcome the difficulty is to turn the sentence differently—to throw it into the form (c). The English language is elastic enough. It is perhaps on account of that very elasticity that ambiguity is of so frequent occurrence; but the necessity of avoiding it is no excuse for looseness of grammar or impurity of style.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

March 4.

J. C. S.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins has two new works for this year. The first will be the letters of Lady Anne Barnard, describing "South Africa a Century Ago," to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Lady Anne Barnard composed "Auld Robin Gray" a quarter of a century before she went to the Cape, her husband being Colonial Secretary there under Lord Macartney. Her journals at the Cape are printed in the "Lives of the Lindsays," Lady Anne being the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarra. The series of letters now being published with a memoir by Mr. Wilkins were written to Lord Melville. Mr. Wilkins' other work is a history of "Caroline of Anspach and her Times," to be published by Messrs. Longmans.

A Life of the Rev. Joseph Parker has been written by Mr. Albert Dawson, his secretary, and will be published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge.

Baedeker is about to include Russia in his series of English hand-books. His French and German hand-books for Russia have been for some time in the market. The work of translation has been entrusted to Mr. Wirt Gerrare.

Publishers never seem to tire of bringing out new editions of White's "Selborne." Besides Mr. Freemantle's, one is announced by Messrs. Methuen and another by Messrs. Dent for their "Temple Classics." The same series is to include "Adam Bede," in two volumes, which, with the reprints published by Blackwood and Lane, will make three

new editions of George Eliot's novel this spring. The "Temple Classics" are also to include the Italian text of Dante's "Purgatorio," together with a translation by J. Okey—the text revised by Dr. Oelsner and the arguments by the Rev. Philip Wicksteed. Among the volumes in hand for the Temple Cyclopædic Primers are "Greek and Roman Mythology," by Dr. H. Stending, and "Tennyson," by Moreton Luce. For the Temple Dramatists is Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister," edited, with notes, glossary, &c., by W. H. Williams and P. A. Robin; for the Mediæval Towns Series, "Bruges," by E. Gilliat Smith, illustrated by Edith Calvert; for the Master Musicians Series, "Handel," by C. F. Abdy Williams; and for the Haddon Hall Library, "Cricket and Golf," by the Hon. Robert H. Lytton, and "Birdwatching," by Edmund Selous. Messrs. Dent also announce "Florentine Villas," by Janet Ross, to be published in limited editions, with photogravures of Zocchi's rare engravings; "The Working of the Constitution of the United Kingdom," by Mr. Leonard Courtney; "Oswald von Wolkenstein," by Mme. Linden Villari; "Imperial London," by Arthur H. Beavan; "Romantic Essex," by R. A. Beckett, and a second edition of Canon Rawnsley's "Ballads of the War," with forty additional ballads and many portraits.

Besides Lord Percy's "Highlands in Asiatic Turkey" and Mr. Richard Bagot's new novel "Casting of Nets," Mr. Arnold's announcements include "The Khaki Alphabet," by L. D. Powles, illustrated by Mr. Tom Browne; and "The Journal of Mrs. Fenton in India and the Colonies, 1826-1830," which was held over from last autumn.

There is to be another volume on "The Man in the Iron Mask" this Spring—written by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, and published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Of the novels announced by the same publishers besides "This Body of Death," by Adeline Sargeant, "His Own Father," by W. E. Norris, will be published next week. "Children of Hermes," by Hume Nisbet, and "The Mother of Emeralds," by Fergus Hume, are in the press.

A propos of the new work by Mr. Hanna on the Scotch-Irish settlers in America, the Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, author of the standard "Lives of the Irish Saints," has been engaged for years upon a history of the Irish in America. It was almost ready for publication at the end of 1898, when a fire at the printer's destroyed the work. Luckily, most of the proofs had been kept, and the volume is now approaching completion again. This fire should find a record in the history of "The Calamities of Authors," for by it quite a large number of Irish books have been made scarce.

The volumes completing the series of "Periods of European History," edited by Mr. Arthur Hassall and published by Messrs. Rivington, are almost ready. It is nearly two years since the last volume was published—"Europe in the Sixteenth Century" by A. H. Johnson, M.A.—but the delay has been unavoidable. "The Close of the Middle Ages," by Professor Lodge, will be ready this month, and the final volume, "Modern Europe, from A.D. 1815," by A. W. Alison Phillips—a work which Professor Prothero had arranged to write but which he relinquished on taking over the editorship of the *Quarterly*—is expected in April. Messrs. Rivington also announce "A Class Book of English History," by Mr. Arthur Hassall, to be ready probably in June, and, for publication a little later, "A History of Rome," for the use of middle and upper forms of schools, &c., by J. L. Myers, M.A. For their "Books of the Bible" Series the same publishers announce "The Book of Joshua," by the Rev. F. W. Spurling, Vice-Principal of Keble College; "The Books of Ezra and Nehemiah," by the Rev. P. W. H. Kettleworth; and "St. John's Gospel," by the Rev. A. E. Hillard. The next two volumes in their series of "Oxford Church Text Books" are "A Manual of Confirmation," by the Rev. T. Field, Warden of Radley, and "A History of the Church to 325"—announced for April. Among their other forthcoming volumes are "Greek Manuals of Church Doctrine," to be published this month for the Eastern Church Association; "Elements of Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. T. A. Lacey (April or June); "The Gospel according to St. Mark," by the Rev. F. L. H. Millard, M.A. (expected shortly in "Rivington's Handbooks to the Bible

and Prayer Books"); "The Minor Festivals of the Anglican Calendar," by the Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, and "The Books of the New Testament," by the Rev. Leighton Pullan; and "Synesius the Helene," by the Rev. W. S. Crawford. "The London Diocese Book, Church Calendar, and General Almanack," which Messrs. Rivington usually have ready in February, is late in making its appearance, owing, we understand, to the delay in filling the vacancy caused by the death of the Bishop of London.

This month Mr. Nutt hopes to issue the first volume of his new series, "The Ancient East"—translations of a new German series of scientific studies, written in a popular style, describing the recent discoveries in Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian archæology. The English translations have been made by Miss Jane Hutchinson, and short bibliographies are added. The first volume will be "The Realms of the Dead in Ancient Egypt," by Professor Alfred Wiedemann. Later will come volumes two to six of Professor W. P. Ker's edition of Lord Berner's translation of "The Chronicle of Froissart" ("Tudor Translations"), the first volume of which was received by subscribers at the beginning of the year. The next volume in the Grimm Library will be "Studies on the Legend of Sir Lancelot du Lac," by Miss Jessie L. Weston, an important Arthurian work. Miss Maynadier's "Wife of Bath's Tale," which should have appeared before Miss Weston's book in the Grimm Library, may be expected about Easter. Another volume announced by Mr. Nutt is No. 4 in "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers"—"The Chevalier de St. George and the Jacobite Movements in his Favour, 1701-1720," edited by Mr. C. Sanford Terry, giving, with the same editor's book on "The Rising of 1745" (published last year), the pith of the contemporary literature describing the Jacobite risings.

Dr. Henry Charles Lea, whose "History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church" (Swan, Sonnenschein), is well known, has written a history of "The Moriscos of Spain, their Conversion and Expulsion," which will be published in America by Messrs. Lea Brothers, and will probably appear simultaneously here. Much new matter has been forthcoming as to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, which is utilized by Dr. Lea.

Those who knew the late Mr. S. J. Stone, the author of "The Church's One Foundation" and "Weary of Earth and Laden with my Sin," only as a hymn writer will shortly have an opportunity of making acquaintance with him as a preacher, Messrs. Skeffington having a volume of his sermons in the press, most of them preached recently at All-Hallows-on-the-Wall.

A new edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," with a commentary, has been prepared at the request of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, by the Rev. Arthur W. Robinson, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Wakefield. Mrs. Hildegard Hinde's Grammar of the Masai Language will also be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press. Masai is practically an unknown language, the only attempts previously made at classifying it being Ehrhardt's Vocabulary (Wurtemberg, 1857), containing about a thousand words, without grammatical rules, and Sir Harry Johnstone's vocabulary and notes in his account of the Kilima Njaro Expedition. Mrs. Hinde bases her own work on two years' personal study among the Masai people.

Besides the books we announced last week, Messrs. Pearson will publish during the Spring "The Confessions of a Poacher," by J. Connell; "The Game of Billiards and How to Play it," by John Roberts; "Domestic Ditties," with words and music by A. S. Scott-Gatty and illustrations by A. T. S. Scott-Gatty; "How to Take and Fake Photographs," by Clive Holland; and "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by Violet Biddle.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new book, "Impertinent Dialogues," is to be published by Mr. Arrowsmith in his Zenda Library early in April next.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge announce "Lord Rosebery, Imperialist," by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, author of "J. M. Barrie and his Books."

Messrs. Methuen announce a Commentary on Psalm cxix., entitled "The Way of Holiness," by the Rev. R. M. Benson, of the Cowley Mission. A key to the interpretation is derived from the mystical meaning which by common consent is given to the various numbers, and as each of the twenty-two sections derives its number from the value of the letter in the Hebrew alphabet, this number is recognized as supplying the intention of the several sections, and it gives a fresh signification to the same phrase when it occurs over and over again.

The next volume in the Vigo Cabinet Series will be a volume of poems by the Rev. Guy Bridges, entitled "Sea Verse."

Other books to come from Mr. Elkin Mathews this Spring will be "Songs of Lucilla," by an anonymous lady author; and "Poems," by Mr. C. J. W. Farwell, son of Mr. Justice Farwell.

Messrs. Skeffington have in preparation a volume on the ecclesiastical situation, written in the form of a romance, entitled "Catholic Usages," by "John Myre," and a volume of stories of East Anglian fisherfolk, entitled "Odd Fish," by the Rev. Athol Forbes, the vicar of Gorleston.

Mr. James Clegg (Aldine Press, Rochdale) is publishing, by subscription, the complete writings, with memoir, of Oliver Ormerod, the well-known Rochdale dialect writer, editor of the *Rochdale Spectator*, and author of the "Rachde Felley."

Books to look out for at once.

- FICTION—**
 "On Peter's Island." By A. R. and M. E. Ropes. J. Murray. 6s.
 [A Novel of Russian Life.]
 "Ballast." By Myra Swan. Longmans. 6s.
 "A Woman of Yesterday." By C. A. Mason. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
 "Cities and Citizens." By the Author of "A Colony of Meroy." H. Marshall. 6s.
 "The Lone Star Rush." By Edmund Mitchell. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
 "Taken by Assault." By Morley Roberts. Sands. 6s.
 [A Romance of the Boer War.]
 "The Heritage." By Edwin Pugh and Godfrey Burchett. Sands. 6s.
 "New York: A Novel." By Edgar Fawcett. Sands. 6s.
 "Good Souls of Cider Land." By Walter Raymond. Grant Richards. 6s.
 [West Country Stories.]
BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY—
 "Victoria, Queen and Empress." By David Campbell. Illustrated. Nimmo, Hay and Mitchell. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
 "Britain's King and Queen. The Story of their lives." By T. Paul. Shaw. 3s. 6d.
 "F. Max Muller. My Autobiography. A Fragment." Edited by his Son. Illustrated. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
 "The Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers." By his Son, Lieut.-Colonel Spencer Childers. Illustrated. Murray. 2 vols.
MISCELLANEOUS—
 "Dopes: A Criticism of American Arts and English Efforts." By "Nathaniel Gubbins." Everett. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.
 [On the subject of "doping" racehorses.]
 "How to Write Fiction." Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
POLITICAL AND MILITARY—
 "Law and Policy of Annexation." By C. F. Randolph, New York Bar. Longmans. 9s. net.
 [Advocates withdrawal from the Philippines.]
 "The Truth about Newfoundland." By B. Willson. Richards. 3s. 6d.
 "History of the Gordon Highlanders from its Formation in 1794 to 1816." By C. G. Gardyne. Douglas. 28s. net.
 "British Power and Thought: a Historical Inquiry." By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. Smith, Elder. 6s.
 "Wrecking the Empire." By J. M. Robertson. Grant Richards. 5s.
TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY—
 "Highlands of Asiatic Turkey." By Earl Percy. Arnold. 14s. net.
 "Play and Politics: Recollections of Malaya." By an Old Resident. Gardner and Darton. 3s. 6d.
 "German Life in Town and Country." By W. H. Dawson. Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.
 [New volume of "Our Neighbours" Series.]
HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY—
 "Historical Development of Modern Europe, 1815-1897." By C. M. Andrews. Putnam. 12s. 6d.
 "The North Americans of Yesterday." By F. S. Dellenbaugh. Putnam. 21s.
 [Study of North-American Indian customs and products, on the theory of the Ethnic Unity of the Race.]
THEOLOGY—
 "Good Friday Sermons preached in Chichester Cathedral." By J. H. Mee. Mowbray. 2s. 6d. net.
 "Parochial Sermons." By the late S. J. Stone, Rector of All Hallows'-on-the-Wall. Skeffington. 4s.
ART AND THE DRAMA—
 "The Frescoes in the Sistine Chapel in Rome." By Evelyn March Phillips. Illustrated. Murray. 6s. net.
 "Pinturicchio." By Evelyn March Phillips. Bell. 5s. net.
 [Handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.]
 "Four Great Venetians." By F. P. Stearns. Putnam. 9s.
 [Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Il Veronese.]
 "Premières of the Year." By J. T. Grein. Macquenn. 3s. 6d.
POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES—
 "The Passing of Queen Victoria: The Poets' Tribute." H. Marshall. [Includes contributions by Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. W. E. Henley, Sir Lewis Morris, and "Violet Fane."] 5s.
 "In Scipio's Gardens, and other Poems." By S. V. Cole. Putnam. 5s.
 "A Life in Song." By G. L. Raymond. Putnam. 5s.
 "Wings of the Morning: Essays and a Sermon." By W. C. Roberts. Putnam. 5s.
 "Leaves from the Golden Legend." Illustrated by H. M. Watts. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
NEW EDITIONS—
 "Wild Wales." By George Borrow. Murray. 6s.
 ["The Complete Edition of Borrow's Works." Illustrated by A. S. Hartrick.]
 "Adam Bede." Warwick Ed. Blackwood. 2s. n., 2s. 6d. n., and 3s. n.
 "Old Mortality." Border Edition. Macmillan. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Shifting Scenes; or, Memories of Many Men in Many Lands. By the Rt. Hon. Sir E. Malet, G.C.B., &c. 8½x5in., 335 pp.

Murray. 10s. 6d. n.
William Harley, A Citizen of Glasgow. By J. Galloway. 7½x5in., 60 pp. Glasgow. Morison.

Mr. John Burns, M.P. By G. H. Knott. (The Bijou Biographies.) 5x3in., 90 pp. Drane. 6d.

Charles W. Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. An Historical Study, 1735-1806. By Lord E. Fitzmaurice. 9x5½in., 147 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.

CLASSICAL.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The Three Literary Letters. Trans. by W. Rhye Roberts. Litt.D. 9x6in., 232 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 6s.

Tranquillity of Mind. Providence. By L. Annaeus Seneca. Trans. by W. B. Langford, Ph.D. 6x4in., 141 pp. Putnam. 3s. 6d.

DRAMA.

Au-Delà des Forêts. Première et Deuxième Parties. By Björnsterne Björnson. Traduction de MM. Auguste Monnier et Littmannson. Paris. Stock. Fr.3.50.

EDUCATIONAL.

Juvenal. (Coll. Series of Latin Authors.) Ed. by H. P. Wright. 7½x5in., 240 pp. Arnold. 6s. 6d.

Macmillan's Latin Course. By W. E. P. Pantia. 7x4½in., 310 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Education in the Nineteenth Century. Ed. by R. D. Roberts. 7½x5in., 274 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 4s.

FICTION.

Strange Happenings. By W. E. Norris, W. Clark Russell, and Others. 7½x5in., 300 pp. Methuen. 6s.

The Life Romantic. By Richard Le Gallienne. 7½x5in., 323 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

This Body of Death. By Adeline Sergeant. 7½x5in., 335 pp. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

The Girl at the Half Way House. By E. Hough. (The Dollar Library.) 7½x5in., 308 pp. Heinemann. 4s.

The Lesser Evil. By Ica D. Hardy. 7½x5in., 302 pp. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

John Townley. A Tale for the Times. By R. Thynne. 7½x5in., 346 pp. Drane. 6s.

Sesa. By H. St. John Haikes. 7½x5in., 311 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

The Ship's Adventure. By H. Clark Russell. 7½x5in., 302 pp. Constable. 6s.

The Banner of St. George. By M. Bramston. 7½x5in., 267 pp. Duckworth. 3s. 6d.

The Fitzdoodle Memoirs. By Lord Adolphus Fitzdoodle. 7½x5in., 170 pp. Leadhall Press. 1s.

Nine Spinnies. By the Rev. S. Mostyn. 7½x5in., 180 pp. Leadhall Press. 2s. 6d.

Madame Marie, Singer. By Esther Dale. 7½x5in., 270 pp. Leadhall Press. 3s. 6d.

The Emu's Head. By C. Dave. 7½x5in., 337 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

Days of Doubt. By Alice M. Meadows. 7½x5in., 348 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

The Survivor. By E. P. Oppenheim. 7½x5in., 310 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

The Mayor of Littlejey. By F. C. Smale. 7½x5in., 317 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

Love and Honour. By M. E. Carr. 7½x5in., 313 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

The Shadow of Gilead. By M. Gerard. 7½x5in., 324 pp. H. Marshall. 3s. 6d.

Secoundrels & Co. By Coulson Kernahan. 8x5½in., 292 pp. Rev. F. W. O. Ward. 3s. 6d.

As a Twig is Bent. By Lucas Cleve. 7½x5in., 308 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Rival Chalmants. By Sarah Tytler. 7½x5in., 305 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

Mary Bray X Her Mark. By Jenner Tayler. 7½x5in., 233 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

Twixt Devil and Deep Sea. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. 7½x5in., 312 pp. Pearson. 6s.

A Honeymoon in Space. By G. Griffiths. 7½x5in., 301 pp. Pearson. 6s.

A Lesson for Life. By Clarence Cook. 7½x5in., 131 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s.

HISTORY.

Alfred the Great. By W. H. Draper. 7½x5in., 143 pp. Stock. 5s.

Princes and Poisoners. By F. Funck-Brentano. Trans. by G. Maidment. 7½x5in., 377 pp. Duckworth. 6s.

Annals of Politics and Culture (1492-1899). By G. P. Gooch. 9x6in., 530 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 7s. 6d.

A Treatise on the History of Confession to A.D. 1215. By C. M. Roberts. B.D. 7½x5in., 194 pp. Cam. Un. Press. 3s. 6d.

Historic Towns of the Southern States. Ed. by L. P. Powell. 8½x6in., 604 pp. Putnam. 15s. n.

LAW.

The Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I.O.U's. By J. W. Smith. 7x4½in., 193 pp. E. Wilson. 1s. 6d.

Cordingley's Dictionary of Stock Exchange Terms. 7½x5in., 95 pp. E. Wilson. 2s. 6d. n.

LITERARY.

Ephemera Critica. Plain Truths about Current Literature. By J. Churton Collins. 7½x5in., 379 pp. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Théâtre de Melhac et Halévy de l'Académie Française. Vol. IV. La Boule-Le Petit Hôtel-Le Bouquet-La Vie Parisienne-Madame Attend Monsieur. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Book of Shakings. By F. T. Bullen. 8½x5½in., 389 pp. Pearson. 6s.

The "Good Man" of the 18th Century. By Charles Whitlock. 7½x5in., 274 pp. Allen. 6s.

The Annual Charities Register and Digest for 1901. 8½x5½in., 742 pp. Longmans. 4s.

Practical Bookkeeping. (Advanced.) By W. D. Aldham and W. E. Holland. 7½x5in., 228 pp. Allman. 2s.

POETRY.

Irish Leaves. By J. Robinson. 7½x5in., 276 pp. Digby, Long. 7s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

Egypt and the Hinterland. By F. W. Fuller. 9x5½in., 333 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

The Politician's Handbook. By H. Whates. 10x6½in., 280 pp. Vacher. 6s. n.

A Diary of the Unionist Parliament, 1895-1900. By H. W. Lucy. 9x6in., 418 pp. Arrowsmith.

REPRINTS.

The Prophet of the Great Rocky Mountains. By C. E. Craddock. 7½x5in., 304 pp. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

Walton's Complete Angler. (The Sportsman's Classics.) 6½x4½in., 229 pp. Gay & Bird. 1s. 6d. n.

The Coral Island. By R. M. Ballantyne. 7½x5in., 372 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s.

Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. (The Miscra Library.) 7½x5in., 203 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

What is Christianity? (Theological Trans. Lib.) By A. Harneck. Trans. by T. B. Saunders. 9x5½in., 301 pp. Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.

The Philosophy of Religion in England and America. By A. Caldecott. D.D. 9x6in., 434 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

New Century Hymns. By the Rev. F. W. O. Ward. 8½x5½in., 224 pp. "Home Words" Office. 5s.

TRAVEL.

The Cyclist's Touring Guides Vol. I.-England (South). By A. N. Ramney. 7½x5in., 109 pp. Philip. 1s.

Through Siberia. By J. Standing. 9x6½in., 311 pp. Constable. 18s.

A Picturesque History of Yorkshire. Part XVII. Dent. 1s. n.

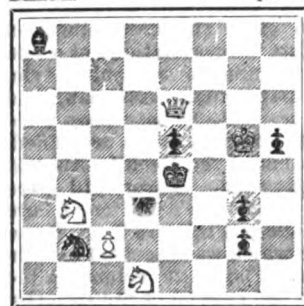
CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXXXVII.

By N. MAXIMOV, Russia.

BLACK. 7 pieces.



WHITE. 5 pieces. White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXXXVIII.

By E. PRADIGNAT, France.

(a first-prize winner).

BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces. White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 139. by A. Troitzky, Russia. White (five pieces)—K at Q R 6; Q at K R 3 pawns; at K R 6, Q R 5, Q Kt 7. Black (seven pieces)—K at K R 2; Q at Q R 8; B at Q Kt sq; Kt at K R sq; pawns at K Kt 4, Q B 2, Q Kt 4. White to play and draw.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A novel event of Saturday last was a telephone match, City of London v. Birmingham. Lawrence (City) and Atkins played at board 1, and drew. Herbert Jacobs (City) defeated the Dudley champion (Bellingham) in 18 moves. E. O. Jones (City) lost to B. D. Wilmot a game in which he was a piece to the good; Lewis (Birmingham) beat Barlow. Ward v. Hollins and Passmore v. A. J. Mackenzie were to be adjudicated by Mr. Blackburne. Probably City will win both, and this would give them the match.

A number of problem tournaments are being organized. One of the latest is a two-move contest in a well-conducted column, Leeds Mercury Supplement. Our No. 138 is first in Nuova Rivista degli Scacchi (Italy). La Strategie (Paris) has a tourney in progress with 400 entries. This is somewhat of a record; but the old monthly magazine has the confidence of the chess world, being well managed by the publisher, M. J. Preti.

THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT.—The final scores were as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Alapin, S.	8½	4½	Mason, J.	4½	8½
Blackburne, J. H.	6½	6½	Mieses, J.	7	8
Didier, E.	0½	12½	Rapporto, A.	4½	8½
Gunsberg, I.	6½	6½	Scheve, T. von	8	4
Janowski, D.	10½	7½	Schlechter, C.	9½	3½
Marco, G.	8	7	Tschigorin, M. I.	9	4
Marshall, F. J.	5½	7½	Winawer, S.	4	9

D. Janowski (Russia) wins first prize; the second is secured by C. Schlechter (Vienna), who has played finely; Tschigorin (Russia) and Th. von Scheve (Germany) divide third and fourth; S. Alapin (late of Russia) is fifth; and Mieses is sixth. Alapin and Von Scheve have not been heard of much recently; they tied with Tinsley for seventh prize in Manchester, 1890. A stupid novel rule was to score ½ for the first draw. On replying, if the game was won, the winner scored only another ½.

GAME No. LXVIII.—Played in Russia. Messrs. Bartolitsch and Tschigorin consulting against Lewin and Janowski:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K4	15. O-Kt-Q5	Kt×Kt
2. P-KB4	P-Q4	16. Kt×Kt	Q-B4 ch
3. Kt-KB3	P×K P	17. Q-B2	Q-Q3
4. Kt×P	Kt-Q2	18. P-B5	P-KB3
5. P-Q4	P×P P	19. K-R-Qsq	P-QKt4
6. B×P	B-Q3	20. R-K3	R×R
7. Castles	K-Kt-B3	21. Q×R	K-Bsq
8. Kt-B4	B-B4 ch	22. Kt-B3	Q-K4
9. B-Q3	Q×Q	23. Q×Q	P×Q
10. Kt-Q B3	R-Ksq	24. Kt×P	K-K2
11. Q-B3	B×Bch	25. Kt×BP	R-Kt sq
12. Kt×B	Kt-B4	26. Kt-Q5 ch	K-B2
13. O-R-Qsq	Kt×B	27. P-Kt3 and wins.	
14. P×Kt	Q-K2		

GAME No. LXIX. A brilliant game, played recently in Bohemia:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Q. Jelincik	J. Z.	Q. Jelincik	J. Z.
1. P-K4	P-K3	13. P×Q P	Kt×P
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	14. P×P	P×P
3. P×P	P×P	15. Kt-Q4	Castles K R
4. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	16. B×P	P×B
5. B-Q3	B-K3	17. R×B	P×R
6. Castles	R-Q3	18. Kt×P	Q-B3
7. R-Ksq	P-KR3	19. Q-Kt4 ch	K-W2
8. B-K3	P-QB3	20. Q-Kt5 ch	K-K2
9. Q-Kt-Q2	Q-B2	21. R-Ksq	Kt-K4
10. Kt-Bsq	Q-Kt-Q2	22. Kt×R	R×Kt
11. R-Rsq	P-QKt3	23. R×Kt ch and wins.	
12. P-B4	P-B4		

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 178. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	191, 192, 193
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Canada in English Fiction," by Robert Machray	193
FOREIGN LETTER—France	195
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	196
REVIEWS—	
Ephemera Critica	197
Through Siberia	199
Medieval Towns—	
Constantinople—Rome—Assisi	199
Turkey in Europe	201
Efficiency and Empire—Education in the Nineteenth Century—	
Myths of Greece—Greek and Roman Mythology—Australasia—	
French Life in Town and Country—Annals of Politics and	
Culture—The Science of Civilization—National Life from the	
Standpoint of Science—Imitation—Dissent in England—Confes-	
sion and Absolution—History of Confession to A.D. 1215—Mr.	
John Burns, M.P.—Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror,	
&c.	202, 203, 204
Turner's Contributions to Public Exhibitions	204
Anne Mainwaring—A Wayside Weed—The Tapu of Banderah—	
A Narrow Way—In the Name of a Woman—Veronica Verdant	
—The Aftertaste—Duke Rodney's Secret—The Conscience of	
Gilbert Pollard—Julie—The Ivory Bride—Adventures of Merry-	
man Brothers—The Marriage of True Minds—An American	
Woman—Second Love	206, 207
ART NOTES	205, 206
CORRESPONDENCE—The Shakespeare First Folio (Mr. Sidney Lee)—	
The Late Mr. F. S. Ellis (Dr. J. A. H. Murray)—Apocryphal Stories	
—Mr. Wheatley's "Pepys" in America (The Clark University	
Librarian)—The Split Infinitive—"The Aftertaste"	207, 208, 209
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	209
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	209, 210

NOTES OF THE DAY.

It is a curious fact that the woman with ideas of her own—she used to be called "the new woman"—plays little or no part in contemporary English fiction or drama. Mrs. Ebb Smith is, perhaps, the one exception. It is quite otherwise on the Continent. In French contemporary fiction, in German contemporary drama, she is now quite a familiar figure. She is the heroine of Fulda's *Kameraden*, of Halbo's *Muttererde*, of Sudermann's *Heimat*, of Ernst Rosmer's *Dammerung*, and of Max Dreyer's *In Behandlung*, just presented by the German theatre in London, to name only a few plays taken at random. In one or two she is treated with respect; generally she is insulted and derided. The reason of this is that in England the professional woman has become so much a matter of course that she does not attract attention as she does on the Continent.

An English audience can hardly understand the chief motive of Max Dreyer's *In Behandlung*. The heroine, a woman doctor, is well fitted for her profession, and wishes to practise it in her native town. Her relatives and friends express a holy horror at the mere notion of such a proceeding. Her fiancé jilts her, her landlady gives her notice to quit, her landlord makes her insulting proposals, and her female friends cut her. A way out of the *impasse* is found in a platonic marriage with a man doctor under whose protection she pursues her profession unmolested. In this she achieves success. But the platonic arrangement, of course, breaks down, and we leave the husband and wife awake to the fact that it does not satisfy them. Some comedy is naturally forthcoming with such a plot, but the fun

struck us as needlessly coarse and disagreeable. It was scarcely atoned for by the strong common sense of the old uncle who makes a sort of commenting chorus, admirably played by Georg Worlitzsch. We prefer to reserve our criticism of Max Dreyer until we have seen his latest production, *Der Probekandidat*, promised for the end of the month.

A good many contradictory statements have been made as to the book by Captain Dreyfus which M. Fasquelle is to publish and of which Messrs. MacClure will issue an American edition. We may state that the book is a complete narrative, what the French would call a *simple récit*, of five years of this officer's life—"Cinq Années de ma Vie," indeed, will be the French title. It includes the diary kept by Captain Dreyfus at the Ile du Diable—but this is only an episode, as the book starts at the very beginning, and ends after the Rennes trial. It is a plain, straightforward tale, crowded with facts, and absolutely free from declamation. There are no expostulations, no recriminations. Captain Dreyfus, in fact, has had but one aim—namely, to contribute to the dossier of this famous case the facts which he alone was in a position to note; and the absence of personal feeling adds greatly to the importance of the book. The book contains many letters from the captain's wife.

The literary paragraphist is spreading himself in all directions, and if his *personalia* are not always trustworthy, that does not matter much to readers who prefer literary news to literature. This remark, however, is not meant to apply to the paragraphs now appearing in the *Morning Post* and the *Daily News*. We gladly note in the latter the reappearance of "S. G.," who disappeared at the beginning of the year from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In his *causerie* on "Parsons in Fiction" one noted some omissions—you cannot exhaust the novelist's Crockford in a column; indeed, one might fill the column from George Eliot herself, let alone Trollope. "Editor's Study" in the current *Harper*, by the way, contains the misstatement that George Eliot was a clergyman's daughter. Caleb Garth was the portrait she drew of her father, who acted in some subordinate capacity of agent on the Newdigate estate. Writers who enlarge upon Dickens' treatment of the clergy almost always forget the Rev. Frank Milvey in "Our Mutual Friend," who shows Dickens' respect for Anglicanism. In the French list the reader of French fiction will certainly miss the name of l'Abbé Tigrane and his creator Ferdinand Fabre, who has been called by some the French Trollope and by others the Clerical Balzac. And the Abbé Constantin has a multitude of friends. The fiction of "S.G.'s" own country has just made delightful additions to the gallery of Roman priests in Father Sheehan's "My New Curate."

The Rev. William Arthur's works have had an immense circulation both here and in America. His championship of the North during the Civil War made him popular with American Methodists, while his pamphlet "Shall the Loyal be Deserted and the Disloyal set over Them?" published at the time of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of Mr. Gladstone, coming from a loyal Irishman holding a distinguished position in their

own community, carried great weight with English Nonconformists. Beyond the limits of his own denomination Mr. Arthur was best known, perhaps, for the story of his two years' work in India, entitled "A Mission in the Mysore"; the memoir of Mr. Samuel Budgett, of Bristol, entitled "The Successful Merchant"; and "The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity." Several of his works are now published by Messrs. Bemrose and Sons, who are about to reprint the people's edition of "The Tongue of Fire." Among the other works by Mr. Arthur published by Messrs. Bemrose are "Religion without God: I.—Positivism and Mr. Frederic Harrison. II.—Agnosticism and Mr. Herbert Spencer"; and "God without Religion: Deism and Sir Fitzjames Stephens."

The new Bishop of London has published a number of successful little books. Here is a chronological list of them:—

"Old Testament Difficulties: Papers for Working Men." (1892.) "New Testament Difficulties." (1893.) S.P.C.K. 6d. each.

"The Ideal Worker: Addresses at Keble College." (1894.) S.P.C.K. 3d.

"Work in Great Cities: Six Lectures on Pastoral Theology, delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge, Easter Term, 1895." (Now in Third Edition.) Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.

"Church Difficulties." (1896.) S.P.C.K. 1s.

"Messengers, Watchmen, and Stewards: Addresses to Clergy at Loughton." (1896, now in second edition.) Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

"The Men Who Crucify Christ: A Course of Lent Lectures." (1896, now in fourth ed.) Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

"Friends of the Master: A Sequel to 'The Men who Crucify Christ.'" (1897, now in fourth ed.) Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

"Good Shepherds: Addresses for those preparing for Holy Orders at the Clergy School, Leeds." (1898.) Wells Gardner, 1s. 6d.

"Reasons for Faith: Lectures to Men at St. Paul's Cathedral." (1900.) S.P.C.K. 6d.

Dr. Ingram's appointment is leading to an increased demand for his books, especially for "Work in great Cities," his best known publication, which contains an introduction by Bishop Ryle, of Exeter. Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. are about to add to the list by publishing "The Afterflow of a Great Reign"—four sermons recently preached at St. Paul's.

Messrs. Longmans list contains a posthumous work by the late Canon Bright—two further volumes of Church history, entitled "The Age of the Fathers."

When as yet Mr. Bernard Shaw was not so much oppressed with fame as he is to-day he wrote a very original and amusing novel about a prize-fighter called "Cashel Byron's Profession." Mr. Grant Richards is going to publish a new edition of it, for which Mr. Shaw has written a new preface. Mr. Shaw has told us that he writes prefaces because he has the capacity to do so—it was an additional disability of Shakespeare that he could not write prefaces. We only hope that, as he has the giant's strength, he will not be tyrannous in the use of it. The preface to the "Plays for Puritans" was nearly as long as Hegel's preface to his "Phenomenology of Spirit," but it was not so entertaining.

Among lady artists in bookbinding there is no one whose work is of more promise than that of Miss Katharine Adams. This was amply proved by the exhibition of books bound by her which drew "all Oxford," and a good many connoisseurs who had travelled specially from London, to Worcester-house, Oxford, last Friday and Saturday. Miss Adams binds with an originality that makes her work particularly interesting. Her bindings are all specially appropriate to their books. "Venetian Life" appeared in a noble heraldic cover, stamped, according to the correct forms of

heraldry, with the Lion of St. Mark. An Omar Khayyám was adorned with a remarkable peacock and vine-branch design. The Daniel Press edition of the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" was chastely radiant in pure white vellum, relieved with silver bosses. And in all the bindings shown there was beauty and thoroughness of execution and a happy grasp of idea. The large number of visitors bore witness to the growing interest in this branch of artistic handicraft.

There has recently come to light among the papers of Maximilian II. of Bavaria an interesting poem in MS. addressed by the King, when he was Crown Prince, to Queen Victoria, and written about 1835. The Crown Prince had a "Herzens Neigung" for the young Queen and he travelled, against his father's wishes and under the assumed name of "Bürgermeister von Kempeten," to England to see Queen Victoria's wedding. The poem was, we believe, never seen by the Queen. It is as follows:—

Wenn einst auf Deiner Väter Throne (!),
Dich ruft des Allmächt'gen Wort,
Dann leucht' als schönster Stein der Krone
Die Eintracht Dir—der Völker Hort.
Dir ward das schönste Loos beschieden,
Das jemals Sterbliche beglückt'
Zu wahren treu den gold'nen Frieden,
Zu bannen, was die Welt bedrückt.
Es wird Dein Arm die Welt umfassen,
Die hoffend Dir entgegensieht;
Du wirst versöhnen, die sich hassen
Und nähern, was sich feindlich flieht.
Dann schweigt der Kampf der Partheyen,
Vor Deiner Liebe Zauberton.
Der Wahrheit wirst Du Kraft verleihen,
Der Völker Segen ist Dein Lohn.
Die Flagge sehe (!) ich kühner fliegen,
Der alle Meere unterthan,
Und alle Völker ihr erliegen,
Die feindlich sich der Starken nah'n.
Ich seh' zum fernsten Pol sie dringen,
Den Finsterniss umfassen hält,
Den Segen der Kultur ihr bringen,
Die Freiheit der erstaunten Welt.
Ein schöner Nam' ist Dir gegeben.
Er sei der Britten (!) Lösungswort.
Er führ' Dein Volk in Tod und Leben,
Victoria tön' es fort und fort!

We append a translation, without attempting an English metrical version:—

If once to the throne of your fathers
The Almighty word calls you,
Then will shine as the brightest jewel in your crown
Unity (or Concord)—the Peoples' Home (or Refuge),
To you was given the most beautiful fate
That ever gladdened mortal,
To preserve faithfully golden Peace,
To banish what oppresses the world.
Your arm will embrace the world
Which looks hopefully towards you;
You will unite those who hate
And make those to meet who flee as enemies.
Then will be silenced the battle-cry of the Parthians
By your enchanted tones of Love,
You will lend strength to Truth,
Your people's blessing is your reward.
I see the flag flying more boldly,
To which all seas are subject,
And all people succumbing to it,
Who approach its strength as enemies.
I see it pressing to the furthest Pole
Which lies imprisoned in darkness,
Bringing the blessings of Culture,
Of Freedom to the astonished world.
A beautiful name is given you.
Be it Britain's talisman,
May it lead your people in death and life,
Victoria, may it sound for ever and ever!

We are reviewing Mr. Churton Collins' "Ephemera Critica" in another column; but one of the contentions of that very controversial work suggests a prelection here. It is one of the author's griefs that

Critical Standards. circumstances conspire to lower, and keep low, the standard by which reviewers judge the writings of their contemporaries, to prevent the fierce exposure of incompetence, and to cause the works of "the average man" to be belauded as works of genius. He sees critics bestowing praise where it is undeserved, some of them because they know no better, and others because they have axes of their own to grind; he sees truculent publishers insisting that praise is the *quid pro quo* of advertisement; he sees editors, anxious for the commercial interests of their proprietors, shrugging their shoulders and bowing their heads before the storm. It must be admitted that the world would be different from what it is if these phenomena were not to be discerned in it. As the philosopher remarked, "there is a great deal of human nature in"—even literary—"man." It is as "human," some may argue, to say what you can for a friend's book in a review as to say what you can for his character in a testimonial. It is "human" to be angry if a journal makes a constant practice of describing as worthless the wares which you pay its proprietor for bringing before the notice of the world. It is also "human" to desire to dwell in amity with the people with whom you do business, and to wish to conduct that business at a profit. What is human, however, we need scarcely add, is not necessarily right; and it is still necessary to face the question—Does this obviously human attitude of reviewers towards books exist to any large extent, and does it produce such terrible consequences, and cause such a failure of justice, as Mr. Churton Collins imagines in his wrath? There are no doubt a few popular papers in which literature has to rank with the fashions and the police news. There are reviewers who do their work on the principle that you must not look a gift horse in the mouth, and that, if a publisher sends you a book, you ought to say something pleasant about it, just as you would if he sent you a box of cigars. But this is unquestionably not the method adopted in the offices of the chief organs of criticism which have reputations for literary discernment to lose. Their reviewers are certainly no more afraid of exposing incompetence where they discern it than were Jeffrey and Christopher North; and their exposures are not less thorough because they are usually more polite. If their standard seems to fluctuate, that is because different critics have different standards, and one man cannot possibly review all the books that are published. If their normal standard, more particularly in the case of works of poetry and fiction, is not high enough to satisfy Mr. Churton Collins, the reasons for pitching it a little lower are not what Mr. Collins supposes. The publisher who approaches the editor in the "no song no supper" style is a figment of Mr. Churton Collins' imagination. The papers in which publishers advertise most freely are certainly not the papers that take the line that every book is as good as every other book, and that all books are everything that they ought to be. It would be invidious, but it would be easy, to mention names. On the other hand, what is there to be gained by abusing a writer like a pick-pocket because his poetry is not so good as Shakespeare's or his fiction as Thackeray's? Just as the duchess cannot understand the social distinction that exists between the wife of the chemist and the wife of the grocer, so the critic who takes this high and mighty line is necessarily blinded to the differences between the work that is poor, the work that is passable, and the work that is fairly good. In days of cheap printing, and of comparatively uneducated but intellectually aspiring masses, you cannot do away with "passable" literature; you cannot even ignore it. But it is the business of the critic, in a work-a-day world, to point out these differences, and to give respectable work its due meed of commendation as well as to salute genius and show up pretentious imposture. And this can only be done by applying tests to which at least a perceptible proportion of living writers can reasonably be expected to approximate.

Personal Views.

CANADA IN ENGLISH FICTION.

It cannot be said at the present time that Canada bulks largely in English literature either as regards the output of books, which in themselves may deserve to be considered works of literary merit, or with respect to the use made by men of letters of its history, modes of life, scenery, and other specially characteristic features, as backgrounds for the setting forth of literary presentments. Hitherto Canada has supplied but little "local colour" to writers of eminence in this country, the United States, or even the Dominion itself. I do not know that this need be a matter for much surprise in the circumstances. So far as Canada is concerned, the scramble, the rough-and-tumble, the sheer stress of life incident to a new country, afford some explanation of its literary poverty; but it will not do to press this argument of the "newness" of Canada too sharply, when it is remembered that more than three centuries and a-half have passed since Jacques Cartier of St. Malo sailed up the St. Lawrence and took possession of the picturesque peninsula of Gaspé in the name of Francis I. And yet, for obvious reasons, it is to Canadian, rather than to British or "American" authors that we must look for a literature English, but distinctively Canadian.

It must be admitted, I am afraid, that one cause of the comparative literary barrenness of the Dominion lies in the fact that Canada has never shown any remarkably robust disposition to support the efforts of its literary sons. Indeed, literature, as a career, having attached to it the necessary bread and butter, has been scarcely possible in Montreal, Toronto, or elsewhere over there. The best writers, with whole-souled unanimity, have migrated to New York, Boston, and London. Mr. Robert Barr, himself a Canadian author (he has at least one Canadian novel; it deals with the Fenian Raid, if my memory is not at fault), who has shaken the dust of Canada from off his shoes, pointed out in a couple of witty and amusing articles, published in the *Canadian Magazine* in 1899, that it was not because of the leanness of Canadian purses that this state of things prevailed. In semi-humorous, semi-serious vein, he elaborated statistics to demonstrate that if the people of the Dominion spent on literature of home production only a tithe of the amount they spent on whisky, also a native product, the Canadian man of letters would flourish like the bay-tree. He declared that Canada was the "poorest book-market outside Senegambia!" Of course, Mr. Barr, with the licence of the caricaturist, overstates his case, but there is, unfortunately, a good deal of truth in what he says. On the other hand, it may be urged with fairness that Canada has received, and still receives, vast quantities of books—in fact, the literature of the world—in the form of cheap editions and reprints (including, doubtless, copies of Mr. Barr's works) from both England and the United States, and that these enter into competition with the "native product" to its very considerable detriment.

It seems to me, however, that there are to be observed several welcome signs of the Break o' Day, amongst which the following may be noted:—

I. Much attention is now being devoted to the study and writing of the history of Canada.

II. A school—it is the accepted but perhaps not altogether most appropriate term—of Canadian poets has appeared.

III. [Canada in fiction, at least in the work of one novelist, has achieved conspicuous success.

Miss Machar, a Canadian poetess, has well sung of her native land that it is—

"A country on whose birth there smiled the genius of romance."

Canada is full of attraction, of inspiration, particularly on the historical side, for the writer of novels. As it comes through the mellowing mist of the years, a wonderful many-coloured tissue of stirring incident and striking adventure, there is no more fascinating and absorbing story than that of the French régime in Canada, from its beginning in the sixteenth century to its splendid, heroically tragic close on the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, in 1759. Hardly less replete with suggestively picturesque material are the narratives of the early explorers and pioneers, Jesuit missionaries, traders, fur-hunters, *coureurs de bois*, who penetrated the pathless wildernesses of the interior, set their frail barks afloat on the Great Lakes, discovered the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi, and passed beyond the barriers of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. The tale of hapless Acadie—the subject of Longfellow's "Evangeline"—has gone round the world, while an even finer theme is presented in the settlement of the Eastern Townships and the shores of Lake Ontario by the United Empire Loyalists who, at the loss of all but life, voluntarily expatriated themselves from the Thirteen States because of their quenchless fidelity to the British Crown. The salient features of the later annals of Canada—the war of 1812-14, the Papineau and Mackenzie rebellions, and the like—offer abundant scope for "romantic treatment."

Canada is also a promising field for the exploitation of the fictionist on account of its many well-defined, widely contrasted types of life, and of the novelty of the settings in which pictures of these types can be framed. The *habitant* of Quebec, in simplicity, contentment, frugality, happy ignorance of "views" or "problems," a sort of big, joyous child; his half-brother in primitive, patriarchal virtues and pleasures, the Acadian; the lusty, sturdy, capable, self-reliant, perhaps just a trifle self-sufficient, farmer of Ontario and Manitoba; the lumberman from the fragrant pine and cedar forests of the north and furthest west; the miner of the Kootenay, the Klondyke, and the Lake of the Woods; the ranchman of the plains; the east-coast fisherman, the west-coast salmon-canner; English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, Mennonites, Icelanders, Swedes, Galicians, Indians, Chinese—a medley, fantastic and incongruous when huddled into a paragraph, but which when "strung out" along a base-line that runs from rise to set of sun, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Newfoundland to Vancouver, resolves its elements readily and auspiciously to the man who has eyes to see, ears to hear, and the heart to understand.

The "great Canadian novel," which sums up inclusively and satisfyingly the chief phases of Canadian life, has certainly not yet been written; as a matter of fact, the time is not ripe for it. But there is plenty of excellent, preparatory (so to speak) material for novels making studies of both the higher and lower social and political life of the Dominion, as it may be viewed in the political atmosphere of Ottawa, in the "society" of Toronto and Montreal, or in the freer, more fluid, more kaleidoscopic life of Winnipeg and the West.

It might be supposed that in a country, aboriginally Red Indian, romances of the Fenimore Cooper type would abound, but Major Richardson's "Wacousta, or The Prophecy," written some sixty or seventy years ago, is the only one I can recall. So far the great majority of Canadian novels have old French Canada or modern Quebec—the province rather than the city of

that name—for their backgrounds. Among the earliest and best of these was *Le Chien d'Or*, by William Kirby of Niagara, a book which, if crude in style, is not without a certain vigour, its *mise en scène* being the time of the infamous Intendant of Quebec, Bigot. In the list of novels of this class the "Trail of the Sword" and "The Seats of the Mighty" (one of the happiest titles, it seems to me, in the whole range of romantic fiction) by Mr. Gilbert Parker, must be placed first; they are very probably the only Canadian novels known to most of my readers. I am afraid that if I had meant by "Canada in English Fiction" novels having Canada as the field of their action which were widely read in England I should have had pretty well to confine myself to the works of Mr. Parker; but "English Fiction," it will be granted in these piping days of Big Englandism, need not necessarily be published in England itself. And so, presently, I shall speak of other Canadian novel writers who make claim, with more or less urgency, to favourable notice.

Mr. Parker has presented three aspects of life in Canada; one looks to the past, the others are more of to-day. In the two novels mentioned above he gives us pictures of Old French Canada, and we may take the word of so accomplished a French Canadian as Sir John Bourinot, the present Clerk of the Dominion House of Commons, for their faithfulness and general excellence. As becomes a gallant gentleman writing of vanquished foemen, Mr. Parker is inclined to be kind in his portraiture of the undeniably picturesque figures of "Nouvelle France," and I do not grumble at that—on the contrary; but I sometimes wonder that he has not essayed the story of the United Empire Loyalists, one of the most moving and heroic stories in the world, however badly told in ordinary histories. In what may be termed the Pontiac group of Mr. Parker's works, including the "Pomp of the Lavilletes," "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," and several of his short stories, he sets forth the Canadian *habitant*. Mr. Parker writes of "Jean Baptiste" with humour, insight, and sympathy, but Mr. Louis Fréchette, who is the present laureate of French Canada, gives what appears to me a truer and more intimate though from the literary point of view not so finished, a presentation of the *habitant* in a volume of short stories recently published under the title of "Christmas in French Canada." As regards the third division of Mr. Parker's Canadian work, the tales associated with "Pretty Pierre" and his people of the Hudson's Bay Company and Rupert's Land, Pierre is such a character as never was on land or sea, but we enjoy him none the less on that account—even in spite of the fact that he and Macavoy, the *Lovely Bully* of Fort O'Angel, and one or two other of Pierre's people, are rather reminiscent of Kipling's favourites.

Of Canada in English fiction Mr. Gilbert Parker is the great apostle. Among other Canadian novelists who have been attracted by striking episodes in the national history mention must be made of Mrs. Catherwood ("Romance of Dollard," "Tonty," and the "Lady of Fort St. John"), Blanche Lucile Macdonnell ("Diane of Ville Marie"), William McLennan ("The Span o' Life"), Mr. Marquis ("Marguerite de Roberval"), and W. D. Lighthall ("The False Chevalier"). "The Forest of Bourg Marie," by Mrs. Harrison, is a splendid piece of literary work; it is another capital picture of the *habitant*, that curious, interesting individual's ignorance, quaintness and *naïveté* being painted with admirable touch. Both "A Sister of Evangeline" and "The Forge in the Forest," by C. G. D. Roberts, are excellent novels, and it is surprising that they have not met with larger popularity in this country;

as the title of the former of the two may indicate, their plots are worked out amidst Acadian surroundings. An entirely different environment is to be found in the novels of Mrs. Joanna Wood, who writes of rural life in Ontario in "A Daughter of Witches" and "The Untempered Wind," while Gordon's "Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkirks," takes us into the heart of the mountains.

Some years have passed since I lived in Canada, and writing at this distance not only of time, as one might say, but also of place, from it, I do not try to do more than give a rough impression of the subject. In the years that are to come the position of Canada must inevitably be infinitely greater than it has been in the past, and it is quite safe to prophesy that this greatness will be manifested in literature as in every other province of its unfolding activities. What I have said may perhaps serve to show that the present contains presage and promise of future performance.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

Foreign Letter.

FRANCE.

In History and in Memoirs, a literary form in which the French are prolific, the year has begun brilliantly. I allude rapidly to the appearance of a second volume of those "Mémoires du Général d'Andigné" (Plon-Nourrit et Cie.), that valiant leader of the Chouans, whom the erudite M. Biré has so happily introduced to the public. The new volume brings the story down to 1830, including, with the close of the *Chouannerie*, the prisons and the exiles under the Empire, the first Restoration, and the Hundred Days. Crowded with anecdotes, this record of the adventures of a typical general of the *épopée* offers a fresh point of view from which to survey this entire period so inexhaustible in its interest.

A document less rich in matter, and of less range, is the volume published by the same house for General Hardÿ de Périni, containing the private letters of his grandfather, General Jean Hardÿ, from 1797 to 1802. This officer was one of the most remarkable of those who led the victorious armies of the First Republic. A quartermaster when the Revolution broke out, he won at Valmy his epaulettes as major, and after a brilliant campaign with the armies of Sambre and Meuse took part in the expedition to Ireland, and was captured by the English. The book contains a curious letter from him to Lord Cornwallis, interceding in favour of General Wolfe Tone, who had been put in irons as a vulgar criminal. Lord Cornwallis replied that, for him, Wolfe Tone was a common traitor "who wanted to return to Ireland to attempt by force of arms what he had been unable to accomplish by intrigue, and who had unceasingly scattered rebellion and discord broadcast." This book shows that it was not merely Napoleon's Marshals who deserved to be remembered, but that a host of other officers, whose names are inscribed, but never read, on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, owe to the accident of their early death the lot of *quasi-oblivion* which, in at least one case, it is the merit of this book to alter.

The same house gives us also two immense volumes entitled "Fouché, 1759-1820," by M. Louis Madelin, a former member of the French School at Rome, who recently presented this formidable package of something more than a thousand pages as a thesis at the Sorbonne. Fouché, of course, has been the *bête noire* of all the historians of the Revolution and Empire. He stands forth in popular opinion as the type of ingenious rascality and genial suppleness, as artistic and symbolic as Tartuffe. To have been, however, an accomplice, or associate, of Robespierre, Tallien, Barras, Sièyes, Talleyrand, Murat, Metternich, Wellington, Carnot, Napoleon, and all the other Bonapartes and Bourbons implies a role more distinguished than has been preserved

in popular legend; and this work of M. Madelin puts the Duke of Otranto in a light which gives his physiognomy a somewhat rehabilitated and unfamiliar air. M. Madelin, who is a trained scholar, has ransacked for his purpose manuscripts and archives never before utilized, in both public and private collections. There is something original in the very idea of contemplating French history from the point of view of the fixed star of Fouché. For fixed star he is, in spite of his variations and exiles. *Régimes* totter and fall from 1789 to 1820, but Fouché, the first and greatest *fonctionnaire* in modern French history, remained, with passing eclipses of disfavour, a luminary shining with his own special light, one of the most penetrating students of the human heart which ever diplomacy and politics produced. To recount the substance of these two volumes would be to relate once more the most crowded history of modern Europe. It is enough to say that, seen from the angle from which M. Madelin views it with Fouché, it assumes an interest curiously new.

This study of Fouché illustrates one of the most curious phenomena of this long period of upheaval—namely the facility with which each successive *régime* rallied about it the parasitic *personnel* that had besieged the Court of its immediate predecessor. And a very charming book, the life of the father of the Maréchal de Castellane, which the Comtesse de Boulaincourt-Marles, the Maréchal's daughter, has just published, "Boniface Louis André de Castellane," 1758-1837 (Plon-Nourrit et Cie.), might be cited as a monograph in proof of this general statement. Boniface de Castellane was what may be called one of the Opportunist nobles, who, in spite of his liberal ideas, more than once proven at the *Etats-Généraux* and the Assembly, was constantly harassed by the Revolution in the Château at Aubergenville, whither he retired after the deposition of Louis XVI., and was finally imprisoned at Saint Germain and in the Conciergerie. The letters revealing the efforts of a Courcelles family to extricate him, throwing, as they do, penetrating light on the details of Parisian life at the moment, form, with the proofs of the devotion of the inhabitants of Aubergenville, who intervened again and again at their own peril for his release, the chief interest of the early pages of this volume. It suggests the suspicion that all France was not so ripe for the Revolution as Taine would have us think. The story of the boyhood of the future Marshal at Aubergenville after his father's release is charming and instructive. Later on, M. de Castellane becomes one of Napoleon's Prefects in the Basses-Pyrénées, whither he transports his wife and boy, leasing the château to Mme. de Staël. After the wife's death, when Boni rushes to the wars, the letters exchanged between him and his father reveal a rare mutual confidence. The filial relation is very French and singularly un-English. It almost deserves to be classed in some modern Ciceronian *De Officiis*. These letters, moreover, are crowded with the details of the Prefect's life at Pau and at Bayonne, with the King and Queen of Holland, and, finally, with the Emperor, whose energy and capacity for work are the admiration of Boniface. Napoleon has his eye upon everything, and at Pau one of his chief pre-occupations is road-making. Meanwhile, Boni is with the Grand Army fighting gloriously, yet never letting a day go by, even during the terrible retreat from Moscow, without writing to his father, and even finding time to make those famous notes of daily events that were published recently. Napoleon falls, and after the second return of the Bourbons M. de Castellane is elected Deputy for the Basses-Pyrénées, where he is as popular as ever. But he never takes his seat, for Louis XVIII. makes him a Peer. Striking glimpses are given us of men and things in Paris. There is a clear-cut portrait of the capricious but brilliantly original personality of De Pradt, Archbishop of Malines; Wellington and Canning pass across the scene, and Boni takes a cup of tea with the latter at Mme. de Staël's. He goes to the Duke of Wellington's ball, although an ex-Prefect of the Emperor. He hobnobs with the Allies. All the while he remains ardently liberal, defends the liberty of the Press, and admires "Les Provinciales," which he thinks Voltaire imitated,

but detests the insipidity of Marmontel, wherein he is right.

Not less suggestive is the monograph by M. Masson—his new volume entitled “Josephine Repudiée, 1800-1814” (Ollendorff). What a world of *parvenus* and, to use M. Barrès' word, *déracinés*, was that in which France sought to find its way after the upheaval of the Revolution! And what it was that this far-reaching cataclysm shattered we may learn afresh by the final pages of those studies of the old *régime* which the Comte d'Haussonville has just published in his second volume of “La Duchesse de Bourgogne et l'Alliance Savoyarde sous Louis XIV.” (Calmann-Lévy). Through the pages of this book blows the serene air which murmurs through the foliage of the chestnut trees on the terrace of Saint Germain—and the stately terrace itself is an *alexandrin* a verse of Racine. Comte d'Haussonville is himself a *gentilhomme* of the old school, and such is the subtle, elevating influence of contact with this world of Bossuet-orations and of courtly *bienséance* that his style assumes a perfection of taste, a measured serenity which recall the qualities of that charming and typical document, the “Princesse de Clèves.” This long story of how Louis XIV. solved the art of being grandfather, in company with such great personages as Fénelon and Victor Amédée of Savoy, and with such little ones as the gay Princess ill-mated with the grave young Duc de Bourgogne, is a contribution to history, but it is still more an addition to literature. It supplies a rich contrast with the spirit of our own democratic moment, and with the epoch with which we have just been dealing on which M. Masson, M. Madelin, and, in spite of herself, the Comtesse de Boulaincourt are fascinating authorities. Of this old *régime* the only thing which after the Revolution seems to subsist is the sentiment which we call “snobism.” The individual members of this post-Revolutionary society, whatever their affiliations in the past, always cling like limpets to every magical wand plunged into the seething vat of social interests by the master-hand of a Napoleon or any of his successors. It was a mark of Napoleon's political insight to have facilitated this upward movement. But if for ladies and gentlemen of M. de Castellane's world the effort to keep well upon the surface was made without too much loss of dignity, the abundant petty illustrations of this phenomenon which M. Masson offers us in his astonishingly detailed account of the last five years of Josephine's life somewhat strain our tolerance.

M. Masson shows us that Josephine was the *petite femme* of a *grand homme*, and that Napoleon himself was often as ridiculous as men less *grand* are wont to be in similar circumstances. She deserved her fate, and, of the two, Napoleon was made the more miserable by the divorce—a divorce, by the way, which was never really complete. But the whole epoch is strewn with the *débris* of social conventions. All who have read M. Masson's three volumes on Josephine will now wish to learn what became of Napoleon when alone with a single spouse. This story will be the subject of his next volume, “L'Impératrice Marie Louise.”

But, in reviewing the two epochs, pre-Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary, we must not neglect to note the survival in the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth of many of those individual, uncourtly traits which even the genius of Richelieu could not completely suppress. To enable the reader to correct his generalizations it is a duty to call attention to the curious little volume by the Vicomte G. d'Avenel on “La Noblesse Française sous Richelieu” (Colin), in which we have a picture richer in its details than that offered us by M. Hanotaux or by M. V. du Bled in his “La Société Française du XVI^e Siècle au XX^e Siècle” (Perrin) of what may be called the psychologic and social state of French ladies and gentlemen at a moment nearer Montaigne than Bossuet, a moment almost as brutally picturesque as that of the Elizabethan period in England. The Vicomte d'Avenel studies in separate chapters the rights, the duties, the temper of the French nobles, the rôle of the women, the revenues, the extraordinary expenses in which great families, like *nouveaux riches* to-day, ruined themselves and their descend-

ants simply to make a brave show, the whole question of gallantry, the general, unbridled exhibition of what the French nowadays suppose to be traits imported from Chicago—in a word, gives us an inkling of a state of things nearly as unstable as that in which the sublime *parvenu* Napoleon put a certain amount of order. Napoleon, *parvenu* as he was, was in the tradition of the old Monarchy. He continued the work which Louis XIII.'s Minister only began, and did it so well that since his time Governments have come and gone without much altering the essential features of the system on which he organized France.

The completeness of his success has just been pictured in the new novel of the Brothers Marguerite, in which they painted the tragic moments of the war of 1871. And the recent reprint by Garnier of Amédée Le Faure's “Histoire de la Guerre Franco-Allemande,” which M. Désiré Lacroix has undertaken to bring up to date, as well as each successive volume of Professor Zévort's “Histoire de la Troisième République” (Alcan), notably the latest, containing the history of Boulangism, simply confirm this general theory of French history, to wit, that we are virtually still living under the organization due to Napoleon, and that it is because of the solidity of this structure that in great crises the nation still hangs together, confuting all the prognostics of persons brought up in societies less organized. During the last few days we have had, in the “Cents Jours du Siège à la Prefecture de Police,” (Plon), by M. Cresson, the Prefect of Police during the bombardment of Paris and the Civil War, a series of important details as to life in Paris at that moment which confirms the view upon which I have been insisting. Here is an instance of the kind of thing M. Cresson has to tell us. M. Clémenceau had given the orders, while mayor of Montmartre, for the manufacture of the Orsini bombs. Summoned to the Prefecture, M. Clémenceau confessed, saying that the bombs were to be used purely as defensive weapons in case of street battles. M. Clémenceau finally was constrained to give them up, and they were transported with immense precautions to the Fort of Vincennes. M. Cresson also has an entertaining story to tell of the efforts made to conceal the Venus of Milo in anticipation of the sacking or baring of the Louvre. This book, in fact, is full of curious matter.

The Paris police service seems to have been better directed under the Third Republic than in the old days when M. de Castellane became its victim. There are no signs here of such arbitrary methods as sully the record of the dealings of the police with the infamous Marquis de Sade, the story of whose wife is told by M. Ginisty in “La Marquise de Sade” (Fasquelle). It is no book of scandal; it simply tells the angelic, preternatural loyalty of the wife of a scoundrel. M. Ginisty has come upon an old package of letters at the Arsenal which offer us the most improbable and touching example of conjugal fidelity which we have had in literature since the revelations as to the loyalty of Marie Pypelinex, Rubens' mother, to her unfaithful husband. In contrast with this saintly figure of the *marquise* the half-legendary figure of de Sade, however, becomes all the more odious—yet certainly more tangible and real.

W. M. F.

THE DRAMA.

Mlle. Bartet on Histrionics.

There is no one better qualified to discourse on the art of acting than that exquisite artist Julia Bartet. It is true that she is not, like Sarah Bernhardt or Eleonora Duse, an actress of world-wide fame; but that is because she has remained faithful to the House of Molière, where, and where only, survive the classic repertory and the classic traditions of which she is perhaps the most perfect exponent. She is essentially a classic artist, exhibiting, that is to say, “order in beauty,” purity of outline, rather than the vivid colour, the headlong assaults on the nerves, which mark the romantic school. Hers is a marmorean style—and it is significant that in her remarks on acting in a recent number of the *Revue de Paris* she advises the study of antique marbles. “Aucun professeur de maintien,”

she says, "ne vous dira ce que vous révélera telle ou telle statue. Allez dans la salle de Phidias, et regardez marcher les jeunes filles du Parthénon." But under the marble there is the warm blood; Mlle. Bartet can represent the highly-strung modern woman to the life, as those know who have seen her Françillon. Still, the perpetual care for beauty governs her most violent outbursts. In the whirlwind of her passion she begets a temperance, as was said in another famous *causerie* on histrionics now some three centuries ago. What a woman of so disciplined an art does not know about acting is not knowledge, and it should be worth our while to consider for a moment what she has to say.

As she has the advantage of thinking and talking in French, her discourse has the logical symmetry and lucidity of an "elegant" demonstration in pure mathematics. Acting is resolved into the three elements of diction, gesture, and costume; the element of diction contains the two parts of naturalness and variety; and so forth. And, first, of natural diction—Are you to speak on the stage as you do in a drawing-room? No, answers Mlle. Bartet, and that for the all-sufficient reason that the acoustics of a theatre are not those of an ordinary apartment. Talk on the stage as you would at home and you will not be heard. The recent melancholy exodus of the Comédie Française has afforded the actress peculiar personal experience in this matter. As the company wandered from theatre to theatre she had to change the diapason and tone of her voice. And in the antique (and, of course, open-air) theatre at Orange she was compelled to abandon all the "fine shades" of declamation; the constant volume of voice required there would on any other stage have seemed exaggerated.

This question of "natural" diction and of "natural" acting generally, I may interject, is one of the most vexed in theatrical history. That terrible word "natural"! It leads to so many misunderstandings, as we all know, even without having read J. S. Mill. I venture to think that Mlle. Bartet is not quite free from misapprehension about it. She says Mlle. Clairon was the first to experiment in natural diction. But it is the tendency to claim for every actor a closer approximation to nature than his predecessors. The march towards realism has been very, very gradual. You cannot put your finger on one particular person or date and say it began just there. Garrick was considered more natural than Quin, Edmund Kean than Garrick, and so on. But the slow substitution of ordinary speech for pompous declamation has not been the work of any individual, but of the Time-Spirit and of the mechanical transformation of the stage from platform to picture-frame which I have already mentioned more than once in this review. Stage history is of all histories the most unscientific. We still read from time to time that "Æschylus introduced the second actor," a statement as scientifically valuable as that "Balbus built a wall." The arts do not "evolute" in that way.

The last word of "naturalness" in acting is said to have been spoken by M. Antoine and his company of the Théâtre-Libre; so I have seen it attributed in England (by Mr. Bernard Shaw, if I remember rightly) to the players of Ibsen. Again, I move as an amendment—the Time-Spirit. The old theory was that the audience heard the dialogue; the new is that they overhear it. That is to say, the invisible fourth wall of the room in which the action takes place was formerly held to be behind the audience; now it is held to be between them and the players. Hence the old practice of always speaking with your face to the public, making love to your sweetheart over her shoulder (in order that both faces might be seen), and other absurdities. In reality I suspect these absurdities to be of very little consequence; the protest against stage conventions generally proceeds from the more unimaginative playgoers. Some persons cannot abide a "soliloquy," others writhe at an "aside." But I am convinced that these things do not trouble the average playgoer, who, however unconsciously, knows that all drama, all art, is of necessity a convention, and who does not choose to strain at gnats, while swallowing a camel.

After naturalness comes variety, which Mlle. Bartet regards as the master quality of the dramatic artist. The great actor is great in tragedy and comedy—which is one reason why David Garrick was a greater actor than Edmund Kean. I should have liked Mlle. Bartet's opinion on the question, whether variety is not the especial quality which is tending to disappear? I submit that it is. The stage cannot escape from the general law of "specialization of function." Long runs, too—which mean small repertories—are against variety in acting. It is still possible at the Comédie Française. In London it has been reduced to a vanishing point. Our popular actor-managers like to go on repeating their old successes. The public look to a player for effects with which they are familiar.

As to gesture, it is all very well to recommend players to study the Elgin Marbles or the Watteaus in the Wallace Collection, but I cannot help thinking that a player has grace by nature or not at all. If Miss Mary Anderson had the pose of a Greek statue, if Mrs. Kendal or Miss Marion Terry exhibit perfect beauty of gesture and attitudes, if one actress at the St. James's swims into a room like a swan while another at Her Majesty's suggests rather the movement of a duck—why, it is, I think, because they were "built that way." Gait is a birth-right, not an accomplishment. "Elle a une démarche qui fait toc-toc," said Weiss of some actress or other, "et ne fait pas frou-frou." One might say this of many English actresses to-day; but gallantry forbids. Nor will I follow Mlle. Bartet into the awful mysteries of actresses' costumes; it would be effrontery to compete with the ladies who describe First Night dresses in the evening papers.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? That the art of histrionics "tends to approach more and more closely to nature and truth. There is, however, a degree of realism at which the artist is obliged to stop. And to warn him that he has reached this limit, his best guide is and always will be taste." Unfortunately, some players, in this matter of taste, are like Lady Teazle when she married Sir Peter.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH [LITERATURE.]

EPHEMERA CRITICA; OR, PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT CURRENT LITERATURE. By JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Churton Collins' volume of essays, sturdy both in bulk and character, is a book of uncommon interest and importance. It cannot, as we propose to show, be regarded as an altogether satisfactory essay in criticism, nor as quite bearing out the vigorous promises and menaces of its preface; it protests, indeed, rather than directs. But it is at least a collection of essays united in a common aim, and inspired by a genuine, if not always a perspicacious, enthusiasm for literature; it has something to say, and says it without fear or favour, and it may very probably serve to clear the ground for more measured and intimate criticism in the future. Such a book as this, even if its method be rather clumsy and out of centre, can scarcely fail to be of service to literature.

There are twenty-eight essays in the volume; but for the rough purposes of a review they group themselves into two divisions. The first three articles, on "The Present Functions of Criticism" and "English Literature at the Universities," present a sort of general arraignment of the present state of *Belles Lettres* in England; the remaining papers choose particular examples for dissection and judgment. Of Mr. Collins' general attitude to contemporary literature the opening passage of his preface will give sufficient indication:—

It is time for some one to speak out. When we compare the condition and prospects of Science in all its branches, its

organization, its standards, its aims, its representatives with those of Literature, how deplorable and how humiliating is the contrast! In the one we see an ordered realm, in the other mere chaos. The one, serious, strenuous, progressive, is displaying an energy as wonderful in what it has accomplished as in what it promises to accomplish; the other, without soul, without conscience, without nerve, aimless, listless, and decadent, appears to be stagnating, almost entirely, into the monopoly of those who are bent on utilizing and degrading it.

And, again, in another place:—

These essays are partly a protest and partly an experiment. As a protest they explain and, I hope, justify themselves; as an experiment they are an attempt to illustrate what we should be fortunate if we could see more frequently illustrated by abler hands. They are a series of studies in serious, patient, and absolutely impartial criticism, having for its object a comprehensive survey of the vices and defects, as well as of the merits, characteristic of current *Belle Lettres*.

This is, indeed, what the politician would call "a definite programme," and a book that should effectually carry it out would be of the highest value and interest to all who are concerned with literature. The present volume, however, is far from carrying out such a programme. To present "a comprehensive survey of the vices and defects, as well as of the merits, characteristic of current *Belle Lettres*" would require exceptional qualifications and a breadth of judgment scarcely to be expected in a single critic. From such a task Mr. Collins has not unnaturally shrunk; but the great drawback of his emphatic volume is that, having assumed the responsibility of this comprehensive survey, he has not even attempted to essay it. Instead of this promised survey we get some five and twenty separate essays—some of them reviews, others what are technically known as "middle articles"—almost all of which deal with isolated books by individual writers. From the standpoint of the literary review these articles are almost uniformly clever and effective. They abound in adroit point-making (some of it certainly a little ingenious and forced); and they display in Mr. Collins himself an almost encyclopædic acquaintance with details of literary history. Still, even as reviews they are not impeccably consistent. On one page we read that a contemporary writer "whatever his theme, poem, essay, novel, picture, contrives to serve it up with the same condiment, a sickly and nauseous compound of preciosity and sentimentalism"; and on turning the leaf we are told that "at his best his style is excellent—clear, lively, and engaging." The two statements are scarcely reconcilable, and this foible of inconsistency is characteristic of a good deal of Mr. Collins' plain-speaking. He condemns, for instance, and rightly condemns, the fulsome flattery of the unintelligent reviewer, by which "Socrates and Mr. X," "Shelley and Mr. Y," "Plato and Mr. Z," are introduced as running in double harness. But the risks of such praise, and the difficulties of avoiding it, are rather amusingly indicated in one of the few essays in which Mr. Collins indulges himself in the pleasant privilege of encomium, where Mr. Stephen Phillips' name is coupled with those of Dante and Petrarch, and in a single sentence we get such coloured phrases as "intensity and vividness," "suggestive reservation, smiting phrase, clairvoyant picture-wording," and "pregnancy of tragic suggestiveness"—phrases which one would not have been surprised to find Mr. Collins condemning as the stock-in-trade of the stereotyped reviewer. It is, indeed, difficult to commend without hyperbole; and Mr. Collins is here the victim of the spirits which he has himself raised.

And these are only a few examples of a frequent lack of stability in taste and judgment which disfigures much of Mr. Collins' argument. Upon matters of fact he is remarkably accurate and acute; but in questions of taste he is rather too ready to assume that the direct contradiction of a critic's formula is in itself a disproof of its possibility. His judgment is generally too dogmatic, and too little accessible to ideas.

But, after all, the main failing of these reviews and occa-

sional articles is that they do not even begin to represent a "comprehensive survey" of the vices, defects, and merits of modern literature, and that in contenting himself with them rather than with a series of more elaborate and searching articles Mr. Collins has deprived his volume of really representative value. No induction can be proved from a single instance; and even if every book which Mr. Collins condemns were actually as incompetent as he represents it, he would still have left untouched a great deal of excellent work which has quite as much claim to be considered representative of the time as any of the works he discusses, and far more claim than many of them. This, indeed, Mr. Collins seems himself to appreciate.

We have still, indeed [he says], lingering among us a few masters whose works would have been an honour to any age; and here and there among writers may be discerned men who are honourably distinguished by a conscientious desire to excel, men who respect themselves and respect their calling.

This is, we believe, precisely true; and Mr. Collins must ask himself whether there has been any period of English literature in which more than a few men have existed "whose works would have been an honour to any age." Such men are inevitably few, and at the present time their activity is, no doubt, unduly overshadowed by the vast amount of bad work produced for ephemeral purposes. As Mr. Collins himself points out (only, with rather irritating inconsistency, to overlook it at the next turn of his argument), the spread of middle-class education has created an entirely new public for books, and a public which you cannot expect to inoculate at once with literary taste and judgment. Hence the propagation of libraries full of inferior stuff, and the multiplication of writing about inferior stuff and inconsiderable authors, with whom criticism has, very properly, nothing to do. But the critic must not mistake this sort of literary paragraphing and current reviewing for an invasion upon his own field; and, if he is wise, he will not lament that all men are not instantly made literary from the moment they learn to read. In a word, he will not desire the impossible.

Mr. Collins seems to ascribe the inferiority of current literature to two main evils—the prevalence of literary log-rolling, and the indolence and apathy of the Universities. Of the first of these evils he makes, in our judgment, far too much. Mutual admiration, most of it quite sincere even where it is mistaken, has always gone with the amenities of the literary fraternity. It existed in the days of the *Dunciad*; it was prevalent at the birth of the "Quarterlies"; it helped the youthful essays of Tennyson and Browning. Of course, it survives today; but not, we believe, to anything like the detrimental extent deplored by Mr. Collins. For, as he himself says in another place, "we very much question whether, in the case of publications which appeal directly to general readers, the fortune of a book is in any way affected by the arts of the log-roller," and the remark might be extended with equal justice to apply to all books of whatsoever complexion. Puffery never caused a bad article to prevail, nor gave it life beyond a butterfly's. And puffery has very little circulation beyond the narrow coterie of literary workers, whose influence is really much less effective than they themselves, in the seclusion of clubs and dining rooms, are apt to imagine.

Against the Universities Mr. Collins has certainly a stronger case; there is a good deal to be said in criticism of the present constitution of the School of English Literature at Oxford. The pedagogic fashion in which English literature is taught in our public schools is in itself enough to nauseate any normal school-boy, and to lead him to look upon the study of our national classics as a mere hunting-ground for "tips" and philological excrescences. But, when he condemns the absence of all study of classical parallelism in the Oxford school, Mr. Collins must not forget that the men who are reading honours in English would almost certainly have first taken "Honour Mods," where they would have read much that he desiderates, and in particular Aristotle's "Poetics." The period of the University course

is necessarily short, and only a certain amount of study can be crammed into its four years. And the man who is likely to get any good out of the study of English literature at all may be trusted to be capable of some comparison and correlation for himself.

Mr. Collins' attitude to study is, indeed, too exclusively that of the instructor; he leaves too little to individuality. The class of man whom he pictures (p. 68) as finished for life when he leaves the University, "without inducement to correct, to modify, or even materially to add to what has been imparted to him," is, we should hope, a very rare phenomenon. But if he is actually as common as Mr. Collins supposes, his very prevalence strikes at the root of the whole of Mr. Collins' system, and dissolves its fabric at a breath. For you cannot educate a man in English literature during the four years of a University course; and you cannot train in him the delicate plant of literary taste at all unless he has an inborn and sensitive aptitude for the study. Literature, after all, does not stand on the same level as science; and the first passage which we quoted from Mr. Collins carries its own criticism with it. An exact science admits of final rules, but the finest things in literature have been done in controversion of existing tradition. Science can be taught and explained, in its way, by rule of thumb; the vital spirit of literature is too subtle for analysis at the lecturer's desk. The teacher may discourse for an hour on the beauty of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," but he will never make his pupil appreciate its differentiating quality of poetry unless the pupil has an instinctive sense of poetic excellence. And the Universities may train, and critics may cease from mutual admiration and learn to labour disinterestedly for the high service of literature; but all the training and all the criticism will never touch the sensibilities of that many-headed multitude which will continue to devour and to enjoy the books which sound judgment will continue to deplore, to condemn, and to prove powerless to counteract.

And if Mr. Collins should ask us in return whether we therefore hold that false literary criticism and the apathy of Universities are to be left unassailed, we reply that they are certainly not to be left unassailed, but that the error lies in hoping that, even if they were reformed, they would really, as he chivalrously maintains, effect an immediate and wholesale reformation in the national tone and morals. The strenuous body of literary workers has always been a small one; and it will remain so to the end of criticism. The salt of literature and art—the men of taste—are always in a minority; and it is hopeless to think that machine-made education can take the place of the inherent qualities of breeding, refinement, and good taste. In time, no doubt, it works its way, slowly leavening the mass; but the transcendent qualities which mark the man of taste will always elude the educator, and spring up spontaneously like some beautiful flower, and often upon an unexpected soil.

SIBERIA.

Mr. J. Stadling went, on behalf of the Swedish Anthropological and Geographical Society, to search for Andrée on the northern coasts of Siberia—a fruitless quest. He now tells his story in *THROUGH SIBERIA* (Constable, 18s.), edited by Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard; and his failure to achieve the immediate purpose of his expedition has not hindered him from writing an exceptionally interesting book, which is a great deal more than an ordinary "relation of a journey." The editor, in fact, complains, in his preface, that Mr. Stadling has given us too little about his personal adventures, and too little about plants and animals. We think he has done wisely in giving us, instead of these things, information and a picture. Reading his pages, we realize the forests and the tundras, and that is better than knowing how many miles the traveller travelled in a day, and what he said to his companions about the mosquitoes, and what was the effect of tinned meat upon his appetite. Like all Northerners, Mr. Stadling is susceptible to the influence of

forest scenery. In an eloquent passage, he depicts its influence on the Russian immigrant:—

I see him in the midst of the tagna, whither he has gone alone to hunt and trap. By-and-by he is subdued by his surroundings. He feels no inclination to smile, and no songs now pass his lips—the voice of man sounds too strange in the death-silence of the endless forest, or is swallowed up by its wildly roaring music. He sees neither the rising nor the setting of the sun. It appears to him above one dark, impenetrable wall, and sets behind another alike sombre and gloomy. Wherever he looks, his eye only falls upon the mossy trunks, and the dark branches of the spruce. And with this his spiritual horizon also becomes more and more limited. Day by day he finds it more difficult to break through the dark circle which surrounds him and his home. The old songs are silenced, the old memories wither away and die, the old legends are forgotten. He is no longer the talkative and sociable Russian mujik; he becomes uncommunicative and gloomy; his look is no longer open and steady, but shy and restless like that of some wild beast looking for its prey.

The social life, such as it is, of these wilder parts of Siberia is also depicted by Mr. Stadling vividly and with plenty of circumstantial detail. He met many of the melancholy political exiles—men of culture doomed to live in the wilds with savages and making their names known to learned societies by their scientific observations—and he has many pathetic tales to tell about them. On the whole, indeed, his picture is a gloomy one, and hardly bears out the optimism of official expectations of the future of the country. The Siberians, we gather, are among the poorest, the most ignorant, and the most criminal of the peoples alleged to be civilized. It was the first fact borne in upon the writer by his first glance at a Siberian newspaper, and his impression was not weakened by the subsequent discovery of a plot, in which his driver was implicated, to rob and murder him in a forest:—

What struck me at the first glance were the long columns filled with notices of robberies and murders. Here, for example, is a notice of a herd of cattle and horses having been lifted on the steppe, there another of a daring burglary, followed by a list of several robberies and murders which had taken place in open daylight, and of travellers who had been attacked and killed by brigands, &c. And these events did not strike the Siberians as anything abnormal. To them they were common occurrences. In a town of some 30,000 inhabitants—Krasnoyarsk to wit—about 50 robberies with murder were said to occur annually.

Plenty of other facts follow, supporting the same conclusion, and throwing a lurid light upon the methods of Russian administration.

Altogether the book is one which no one who has any interest in the subject ought to miss. It is full of facts, and yet there is a strange characteristically Scandinavian vein of poetry running through it. The novelist who wants local colour for a Siberian story will find it a rich mine to quarry in; and books to which compliments of that kind can be paid are always readable. With their usual sense of the fitness of things Messrs. Constable have printed and bound the book luxuriously.

MEDIÆVAL TOWNS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—ROME.—ASSISI.

Constantinople.

Mr. Dent is fertile in new ideas, and the *Mediæval Towns Series* (4s. 6d. each), three volumes of which are before us, is one of his most felicitous. It is just such books that the traveller wants when he visits one of the historical cities of Europe. When Baedeker has told him what hotel to choose, and what turnings to take in walking there from the railway station, when Murray has warmed his heart with much information and many poetical extracts, he wants something which can be found in

neither of those excellent works; a sympathetic and brief history of the place, singling out events and persons of significance, and a connected account of the buildings he sees before him. Mr. Hutton, who writes *THE STORY OF CONSTANTINOPLE*, is fortunate in his subject. It would be impossible to find a town richer in historical associations, more romantic in its contrasts, more suggestive of the mystery and the terror of the East. Constantine's capital was the wonder of the world; we read of its wealth and magnificence with astonishment; and when we consider that the revival of learning was brought about by the flotsam and jetsam of a city twice sacked, we realize in some degree what her intellectual influence might have been if fortune had spared her. Greek, Roman, Persian, Abar, Saracen, Crusader, Venetian, Turk have all passed over this stage, and left their marks, more or less permanent, behind them. The factions of the circus give place to the political clubs, and in our own day to the Greek "Friendly Society," the Armenian Reformers, and the Young Turks Constantinople is ever the same. Heresies, schisms, iconoclasms have their share in the witches' sabbath. The Empresses alone would give matter for a whole book; Theodora and Sophia, Irene and Roxalana. And the men, what heights they rise to, in what depths they sink! In reading the sketch of Turkish history one is astounded that such an empire could endure for a generation. The Sultan is now an idiot, now a worn-out, debauched wreck; anon he is some poor creature who has been kept for thirty or forty years in "the Cage," a prisoner in his palace, waiting for the succession or the bowstring; and yet now and again this turmoil throws up a magnificent Suleiman or an inflexible Mahmud. Mr. Hutton with admirable clearness and good taste guides us through the centuries of uproar, from which we see the great figures emerge and play their part. His account of the buildings, the walls and ancient remains, churches, and mosques, is equally good. He is fortunate in having seen what few travellers see; and we find here not only a lucid description of St. Sophia as it was and as it is, but such buildings as St. Irene in the Seraglio, with its museum of Crusaders' armour, the machines of Alexius Comnenos, keys of conquered cities, bags of earth in token of conquest, swords and helmets of the Janissaries, even fragments of the great chain which once crossed the Golden Horn. The illustrations, too, are capital. We can recommend this book, whether for the pleasure of reading or for the traveller's use, with one reservation: the index should have been fuller.

Rome.

The advantage of "series" such as this of the Mediæval Towns is that they enable the traveller to choose his books without any trouble; the disadvantage is that it passes the wit of publishers to discover who is the writer best fitted to deal with each place. Such men generally find their own publisher, it is not the publisher who finds them; in the case of Rome, for instance, Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Stillman, living in the place, knowing and loving it well, were moved to write about it, but not for any series. The publisher has to go elsewhere for his "Mediæval Towns." In the case of Constantinople he could not have done better than secure Mr. Hutton. It is difficult in the case of *ROME* to see why he has gone to Mr. Young, who has no obvious qualifications for writing about Rome, except that he has been diligent for a space in the library, and has endeavoured to fulfil the art of book-making *e pluribus unum*. Now this art is so far a respectable one that it needs certain qualifications, such as a gift of style, a knack of condensation, and in the case of a work such as those in this series a general knowledge of history and some instinct for seeing and showing beautiful things. Mr. Young writes straightforwardly enough, and for this we are grateful; but he is hardly of much use as a *cicerone*. We might as well go about with a guide-book at once, and give up all hope of being shown what are the peculiar beauties in the architecture and sculpture that Rome affords in such bewildering profusion. The unutterable dulness and want of appreciation in the long lists of the guide-books is one of the reasons why we welcome these newer series of volumes on old towns and cathedrals; but in the case before us we see no

reason why Murray and Baedeker should not have been left to tell their own tale, while Mr. Young confined himself to history. It may be said that the Mediæval Town Series is, in fact, only historical; but Mr. Theodore Cook has shown in "The Story of Rouen" (also in this series) that a skilful writer can point out the beauties of a town and tell its history at the same time; and if "The Story of Rome" is only historical why does Mr. Young compete with the guide-books by giving us information (and very incomplete information) about the hotels, and by telling us how to do Rome in sixteen days? It is far better to leave the guide-books to their own province, and not to waste valuable space by overlapping.

Indeed, in the case of Rome, the very greatest care in condensation is necessary, so enormous is the history to be told. But Mr. Young is not good at condensing. He constantly repeats himself; as when he tells us twice of Luther's disgust at the rapidity with which Mass was said at Sta. Maria del Popolo, twice of Boccaccio's well-known story about the Jew who was converted to Christianity by the iniquities of Rome, twice of the discovery of St. Cecilia's body, and twice of the crushing effect which the façade of St. Peter's has upon the obelisk before it. Nor can he keep himself from lengthy digressions; he gives two pages to St. Benedict, who left Rome when a lad; and much space is wasted on subjects which belong to the history of Europe rather than of Rome; for instance, the account of the Crusades stretches from page 202 to page 208, of the Friars from 209 to 213, of the Inquisition from 213 to 217; Abelard, "the lover of the beautiful and talented Héloïse," absorbs half page 227 (the index says he is also mentioned on p. 251, but we cannot find him there), though he has nothing to do with Rome, while Julius Cæsar has to be content with one line. There is, indeed, no attempt at historical sequence in the most important part of the story of Rome—the classical part, to which only a few pages are given. Mr. Young seems to have spent most of his time upon the Dark Ages, and to have made little attempt to master the history of Rome in its best days. This history is dragged into the triumphal procession of Trajan, which Mr. Young conducts round its route—leaving it, for instance, as he passes the Colosseum, for ten pages about the games, and then jumping us back to the procession with "Behind the Colosseum Trajan saw the magnificent Baths of Titus of which some fragments still remain." In the writing of a guide-book—especially upon so delicate a subject as that of Rome—the obtrusion of personal views is peculiarly obnoxious. Mr. Young has a perfect right to his opinion that the Middle Ages did not end till 1859, and that the period between classical and modern times is "the valley of the shadow of hell," but he has no right whatever to give us two pages on his views about Darwinism and eternal punishment in a book like this. His knowledge of the period which he so characterizes seems to be limited by what he has read of the history of Rome. For instance, he describes the spirit of the Middle Ages as "individualism," a word which may, indeed, be applied to that exceptional and anarchic city, but no word is less true of the age which produced feudalism and the gild-system; again, when he speaks of isolation as a characteristic of monasticism we can only conclude that he has not studied the subject. Perhaps it is only by a slip of the pen that Mr. Young tells us that Trier is in France, but we have a right to look for accuracy about the present in a writer who moralizes so confidently upon the past. Mr. Young's views on architecture are sometimes contradictory. At the outset he notes the modern look of the classical architecture, which he regards as "a strange and significant fact," although it is fully accounted for by the debased classical style in which Italians love to build; again, on page 225 he reverts to the same theme—the mediæval buildings in Rome have an "aspect of hostile suspicion and glowing isolation," the pagans have "a modern look of frankness, of courage, of intelligent satisfaction" (we wish, by the way, we could detect these qualities in the architecture of modern Rome; in ancient Rome they were the result of the security of the world's mistress); so we are told to

contrast "the pagan and modern joy in light and air, the mediæval fear and hatred." We begin to wonder if Mr. Young has ever seen a Gothic cathedral; but at the end of the book we find he is not to be taken too seriously; for the Colosseum (which he revisits) reminds him that the "genius of classic Rome" was not only order but also "death, ugly death, with all its ugly show of blood and pallor"; the pagan architecture of St. Peter's (the spirit of old Rome, as he admits) gives him the impression of fear, which we had been told was mediæval, and he turns with relief to the thought of the great Gothic churches which "encourage the pilgrim to join in a common hymn of praise and devotion to the great God of Love in Heaven."

In spite of its faults, this pocketable little book will be useful to the traveller. It contains in a small compass a great deal of information about the past; and, on the whole, the story is told in a simple and interesting manner. Mr. Young gives a spirited account of the barbarian invasions, of the horrible internal revolutions, and of the swollen disastrous splendour of the Renaissance, which make up so large a part of the tragedy of Rome. The book is illustrated by Nelly Erichsen.

Assisi.

The third volume is of a different order, and seems to us to realize much more perfectly what appears to be the object of the series. This is *THE STORY OF ASSISI*, by Miss Lina Duff Gordon. The charm of the Franciscan legend is felt nowhere more strongly than at Assisi, where at every step there is something to bring the story of St. Francis vividly into mind, and where the beauty and pathos of the story may be most fully realized. Few who visit the Umbrian town fall short of this realization. Even those who are not touched by the sight of the mountain-side caves in which the Friars Minor retired themselves from the world; or interested in the frescoes of Giotto and the other masters who have filled the Upper and Lower Churches with the glory of their handiwork; or moved by the evidence of so many centuries of faith and feeling—even these are awed by the vastness of Santa Maria Degli Angeli and by the world-wide organization which has grown up out of the "Little Poor Man's" humble beginnings. Miss Lina Duff Gordon is clearly an enthusiast of the right kind—an enthusiast both for St. Francis and for the charm of the Umbrian country; both for the marvellous art of Italy and for the fascinating pages of history which show us mediæval manners and help us to understand the mediæval mind. Her little book is nearly all about the past. The present, indeed, is almost too sad to be written about. No town in Italy bears upon it the stamp of a more grinding poverty than Assisi. Yet it has a fascination, this poor city of the dead past, and no one who loves the story of Blessed Francis should miss an opportunity of submitting to its fascination. Nor should any one who visits Assisi fail to take with them Miss Duff Gordon's handy little volume, into which is packed so much of the history of the town; and, for the imaginative mind, so many vivid pictures of days long gone by, days of gay festival, days of fierce fight, treachery, and bloodshed, when battle, murder, and sudden death were the common lot, and yet had no power to depress the spirit of humanity or to check the joy of life which is of so great account in the reckoning up of Middle Age characteristics.

TURKS AND CHRISTIANS.

TURKEY IN EUROPE. By ODYSSEUS. 1900. (Arnold. 16s.)

Turkey has always had a fascination for diplomatists, and that "Odysseus" is a diplomatist, or at least a Consul, we make no manner of doubt, in spite of his endeavour to hoodwink us by an amusing and characteristically Turkish story in which he figures as a concession hunter. Who better than a diplomatist deserves a *nom de guerre* so migratory in precedent and so classical in association as the crafty "Odysseus"; and to whom but a Government officer would a Levantine apply for naturalization, as here related in *propria personâ*? Whoever he may be,

"Odysseus" knows his Turkey by heart. He has known it long enough to learn its languages, and, what is much more difficult, to understand its people—we do not say its ethnology, though he is fond of playing with this tantalizing subject, never more perilous or elusive than in the Balkan peninsula. We shall not discuss his race-theories, tempting as they are, lest we be drawn into a debate to which there is no probable end. This sort of speculation, however, is not so out of place in a book which treats of modern Turkey as it might appear. The author's aim was to try "to understand what is the real condition of Turkey, and of some neighbouring countries, and how that condition has arisen." In order to solve the question of origin, he is obliged to enter into discussions of race and history and religion. Hence a long chapter on Mahomedanism and another on the Orthodox Church, neither of which presents any remarkably new views, nor certainly any new facts. We could have done without them, but we admit that they are essential factors in the problem which, we presume, "Odysseus" set out to solve—the future of Turkey. But does he solve it? Not the least in the world. At the end of this thick volume we are as much in the dark as to the final developments of the Eastern Question as we were at the beginning.

But perhaps we wrong the author. He may have aimed at understanding Turkey as it is, whilst totally ignoring Turkey as she shall be. If such be his limitation, he has undoubtedly succeeded in his design. No recent book, and scarcely any older book, gives a more perspicuous and comprehending estimate of the present exceedingly mongrel population of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and none certainly describes it with a more graceful irony. One reason for this is a certain quality of aloofness which enables "Odysseus" to see facts without prejudice and describe evils without personal indignation. He is no reformer, or believer in Turkish reforms, and he is alive to the curious but indisputable fact that there is a very large proportion of the human race that decidedly objects to Western civilization. He does not argue the point, but presents us candidly with the opinions of the Turks themselves. The remarks of the Vali of Karakeui, whether authentic or not, undoubtedly represent Turkish opinion.

"All Christians" he observed, "big and small, like making money. We Turks don't know how to make money; we only know how to take it. You want to introduce a system in which Christians will be able to squeeze all the money out of us and our country and keep it. Who profit by all these concessions for railways and harbours and quays? Franks, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, but never a Moslim. Do you remember that railway I helped you to build from Durugrad to Moropolis? Franks travel by it, Greeks and Armenians sell the tickets, and in the end all the money goes to the Jews. But what Turk wants the railway, and how much has any Turk made out of it? . . . This country is a dish of soup, and no one has any real intention except to eat it. We eat it in the good old-fashioned way with a big spoon. You bore little holes in the bottom of the soup-bowl and draw it off with pipes. Then you propose that the practice of eating soup with spoons should be abolished as uncivilized, because you know we have no gimlets and don't understand this trick of drinking through pipes." "But surely your Highness has had experience yourself of the advantages which Osmanlis may obtain from commercial enterprises and—" "Oh, I have had a suck at the pipe," said the Vali, "but, after all, I prefer eating with the spoon."

The extraordinary thing is the placid way in which the soup allows itself to be eaten. But after all, the "big spoon" is no new thing. The later Roman Empire treated its subjects in the Balkan provinces in much the same way; the Turks only carried on the imperial tradition. And the remarkable fact remains that, whatever reforms may be introduced, Turkey suffers no change. The Hatti Sherif of Gülhané, the Hatti Humayun, were full of wise and liberal provisions; but they proved to be mere waste paper. In the Ottoman Empire nothing changes. Turkey to-day, despite the extirpation of the Janissaries, despite Hatts

and reforms, railways and telegraphs, invasions and massacres, is scarcely different in a single essential from the Turkey which Napoleon proposed to partition when he held his famous conversation with the Tsar in the boat at Tilsit. The Turks do not wish it changed; even *la jeune Turquie* does not wish it changed in the directions advocated by western reformers. For reform means the supremacy of Christians. "When you can get a Turk to obey a Rayah (native Christian), then you may begin to talk of reforming the Turkish Empire." "As long as force rules, the Turks are superior to the Christians. They are stronger, braver, and more united. But when force does not rule, when progress, commerce, finance, and law give the mixed population of the Empire a chance of redistributing themselves according to their wits, the Turk and the Christian are not equal; the Christian is superior. He acquires the money and land of the Turk, and proves in a law-court that he is right in so doing. One may criticize the Turkish character, but given their idiosyncrasies, one must admit that they derive little profit from such blessings of civilization as are introduced into the country." The fear of Christian supremacy is very real, and explains Armenian massacres and many other little things. The average Turk regards these as measures of self-defence. As to any approximation to European standards, he has not the faintest ambition. He has no respect for European ways, though he admits their cleverness. "He regards them as conjurers who can perform a variety of tricks, which may be, according to circumstances, useful, amusing, or dangerous; but for all Christendom he has a brutal unreasoning contempt—the contempt of the sword for everything that can be cut, and to-day the stupid contempt of a blunt sword."

Nevertheless we gather that the author's sympathies are rather with this same blunt sword than with the sharp little dagger of the Greek, the bludgeon of the Bulgarian, or the shovel of the Armenian. His chapters on all these peoples are full of insight, but scarcely of sympathy, and "Odysseus" must be added to the long list of travellers who, despite all the Turk's faults and occasional brutalities, entertains a sneaking kindness for the Unspeakable. But, by all who know him, the Unspeakable must be recognized as an unchanging unreformable being; and therein lies the problem of what can be done with him in his present anomalous situation. Perhaps the answer and the consolation are to be found in "Odysseus's" admirable illustration of the Turk as an incurable nomad, to whom change of residence is rather a pleasure than a trouble, and who scarcely realizes the meaning of the word exile. Never were "bag and baggage" more gracefully and gently hinted than in this delightful volume, which we recommend to all manner of readers, not merely as a repertory of mature and trustworthy observation, but as a brilliant example of how such a book ought to be written. Its style is as fascinating as its humour.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Running Amok!

Mr. Arnold White is a very out-spoken doctor of the body politic. His *EFFICIENCY AND EMPIRE* (Methuen, 6s.) is written to prove that the public business of this country is conducted with a carelessness and an incompetence that would never be tolerated in the management of the affairs of great industrial corporations like the Railway Companies. Those who travel on the Southern lines will perhaps find this allegation a little sweeping; but it is not necessary to agree with everything that Mr. Arnold White says in order to recognize the value of his criticism of our institutions. His great bugbear is the Foreign Office; and though he goes rather far in gibing at Mr. Scoones, who is quite as "efficient" in his way as Mr. White in his, much of his indictment will be endorsed by every practical man who reads it without prejudice. In the matter of the Consular service he makes out a particularly strong case for reform. When 202 of our 1,120 Consuls General, Consuls, Vice-Consuls, and Consular Agents are foreigners, bearing such

names as Calocherino, Elopulo, Söderbergh, Van der Goot, Sveaas, Johannsen—to select at random from the list which Mr. White prints—it is impossible to believe that British commercial interests are adequately looked after everywhere. Nor is it to be expected that good men will be anxious to enter the service when it is known that the plums will probably go to outsiders with political influence. Mr. White, poaching on the preserves of Mr. Henniker Heaton, also denounces the General Post Office; but here his chief ground of complaint seems to be that, when he wrote a letter to the Postmaster-General, he got an answer from a gentleman whose name he recognized as that of a dramatic critic. To make a grievance of that is surely to confuse small things with great. The criticism of the Admiralty is more to the point, and so is the criticism of the War Office. In these connexions Mr. White makes statements which, if he can support them—he gives chapter and verse for them and does not mince matters in mentioning names—explain his sentimental regret for the old times when responsibility used to be allocated and driven home, when General Whitelocke was cashiered, and Dundas was driven from public life, and Byng was shot on his own quarter-deck. On the whole, therefore, Mr. White has written a notable book, though he spoils some of his effects by continually writing at the top of his voice. His history—or rather his historical generalizations—may not always be quite correct. It is hard to believe, in the light of such incidents as the Walcheren expedition and such documents as Wellington's letters that the standard of efficiency was so high at the beginning of the century as Mr. White suggests, or as it is now; but that is no great matter. Much of what Mr. White has to say—most of it indeed—is worthy of earnest attention.

Progress in Education.

EDUCATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Cambridge University Press, 4s.) is a collection of exceedingly able and interesting papers—most of them read at the Summer Meeting of the University Extension Students last August. They certainly deserved publication; they treat almost every side of education, each is written by a recognized authority, and collected they form a most instructive popular review of educational progress since 1800. They are mainly historical; some of them touch more than others on present-day problems. We should have liked a little more from Mr. R. P. Scott in his Lecture on Secondary Education Legislation as to the difficulties of applying the new centralized organization to Public Schools, and the same remark may be made as to Miss E. P. Hughes's paper on the Training of Teachers. The only portion not strictly historical is Mr. M. E. Sadler's suggestive, if somewhat academic, paper on "National Education and Social Ideals," while a necessary commentary on the rest of the book is supplied in the last paper on German Educational History by Professor W. Rein.

Greek Myth.

Mr. G. St. Clair in 1898 published a book called "Creation Records Discovered in Egypt." He was in the position of a man who had a theory, not exactly new, but which he had worked out very thoroughly and made beautifully complete—viz., that Egyptian mythology was based entirely on astronomy, and that Egyptian worship changed with the precession of the equinoxes. Full of his theory, he now in *MYTHS OF GREECE* (Williams and Norgate, 16s.) tries the same method with the religious legend of Greece from Uranus to Perseus. This is much more difficult and much less convincing, and we trace much more plainly the dangerous obsession of a man with one idea. The ingenuity of it is highly attractive, but we cannot at this time of day believe that the anthropologists are on a wholly wrong tack, and that the whole system of Greek mythology has a common basis in the attempt to frame a correct calendar. From *Enumeros* to Max Müller students have tried to read the fruit of their own special studies into mythology, and this is what Mr. St. Clair does. The origin of myth is essentially complex—in the case of Greece particularly so; and Mr. St. Clair can hardly be said to have done more than advance the study of one factor, perhaps a large factor, in the growth of Greek

legend. In Professor Stending's GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY (Dent, 1s. n.), one of the Temple Primers, this astronomical theory is not recognized. The Professor, however, does not concern himself much with origins, but gives a pretty exhaustive description of the whole body of Greek and Roman myth and the contents of the Homeric and Cyclic Legends. The book must be described as packed with information rather than illumined by style—a remark which applies we think generally to the few instances, among the Temple Primers, of translations from the German.

Australasia.

The remark just made about the Temple Primers cannot be applied to AUSTRALASIA in the same series by Mr. A. W. Jose, a very bright and intelligent—and we may add timely—sketch of Australasian history, somewhat in the style of the fuller history of one of the Australasian colonies which Mr. W. P. Reeves gave us in "The Long White Cloud." Rusden's voluminous history is for the serious student of colonial history; this little book is admirably adapted for the Imperialist "in the street." We are rather surprised that in his notes on the literature Mr. Jose omits Marcus Clarke, and "For the Term of his Natural Life" has as good a right to be included in his bibliography as "Geoffrey Hamlyn."

Outre Manche.

In FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY (Newnes, 3s. 6d. n.) Miss Hannah Lynch is evidently treating a subject that she knows uncommonly well. The pity is the greater that she did not co-ordinate her impressions and make up her mind exactly what it was that she really wished to be understood to say. Her neglect of this philosophic precaution often makes her meaning doubtful, and leaves the reader wondering which of two apparently contradictory statements should be accepted as the final verdict. What is her opinion, for instance of nuns? "If there is a place," she writes on page 249, "which belongs by divine right, if I may say so, to the nun, it is the side of a sick bed. . . . They make ideal sick-nurses." But, six pages further on, we read that "the hearts of nuns seem implacably steeled against human suffering, steeled against pity and generosity." On no ordinary theory of the virtues of a nurse can both these statements be true. And the book contains many other pairs of propositions equally discordant. The contradictions, however, are only such as one sometimes finds in the conversation of the best-informed persons when they rattle on without stopping to think. Miss Lynch writes as a gossip rather than as a philosopher, and though there are indications that she knows Paris a good deal better than she knows the provinces, her picture of French life is on the whole clear and accurate. Her opinions may fluctuate according to her moods, but she does not tamper with her facts. Her enthusiasm for the so-called "lower orders" of Paris is particularly commendable. The corresponding class in this country—more especially the women—have a vast deal to learn from them in the matter of industry, cleanliness, and manners. It is unfortunately impossible in these days to write about France without taking a side on religious questions; and Miss Lynch does not shrink from the responsibility of doing so. She is anti-clerical enough to satisfy Gambetta or Miss Betham Edwards, and apparently regards Jesuits as the enemies of the human race. She does not admit that they are great educators, though it is on the moral rather than the intellectual defects of their teaching that she dwells. The book is bright as well as instructive reading.

Facts and Dates.

ANNALS OF POLITICS AND CULTURE, by G. P. Gooch (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. n.), may be described as a dictionary of dates, arranged on a new plan. On the left hand page the leading events in the political history of Europe are scheduled; while on the right hand we have a list of the contemporaneous happenings in the world of art, literature, religion, science, education, &c. Historical students have every reason to be grateful for the compilation. It gives them what they so often feel the need of, a preliminary birdseye view of

the period they are studying. They will be able to ascertain in a moment, for instance, that Dr. Busby became headmaster of Westminster in the year in which the Dutch destroyed Malacca, that the foundation of Sunday schools at Gloucester was synchronous with the battle of Cape Saint Vincent, that the kaleidoscope was invented in the year of the abolition of the income-tax, and that "Fors Clavigera" was published in the year of the Commune. The usefulness of the book is enhanced by a bibliography and a capital index. Lord Acton praises it highly, but not too highly, in an introductory note. Historical novelists as well as historical students may be recommended to use it in order to avoid anachronisms. If we make a criticism it is that the work might very well have been started from an earlier date than 1492; but perhaps a supplementary volume is contemplated.

Science and Life.

As an alternative title for THE SCIENCE OF CIVILISATION (Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.), Mr. C. B. Phipson, the author, calls his book a treatise on "The Principles of Agricultural, Industrial, and Commercial Prosperity." He has evidently been moved to write it by a genuine conviction that agriculture, industry, and commerce do not flourish as they might because their principles have hitherto been entirely misunderstood. We do not gather that he knows much about the first two, but he seems to have some practical experience of commerce and the disadvantages under which it labours. These are largely due, he thinks, to the indifference of British manufacturers to the precise wants of foreign customers, and their unwillingness to make changes which have been rendered imperative by American and German competition. This we have had dinned into our ears for some time past. We have also been told that we have lost our lead in the commercial world since other nations practically adopted a gold standard, that is, since 1874. Mr. Phipson enforces this view with some plausibility; but when he propounds his own nostrum for curing all economic evils he ceases to talk so reasonably. He has discovered that economic value is nothing but the relation between quantities of capital, or purchasing food-surpluses, and articles of wealth or manufacture. No doubt all capital can be resolved into food as its elementary form, and can be expressed in terms of the chief food-grain of the locality where it is accumulated. The value of all commodities could also be similarly expressed; and Mr. Phipson is convinced that this is the only possible basis of a sound monetary system. He proposes to abolish a currency which has become practically international, to demonetize gold, and substitute a paper currency on the basis of one hundred-weight of wheat—valued, say, at ten shillings—as its unit. This currency is to be issued by Government "to such an extent as will give stability to the price of food," that is, we suppose, it is to be inflated or contracted according to the prospects of the wheat market! After this, we are scarcely amazed to learn that private banking is to be abolished, and we are to be deprived of our cheque-books, because all payments must be made in food-unit notes. Mr. Phipson also proposes to abolish the present means of recovering rents and debts, and to convert the Army into a body of Government workmen. Instead of wasting their time in drilling and manœuvring they will be employed, when not fighting their country's battles, in constructing new railways, roads, docks, and harbours for use by the public free of charge, or as nearly so as may be. Mr. Phipson's theory of economics, which he has worked out with immense pains and ingenuity, hardly admits of serious criticism. But his book may do some good by leading other people to think for themselves, instead of taking for granted that all is for the best in this best of economic worlds.

NATIONAL LIFE FROM THE STANDPOINT OF SCIENCE (Black, 1s. 6d. n.) is a reprint of a lecture delivered by Mr. Karl Pearson to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, and has a certain interest in connexion with recent gloomy prophecies that England will not last the century. The author considers human progress in the light of evolution, and his view is that progress would cease altogether if the sword were turned into the ploughshare and the nations cease to fight and compete for supremacy. He proceeds to weigh and estimate the dangers

which threaten England in the struggle. The first danger signal which he perceives is the declining birth-rate. He denounces those who maintain that it is a sin for parents to bring into the world children whom they do not see their way to provide for, and vigorously exhorts potential parents thus :—

If you have not the means to start all your offsprings in your own class, let them do the work of another ; if you cannot make them into lawyers and engineers, let them be village schoolmasters and mechanics ; or, if this should raise an insurmountable, if utterly false, shame, let them go to new lands even as miners, cowboys, and storekeepers ; they will strengthen the nation's reserves, and this is far better than that they should never have existed at all.

In the second place, Mr. Pearson fears lest his countrymen should suffer from misapprehension of the functions of education. Their tendency, he considers, is to abolish education in favour of instruction, and his remarks on that technical education to which so many of our prophets pin their faith are strong and striking :—

There has been far too much talk about the national utility of science, and too little stress laid upon its educational value. "I want my son to learn what will be useful to him in his profession in life" is the statement I have heard from one parent after another. "I want my son to know how to observe and to think" is the expression of a desire which I have not yet come across. This is the spirit which has ruled the movement for technical education ; but, if this spirit is to remain dominant, it will take a great deal to get the nation out of the present ruts. What we want are trained brains, scouts in all fields, and not a knowledge of the facts and processes crammed into a wider range of untrained minds.

This, of course, is the case not only for the sciences, but also, and more particularly, though Mr. Pearson does not seem to see it, for the classics—apparently the most useless, but really the most useful of all branches of learning.

Imitation.

Mr. Richard Steel's suggestive work on IMITATION (Simpkin and Co., 4s. 6d.) develops the theory that there is a universal influence in nature at one with that which is known in the human subject as Imitation—"a directive tendency which exists in all natural units to imitate or follow the action and behaviour of other units in proportion to their natural propinquity, using the term propinquity in all its senses." In applying the theory to the inorganic world, it is, of course, hard to distinguish unconscious mimetic force from uniformity of action, but Mr. Steel does not seem to attach much importance to the inquiry. In human affairs, mimetic force is evident enough, especially in everything that can be referred to habit, custom, and fashion. But we should rather hesitate to say that "Imitation is always there in the final analysis as the great directrix of human life and conduct." In fact Imitation, used as Mr. Steel uses it, loses its meaning in consequence of its excessive extension. We all know about the defensive mimicry of some insects and plants, and we may concede Mr. Steel's argument, derived mainly from Jevons, that all reasoning is founded on a perception of similarity or difference—that is, of imitativeness or non-imitativeness. But can the widest expansion of the term Imitation bring these two facts really under a general proposition ? Mr. Steel comes dangerously near to merely playing with a definition ; but he has written an interesting and ingenious book.

Canon Hensley Henson's *DISSENT IN ENGLAND* (Rivington) comprises two lectures forming part of a course which unfortunately had to be broken off. He is not, of course, as his review of the literature of the subject would imply, breaking new ground, for he strangely omits to mention Canon Curteis' well-known book on Dissent. But he treats the history as far as the Hampton Court Conference with much ability, and we trust that he may be able, as he hopes, at some future time, to carry out his entire plan.

The Rev. John Harding's edition of Hooker's sixth book under the title *CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION* (Charles Murray,

2s. 6d.) should be read side by side with the Rev. C. M. Roberts' *HISTORY OF CONFESSION TO A.D. 1215* (Cambridge University Press, 8s. 6d.), a scholarly investigation of the matter dealt with by Hooker in his Fourth Chapter—viz., the actual bearing of Scriptural and Patristic Evidence on the practice of Auricular Confession, which, in Mr. Roberts' view, did not become common till the dawn of the ninth century, and which received encouragement in the tenth from the general expectation of the Second Advent.

MR. JOHN BURNS, M.P., by G. H. Knott (Drane, 6d.), is the newest of the *bijou* biographies. Even those who, in politics, differ *toto cælo* from Mr. Burns, esteem his character ; and this little life, which is well written, should find many readers.

FALAISE, THE TOWN OF THE CONQUEROR, by Anna Bowman Dodd (Unwin, 7s. 6d.), is a sprightly book consisting half of travel notes of the usual kind, half of a picturesquely told chronicle of this little known but very interesting town from which sprang the Royal line of England—including the story of Arlette, William's mother, which might have suggested to Mr. Hewlett the love story of Jehane in "Richard Yea and Nay."

We have now received Part II. Advanced of Messrs. Oldham and Holland's *PRACTICAL BOOK-KEEPING* (Allman, 2s.), of which Part I. Elementary was reviewed by us the other day. The accounts of Manufacturers, Contractors, and others, calling for the introduction of specially ruled books are dealt with. The University College Press sends us *THE PRECEPTORS' BOOK-KEEPING*, by Thomas Chalice Jackson (1s. 6d.). It contains plenty of examination papers.

Mr. Beckles Willson's *THE TRUTH ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.) appears in a new edition with a new introduction dealing with the latest developments of the French shore question.

The second edition of Mr. Ralph Richardson's *COUTTS AND CO., BANKERS* (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d.), is revised and enlarged, having added to it an account of the visit of the Mrs. Coutts, who had been Harriet Mellon and was to become Duchess of St. Albans, to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. It was there that the Duke made love to the whilom actress ; "When at Abbotsford," Sir Walter writes, "his suit thrived but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice and decidedly. He was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least intention that way."

We have received Dr. John Murray Moore's Inaugural Address as President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool *THE BIRTH OF NEW NATIONS DURING THE VICTORIAN REIGN* (Marples, Liverpool), which gives a lucid account of the constitution of the Federated Colonies of Canada and Australia.

ART.

Turner.

A LIST OF THE WORKS CONTRIBUTED TO PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., WITH NOTES BY C. F. BELL (London, George Bell and Sons, 1901, 21s. n.). Quite early in his preface Mr. Bell regrets that Mr. Algernon Graves has never published the systematic catalogue of Turner's works, which he proposed to produce as a companion to his admirable books upon the works of Sir Edwin Landseer and Sir Joshua Reynolds. We can imagine that the reason why Mr. Graves, no less a man of business than an author, has not yet published his exhaustive catalogue is that he does not consider the Turner public sufficiently large to justify so expensive a publication. No such consideration has deterred Mr. Bell. The "list" which carries the weight of his volume upon its shoulders occupies some 107 pages of large, well-spaced type, and is a (necessarily dull) account of the exhibition career of 268 paintings. It may be of value to the collectors and owners of pictures and drawings by Turner, but if we accept Mr. Wornum's estimate that the incessant industry of Turner produced a body of work consisting of not less than twenty thousand pieces, the vast field of omissions so dwarfs the subject of the present book that the present volume can only be regarded as a contribution to our knowledge. Apart, however, from the list Mr. Bell has embellished his volume with a Preface and two Introductions,

concerning which we may say at once that for intelligent condensation and critical illumination they should remain as a type of what such work should be. The writings of Burnet and Cunningham and the Redgraves, of Thornbury, Roget, Sandby, Hamerton, and Ruskin, have been read with intelligence and care; and the result is a concise life of Turner in the preface and a closely reasoned and clear account of the progress of his work in the two introductions. In fact the purely literary portion of Mr. Bell's book is unusually well done. It is quite obvious that the foundation of the book was the Appendix to Thornbury's "Life of Turner," and Mr. Bell has cleared this of several errors. The opinions reproduced are founded upon excellent authority, and show a careful study of the development of the art of water-colour painting in the hands of the Master. Yet we would point to the work of some modern painters, as for example to Mr. Walter Severn, to disprove the statement that Turner left water-colour art in such a position as to render "the number of simple processes for obtaining lights" incapable of extension; to the pictures painted during the time that Turner laboured as a student to throw some light upon the works which Dr. Munro encouraged him to study; and regard as enthusiasm run riot the statement that as a painter of still life Turner was surpassed only by Dürer and Rembrandt! In his "list" Mr. Bell fails to go beyond Thornbury. Those who possess Mr. Graves' extremely valuable "Dictionary of Artists, 1700-1893," will notice that he credits Turner with 250 exhibits at the Royal Academy, with 17 at the British Institute, and with seven at Suffolk-street. Mr. Bell has traced 258 at the Royal Academy, nine at the British Institute, one at the Manchester Institution in 1820, and acknowledges that he has lost all trace of the Suffolk-street contributions. The discrepancy at the Royal Academy is partially accounted for by the fact that Turner exhibited two pictures at the Royal Academy between the years 1820 and 1830 which are no in the Index to the catalogues or in Thornbury. The discrepancy between Mr. Graves', and Mr. Bell's total of pictures exhibited at the British Institute is more apparent than real, and is accounted for by the fact that, as Mr. Bell is careful to note, Turner's pictures were more frequently than not exhibited at the Royal Academy, to find a place a year or so after at the British Institute. As to the pictures shown at Suffolk-street these were lent by their owners and, not being sent by Turner himself, quite properly find no place in Mr. Bell's list.

Mr. Algernon Graves is at present occupied upon the revision of the proof-sheets for the third edition of his "Dictionary of Artists, 1700-1893," the first edition of which appeared in 1895. The original "dictionary" will remain unaltered, but the section which immediately precedes it, devoted to Additions and Corrections, will be increased from one to some eight or ten pages. The alterations are mostly amplifications and fresh information which has been gathered during the past five years. It is expected that the new edition will be ready in about a fortnight.

At no time since its foundation has the London Sketch Club presented so attractive an exhibition as that which now occupies the somewhat limited wall space of Mr. Freeman's Modern Gallery. And the members, for the most part, occupy the space to much advantage. The President, Mr. Geo. C. Haité, is unusually successful and shows his power as a draughtsman to even greater extent than on some former occasions. We have seldom seen a better and more convincing view of Windsor Castle than the one he exhibits, a rapid but solidly drawn impression showing clear observation and the amazing dexterity of his brushwork. Next in honour of achievement is Mr. Dudley Hardy, who, when he seeks to convey the impression of "A Wet Day," or a sense of dreariness and strength as in "Blow, Blow thou Wintry Wind," or the more simple *genre* of "An Old Custom" never fails to convince us of his faculty of perceiving and arresting the picturesque. There are good pictures, also, showing the personal point of view of such capable workers among the younger men as Spenlove Spenlove, Walter Fowler, Lee-Hankey, Walter Churcher, and Innes Fripp, and some excellent pictorial "fooling" by John Hassall and Cecil Aldin. It is a refreshing and spirited show.

There is at present being exhibited in one of the smaller courts of the Crystal Palace a series of photographs of objects so treated as to retain when projected upon a lantern screen a very unusual amount of their natural colour. The process employed has been "discovered" by Mr. James W. McDonough, an American, and offers the only fairly satisfactory result that we have hitherto seen amongst the innumerable attempts that are from time to time made to obtain a photographic colour record of natural objects. It is based upon the scientific dissection of colour into the three primaries, Mr. McDonough obtaining his results with one exposure and one negative. The three colours selected from the spectrum are a reddish orange, a yellowish green, and a violet blue. These three colours are ruled in very fine lines on a screen or glass plate which is placed in contact with a dry plate; an exposure is then made, the light from the object photographed passing through a chromatic filter, which is adjusted to the hood of the lens, and after the exposure the plate is developed in the usual way. This negative when viewed closely shows fine linear areas of different degrees of density. These areas represent the different values of the colour of the object photographed, as the light from it passes through the lined taking-screen in the camera. This taking-screen lined in the three primary colours absorbs or transmits the colour from the object just in proportion as it requires a mixture of part or all of these three colours to produce the colours in the original subject. This is the theory, which is a "discovery" so far as Mr. McDonough applies it; and it must be confessed that the results obtained justify our belief that the process goes far towards a scientifically sound solution of the great difficulties that have always beset the path of those who have attempted to fix colour impressions upon the sensitized photographic plate.

Collectors of art here and in America are already discussing with interest the unprecedentedly high sums paid this week for the rarer, if not always the more beautiful, mezzotint portraits after Sir Joshua Reynolds, dispersed by Messrs. Christie. Probably Mr. Henry Arthur Blyth's collection was not expected to realize more than about half what it has fetched. The 151 mezzotint portraits after Reynolds were, it is understood, chiefly collected twenty or twenty-five years ago, when £100 was regarded as an excessive sum even for the finest examples. Under the hammer these 151 portraits have realized £14,107 odd, or an average equal to the value of the rarest examples when acquired by the late owner. The most striking feature of the sale may be expressed in the form of a table, which shows the difference between the sums Reynolds himself got for the original pictures and those just realized for engravings after these pictures. The figures in the first money column appear in Sir Joshua's own ledgers, as reproduced in the work by Messrs. Graves and Cronin:—

Title.	Engraver.	State.	Paid to Reynolds for Picture.	Paid this week for Engraving.
Lady Bampfylde ...	T. Watson ...	1st pubd. ...	£ 157 10	... 924
Lady Betty Delmé and Children ...	V. Green ...	" ...	300	... 966
Lady Pelham-Clinton ...	J. R. Smith ...	" ...	100	... 987
Duchess of Rutland ...	V. Green ...	" ...	150	... 1,050
			£707 10	£3,927

For a mezzotint engraving, originally issued at perhaps six or eight pounds, to realize a thousand guineas 121 years after the portrait was painted provides food for reflection. There can be no question that the mezzotint art as practised by Valentine Green, John Raphael Smith, T. Watson, and others is a forgotten one, almost as irreclaimable as the art of the Greeks. But rarity operates more than beauty in the determination of price. Than the Lady Bampfylde, however, no more lovely mezzotint was in the Blyth collection. The lady sat to Reynolds in 1777, and the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the same year, one of the contemporary criticisms being that the right arm was "incorrect in drawing." When the famous Buccleuch collection—remembered now chiefly for the Rembrandt etchings, three of which brought 3,640 guineas—was dispersed in 1887, a second state of this Lady Bampfylde brought the then extraordinarily high sum of 125 guineas; in 1893 a first state made 340 guineas; while three years ago in Paris an example fetched 7,000*fr.* The 880 guineas paid for the Blyth example, magnificently rich and deep, is, of course, a record, and this holds good with perhaps twenty other of the mezzotints. As to the Duchess of Rutland, a first state of which was valued at 125 guineas in the Buccleuch sale, sittings were given for this in 1780, and the original picture was destroyed at the Belvoir Castle fire of 1816, which robbed us of many masterpieces. The Duchess told "Mr. F. Grant, R.A." that Reynolds made her try on no less than eleven dresses before he was satisfied! The

previous record for a Lady Betty Delmé and Children is said to be 240 guineas. The picture was painted in 1777, and the original cost of £300 was by 1894 increased to 11,000 guineas—save for the two Peel Van Dyck portraits, the highest price ever paid at auction for a picture—when it passed into the possession of Mr. C. Wertheimer. A fourth instance of an engraving bringing considerably more than the sum paid to Reynolds for the picture is that of the Ladies Elizabeth Laura Charlotte Maria, and Anna Horatia Waldegrave. A not particularly brilliant first state by Valentine Green fetched 500 guineas, whereas "H. Walpole" paid Reynolds £315 for the picture in 1782, sittings for which were given two years earlier. In all, eighteen of the 151 mezzotint portraits after Reynolds brought sums in excess of 200 guineas each, these eighteen examples showing an aggregate of £8,526. Is it possible that prices shall continue at this level, or even further appreciate? It would be unwise to prophesy. Did not Dibdin say in 1818, about the 116 guineas paid for Grenville's copy of the First Folio Shakespeare at the Saunders' sale that this was "the highest price ever given or likely to be given for the volume?" Yet in 1899 a First Folio fetched £1,700! Conceivably the price-limit for engravings has not yet been reached.

The discovery of an old master of the rarity and charm of the "Christ with Martha and Mary," by Vermeer of Delft, now being exhibited at Messrs. Forbes and Paterson's Gallery in Old Bond-street, must excite some attention. The name of the painter—who is represented in our National Gallery by one well-authenticated picture, and at Windsor Castle by a fine example—will be unfamiliar to most people, and the scope and brilliancy of the picture will surprise those who know the work of a very worthy Dutch painter who suffered eclipse at the hands of his master, Pieter de Hooch. Pictures by Vermeer are rare and costly. The present example probably belongs to the early period of the painter's work and the signature resembles that on the "Courtesan" at Dresden. Whether rightly ascribed to Vermeer or no, the present canvas possesses qualities of colour and technique which render it of the first importance.

To-day, March 16, the private view of the exhibition of pictures by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours will be held in Piccadilly. The exhibition opens to the public on Monday. The Society of Miniaturists hold their exhibition in the galleries of the Royal Institute concurrently with the water-colour exhibition; and the show of work by members of the Women's International Art Club—formerly known as the Paris Art Club—opens at the Grafton Galleries on Monday.

FICTION.

Anne Mainwaring.

ANNE MAINWARING, by Lady Ridley (Longmans, 6s.), is one of the most readable novels of the season, and (except for the ending, which leaves the leading characters at an irritatingly crucial point in their destinies) it is one of the best constructed. All readers of "The Story of Aline" know that Lady Ridley has the power of realizing a character and of interesting people in its development. Anne Mainwaring is interesting from the time when she is the rather unhappy ugly duckling of a good-looking family and an unsympathetic mother to her marriage with the gentleman described by her father as "hairy about the heels." Anne is all emotion and love of art. Her husband leads her to believe that he shares her tastes; but, in love though he is, his secret wish is for a wife of good family to help him in his career. The inevitable lover comes later upon the scene, and from the day of his coming the story takes an original, but hardly convincing, turn. Would Anne have given up her lover, not for the sake of her conscience and her child, but on the advice of her woman friend? And, having given him up, would she have recalled him and undone the sacrifice, when she discovered that the friend's practice was opposed to the virtue that she preached? It may be that Lady Ridley is right. Possibly she wishes to show how any excuse is eagerly seized for doing what one longs to do. It is clear that she does not recognize Anne's right to sin because her friend has sinned. Our only real complaint is that we are left wondering—an unsatisfactory state when our sympathies have been so much aroused.

A Novel of Atonement.

Beneath the sentimental and alliterative title of *A Wayside Weed* (Hutchinson, 6s.) Mrs. A. F. Slade has written a vital and, sociologically speaking, a valuable study of the English female servant. Something of what Mr. George Moore intended to show us in "Esther Waters" is told here with keen observation and sympathy, and an unforced but deeply religious feeling. An episode of Annie Deane's girlhood in her Berkshire village is told with great skill. The result of a few happy days and a touch of splendid romance is years of bitter struggle for Annie. At twenty-one she is a servant under trying conditions with a son of four. But her life is lighted by one high resolve—"to work out her own salvation, that the sin of her ruin might not be laid at that man's door, and to bring up his boy so that if ever they met he might not be ashamed of him." Mrs. Slade's characters are real and "A Wayside Weed" should be read, but it is too severe and strenuous, too direct and true, to be widely popular. There are faults in construction; the characters are brought together by a series of fortuitous circumstances which are a little hard to accept. Annie sees in these accidents the Divine hand, but the reviewer notes a little too plainly the providence which arranges an effective *dénouement* for the delight of simple readers. But this is a matter of the framework. It would be difficult to find anything to surpass the picture of Annie in recent fiction. To have perfectly presented a single character such as Annie Deane is to have aided the future historian of our period. We have no Bourget or Anatole France (perhaps our novel readers do not deserve them), and so we may well be grateful to a writer such as the author of "A Wayside Weed," who gives us at least a dozen skilful sketches of real people and one finished picture.

Polynesian Tales.

Personally, we are always delighted to find a new collection of stories from the authors of "A First Fleet Family" and "The Mutineer" on our table. *THE TAPU OF BANDERAH*, by Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery (Pearson, 6s.), has all their well-known qualities—absolute knowledge of Polynesia and of the Australian ports, and power to depict them. The story which gives its name to the book is of Banderah, a native chief of Mayou—one of those honest, puissant island kings, with the lust of revenge and slaughter in him, whom Stevenson knew, and Mr. Becke knows, so well. This hero, a few German and American rogues, an honest and a dishonest Englishman, a good but not very clever parson, "with the fire of that noble missionary spirit which animated the souls of such earnest men as Moffat and Livingstone, and Williams of Erromanga and Gordon of Khartoum," are the leading personages of "The Tapu of Banderah." Add to these a tribe in revolt and you have enough characters to work the excellent story of stolen gold, bloodshed, knaves who fall out and upright persons who survive and tell us again something of one of those mysteries of the South Seas that will never be altogether solved. Other stories are of equal merit—some of the early days of Australian seaports, some of the Equatorial Islands. "Officer and Man" is admirably told, no word too much, but all sufficient; such a sketch as Pākia—the recollections of an old native who has travelled and learned many tongues—shows in a pleasing manner the sympathy and kindness of the writers. But all the tales in the present volume are of interest in various ways.

Domesticities.

Readers of "Over the Hills" and "Betty Musgrave" will find what they expect in *A NARROW WAY* (Methuen, 6s.), by Mary Findlater, viz., dignity and insight, humour and sincerity. But they must not expect to be greatly excited by the story of Kitty Cameron and Dr. Henry Marks. It is a "domestic" story, and those who do not care for homely wit and a quiet life will probably pass it by. In doing so they will miss a good novel, occasionally suggestive—as in the chapters on suburban life near Edinburgh—of the deliberate days of Trollope and the ponderous methods of the 'sixties. But as soon as one gets to know Kitty one is interested, and her story is well told. Like the best

early Victorian furniture, the material is excellent, the workmanship careful, the result useful but domestic, drab, and a little lacking in colour and design. The moral is that "après tout, c'est un monde passable," and Kitty's trials have a happy ending in the love "that is quietness and assurance for ever."

Echoes from Ruritania.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new Anthony Hopian romance *IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN* (Longmans, 6s.) will be, we expect, even more popular than his book "A Dash for a Throne," and with good cause. That well-known young English gentleman—with the foreign connexions—who travels to countries ending in "ia," and immediately becomes involved in royal intrigues, is brilliantly depicted. Bulgaria is the scene of the present romance, and Sofia, where the Russians appear to play conscientiously into the novel-writer's hands, is admirably described. Those who love the stories of brave men and great ladies, of Russian Dukes, and Bulgarian diplomatists, of night adventures, and the clash of swords, or even sword sticks, will be delighted with the book, which is written with an immense amount of élan. The happy end of Gerald Winthrop's undertakings is told more peacefully, but the author's forte is the spirited, breathless style of narration which is always sure to be welcome.

Veronica Verdant.

Miss Mina Sandeman finds a difficulty in keeping herself within the customary bounds of a novelist. Thus, a footnote to p. 73 informs us that —'s cream (warmly praised by one of the characters in the book) is to be procured at the Junior Army and Navy Stores. This sort of thing is hardly what we expect to find in a writer of Miss Sandeman's experience; the announcement comes upon us with a shock, for up to this point there is nothing much out of the common in *VERONICA VERDANT* (John Long, 6s.), except the obvious peculiarity of the name. Again, later on, Miss Sandeman thinks fit to introduce, for no particular reason, a violent diatribe against vivisection. Lady novelists are prone to fly off at tangents, but her introduction of the topic ruins, from an artistic point of view, a story which without this excrescence might have been mildly interesting.

The Aftertaste.

From some letters appearing in our columns, our readers will have gathered some idea of Mr. Compton Reade's *THE AFTERTASTE* (Greening, 6s.). Mr. Reade is a man of wide experience and broad views, a fluent writer, and a cultured man, but—apart from the subject of the book which has been discussed in the correspondence referred to—we are a little disappointed with the workmanship he here displays. The book is a trifle too "stagy," too devoid of true realism, of delicate romance. Everywhere one notes the hand of the man who writes easily, who keeps a watchful eye on mankind, and yet does not penetrate below superficialities. We trace the heroine from early youth through a number of dramatic scenes, and leave her coming back as an erring wife to bend in kindness over the death-bed of her forgiving husband—a situation effective but sadly antique.

The author of *DUKE RODNEY'S SECRET* (Jarrold, 6s.), Perrington Primm, writes in a very lady-like way, and possesses that splendid lack of humour which one associates, often unfairly, with the lady novelist. "Duke Rodney"—Duke is an abbreviation of Marmaduke and looks better in the title—an impossibly wicked character, was, we are told, popular in the "smoke room," because he was "a man of broad views, had travelled pretty well all round the world, and was particularly gifted in imparting information patiently . . ."—a felicitous definition of a bore, which Rodney in fact proves to be. The story is throughout cheap and obvious.

THE CONSCIENCE OF GILBERT POLLARD, by Adeline Sergeant (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is written with the ease that long practice has brought its author, but it is not by any means one of her best novels. There is a certain trite conventionality about both plot and treatment. There is no novelty in the idea of the brother meanly deprived of his fair share of the inheri-

tance, but conquering fortune on his own account and coming back to marry the guileless maiden who has been his friend through all reverses. Of course, good working-out will save the stalest plot. But in this case the working-out is commonplace. When Miss Adeline Sergeant allows herself time, she can do very different and far less perfunctory work.

JULIE: A STUDY OF A GIRL, by A. Man (W. Scott, 2s. 6d. n.), is an entertaining story of life in the slums. The heroine is a gutter-child with a talent for music, who is rescued from her surroundings and trained for the concert platform by a benevolent patron. She finds her allegiance to her new life continually at feud with a desire to ameliorate the lives of her old companions. The plot is loosely constructed, and as a study of character Julie lacks grip. But the types of East-end life are vigorously drawn, even if they are obviously exaggerated.

Thomas Pinkerton's latest romance *THE IVORY BRIDE* (Long, 6s.) is a stirring story of intrigue in a small Italian State of the eighteenth century. The plot, though not original, is well worked out. Prince Pecchi is a distinctly humorous sketch of a foreigner struggling with the perplexities of English. Mr. Pinkerton's style is vigorous, but occasionally obscure. What will the average reader make of "the hamadryad of her sex"? It may be true that a panther "has aseity," but what is "aseity"? Even the author's gloss, "is unimpeachable," helps us little.

Mr. William Palmer, in common with many others, has no doubt read the story of the immortal Pickwick, and the brilliant idea has occurred to him of bringing the adventures of that gentleman up to date, with alterations and improvements. Accordingly we have the *ADVENTURES OF MERRYMAN BROTHERS* (Digby, Long, 6s.) with, as it were, two modern Pickwicks arm-in-arm setting out in the Quixotic enterprise of putting the world straight, with Nathaniel Peg in the character of Sam Weller as attendant and adviser. Unfortunately Mr. John and Mr. James Merryman, though their adventures are sufficiently remarkable and their personal appearance is drawn with much gusto, make no pretence of being alive, and this book of their adventures fails to arouse interest.

The best thing in *THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS* (Richards, 3s. 6d.), by Mrs. Theophila North, is her skilful use of the sonnet No. cxvi. from that sequence by which Shakespeare, as with a key, is said to have unlocked his heart. The poem helps to reveal the fortunes of Mrs. North's rather uncomfortable characters. Most of them love music and suffer on that account, or, if they are not musically inclined, they are denied the right to give happiness until they are better-minded. The book is carefully written and has a special interest for musical people. Such persons, it is sometimes said, have no abundance of humour; they will not, therefore, miss that quality in "The Marriage of True Minds."

Miss Annie S. Swan's *AN AMERICAN WOMAN* (Hutchinson, 5s.) is typical of her usual methods. The plot is thin, and the incidents show a poverty of imagination, but there is a cheery optimism throughout which atones for a multitude of shortcomings. Mr. D. Murray Smith's illustrations are good.

In Mr. T. W. Speight's *SECOND LOVE* (Digby Long, 6s.) the people are wholly depressing. The plot is an ordinary, carefully-composed one; the characters are commonplace to the uttermost degree; the writing is never brilliant, but comes perilously near the antithesis of that quality.

Correspondence.

THE SHAKESPEARE FIRST FOLIO.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The Delegates of the Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford have requested me to contribute a brief preface to the Collotype facsimile of the copy of the Shakespeare First Folio, 1623, which they are preparing for publication from the copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The Shakespeare First Folio is, from the literary point of view, the most valuable book in the world. Much uncertainty exists at present as to the precise number of original copies now extant. The preparation of the new facsimile by the Clarendon

Press offers a favourable opportunity for making for the first time a census of the copies that now survive. Such a census, if satisfactorily executed, would be of permanent value to bibliographers, collectors, and students, and it is hoped that present owners in all parts of the world will facilitate my endeavours to make the record accurate and exhaustive.

I shall, naturally, give chief prominence in the published results of the census to copies that are perfect at all points; but I hope to mention all copies, even those that are imperfect, about which information is furnished me.

I should be glad to hear from those owners with whom I am not at present in communication.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,

SIDNEY LEE.

108, Lexham-gardens, Kensington, London, W.

THE LATE MR. F. S. ELLIS.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I add to your obituary notice of the late Mr. F. S. Ellis my tribute to him as a valued contributor to the new *English Dictionary*? Mr. Ellis took a lively interest in the progress of the work, and in the course of his editorial labours since 1880 constantly sent us such quotations and notes as he thought might prove useful to us; and, in the case of the "*Golden Legend*," supplied us with the original Latin text for numerous difficult passages. The *Dictionary* has lost in him a zealous friend, whose help was ever at our disposal, and whose services, if they did not approach in magnitude those of the late Dr. Fitzedward Hall, deserve grateful commemoration. Mourning the loss, one after another, of early workers for the *Dictionary*, we should be cheered if younger scholars and men of letters would try to step into their places, and aid us in our effort to realize in the *Dictionary* the ideal of its founders and original promoters.

Oxford, March 12, 1901.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

APOCRYPHAL STORIES.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your interesting article on Apocryphal stories you throw discredit on the statement that the Pope had presented a golden hammer to Cardinal Oreglia, the Camerlengo, on the ground that there is no such ceremony as the story implied, at the recognition of a Papal decease. On the other hand, the late Mr. Cartwright in his book on Papal Conclaves gives this account:—"Proceeding to the death chamber, the Cardinal Camerlengo strikes the door with a gilt mallet, calling on the Pope by name. On receiving no reply he enters the room, when he taps the corpse on the forehead with another mallet of silver, and falling on his knees before the motionless body, proclaims the Pope to be in truth no more." A similar account is to be found in Mr. T. A. Trollope's *Broken Papal Conclaves*. I have no means of knowing what foundation there is for these statements.

I believe you are quite right in attributing the famous definition of an Archdeacon to Bishop Blomfield. As I have heard the story, Lord Althorp was not satisfied with the definitions he had received from two other Bishops, and said to his secretary "Go and ask the Bishop of London, he is sure to know," and received the well-known answer which pleased him.

I should have thought the remark about a Taylor and a Bull was earlier than Dean Burgon. It is nearly half a century since I heard as an old story how it was said of some one in a funeral sermon, "He lived like a Taylor, and he died like a Bull."

I am yours faithfully,

H. B. FOYSTER.

Croft House, St. Clements, Hastings, March 13, 1901.

MR. WHEATLEY'S "PEPYS" IN AMERICA.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—A note on p. 3 of *Literature* for January 5th, on the publication of Mr. W. H. Wheatley's edition of Pepys' Diary in the United States is somewhat misleading, and I venture to offer a word or two in this connexion.

Wheatley's edition was issued and copyrighted in the United States by the Macmillan Company of New York, and printed at the Norwood Press. The volumes were printed here as they appeared in England, beginning in 1893 and ending in 1900. The edition was completed in nine vols. (the index and Pepysiana being in one vol.), was well printed, and cost six shillings a volume.

The Macmillan Company sold to Crosscup and Sterling—a subscription house—500 sets of the sheets, printed from their plates, for "extra illustrating" and to be sold by subscription. These sets were made up into 18 vols. each, with separate title pages, and, in some cases, at least, marked as "imported," and were sold by subscription agents at a sum ranging from twelve shillings a vol. upwards. An agent recently called upon me and flatly stated that this subscription edition was the only "complete" edition, and could not be had on this side of the water in any other form. I do not think one person in ten buying the subscription edition knew that the work for which they were paying \$50 or \$60 could be bought in the regular channels of trade for thirteen dollars and a-half.

It is by such methods that the country is flooded with "limited" editions, "extra illustrated" editions, &c., and men who consider themselves keen men of business are duped in every city and town because they find it easier to take the agent's word and buy than to pause and make inquiry. The question naturally arises, why do the reputable publishers and authors allow such a use to be made of their property?

I am very truly yours,

LOUIS N. WILSON, Librarian.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 12.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Again the "Split Infinitive"! We may, I think, reasonably compare "to quickly go" and "to go quickly" with the German verbs "*zu übersetzen*" and "*überzusetzen*," and for the following reasons:—

(1) Separation of the "to" (sign of infinitive) from the verb.

(2) Alteration of the original meaning of the verb by insertion of adverb between the sign of the infinitive and the verb.

For it will be admitted that "I told him to quickly go" means "I told him to depart quickly," whereas "I told him to go quickly" means "I told him to make the journey quickly," just as "*zu übersetzen*" signifies "to translate" and "*überzusetzen*" "to cross."

Viewed in this light the "Split Infinitive" seems to be as respectable and grammatical as any other infinitive, split or not.

Yours truly,

P. G. WILSON, Sub-Director,
Berlitz School of Languages, Elberfeld.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent "H. S."—if he will allow me to abbreviate his pseudonym—finds my phrase "virtue and compactness" vague. I will endeavour to make my meaning clear.

By "virtue" I mean the modal force or quality of the verb. I do not dispute the possession of infinitive force by the whole phrase "to have subdued," but maintain that it owes that force to the auxiliary entirely and not at all to the participial complement. The proof is easy. Remove the complement and there remains an infinitive in full force. Remove the auxiliary, and there remains no infinitive force whatever. A similar argument applies to the indicative phrase "I was recognized."

By "compactness" I mean the negation or opposite of the quality connoted in "split." The auxiliary in the phrase "to have entirely subdued" in which, as I think I have shown, the full force of the infinitive lies, remains compact, and the infinitive remains unsplit. If the operation, which "H. S." so warmly advocates, is to be performed we must write "to

completely have subdued," which would be a genuine split infinitive.

As regards the comparative merits of "I ask you kindly to clear out" and "I ask you to kindly clear out," I admit the existence of a slight ambiguity in the former, regarded as a written sentence; but this ambiguity is of little moment as the sentence is essentially a spoken sentence. The question arises whether it is worth while to run counter to the acknowledged traditions of the language merely in order to dot an "i" very plain.

The history of the German infinitive, which seems closely to resemble our own, would perhaps throw some light on the subject. Will "H. S." or some other correspondent tell us whether the split is made in Germany? E. D. L.

"THE AFTERTASTE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read this book and the correspondence about it in your excellent paper. My impression of the book is that the aftertaste is unpleasant—it lingers on the palate with an unwholesome flavour like the fumes of a night's debauch. Granted that the author has solved his problem, could he not have done it in a healthier atmosphere, with less raking and stirring of the mud? A spade is a spade and there is no need to exalt it to the position of "an implement of agriculture," but when the spade is employed to dig in filthy soil nothing is gained by proclaiming the fact. I like a book that I can read and pass on to the young without fear of leading their imaginations into a channel that reeks of the things we care not to dwell upon, though they may be "psychological truths." PHTHYNX.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. Bell announce a new work by Mr. Bernhard Berenson on "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art," containing essays on "Vasari in the Light of Recent Publications," "Venetian Painting," "Correggio," "Giorgione's Lost Originals," &c., and forty-two reproductions of paintings.

The new and final "Diaries of Marie Bashkirtseff," together with the correspondence she carried on with Guy de Maupassant, will be published very shortly by Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. T. G. Law writes from the Signet Library, Edinburgh, March 9, 1901:—

In remarking in the current number of *Literature* that "the Spring season promises to be full of Mary Stuart" you mention certain forthcoming publications on the subject, but do not refer to "Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary during her Reign in Scotland," edited from papers in the Vatican Archives, by the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J., for the Scottish History Society, which is expected to be out in a few weeks.

M. René de Maulde Clavière, the author of "The Women of the Renaissance," has written a volume of light social philosophy called "The Art of Life," applying the conclusions of his former volume to the present day, discussing woman's part in modern life, also dress, furniture, house-decoration, marriage, and social duties. The book has been translated by G. H. Ely, and will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein.

Mr. Budgett Meakin's "The Land of the Moors," uniform with his "Empire of Morocco," will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein next week. His third volume, dealing with the people of Morocco, will be ready before midsummer. The volume on "Chivalry," in the Social England Series, by Mr. F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton, will be published in May. In April Messrs. Sonnenschein will issue, among other books, "The Specious Present: A Metaphysical Treatise," by Alfred Hodder; "Aristotle's Psychology" (including the "Parva Naturalia"), translated and edited by Professor Wm. Hammond; and a volume of "Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Queen Victoria," selected by Dr. Fanshawe. Professor Bickerton's "Romance of the Heavens" and "A System of Map Drawing" will both appear this month, as well as an essay on the social, political, and religious problems of the day by Z. H. Lewis, entitled "The Hope of England." Other books to be published during the spring by Messrs. Sonnenschein are "British Rule in India," by Dadabhai Naoroji; a life of "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria," by Clara Tschudi, translated by E. M. Cope; Mr. E. A. Baker's "Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction"; and

the third volume of Professor Wundt's "Ethics," dealing with "The Principles of Morality and the Sphere of their Validity," translated by Professor E. B. Titchener, of Cornell University, who has also a translation, in two volumes, of Professor Wundt's "Physiological Psychology."

The *Art Journal* volume dealing with the Paris Exhibition, which has been appearing in monthly parts, is now separately issued. It is an exhaustive record of great interest and contains nearly a thousand illustrations.

In our notice last week of Mr. Lucy's "Diary of the Unionist Parliament" (Arrowsmith) we stated that Mr. Lucy includes "Calendars" borrowed from "The Politician's Handbook." We should have said "borrowed from Vacher's Parliamentary Companion."

Books to look out for at once.

"A Common-sense Army." By the Author of "An Absent-minded War." John Milne.

"Literary Friends and Acquaintances." By W. D. Howells. Harper. [Reminiscences of Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, Whittier, &c.]

"A History of the Four Georges and of William the Fourth." By Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Vols. III. and IV., completing the work. Chatto and Windus. 12s. each.

"The Land of the Moors." By J. E. Budgett Meakin. Swan Sonnenschein.

"The Afterflow of a Great Reign." Four sermons preached at St. Paul's by Dr. Ingram, Bishop Designate of London. Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d.

"Life in Poetry" and "Law in Taste": Two series of lectures delivered by Mr. W. J. Courthope while Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Macmillan.

"Cartoons from 'Punch.'" By Sir John Tenniel. Bradbury and Agnew. 5s. net.

"From Gladiator to Persimmon." By S. Dixon ("Vigilant" of the "Sportsman"). Richards. 18s. net. [Turf Memories for Thirty Years. Illustrated in colours.]

"The English Turf." By Charles Richardson. Methuen. 15s. [Describes the evolution of racing and the racehorse of to-day.]

"The Confessions of a Poacher." By J. Connell. Pearson. 3s. 6d. [A living poacher's actual experiences. Illustrated by F. T. Dadd.]

"Saint Louis (Louis IX. of France)." By F. Perry. Putnam. 6s. ["Heroes of the Nations" Series.]

"History of Egypt in the Middle Ages." By Stanley Lane-Poole. Methuen. 6s.

[Vol. VI. of Professor Flinders Petrie's "History of Egypt."] "Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century." By George Paston. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

[Contains memoirs of Lady Hertford, Lady Pomfret, Richard Cumberland, Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach, &c.] "The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley." Vol. 3. Macmillan. 30s. net.

Novels— "The Third Floor." By Mrs. H. Dudeney. Methuen. 6s.

"A Secretary of Legation: A Tale of Zafra." By Hope Dawlish. Methuen. 6s.

"Belinda Fitzwarren." By the Earl of Iddesleigh. Methuen. 6s.

"The Black Wolf's Breed." By H. Dickson. Methuen. 6s.

"Another Woman's Territory." By "Alien." Constable. 6s.

"Lest We Forget." By Joseph Hocking. Ward and Lock. 3s. 6d. [A romance of the days of Queen Mary.]

"Children of Hermes." By Hume Nisbet. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

"A Daughter of Patricians." By F. Clifford Smith. Unwin. 6s.

[A French-Canadian novel. Illustrated.] "A Soldier of the King." By Dora M. Jones. Cassell. 6s.

[Founded on the life of John Gifford, the original of Bunyan's Evangelist.] "Anna Lombard." By Victoria Cross. Long. 6s.

"The Sentence of the Court." By Headon Hill. Pearson. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY. By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 9½×6 257 pp. Stock. 10s. 6d. n. KING AND EMPEROR: The Life History of Edward VII. By A. Mac. 7½×5, 171 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d. n.

[A sensible, readable, and perfectly frank "appreciation" of His Majesty's life and work.] PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA (Great Masters Series). By W. G. Waters. 8×5½, 135 pp. Bell. 5s. n.

FICTION.

ANOTHER ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. By Barry Pain. 7×4½, 132 pp. Unwin. 2s.

THE WIZARD'S KNOT. By W. Barry. 7½×5½, 376 pp. Unwin. 6s.

HARLOW OF SENDLE. By J. W. Graham. 7½×5½, 344 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

[A north-country tale "from the Notebooks of Thomas Denton, Esq., of Eselby."] BALLAST. By Myra Swan. 7½×5½, 361 pp. Longmans. 6s.

THE GOLDEN TOOTH. By J. M. Cobden. 7½×5½, 313 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

IN HIS OWN IMAGE. By F. Baron Corvo. 7½×5½, 419 pp. Lane. 6s.

THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY. By D. C. Murray. 7½×5¼. 318 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

LADY WILMERDING OF MAISON ROUGE. By J. D. Craig, D.D. 7½×5¼. 341 pp. Stock. 6s.

[Originally written when Nice was Sardinian, and contains characters which re-appear in the author's "John Mavrell".]

BLACK COUNTRY SKETCHES. By Amy Lyons. 7½×5, 116 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d. [Gathered from old MSS. Extends over three centuries.]

A SYNDICATE OF SINNERS. By Gertrude Warden. 7½×5¼. 301 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

EDWARD BLAKE. By C. M. Sheldon. 7½×5, 235 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

[A religious story of American college life.]

MY INDIAN QUEEN. By Guy Boothby. 8×5¼. 319 pp. Ward, Lock. 5s.

[A tale of London and India in the days of George II.]

L'HALEINE DU DÉSERT. Par Jean Pommeret. 7½×5, 322 pp. Paris, Flammarion. Fr. 3.50.

CASTING OF NETS. By R. Bagot. 7½×5¼. 358 pp. Arnold. 6s.

[By the author of "A Roman Mystery." Deals with Roman Catholicism in society and with "mixed marriages." The scene is laid in England and Rome.]

THE SALVATION SEEKERS. By N. Ainslie. 7½×5¼. 290 pp. Methuen. 6s.

THE FROBISHERS. By S. Baring-Gould. 7½×5¼. 308 pp. Methuen. 6s.

CUCKOO: A Novel for Children. By S. Ashton. 8½×7, 120 pp. Simpkin. 3s. 6d.

SAINT NITOUCHE. Par Georges Beaune. 7½×5, 316 pp. Paris, Flammarion. Fr. 3.50.

LITERARY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SHORT STORY. NOTES ON SPEECH-MAKING By B. Matthews, D.C.L. 6½×4¼. 92 pp. Longmans. 1s. 6d. n. each.

[These booklets contain reprinted articles—the former dating from the eighties. The "Speech-making" makes good reading.]

SOME ASPECTS OF BIBLIOGRAPHY. By J. Ferguson. 9×5¼. 102 pp. Edinburgh, Johnston. 5s. n.

KALHANA'S CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF KASHMIR. 2 vols. Trans. by M. A. Stein. 10¼×7¼. 402+555 pp. Constable. £3 3s. n.

DELLA VITA E DELLE OPERE DI LORENZO DA PONTE. By Angelo Marchese. 7½×5, 511 pp. Trevis, Premiata Topografia Turazza.

UMORISTIL (Nelle Letterature Straniere. Terza Serie.) By A. Leforte-Randi. 7½×5, 344 pp. Palermo, Reber. L. 2.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RELIEF OF KUMASI. By Col. H. C. J. Bias. 7½×5¼. 315 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[The story, for the most part, of an eyewitness. Maps and photographs.]

THE NORTH AMERICANS OF YESTERDAY. By F. S. Dellenbaugh. 9¼×6¼. 487 pp. Putnam. 21s.

MORISON'S CHRONICLE OF THE YEAR'S NEWS FOR 1900. By G. Eyre-Todd. 7½×5¼. 446 pp. Glasgow, Morrison. 3s. 6d. n.

[Gives, with its complete classified index, a very useful conspectus of public events Third Annual Issue.]

PREMIÈRES OF THE YEAR. By J. T. Green. 7½×5¼. 275 pp. Macqueen.

[Reprinted dramatic criticisms, plain-spoken and very readable, from May 7, 1899, "Why Smith Left Home," to July 8, 1900, Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Candida."]

THE TRUTH ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND. The Tenth Island. By Beekles Wilson. 7½×5¼. 228 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

THE PROCEPTORS' BOOK-KEEPING. By T. C. Jackson. 7×4¼. 173 pp. Clive. 1s. 6d.

COUTTS & CO., BANKERS. 2nd Ed. By R. Richardson. 9¼×6, 169 pp. Stock. 7s. 6d.

L'ART DE LA VIE. By R. de Maille de la Clavière. 4¾×7¾. 335 pp. Paris, 1901. Perrin. Fr. 3.50.

LES RAYONS DE L'AUBE. Dernières Etudes Philosophiques. By Count Léon Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by J.-W. Bienstock. 4¾×7¾. 415 pp. Paris, 1901. Stock. Fr. 3.50.

LE DROIT D'ÊTRE MÈRE. Par P. Bru. 7½×5, 322 pp. Paris, Flammarion. Fr. 3.50.

POETRY.

PARODIES AND OTHER POEMS. By Maggie Grogan. 7½×5¼. 72 pp. Digby, Long. 3s. 6d. n.

VILLAGE LIFE AND FEELING. By R. Upperton. 7½×5¼. 195 pp. Greening. 2s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS.

ROB ROY. THE ANTIQUARY. (The New Century Scott.) 6¼×4¼. 503+520 pp. Nelson. 2s. each.

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY. By Maurice Heuldt. 7½×5, 205 pp. Macmillan. 5s.

GILBERT WHITE'S SELBORNE. 2 vols. Ed. by R. B. Sharpe, LL.D. 9×6, 427+433 pp. Freemantle. £3 3s.

THEOLOGY.

OLD AND NEW CENTURY BELLS. By the Rev. J. R. Vernon. 7½×5¼. 166 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d. n.

[Six Advent Addresses, by the author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," on the Standard of Morality, of Philanthropy, of Faith, &c.]

IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND THE BIBLE TRUE? By H. McIntosh. 8½×5½. 680 pp. T. and T. Clark. 9s.

PAROCHIAL SERMONS. By S. J. Stone. 7½×5, 236 pp. Skeffington. 4s.

[Short characteristic sermons by the author of "Weary of Earth." Nearly half the book devoted to "Words from the Cross."]

INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE. By R. G. Moulton. 7×4¼. 374 pp. Ibbister. 3s. 6d.

THE SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE. Selected from the writings of George Boddy, D.D. Ed. by J. H. Burn. 5¼×4¼. 257 pp. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

[Short extracts under subject headings—many of them now appearing in print for the first time.]

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE HEBREWS (The Semitic Series). By the Rev. E. Day. 7½×5¼. 255 pp. Nimmo. 5s. n.

TRAVEL.

HIGHLANDS OF ASIATIC TURKEY. By Earl Percy, M.P. 9×5¼. 338 pp. Arnold. 14s. n.

LIBYAN NOTES. By D. Randall-Maciver and A. Wilkins. 13×10, 113 pp. Macmillan. 20s. n.

SANDS OF SAHARA. By M. Somerville. 8½×5¼. 167 pp. Lippincott. 10s. 6d.

THE INDIAN BORDERLAND, 1890-1900. By Col. Sir T. H. Holdich. 9×5¼. 402 pp. Methuen. 15s. n.

[Mainly an historical and descriptive account of the events from the Afghan war of 1879 by a survey officer on the spot. Not an essay on frontier policy. A good Map.]

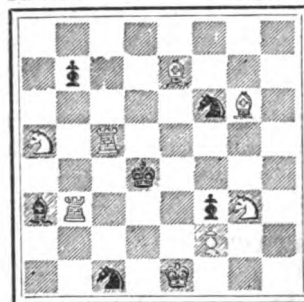
PICTURESQUE KENT. By D. Moul and G. Thompson. 8¼×7, 130 pp. Robinson. 6s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXL

By J. NIELD and J. WRIGLEY, Shaw.
BLACK. 6 pieces.

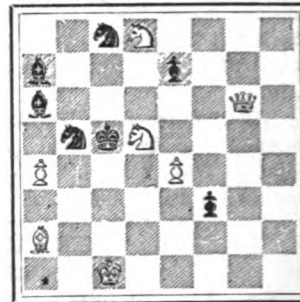


WHITE. 8 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXLI

By V. HOLST.

BLACK. 7 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 142, by J. Sehwers. Port Kunda. White (6 pieces)—K at K B 3; R at K Kt sq; Kt at K 4; pawns at K R 5, Q 2, Q B 5. Black (4 pieces)—K at K B 4; Q at K R 3; pawns at K R 2, Q B 3. White to play and win.

CHESS MAGAZINES.—Numerous periodicals devoted to chess come and go. It is necessary to preface any notice of such literature with this statement, because it is too possible for the uninitiated to subscribe in advance for periodicals which have only the briefest existence. We desire only to refer to such as deserve support. The very latest to reach us is a new venture by Mr. J. H. Graham (Prescott, Ont., Canada). Sixteen

PROBLEM No. CXLIH

By C. H. WHEELER, Chicago.

BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White mates in two.

of their own entitled *Sachse Listy*. It is full of choice items and problems, mostly Bohemian (J. V. Stefanydes, 816 Vinohrady, Prague). The *Schweizerische Zeitung* (C. Aschmann, Predigerplatz, Zurich) has already been noticed. Recent issues promise well. *Deutsches Wochensach* is an old and well-edited German chess weekly (A. Stein's Verlagsbuchhandlung, Postsdam), and *Deutsche Schachzeitung* (Veit and Co., Leipzig), with Berger as problem editor and Schlechter and others to edit the games, is one of the best. This magazine has been running for 55 years. The Dutch have an organ entitled *Tijdschrift van den Nederlandschen Schaakbond* (H. B. D. Meijer, Geldersche Kade, 37, Amsterdam), and very well worthy is it of the small subscription asked for. We must not omit to mention the organ of the Vienna players, *Weiner Schachzeitung* (Wien I., Wallnerstrasse 2). Herr Marco manages this in good style, and an important three-move problem contest is announced. In welcoming the new *American Chess World*, of which the first two numbers have reached us, it is impossible to avoid reference to the disastrous failure of the brilliant and more pretentious *American Chess Monthly*, recently deceased. But there is no reason why the new venture (\$1 a year, C. H. Pratt, 262, East 122nd Street, New York) should not be a permanent institution. This is the more likely as no fuss is made, but only good sound work and sensible talk on chess matters is to be found in its 16 pages. The editor is J. T. McPeak and the game department is managed by Mr. W. E. Napier. An old favourite is *Tidskrift for Skak*, the monthly organ of the rising Danish chessplayers. To this and all the magazines mentioned we offer our best regards and good wishes, and we plead generally for more liberal support of these self-sacrificing ventures. Few can imagine what editing and publishing a chess magazine implies.

Literature (Supplement).

SPRING PUBLICATIONS.

PROSPECTS FOR THE SPRING.

PUBLISHERS, apparently, can take their troubles lightly, and always hope to wipe off the losses resulting from "a bad season." At all events, the programme for the spring shows that the trade, as a whole, is at least prepared for a busy season. Fortunately, the publishers are not wholly dependent upon a capricious public for their successes; it would surprise most people outside the trade to find how large are the sales of many books which are never heard of in the ordinary way—technical books, for instance. In ordinary circumstances the present season would probably be exceptionally brisk, for publishers are realizing the folly of flooding the market with books in the autumn, and every year are making greater use of the spring. This year began rather badly, and the death of her late Majesty unsettled the trade for several weeks, and, on the whole, the sales—except in the case of Royal biographies and one or two novels like Mrs. Alexander's "A Missing Hero," now in a third edition—were disappointing. Khaki literature was said to have been done to death months ago—over three hundred books dealing with the war were published during the last fifteen months—yet they are still coming, and more are included in the spring announcements. One of the first of the forthcoming war books, "My Experiences of the Boer War," by Adelbert Count Stormberg—is translated from the German, and contains a preface by Colonel Henderson, who is to write the official history of the campaign. Colonel Henderson is the author of "Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War," and acted as Director of Military Intelligence in Lord Roberts' force during the advance on Pretoria, when he was invalided home. It is safe to assume that books on the war—apart from the comprehensive histories now in progress—will continue to appear until the end of the year at least. After the war the question of the settlement of our new territories will have to be dealt with; so that South African literature will probably retain its place in our publishers' lists for an indefinite period.

WE select for reproduction in this Supplement a picture from what is certainly one of the most notable illustrated books of the spring season—Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's GILBERT WHITE'S SELBORNE, in two portly volumes (Freemantle, £3 3s.). So far as illustrations go it is undoubtedly the most beautiful edition we have had of White—we had almost said of any English classic. The full page pictures are by three artists—Mr. J. G. Keulemans treats the animals and the birds in half-tone drawings of great merit from the point of view both of the naturalist and the artist; Mr. E. J. Sullivan has seldom done any better illustrative work than he displays in his figure drawings, mostly of White himself (though no portrait of him exists), at his favourite pursuits; and Mr. Herbert Railton deals with the landscape department in his well-known clever style. There are also a number of small drawings in the text by Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Railton. The book includes the letters (containing some not usually included), which form the Natural History, the Garden Kalendar (to which Dean Hole writes an introduction), and the Appendices of Latin Documents referring to Selborne. Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's brief introduction does not attempt any complete record of White or of Selborne, a task to which he hopes to address himself later. His admirable notes (additional to White's), in which he has had the assistance of other naturalists, are kept within moderate limits. Mr. C. Davies Sherborn's bibliography will be



DRY FINE WEATHER.

From "Gilbert White's Selborne." (Reproduced by permission of Mr. S. T. Freemantle, who publishes the book).

valued, but it seems to us a little meagre in information. He does not tell us, for instance, anything about the inclusion of the two preliminary publications of 1774 and 1775 (Of the House Martin, Of the House Swallow, &c.) in the Natural History; or about the H. A. E. to whom the "Lady Dover" edition is dedicated,—the name does appear in full under the "? c. 1850" S. P. C. K. edition, but "Lord Clifford" should there surely be "Lord Clifden." Nor does he appear to mention Aikin's edition of the Naturalists' Calendar, 1795. The whole book is very well got up; and for its really extraordinary artistic merit, as well as for its excellent notes, it may be said—save, of course, in the eyes of the book-collector—to rank first among the eighty odd editions of White's work.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

- The Early Ages of Greece. By Professor W. Ridgeway Cam. Un. Press
 An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy. Vol. II. Ed. by E. S. Roberts and Prof. E. A. Gardner " "
 History of Scottish Seals. By W. De Gray Birch. 42s. Mackay
 The Oldest Civilization of Greece: Studies on the Mycenaean Age. By H. R. Hale Nutt
 Beni Hasan. Part IV.; the Archaeological Survey of Egypt 25s. Paul

ARCHITECTURE.

- Building Specifications. By J. Leaning 18s. n. Batsford
 The Principles of Architectural Planning 6s. n. " "
 Later Renaissance Architecture in England. Edited by J. Belcher and M. E. Macartney " "
 Some Architectural Works of Inigo Jones. By H. I. Triggs and H. Tanner 30s. n. " "
 Early Renaissance Architecture in England. By J. A. Gotch 21s. n. " "
 A Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England (1500-1800). By R. Blomfield 7s. 6d. Bell
 Scottish Cathedrals and Abbeys. By the Rev. D. Butler 1s. 6d. n. Black
 Architectural Remains of Old Richmond, Petersham, Twickenham, Mortlake, and Kew. Drawn by T. R. Way. Edited by F. Chapman 21s. n. Lane
 Ancient Towers and Doorways. From the Drawings of A. Galletly. Described by A. Taylor 12s. 6d. Mackay
 The Monastery of St. Luke of Stiris in Phocis. By R. W. Schultz and S. H. Barnsley £3 3s. Macmillan
 Dictionary of Architecture and Building. By R. Sturgis and others. Vol. I. A.-E. 25s. n. "

ART.

- The Decorative Work of Robert J. Adam 30s. n. Batsford
 Flower Studies for the Use of Art Students and Designers. Illustrated by J. Foord " "
 The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. By B. Berenson... .. Bell
 Further Vols. in the "Great Masters" Series 5s. n. each " "
 German Book-Plates. By Karl Emich. Translated by R. Dennis 12s. 6d. n. " "
 The Decorative Illustration of Books, Old and New. By Walter Crane 6s. n. " "
 War Impressions. By M. Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes 20s. n. Black
 The Madonna. Translated from the Italian of Adolfo Venturè. Introduction by Mrs. Meynell Burns & Oates
 Florentine Villas. By Janet Ross. Photographures of Zocchi's Engravings £3 3s. Dent
 Instructive and Ornamental Paper Work Gill
 A Book of the Poster. By W. S. Rogers Greening
 The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck Heinemann
 Studies of French Criminals. By H. B. Irving " "
 A Catalogue of the Collection of Pictures and Sculpture at Apsley House Longmans
 Andrea Mantegna. By P. Kristeller. Eng. Edition by S. A. Strong. Illustrated " "
 Model and Blackboard Drawing. By F. F. Lydan Sampson Low
 Ambidextrous and Free-arm Blackboard Drawing and Design. By F. F. Lydan " "
 The Frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel in Rome. By Miss E. M. Phillips 6s. n. Murray
 The Oriental Influence on the Ceramic Art of the Italian Renaissance. By Henry Wallis. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. Quaritch
 History of Fine Arts. By Prof. G. B. Brown (Social England Series) Sonnenschein

BIOGRAPHY.

- The Journal of Mrs. Fenton, in India and the Colonies 8s. 6d. n. Arnold
 Courtier, Monk, and Martyr: A Sketch of the Life of Dom Sebastian Newdigate. By Dom Bede Camm Art & Book Company
 Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Arthur Freeman Blackwood
 Life of Major-General Sir Murdoch Smith. By W. K. Dickson "

BIOGRAPHY—(continued)

- Life, Letters, and Diaries of Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Graham. By Col. R. H. Veitch... Blackwood
 A Wanderer: From the Papers of the late H. O. Matuce 2s. 6d. n. Brimley Johnson
 Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College. By J. Venn Cam. Un. Press
 Bar, Stage, and Platform. By H. Merivale 12s. Chatto
 Our Greatest Living Soldiers. By C. Lowe 3s. 6d. " "
 The Reign of Victoria. A Retrospect. By Prof. F. York Powell Constable
 Oswald Von Wolkenstein. By Mme. L. Villari 4s. 6d. n. Dent
 Handel. By C. F. A. Williams (Master Musicians, Edited by F. J. Crowst) 3s. 6d. n. " "
 Alfred, the West Saxon, King of the English. By D. Macfadyen (The Saintly Lives, Edited by Dr. R. F. Horton) 4s. 6d. n. " "
 Peter Abélard. By J. McCabe Duckworth
 Joan of Arc, by Professor L. Petit de Julleville; Saint Dominic, by J. Guiraud; Saint Chrysostom, by A. Puech (Saint Series)... .. " "
 A Memoir of the Rev. H. Twells Gardner, Darton
 Reminiscences of Jean Ingelow " "
 Edward VII. (Midget Series) " "
 The Francis Letters. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary Hutchinson
 Henry Broadhurst, M.P. Told by Himself. Introduction by A. Birrell, Q.C. " "
 The Queen's Comrade: Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. By F. Molloy " "
 Disciples of Æsculapius. By Sir B. W. Richardson. With a Memoir by his Daughter " "
 My Autobiography: A Fragment. By the Right Hon. Professor Max Müller 12s. 6d. Longmans
 Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville. By Mrs. Oldfield " "
 Caroline of Anspach and Her Times. By W. H. Wilkins " "
 The Times Life of Queen Victoria. Illustrated ... Sampson Low
 Mary Queen of Scots, and Who Wrote the Casket Letters? By S. Cowan. 2 vols. " "
 The Indian Borderland; A Personal Record. By Sir T. H. Holdich 15s. Methuen
 The Passing of the Great Queen. By Marie Corelli 1s. " "
 The Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton. By G. S. Layard 12s. 6d. " "
 The Last of the Great Scouts ("Buffalo Bill"). By Helen C. Wetmore 6s. " "
 Brother Musicians: Edward and Walter Bache. By Constance Bache 6s. n. " "
 The Life of Savonarola. By E. L. S. Horsburgh (Little Biographies) 3s. 6d. " "
 The Autobiography of William Simpson, R.I. Morrison
 Further Vols. in the "Famous Scots" Series Oliphant
 Lord Rosebery, by J. A. Hammerton; Joseph Chamberlain, by A. Mee; Frederick Temple, by F. Aitken; Joseph Parker, D.D., by A. Dawson; General Booth, by Jesse Page; Hugh Price Hughes, by Rev. F. G. Mantle (New Century Leaders) Partridge
 King and Emperor. By A. Mee " "
 Victoria the Well-Beloved (1819-1901). By F. Aitken " "
 Further Vols. in the "Westminster" and "Beacon" Biographies 2s. 6d. n. each Paul
 The Little Flowers of S. Benet 5s. " "
 The Life of Lord Kitchener. By H. G. Groser 2s. 6d. Pearson
 Further Vols. in the "Heroes of the Nations" Series 5s. each Putnams
 Further Vols. in the "Heroes of the Reformation" Series 6s. each " "
 His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. By Marie Belloc Lowndes 7s. 6d. Richards
 Robert Buchanan, the Poet of Modern Revolt. By A. Stodart-Walker 6s. n. " "
 The Day Book of John Stuart Blackie. Ed. by A. Stodart-Walker 6s. " "
 Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff. 5s. " "
 Great Men. By F. C. Gould and H. Begbie 3s. 6d. " "
 The Life and Times of Queen Victoria. By the Author of "General Gordon," &c. 2s. 6d. Scott

BIOGRAPHY—(continued)

- Lion-Hearted. The Story of Bishop Hanning-
ton's Life. By the Rev. E. C. Dawson 1s. 6d. Seeley
A Lifetime in South Africa. By the Hon. Sir J.
Robinson, K.C.M.G. ... 10s. 6d. Smith, Elder
Cavalier and Puritan. By Lady Newdigate-New-
degate ... 7s. 6d. "
Shakespeare's Family. By Charlotte C. Stopes
10s. 6d. n. Stock

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- The "Chicot" Papers, by K. Howard. ... 1s. Arrowsmith
Oddland, and Other Fairy Tales. By H. A. James
3s. 6d. Newnes
A Hidden Foe, by G. A. Henty. Illus. by P.
Spence ... Sampson Low
The Bible for the Young. By J. P. Smyth ... "
The Animals of Africa. By H. A. Bryden ... 6s. Sands
Cuckoo: A Story. By S. Ashton ... 3s. 6d. Simpkin

CLASSICAL.

- Euripides. By G. Murray ... 7s. 6d. n. Allen
Bacchylides. The new poems and fragments.
Edited by Sir R. Jebb ... Cam. Un. Press
Demosthenes. De Corona. Edited by Prof.
W. W. Goodwin ... 12s. 6d. "
Herondas. The Mimes. Edited by W. Headlam
Two Greek Grammars of the Thirteenth Century.
Edited by E. Nolan ... "
Compositions in Greek and Latin Verse and
Prose. By R. Shilleto ... "
The Hisperica Famina and their Literary Con-
geners. Edited by F. J. H. Jenkinson ... "
History of Classical Scholarship. By J. E. Sandys
Dionysius of Halicarnassus: the Three Literary
Letters. Edited by Prof. W. R. Roberts 9s. "
Plato, The Republic. Edited by J. Adam ... "
Aristophanes. Equites. Edited by R. A. Meil
Aeschylus Choephoroe. Edited by Prof. T. G.
Tucker ... "
The Odyssey, XIII.-XXIV. Edited by D. B.
Monro ... Clarendon Press
The Politics of Aristotle. Edited by W. L.
Newman. Vols. III., IV., and V. (completing
the work) ... "
Ætina. Edited by Robinson Ellis ... "
Notes on Thucydides. Book III. By H. F. Fox
Platonis Opera, Tom. II. (Tetralogiae III., IV.),
by J. Burnet; Xenophontis Opera, Tom. II.
(Libri Socratici), by E. C. Marchant;
Ciceronis Epistulae ad Familiares, by L. C.
Purser; Aristophanis Comœdiæ, Tom. II., by
F. W. Hall and W. M. Geldart. (Oxford
Classical Texts) ... "
Greek and Roman Mythology. By Dr. H. Stend-
ing. (Temple Cyclopædic Primer.) 1s. n. Dent
Anthology of Latin Poetry. By R. Y. Tyrrell ... Macmillan

DRAMA.

- The Revolt, and The Escape. By Villiers
de L'Isle Adam. Trans. by Theresa Bar-
clay ... 3s. 6d. n. Duckworth
Herod: a Tragedy. By S. Phillips 4s. 6d. n. Lane
Premières of the Year. By J. T. Grein ... Macqueen
Arms and the Man. You Never Can Tell. The
Devil's Disciple, &c. By Bernard Shaw
(Acting Edition) ... 1s. 6d. n. each Richards
Mysteries and Miracle Plays. By Lucy T.
Smith (Social England Series) ... Sonnenschein
Rudolph Schrolle. By E. G. ... 2s. 6d. Stock

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

- Solvency or Salvation. By P. E. Bodington. Chapman & Hall
History of Agriculture and Prices. By the late
J. E. Thorold Rogers. Vols. VII. and VIII. Clarendon Press
The New Womanhood. By J. C. Fernald 5s. Funk & Wagnalls
True Motherhood. By J. C. Fernald ... 2s. 6d. "
The Eternal Conflict. By Benjamin Swift ... Heinemann
Social Development under Christian Influence.
By M. Kaufman ... 5s. Hodges, Figgis
The Cottage Homes of England: The Case
Against the Housing System in Rural Dis-
tricts. By W. W. Crotch. (Enlarged Edition.) King
Erewhon Revisited. By S. Butler ... Longmans

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY—(continued)

- The Native Races of South Africa. By the South
African Native Races Committee ... Murray
Village Life in China. A Study in Sociology.
By A. H. Smith, D.D. ... Oliphant
The Social Position of Women. By C. F. Smith Sonnenschein
The Hope of England. By Q. H. Lewis ... "

EDUCATIONAL.

- Dickens as an Educator. By J. L. Hughes 6s. Arnold
The London School Atlas. Ed. by H. O. Arnold-
Forster ... 3s. "
Greek Plays (Elementary Series). Ed. by E. C.
Marchant ... 2s. each Bell
Further Vols. in the "Illustrated Classics" ... 2s. 6d. each "
A Treatise on Elementary Statics. By W. J.
Dobbs ... Black
Introduction to the Study of Physics. By A. F.
Walden ... "
A Text-Book of Zoology. By Dr. Otto Schmeil.
Trans. by R. Rosenstech. Ed. by J. T.
Cunningham ... "
Voltaire, Contes et Melanges. By F. B. Kirk-
man. (French Literary Readers.) ... "
The Old Senate and the Monarchy. By Miss
F. M. Orniston. (Historical Latin Readers.)
2s. "
Athens and Sparta and the Struggle with Persia.
(Historical Greek Reader) ... 2s. 6d. "
English History Illustrated from Original Sources.
Ed. by N. L. Frazer and J. L. Figgis ... "
Poems of English History. By J. A. Nicklin
1s. 6d. n. "
Famous Englishmen. By J. Finnemore ... "
Scott Readers for Young People ... "
Scott Readers ... "
Geography of South Africa. By L. W. Lyde 1s. n. "
World Pictures and Problems. By Miss J. B.
Reynolds ... 1s. 6d. n. "
New Descriptive Geography of Africa ... 2s. n. "
A Primer of French Literature. By Prof.
Weekley ... Blackie
Virgil's Aeneid. Bk. II., Ed. by Prof. Sandford;
Bk. VI., Ed. by H. B. Cotterill. Georgics,
Bk. II., Ed. by S. E. Winbolt. Ovid's Meta-
morphoses, Bk. I., Ed. by E. E. Ensor.
Cæsar's Gallic War, Bk. V., Ed. by Prof.
Brown. (Illustrated Latin Series, Ed. by
Prof. Tyrrell) ... "
Greek Grammar Papers. By A. C. Liddell ... "
Much Ado About Nothing. Ed. by J. C. Smith
(The Warwick Shakespeare.) ... "
Julius Cæsar; The Merchant of Venice (The
Picture Shakespeare.) ... "
Macaulay's Lives of Johnson and Goldsmith. Ed.
by J. Downie ... "
Browning's Strafford. Ed. by Miss A. Wilson ... "
First Latin Reader. By R. A. A. Beresford ... "
First German Book. By Miss L. A. Lowe ... "
Illustrated French Primer. By M. Nivet ... "
German Unseens for Middle and Upper Forms.
By W. G. Etheridge ... "
Continental Geographies: America, Australasia
The George Eliot Reader. By Elizabeth Lee 2s. Blackwood
Specimens of Middle Scots. By G. Gregory
Smith ... "
A Handbook of English Composition ... "
Blackwood's School Shakespeare. Ed. by R.
Brimley Johnson ... 1s. 6d. each "
English Drama. By J. L. Robertson ... 2s. 6d. "
Blackwood's English Classics. Ed. by G. H. Lobban.
Pope—Rape of the Lock; Hazlitt—Essays on
Poetry; Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats;
Samson Agonistes; Marmion; Lamb—Select
Essays; Milton—Lycidas, &c. ... "
A Short History of the Ancient Greeks. By P.
Giles ... "
Outlines of Greek History. By P. Giles ... "
Manual of Greek Composition. By G. Murray ... "
A Manual of Classical Geography. By J. L.
Myres ... "
Blackwood's Illustrated Classical Texts. Ed. by
H. W. Auden ... "
Aristophanes, Pax. Ed. by H. Sharpley ... "

EDUCATIONAL—(continued)

Lower Greek Unseens. Ed. by W. Lobban...	Blackwood
Elementary Greek Accidence. By F. C. Weatherhead...	"
A History of German Literature. By J. G. Robertson...	"
Outlines of German Literature. By J. G. Robertson...	"
Historical Reader of Early French. By Prof. H. A. Strong and L. Barrett...	"
Exercises in Geometry. By J. A. Third...	"
Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges: The Book of Daniel. Edited by the Rev. S. R. Driver. Psalms, Books IV. and V., XC.-CL. Edited by Professor A. F. Kirkpatrick. The Song of Songs...	Cam. Un. Press
An Elementary Latin Grammar. By A. C. Ainger and H. F. Tatham...	"
Outlines of the History of the Expansion of the British Empire, 1500-1870. By W. H. Woodward. Outlines of the History of the English Language. By Professor J. N. Toller (4s.). A Short History of the Hebrews to the Close of the Old Testament. By R. L. Ottley. A Short History of the Greeks, to the year 146 B.C. By E. S. Shuckburgh (Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges)...	"
A New Primer of Mechanics. By L. R. Wilberforce. A New Primer of Physics. By L. R. Wilberforce (Cambridge Science Primers)...	"
Livy, Book I. Edited by H. J. Edwards. Livy, Book II. Edited by R. S. Conway. Horace, Satires. Edited by J. Gaw. Erckmann-Chatrian, Le Blocus. Edited by A. R. Ropes. Erckmann-Chatrian, Waterloo. Edited by A. R. Ropes. A Key to West's Elements of English Grammar. By A. S. West (Pitt Press Series)...	"
Macbeth. Edited by A. W. Verity (the Pitt Press Shakespeare)...	"
An Elementary Old English Reader. By A. J. Wyatt...	"
Education in the Nineteenth Century. Extension Lectures. Edited by R. D. Roberts. 4s.	"
First Year's Algebra. By C. H. French and G. Osborn...	Churchill
An Elementary Greek Grammar. By J. B. Allen...	Clarendon Press
The Junior Euclid. By S. W. Finn. Books III. and IV.	"
Geometrical Exercises. By A. Larmor...	"
Elementary Treatise on Cubic and Quartic Curves. By A. B. Basset...	Deighton, Bell
Qualitative Chemical Analysis. By F. M. Perkin...	Longmans
Jackson's German Copybook...	Sampson Low
New Methods in Education. By J. L. Tadd...	"
A South African Arithmetic. By H. Hill 3s. 6d.	Methuen
The Growth of Greater Britain. Ed. by Elizabeth Lee...	2s. 6d. Murray
Murray's Handy Classical Maps. Ed. by G. B. Grundy. Græcia...	3s.
Little Arthur's History of Greece. By the Rev. A. S. Walpole...	2s. 6d.
Commercial French Course. By W. M. Poore and M. Becker. In Two Parts. Part I. 2s. 6d.	"
The Star Atlas. By Dr. Klein. Translated from the German by the Rev. E. McClure. New Ed.	S.P.C.K.
The Wonderful Century Reader. By A. R. Wallace	Sonnenschein
Standard Plays for Amateur Performance in Girls' Schools. Ed. by Elsie Fogerty...	"
The Preceptor's English Grammar. By W. H. Low and A. Wall...	Uni. Tutor. Press
The Tutorial History of England. By C. S. Fearenside...	4s. 6d.
A Higher Greek Grammar...	"
The Tutorial Greek Course...	"
The Tutorial History of Greece. By W. J. Woodhouse...	"
Euripides:—Medea. By J. Thompson and T. R. Mills...	3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.
A Higher Latin Grammar. By F. G. Plaistowe	"
Higher Latin Composition. By A. H. Allcroft...	"

EDUCATIONAL—(continued)

First Stage Practical, Plane, and Solid Geometry. By G. F. Burn...	Uni. Tutor. Press
First Stage Machine Construction and Drawing. By J. H. Dales...	"
First Stage Building Construction. By B. Cunningham...	"
First Stage Mathematics. Ed. by W. Briggs, LL.D.	"
Key to Mechanics, First Stage. By F. Rosenberg	"
Advanced Hygiene. By A. E. Ikin and R. A. Lyster...	"
The Tutorial Algebra. Part I. By R. Deakin...	"
The Tutorial Arithmetic. By W. P. Workman...	"
Deductions in Euclid. By T. W. Edmondson...	"

ENGINEERING.

Waterworks Distribution. By J. A. McPherson...	6s. n. Batsford
New Tables for the Complete Solution of Gan- guillet and Kutter's Formula. By Col. E. C. S. Moore...	15s. n. "
A Practical Treatise on Mine Surveying. By A. Lupton...	Longmans
A History of the Midland Railway. By C. Stretton...	12s. 6d. Methuen

ETYMOLOGY.

A Handy Vocabulary: English-Africander, Africander-English...	Blackwood
Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary: Supplement. By T. N. Toller...	Clarendon Press
Dr. Murray's Dictionary: further portions...	"
Notes on English Etymologies. By Prof. Skeat	"

FICTION.

Northborough Cross. By L. C. Cornford...	6s. Allen
The Pasha. By Daisy H. Price...	6s. "
Malicious Fortune. By Stella M. During...	6s. "
Casting of Nets. By R. Bagot...	6s. Arnold
The Novice. By Agnes Dawson...	1s. Arrowsmith
His Last Chance and Other Stories. By Grant Allen...	1s. "
A Risky Experiment. By T. Slater...	3s. 6d. "
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts...	3s. 6d. "
Dr. Somerville's Crime. By M. Hervey...	1s. 6d. "
Sesa. By H. St. John Raikes...	3s. 6d. "
Observations of Henry. By J. K. Jerome...	1s. 6d. "
Impertinent Dialogues. By C. Gordon...	3s. 6d. "
The Early Stars. By A. Kinross...	6s. "
Doom Castle. By Neil Munro...	Blackwood
The Warden of the Marshes. By S. C. Grier...	6s. "
Harlaw of Sandle. By J. W. Graham...	6s. "
Mountains of Necessity. By Hester White...	"
The Extermination of Love. By E. Gerard...	"
Marrables' Magnificent Idea. By F. C. Constable	"
My Brilliant Career. By Sybylla P. Melvyn...	"
Mr. Leopold Lugwell. By P. Sterne...	"
Frederick Uvedale. By E. Hutton...	"
Bushwhacking and Other Sketches. By H. Clifford	"
Idylls of the Fells. By T. T. K. Tarpey...	3s. 6d. Brimley Johnson
In Arcady and Out. By O. M. Hueffer...	6s. n. "
Wreckwood. By Q. Couch...	Cassell
Afield and Afloat. By F. R. Stockton...	"
A Vanished Rival. By J. Bloundell-Burton...	"
A Soldier of the King. By Dora M. Jones...	"
A Forbidden Name. By F. Whishaw...	6s. Chatto & Windus
A Path of Thorns. By E. A. Vizetelly...	6s. "
Max Thornton. By E. Glanville...	6s. "
The Blue Diamond. By Mrs. L. T. Meade...	6s. "
The Lesser Evil. By Iza D. Hardy...	6s. "
Told by the Taffrail. By Sundowner...	3s. 6d. "
Her Ladyship's Secret. By W. Westall...	6s. "
The Church of Humanity. By D. C. Murray...	6s. "
The Lone Star Rush. By E. Mitchell...	6s. "
Mononia. By J. McCarthy...	6s. "
The Bag of Diamonds. By G. M. Fenn...	6s. "
Running Amok. By G. M. Fenn...	6s. "
As Luck Would Have It. By W. Westall...	6s. "
The Pretty Polly. By W. Clark Russell...	5s. "
The Purple Cloud. By M. P. Shiel...	6s. "
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell...	3s. 6d. "
Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett...	6s. J. Clarke

FICTION—(continued)

Two Sides of a Question. By May Sinclair	6s.	Constable
That Sweet Enemy. By Katherine Tynan	6s.	"
The Sin of Jasper Standish. By "Rita"	6s.	"
The Ship's Adventure. By W. C. Russell	6s.	"
Where the Oranges Grow. By N. Leyken. Trans. by Count C. S. de Soissons	6s.	Greening
Mad? By J. P. Loughnan	2s. 6d.	"
Prettiness of Fools. By E. Hewitt	6s.	"
Tragedy of a Pedigree. By H. Ames	6s.	"
"And Afterwards?" By Mrs. H. E. Gorst	6s.	"
Ira Lorraine. By C. Fevez	6s.	"
The Magnetism of Sin. By "Æsculapius"	3s. 6d.	"
The Aftertaste. By Compton Reade	6s.	"
The Modern Argonauts. By Mme. Orzeszko. Trans. by Count C. S. de Soissons	6s.	"
Red Fate. By E. Forbes	6s.	"
Pelican Tails. Edited by F. M. Boyd	1s.	"
The Dollar Library of American Fiction: The Girl at the Halfway House, by E. Hough; Parlous Times, by D. D. Wells; Lords of the North, by A. C. Lant; The Chronic Loafer, by N. Lloyd; Her Mountain Lover, by H. Garland	4s. ea.	Heinemann
The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson	6s.	"
Tangled Trinities. By D. Woodroffe	6s.	"
A Swedish Homestead. By Selma Lagerlof	6s.	"
Sirius and other Stories. By Ellen Thornercroft Fowler	6s.	Hodder & Stoughton
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. le Queux	6s.	"
Queen's Mate. By M. Gerard	6s.	"
My Heart and Lute. By A. St. Lawrence	6s.	"
With Christ in Sailortown. By F. T. Bullen	1s. 6d.	"
A Woman of Yesterday. By Caroline A. Mason	6s.	"
This Body of Death. By Adeline Sergeant	6s.	Hurst & Blackett
His Own Father. By W. E. Norris	6s.	"
Children of Hermes. By H. Nisbet	6s.	"
The Mother of Emeralds. By F. Hume	6s.	"
Bats the Impossible. By Sarah Grand	6s.	Hutchinson
The Gamblers. By W. le Queux	6s.	"
The Treasure of Captain Scarlett. By Adeline Sergeant	6s.	"
The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges. By Mrs. Lynn Linton	6s.	"
The Wastrel. By Mary A. Dickens	6s.	"
Franks: Duellist. By A. Pratt	6s.	"
The Eternal Quest. By J. A. Steuart	6s.	"
The Second Dandy Chater. By T. Gallon	6s.	"
A Little Grey Sheep. By Mrs. H. Fraser	6s.	"
The Great Company. By D. Sladen	6s.	"
Pride of Race. By B. L. Farjeon	6s.	"
Claudia Pole. By C. Dawe	6s.	"
Love Rules the Camp. By Col. A. Haggard	6s.	"
The Nan's Talisman. By M. Ashton	6s.	"
The Just and the Unjust. By R. Bagot	6s.	Lane
The Column. By C. Marriott	6s.	"
In His Own Image. By F. Baron Corvo	6s.	"
The Usurper. By W. J. Locke	6s.	"
The Aristocrats	6s.	"
Severance. By T. Cobb	6s.	"
They That Took the Sword. By N. Stephenson	6s.	"
A Woman Derelict. By May Crommelin	6s.	J. Long
Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband. By R. Marsh	6s.	"
Paul Le Maistre. By F. Carrel	6s.	"
Once Too Often. By Florence Warden	6s.	"
The Three Days' Terror. By J. S. Fletcher	6s.	"
Nobler than Revenge. By Esmé Stuart	6s.	"
Plato's Handmaiden. By L. Cleve	6s.	"
Women Must Weep. By Sarah Tytler	6s.	"
The Mission of Margaret. By Adeline Sergeant	6s.	"
The Royal Sisters. By F. Mathew	6s.	"
The Golden Wang-Ho. By F. Hume	6s.	"
Anna Lombard. By Victoria Cross	6s.	"
A Son of Mammon. By G. B. Burgin	6s.	"
Virgin Gold. By W. S. Walker	6s.	"
The Master Sinner. By a well-known Author	3s. 6d.	"
Mary Bray X Her Mark. By Jenner Tayler	3s. 6d.	"
My Lady of Orange. By H. C. Bailey	6s.	Longmans
The Vicar of St. Luke's. By Sibyl Creed	6s.	"
Ballast. By Myra Swan	6s.	"
New Edition of William Black's Novels	6s.	Sampson Low
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle	6s.	Macmillan
Edition of Marion Crawford's Works	3s. 6d. each	"
In Bad Company. By R. Boldrewood	6s.	"

FICTION—(continued)

In the City. By A. Hurry	6s.	Macqueen
The Golden Lotus. By A. Barrett	6s.	"
The Devil's Plough. By Anna Farquhar	6s.	"
Ever Mohun. By F. T. Jane	6s.	"
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas	6s.	"
The Frobers. By S. Baring Gould	6s.	Methuen
A State Secret. By B. M. Croker	3s. 6d.	"
The Supreme Crime. By Dorothea Gerard	6s.	"
A Secretary of Legation. By Hope Dawlish	6s.	"
Prince Rupert the Buccaneer. By C. J. Cut- cliffe	6s.	"
A Narrow Way. By Mary Findlater	6s.	"
Tales that are Told. By J. Helen Findlater	6s.	"
The Third Floor. By Mrs. Dudeney	6s.	"
The Salvation Seekers. By N. Ainslie	6s.	"
Strange Happenings. By W. C. Russell and others	6s.	"
The Redemption of David Corson. By C. F. Goss	6s.	"
The Black Wolf's Breed. By H. Dickson	6s.	"
Belinda Fitzwarren. By the Earl of Idlesleigh	6s.	"
The Lost Regiment. By E. Glanville	3s. 6d.	"
Bunter's Cruise. By C. Gleig	3s. 6d.	"
The Adventure of Princess Sylvia. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson	3s. 6d.	"
On Peter's Island. By A. R. Ropes and Mary E. Ropes	6s.	Murray
From Grey to Gold. By Charlotte Murray	6s.	Partridge
Too Dearly Bought. By Jennie Chappell	6s.	"
Willowdene Will. By H. Sutcliffe	6s.	Pearson
Cinders. By Helen Mathers	6s.	"
The Master Passion. By Bessie Hatton	6s.	"
A Honeymoon in Space. By G. Griffiths	6s.	"
A Varsity Man. By J. Allen	6s.	"
The Invaders. By Louis Tracy	6s.	"
With the Black Flag. By W. Westall	6s.	"
A Patched Up Affair. By Florence Warden	6s.	"
Among the Redwoods. By Bret Harte	6s.	"
Twixt Devil and Deep Sea. By Mrs. C. N. William- son	6s.	"
The Sentence of the Court. By Headon Hill	6s.	"
The Tapu of Banderah, and other Stories. By Louis Becke and W. Jeffery	6s.	"
The Confessions of a Poacher. By J. Connell	3s. 6d.	"
The New Master. By A. Goldsworthy	3s. 6d.	"
White Jacket; or, the World in a Man of War. By H. Melville	6s.	Putnam's
Maya: A Story of Yucatan. By W. D. Foulke	5s.	"
Visiting the Sin. By Emma Rayner	6s.	"
The Moving Finger Writes. By Grace D. Litch- field	6s.	"
Salammbô, the Maid of Carthage. By Zenaïde A. Ragozin	5s.	"
Good Souls of Cider-Land. By W. Raymond	6s.	Richards
His Familiar Fox. By E. L. Prescott	6s.	"
Love the Laggard. By R. S. Warren-Bell	6s.	"
Rosa Amorosa. The Love-Letters of a Woman. By George Egerton	6s.	"
The Fall of the Curtain. By Harold Begbie	6s.	"
In the Shadow of Guilt. By Marie Connor and R. Leighton	6s.	"
The Maid's Progress. By Mr. and Mrs. E. Ames	3s. 6d.	"
More Gals' Gossip. By A. M. Binstead	3s. 6d.	Sands
The Pa Papers. By His Son	1s.	"
Taken by Assault. By Morley Roberts	6s.	"
The Heritage. By E. Pugh and G. Burchett	6s.	"
New York. By E. Fawcett	6s.	"
Prince Charming. By "Rita"	3s. 6d.	"
The Place of Dreams. By Dr. W. Barry	3s. 6d.	"
Dog Tales. By R. J. Lloyd Price	2s. 6d.	"
The Case and the Cure. By Gertrude Gordon	3s. 6d.	"
New Translations of the Novels of Alexander Dumas	3s. 6d.	Scott
The Fish Crown in Dispute. By Miss F. Lan- caster Lucas	6s.	Skeffington
Odd Fish. By Athol Forbes	6s.	"

FICTION—(continued)

- The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett ... 6s. Smith, Elder
 Pacifico. By J. Randal ... 6s. "
 The Seal of Silence. By A. R. Conder ... 6s. "
 Love and Honour. By M. F. Carr ... 6s. "
 A Cardinal and his Conscience. By G. Hope 6s. "
 The Archbishop and the Lady. By Mrs. S. Crowninshield ... 6s. "
 Peggy, A Schoolgirl. By Frances Stratton 5s. Stock
 Lady Wilmerding of Maison Rouge. By J. D. Craig, D.D. ... 6s. "
 Black Country Sketches. By Amy Lyons. 3s. 6d. "
 Pro Patria. By Max Pemberton ... Ward, Lock
 "Lest We Forget." By J. Hocking ... "
 My Indian Queen. By Guy Boothby ... "
 A Race with the Sun. By L. T. Meade ... "
 Edward Blake. By C. M. Sheldon ... "
 Dinnah Kellow. By C. Hare ... "
 The World's Finger. By T. H. Hanshaw ... "
 A Bear Squeeze. By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C. "

FOLKLORE AND ANTHROPOLOGY.

- The Man in the Iron Mask ... Hurst & Blackett
 The Living Races of Mankind. Vol. I. Illustrated Hutchinson
 German Life in Town and Country. By W. H. Dawson ... 3s. 6d. Newnes
 The Social Life of the Hebrews (Semitic Series). By Rev. E. Day ... 5s. net Nimmo
 Games and Pastimes of Argyleshire. By A. C. MacLagan ... Nutt
 The Races of Europe. By W. Z. Ripley. Ph.D. 18s. n. Paul
 The Spanish People. By Martin S. Hume ... 6s. Pearson
 North Americans of Yesterday. By F. S. Dellenbaugh ... 21s. "
 History of the Scotch-Irish Families in America Moriscos of Spain: Their Conversion and Expulsion. By Dr. H. C. Lea ... 9s. Quaritch
 Specimens of Bushman Folklore. By W. H. J. Bleek and Miss L. C. Lloyd ... Sonnenschein
 Modern Hinduism. 2nd Edition. By W. J. Wilkins ... 7s. 6d. Thacker

GEOGRAPHY.

- The Relations of History and Geography. By H. B. George ... Clarendon Press
 Historical Atlas of Modern Europe, from the Decline of the Roman Empire. Ed. by R. L. Poole. Pts. xxviii.-xxx. ... "
 Britain and the North Atlantic. By H. J. Mackinder ... Heinemann

HISTORY.

- An Outline of the Relations Between England and Scotland to the Union of the Parliaments. By R. S. Rait ... Blackie
 The Scottish Parliament. By R. S. Rait ... "
 Edinburgh and Linlithgow. By W. K. Dickson (the County Histories of Scotland) 7s. 6d. n. Blackwood
 The Fallen Stuarts. By F. W. Head (Cambridge Historical Essays) ... Cam. Un. Press
 The Cambridge Modern History. Ed. by Lord Acton. Vol. I. ... "
 The Teaching of History. Ed. by Lord Acton and W. A. J. Archbold ... "
 Annals of Politics and Culture, 1492-1899. By G. P. Gooch ... "
 The Anglo-Saxon Chancery. By W. H. Stevenson Records of the Borough of Leicester. Ed. by Mary Bateson ... 25s. n. "
 Cromwell on Foreign Affairs. By F. W. Payn ... "
 Germany, 1815-1890. By J. W. Headlam—The Colonization of South America. By E. J. Payne—The Eastern Question. By Prof. S. Lane Poole (The Cambridge Historical Series. Ed. by G. W. Prothero) ... "
 The Conditions of Travel and Communication, especially in Asia Minor, in the First Century after Christ. By Caroline A. J. Skeel ... "
 Crowns and Coronations. By W. Jones 3s. 6d. Chatto
 Fifty Years Ago. By Sir W. Besant ... 3s. 6d. "

HISTORY—(continued)

- Studies in History and Jurisprudence. By the Rt. Hon. J. Bryce ... Clarendon Press
 The Alfred Jewel. By J. Earle ... "
 An Antiquarian Companion to English History. Ed. by F. P. Barnard ... "
 The Oxford School History of England ... "
 Asser's Life of Alfred. Ed. by W. H. Stevenson ... "
 Studies in Peerage and Family History. By J. H. Round ... 12s. 6d. n. Constable
 The Fight with France for North America. By A. G. Bradley. ... 15s. "
 A Chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir. 2 vols. £3 3s. n. "
 Princes and Poisoners. By F. F. Brentano. Translated by G. Maidment ... 6s. Duckworth
 The Banner of St. George. By M. Branstons ... 3s. 6d. "
 The Jewish Encyclopædia, 12 vols. ... £15 Funk & Wagnalls
 Napoleon III. at the Height of his Power (the Second French Empire Series) ... Hutchinson
 King Monmouth. By A. Fea ... 21s. n. Lane
 Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice ... Longmans
 The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By A. Lang ... "
 A History of Egypt. Ed. by Prof. W. M. F. Petrie. Vol. VI.—Egypt in the Middle Ages. By Prof. S. Lane-Poole ... 6s. Methuen
 A History of the Jesuits in England. By E. L. Taunton ... 21s. n. "
 A Manual of South African History. By the Hon. A. Wilmot ... 5s. Paul
 A History of the Popes. From the close of the Middle Ages ... 12s. n. per vol. "
 Episodes from "The Winning of the West." 1769-1807. By Theodore Roosevelt ... 3s. 6d. n. Putnam
 Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century. By George Paston ... 10s. 6d. Richards
 A History of Rome. By E. H. Miles ... 8s. 6d. "
 Periods of European History. Ed. by A. Hassall A Class Book of English History. By A. Hassall ... "
 A History of Rome. By J. L. Myres ... "
 Mary I., Queen of England. By J. M. Stone ... Sands
 South Africa a Century Ago. Letters by Lady A. Barnard. Ed. by W. H. Wilkins, F.S.A. ... 7s. 6d. Smith, Elder
 The Land of the Moors. By B. Meakin ... 15s. Sonnenschein
 Chivalry. By F. W. Cornish. (Social England Series. Ed. by K. Cotes) ... "
 The Romance of a Hundred Years. By A. Kingston, F.H.S. ... 6s. Stock
 Alfred the Great. By W. H. Draper ... 5s. "

LAW.

- Laws Relating to Poor Law Officers. By M. Greenwood ... Bailliere, Tindall
 Brevia Placitata. Ed. by G. J. Turner ... Cam. Un. Press
 Select Cases in Criminal Law. By C. Kenny ... "
 A History of the Law of Nations. By T. A. Walker. Vol. II. ... "
 Roman Private Law. By H. J. Roby ... "
 The Civil and Criminal Procedure of Cicero's Time. By A. H. J. Greenidge ... Clarendon Press
 English Reports, Vols. V., VI., VII., VIII. ... Green
 Scots Statutes Revised, Vols. VIII., IX. ... "
 Re-issue of the Scots Law Reports (1821-1873), Vols. IV., V. ... "
 Comparative Principles of the Laws of England and Scotland. By J. W. B. Innes. Book I.—Procedure ... "
 The Game Laws of Scotland. By J. W. Tait ... "
 A Manual of Company Law in Scotland. By A. M'Neil ... "
 The Scots Digest of Cases, from 1895 to 1900. By J. C. S. Sandeman ... "
 Lectures Illustrating the Changes in the English Law during the XIXth Century. Ed. by H. B. Odgers ... Macmillan
 The English Manor. By Prof. Vinogradoff. (Social England Series) ... Sonnenschein

LITERATURE AND BELLES LETTRES.

- The Life of the Bee. By M. Maeterlinck 6s. n. Allen
 The Literary Year Book. Edited by H. Morrah 3s. 6d. n. "
 The History of Early Italian Literature. Translated by H. Oelsner.... 3s. 6d. Bell
 Introduction to English Literature. By H. S. Pascoast.... 7s. 6d. n. "
 Further Volumes of Handbooks of English Literature ... 3s. 6d. each "
 A Note-Book of French Literature. By P. C. Yorke ... Blackie
 Selections from the Writings of the Honourable Sir Charles Augustus Murray. Ed. by his Wife ... Blackwood
 Essays, Descriptive and Biographical. By Grace, Lady Prestwich ... "
 Periods of European Literature. Edited by Professor Saintsbury. Vol. V.—The Earlier Renaissance ... 5s. n. "
 William Makepeace Thackeray. By C. Whibley (Modern English Writers) ... 2s. 6d. "
 G. W. Steevens' Works (Memorial Edition). Vol. I.—Things Seen. With Memoir. By W. E. Henley ... 6s. "
 Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus. Ed. by W. Stokes and Prof. J. Strachan... Cam. Un. Press
 An Old English Anthology. By A. J. Wyatt ... "
 Lord Macaulay. By D. H. Macgregor ... "
 Two Lectures Introductory to the Study of Poetry. By H. C. Beeching ... 2s. "
 Robert Louis Stevenson. By H. B. Baildon 6s. Chatto
 The Complete Works of John Gower. Ed. by G. C. Macaulay. Vol. II. and III.... Clarendon Press
 Elizabethan Critical Essays. Ed. by G. Gregory Smith ... "
 Notes on the "Divina Commedia" of Dante. By H. F. Tozer ... "
 Ephemera Critica. By J. C. Collins. ... 7s. 6d. Constable
 Tennyson. By M. Luce (Temple Cyclopædic Primer) ... 1s. n. Dent
 Foreign Classics in English by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson. 6 Vols. ... 24s. Funk & Wagnalls
 Village Life and Feeling. By R. Upperton. 2s. 6d. n. Greening
 Bret Harte. By T. E. Pemberton... 3s. 6d. "
 Thackeray's Stray Papers. Collected by L. Melville ... Hutchinson
 Poets of the Younger Generation. By W. Archer. 4s. n. Lane
 Portraits by R. Bryden. ... 4s. n. "
 Men and Letters. By H. Paul ... 5s. n. "
 The Rubaiyat of Umar Khayyam. From the French of J. B. Nicholas by F. Baron Corvo and E. Slaughter. ... 5s. n. "
 Philosophy of the Short Story. Notes on Speech-making. By B. Matthews... 1s. 6d. n. each Longmans
 New Illustrated Edition of J. H. Jesse's "English Historical Memoirs" ... £13 13s. n. Nimmo
 Two Moods of Man, and other Essays. By Violet Fane... "
 Rustum and Sohrab: A Study in Romantic Literature and in Anthropological Custom ... Nutt
 The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia. By the Hon. W. T. Harris ... Paul
 Further Vols. of the English Bookman's Library 10s. 6d. each "
 The Writings of James Madison. Vol. I. Edited by G. Hunt ... 21s. n. Putnams
 The Autobiography of a Journalist. 2 vols. By W. J. Stillman ... 24s. n. Richards
 Scots Essayists: From Stirling to Stevenson. Edited by D. Smeaton ... 1s. 6d. Scott
 Conferences on Books and Men. By the Author of "Pages from a Private Diary" ... 6s. Smith, Elder
 What Great Men have Said about Great Men. By W. Wale... Sonnenschein
 Descriptive Guide to the Best English Fiction. By E. A. Baker. ... "

MEDICAL.

- The Physiological Action of Drugs. By M. S. Pembrey and C. D. F. Phillips ... Arnold
 Diseases of the Cat. By W. Hill ... 3s. 6d. n. Baillière, Tindall
 Points of Surgical Interest in Gynaecology. By H. M. Jones ... 4s. 6d. n. "
 Handbook to Medical Jurisprudence. By W. McCallin... "
 Menstruation and its Disorders. By A. E. Giles ... "
 The Hair in Health and Disease. By D. Walsh ... "
 Atlas of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Child. By D'Arcy Power ... "
 Suggested Standard of Purity for Food and Drugs. By C. G. Moor, C. H. Cribb, and M. Priest ... "
 The Commonwealth of Cells. By H. G. F. Spurrell ... "
 Cerebral Science. By W. Wood ... "
 Aphorisms, Definitions, Reflexions, and Paradoxes: Medical, Surgical, and Dietetic. By A. Rabagliati ... "
 Gynaecological Pathology. By C. H. Roberts... Churchill
 Handbook of Clinical Medicine. By T. D. Savill ... "
 Diseases of the Thyroid Gland. By J. Berry. 5s. n. "
 Chloroform. By E. Lawrie ... "
 First Aid to the Injured. By Dr. H. Drinkwater. (Temple Cyclopædic Primer) 1s. n. Dent
 Encyclopædia Medica. Vol. VII. (Liv. to Mig.) Ante-Natal Pathology and Hygiene. By J. W. Ballantyne ... Green
 Diseases of the Heart. By E. H. Colbeck. 12s. Methuen
 A Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence. By G. V. Poore ... 12s. n. Murray
 Care of the Consumptive. By C. F. Gardiner, M.D. ... Putnams
 The New Hygiene. By J. W. Wilson ... 2s. 6d. "
 A Natural Method of Physical Training. By E. Checkley... 2s. 6d. "
 The Mental Functions of the Brain. By B. Hollander, M.D. ... 21s. n. Richards
 Orthopædic Surgery. By C. B. Keetley, F.R.C.S. 16s. Smith, Elder
 Surgical Experiences in South Africa. By G. H. Makins, F.R.C.S. ... 16s. "

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Traverse Tables. By H. Louis and G. W. Caunt 4s. 6d. n. Arnold
 The Arms of the Baronial and Police Burghs of Scotland. By John, Marquess of Bute, J. H. Stevenson, and H. W. Lonsdale ... Blackwood
 An Itinerary of English Cathedrals. By the Rev. T. Perkins ... Bell
 The Care of Books. By J. W. Clark ... Cam. Un. Press
 Fact and Fable. By Effie Johnson ... Chapman & Hall
 The Child: His Nature and Nurture. By W. B. Drummond (Temple Cyclopædic Primer). 1s. n. Dent
 Cane Basket Work: Second Series ... Gill
 Beautiful Characters. By J. Paton. 1s. 6d. Hodder & Stoughton
 Queen Victoria's Birthday Book. Compiled by E. G. Harmer ... Hutchinson
 Winsome Womanhood. Familiar Talks on Life and Conduct ... Oliphant
 Dark Days in Kumase. By the Rev. F. Ramseyer Partridge
 Waterworks for Small Cities and Towns. By J. Goodell ... 10s. n. Paul
 A Sack of Shakings. Essays from the Spectator, &c. By F. T. Bullen... 6s. Pearson
 How to Take and Fake Photographs. C. Holland 1s. "
 Tips for Housekeepers ... 1s. "
 Heads, and How to Read Them. By S. E. O'Dell 1s. "
 Concerning Children. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman ... 6s. Putnams
 The Art of Revolver Shooting. By W. Winans 21s. n. "
 The Laws of Scientific Hand-Reading. W. G. Benham ... 18s. "
 Sanity of Mind. By David F. Lincoln, M.D. 5s. "
 Chronicles of the House of Borgia. By Baron Corvo ... 21s. n. Richards

MISCELLANEOUS—(continued)

- The Sword and the Centuries. By Capt. A. Hutton, F.S.A. ... 12s. Richards
 Beauties Aids. By the Countess C. ... 3s. 6d. Sands
 French Dishes for English Tables. By C. De Pratz ... 3s. 6d. "
 Manuals of Employment for Educated Women. Edited by Christabel Osborn ... 1s. 6d. ed. Scott
 Small Farming. By Prof. J. Long ... Smith, Elder
 Clearing Houses. By J. G. Cannon ... 10s. 6d. "
 The Evolution of Household Implements. By H. Balfour ... Sonnenschein

MUSIC.

- The Polyphonic Period of Music. By A. E. Woolbridge; The Seventeenth Century. By Sir C. H. H. Parry (Oxford Musical Textbooks) Clarendon Press
 Pianoforte Tone Production. By Prof. T. Matthey Longmans
 Songs and Song Writers. By H. T. Finck 5s. n. Murray
 The Orchestra and Orchestral Music. By W. J. Henderson ... Reeves
 Banister's Handbook of Musical Analysis ... "
 Organ Tuning. By H. Smith ... "
 The King's Royal Album of National and Patriotic Songs ... "
 Reeve's Musical Directory ... "

NATURAL HISTORY AND GARDENING.

- The Country Month by Month. By J. A. Owen and Prof. G. S. Boulger ... Duckworth
 Open-Air Gardening ... Gill
 Greenhouse Construction ... "
 Dictionary of Gardening Supplement ... "
 Stray Leaves from a Border Garden. By Mary P. Milne-Holme. Illustrated by F. L. B. Griggs ... 5s. n. Lane
 A Garden in The Suburbs. By Mrs. L. Williams ... 5s. n. "
 The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. VIII. Amphibia and Reptiles. By H. Gadow 17s. n. Macmillan
 A Garden Diary. By the Hon. Emily Lawless ... 7s. 6d. n. Methuen
 The British Gardener and Amateur. By W. Williamson ... 10s. 6d. "
 Turned Out. Experiences of an Indian Garden. 6s. "
 The Birds of Siberia. By the late H. Seibohm 12s. n. Murray
 Wall and Water Gardens. By Miss Jekyll. 12s. 6d. n. Newnes
 A Handbook of British Birds. By J. E. Hastings, F.L.S., &c. New Ed. ... £2 2s. n. Nimmo
 Small Gardens, and How to Make the Most of Them. By Violet Biddle ... 1s. Pearson.
 By Grey Old Gardens. By Nellie B. Badcock. 5s. n. Richards
 British and Garden Poisonous Plants. By the Rev. Prof. Henslow ... S.P.C.K.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

- The Khaki Alphabet. By L. D. Powles. Illus. by T. Browne ... 1s. n. Arnold
 Sepoy Generals: Wellington to Roberts. By C. W. Forrest ... Blackwood
 A Leader of Light Horse: Life of Hodson of Hodson's Horse. By Capt. L. J. Trotter ... "
 Modern Strategy. By Capt. W. H. James ... "
 The British Fleet: Is it Sufficient and Efficient? By A. S. Hurd. Introd. by Admiral Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle ... 1s. "
 The Sovereignty of the Sea. By T. W. Fulton ... "
 The Life of a Regiment: The History of the Gordon Highlanders. By Lt.-Col. C. G. Gardyne ... 28s. n. Douglas
 Military Law Made Easy. By Captain S. T. Banning ... 5s. Gale & Polden
 Studies in Practical Field Engineering. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Shaw ... 4s. "
 Practical Military Sketching. By C. F. V. Byl 3s. 6d. "
 Soldiers Training and Other Notes. By Major H. de B. Hovell ... 2s. "
 Topography Made Easy. By J. Corballis ... 4s. "
 Nicknames and Traditions in the Army ... 1s. "
 Military Lodges. By R. F. Gould ... 5s. "

NAVAL AND MILITARY—(continued)

- The Army Handbook of Physical Training ... 1s. Gale & Polden
 More Than 100 Tricks and Exercises on the Horizontal Bar ... 1s. "
 Napoleon's War Maxims, with his Social and Political Thoughts. By Prof. E. Henry 3s. 6d. "
 The Military Atlas ... 2s. "
 My Experiences of the Boer War. By A. Count Sternberg. Translated by G. F. R. Henderson ... Longmans
 The Times History of the War in South Africa. Vol. 2. Edited by R. S. Amery. Illustrated. Sampson Low
 The Royal Navy, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By W. L. Clowes ... "
 The Green Horse in Ladysmith. By Lieutenant-Colonel St. J. C. Gare ... "
 The 14th (King's) Hussars, from 1715 to 1900. By Colonel H. B. Hamilton ... "
 The Relief of Kumasi. By Captain H. C. J. Biss 6s. Methuen
 Our Naval Heroes. By Various Writers. Edited by P. E. Marindin. Introduction by Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford ... 16s. Murray
 The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa. By Major-General H. Mackinnon ... 6s. "
 The Siege of Peking. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D. Oliphant
 Chaplains at the Front. By One of Them ... Partridge
 The Siege of Kumasi. By Lady Hodgson ... 21s. Pearson
 At Pretoria. By Julian Ralph ... 6s. "
 War's Brighter Side. By Julian Ralph ... 6s. "
 How Sailors Fight. By J. Blake. ... 6s. Richards
 The Northumberland Fusiliers, British Regiments in War and Peace. By W. Hood ... 3s. 6d. "
 Journal of the Siege Hospital in Peking. By Jessie Ransome ... S.P.C.K.
 The Army From Within. By the author of "An Absent-Minded War." ... 3s. 6d. Sands
 Military Dialogues on Active Service. Lieut.-Col. W. Newnham-Davis ... 3s. 6d. "
 Songs of the Sword and the Soldier. By A. Eager, D.D. ... 3s. 6d. "
 In the Ranks of the C.I.V. By "Driver" E. Childers ... 6s. Smith, Elder
 The Siege of the Peking Legations. By Rev. R. Allen ... 7s. 6d. "
 Yeomanry Cavalry: or Mounted Infantry? By Lieut.-Col. L. Rolleston ... 1s. 6d. "
 The Navy. By W. L. Clowes (Social England Series) ... Sonnenschein
 The Romance of the Boer War. By MacCarthy O'Moore ... 2s. Stock
 Clowes' Naval Pocket Book, 1900. Edited by L. G. C. Laughton ... 5s. n. Thacker

ORIENTAL.

- A Short Account of the Hebrew Tenses. By R. H. Kennett ... 3s. n. Cam. Un. Press
 Studia Sinaitica. Nos. 9, 10. Select Narratives of Holy Women. By Agnes S. Lewis. No. 8, Apocrypha Arabica. Ed. by Margaret D. Gibson ... "
 The Jataka. Trans. from the Pali. Ed. by Prof. E. B. Cowell. Six vols. ... "
 The Didascalia Apostolorum in Syriac. Ed. by Margaret D. Gibson ... "
 A Short Grammar of the Masai Language. By Mrs. Hinde ... 3s. 6d. "
 Malay Folk Tales. Trans. by Prof. W. W. Skeat ... "
 The Curetonian Syriac Gospels. Ed. by F. C. Burkitt ... "
 Thesaurus Syriacus. Edited by R. Payne Smith. Part XI. (completing the work) ... Clarendon Press
 A Compendious Syriac Dictionary by Mrs. Margoliouth. Part III. ... "
 A Dictionary of Vernacular Syriac. By A. J. Maclean ... "
 A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament. Edited by F. Brown, &c. ... "
 Assyrian Deeds and Documents. By the Rev. C. H. W. Johns. Vol. II., Cuneiform Texts ... £1 1s. n. Deighton, Bell
 Play and Politics in Malaya. By an Old Resident Gardner, Darton

ORIENTAL—(continued)

- Libyan Notes. By D. Randall-Maciver and A. Wilkin ... 20s. n. Macmillan
 Oriental Rugs. By J. K. Mumford. Illustrated Sampson Low
 A Manual of Pushtu. By Capt. G. Roos-Keppel .., "

PHILOSOPHY.

- The Use of Words in Reasoning. By Alfred Sidgwick ... 7s. 6d. Black
 The Neo-Platonists. By T. Whittaker ... 7s. 6d. Cam. Un. Press
 The Works of George Berkeley. Edited by A. C. Fraser ... Clarendon Press
 The Ethics of Spinoza. By H. H. Joachim
 Human Personality. By Frederic W. H. Myers Longmans
 Dissertations on Leading Philosophical Topics. By Prof. A. Bain
 Varia. By Prof. W. Knight ... 8s. n. Murray
 The Origin of Thought. By the Rev. D. Nickerson ... Paul
 A System of Ethics. By F. Paulsen. Trans. by F. Thilly ... 18s. n. "
 The Method of Evolution. By H. W. Conn 7s. 6d. Putnam
 Seneca's Tranquillity of Mind and Providence. Translated by W. B. Langsdorf, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. "
 Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, &c. Selections from his Work. By T. Common ... 7s. 6d. Richards
 Tolstoy and His Problems. By Aylmer Maude 6s. "
 Hegel's Phenomenology of the Spirit. Translated by J. B. Baillie ... Sonnenschein
 Aristotle's Psychology. Translated by Prof. W. A. Hammond
 Heinze's History of Contemporary Philosophy. Translated by Prof. A. Hammond
 Wundt's Physiological Psychology. Translated by Prof. E. B. Titchener
 Schopenhauer's Essay on Morality. Translated by E. B. Bullock
 The Specious Present. By A. Hodder

POETRY.

- A Woman of Emotions. By A. Thirlemore 5s. n. Allen
 Mimes and Rhymes. By A. Rickett 3s. 6d. n. Brimley Johnson
 Poems. By E. Radford ... 6s. n. "
 Ballads of the War. By Canon H. D. Rawnsley 3s. 6d. n. Dent
 Verse Memories Gardner, Darton
 Poems. By Lady Margaret Sackville 3s. 6d. n. Lane
 Poems. By A. B. Thaw ... 5s. n. "
 Anni Fugaces. By R. C. Lehmann ... 3s. 6d. n. "
 The Queen's Chronicle and other Verses. By S. Gwynn ... 3s. 6d. n. "
 Poems. By G. C. Lounsbery ... 3s. 6d. n. "
 Ballads of Ghostly Shires. By G. Bartram ... 2s. 6d. n. Greening
 Ballads of Dawn. By G. F. Savage-Armstrong ... Longmans
 Nell: A Tale of the Thames. By H. Bigg, F.R.C.S. ... 7s. 6d. Paul
 The Soul of Osiris. By A. Crowley 3s. 6d. n. "
 Domestic Ditties, with Words and Music. By A. S. Scott-Gatty ... 3s. 6d. Pearson
 A Treasury of Irish Poetry. Ed. by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke and T. W. Rolleston 7s. 6d. Smith, Elder
 Herbert. By W. Marshall ... Sonnenschein
 The Wings of the Morning. By Helen Savile
 Fireside Poems. By the Rev. J. Stratton 3s. 6d. Stock

POLITICAL.

- A Diary of the Unionist Parliament. By H. W. Lucy. Illus. by E. T. Reed ... 6s. Arrowsmith
 Gold and Diamonds. South African Facts and Inferences. By W. H. Penning ... Bailliere, Tindall
 Belgium and the Belgians. By C. Scudamore ... Blackwood
 British Colonies and Protectorates. By the late Sir Henry Jenkyns ... Clarendon Press
 Legislative Methods and Forms. By Sir C. P. Ilbert
 The Working of the Constitution of the United Kingdom. By Right Hon. L. H. Courtney ... 7s. 6d. n. Dent

POLITICAL—(continued)

- Australasia, The Commonwealth and New Zealand. By A. W. Jose (Temple Cyclopædic Primer) ... 1s. n. Dent
 Jeffersonian Cyclopædia. By J. P. Foley 30s. Funk & Wagnalls
 The Religion of Democracy. By C. Furguson 6s. "
 The Law and Policy of Annexation. By C. F. Randolph ... Longmans
 Government or Human Evolution. By E. Kelly. Vol. II. Collectivism and Individualism
 Britain's Austral Empire. By G. F. Scott. Illus. by P. F. S. Spence ... Sampson Low
 Britain's Title in South Africa. By Prof. J. Cappon ... 6s. Macmillan
 The Real Chinese Question. By C. Holcombe 6s. Methuen
 Efficiency and Empire. By A. White ... 6s. "
 Practical Licensing Reform ... 1s. 6d. "
 Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation. New Series. No. 6 ... 5s. Murray
 Italy To-day: A Study of Her Politics. By Bolton King and W. Okey ... 12s. n. Nisbet
 The Social Problem. By J. A. Hobson 7s. 6d. n. "
 Vengeance as a Policy in Afrikanerland. By F. J. Dormer ... 6s. "
 Open Letters to Lord Curzon on Famines and Land Assessments in India. By R. C. Dutt, C.I.E. ... 7s. 6d. Paul
 A History of Political Parties in the United States. By J. H. Hopkins ... 12s. 6d. Putnam
 Trusts and the State. By H. Macrosty (Fabian Series, No. I.) ... 6s. Richards
 The Lord of the Sea. By M. P. Shiel ... 6s. "
 The Briton's First Duty. By G. F. Shee ... 6s. "
 Wrecking the Empire. By J. M. Robertson 5s. "
 The Truth About Newfoundland. By B. Willson ... 3s. 6d. "
 Patriotism and Ethics. By J. G. Godard 3s. 6d. "
 The Chinese Crisis from Within. By G. R. Reith ... 3s. 6d. "
 The Psychology of Jingoism. By J. A. Hobson ... 2s. 6d. "
 The Driving Wheel. A short account of the British Constitution. By A. A. Brodrick ... S.P.C.K.
 A Handbook of the Administration of Great Britain during the 19th Century. By F. C. Carr-Gomm ... 7s. 6d. Smith, Elder
 British Power and Thought. By Hon. A. S. G. Canning ... 6s. "

REPRINTS.

- Waverley Novels. Vols. I-VI. (New Pocket Edition) ... 2s. n. each A. & C. Black
 Gray's Elegy (Publications of the Essex House Press) ... £2 2s. Arnold
 Newman's Loss and Gain ... Art & Book Co.
 The Mirror for Monks. By Lewis Blossius
 The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. By Lewis Blossius. Translated by the late Bishop Coffin
 George Eliot's Works (The Library Edition), Vols. I., II., Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss ... 10s. 6d. n. each Blackwood
 George Eliot's Novels (The Warwick Edition), Vols. I., II., III., Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Felix Holt, the Radical 2s. n. each "
 Kinglake's Crimea. In 9 Vols. ... 3s. 6d. each "
 In Memoriam ... 3s. n. Brimley Johnson
 Sonnets by E. B. Browning ... 5s. n. "
 The Works of Keats, ed. by H. B. Forman, Vols. IV., V. (12s. n.); The Works of Lamb, ed. by T. Hutchinson, in 9 Vols. (15s. n.) (The Complete Library)
 The Triumphs of Turlogh. Edited by S. H. O'Grady ... Cam. Un. Press
 The Authentic Edition of Dickens. 21 vols. 5s. each ... Chapman & Hall
 The Author's Edition de Luxe of Mark Twain (Complete in 22 Vols.) ... £13 15s. Chatto
 Uniform Edition of Zola's Novels. Ed. by E. A. Vizetelly ... 3s. 6d. each "
 King Horn. Ed. by J. Hall ... Clarendon Press
 Plays and Poems of Robert Greene. Edited by J. C. Collins

REPRINTS—(continued)

- The Works of Thomas Kyd. Edited by F. S. Boas... Clarendon Press
- Goethe, Hermann, and Dorothea. Ed. by C. A. Buckheim. Introduction by Professor Dowden... "
- The Temple Molière, ed. by Professor F. Spencer; *Les Precieuses Ridicules* (2s.), also School Edition (1s. n.); *L'Avare* (2s.)... Dent
- The Temple Dramatists, ed. by J. Gollancz; Ralph Roister Doister, ed. by W. H. Williams and P. A. Robin... 1s. "
- Temple Classics, ed. by J. Gollancz; Emerson's Essays, 2 vols.; Emerson's Representative Men, ed. by W. Jarrold; Taylor's Holy Dying, ed. by A. R. Walker; White's Selborne; Vanity Fair, 3 vols.; Adam Bede, 2 vols.; Dante's Purgatorio, Italian Text and Translation by J. Olney, ed. by Dr. Oelsner and the Rev. P. W. Wicksteed... 1s. 6d. each "
- White's Selborne... £3 3s. n. Freemantle
- Casa Guidi Windows. By E. B. Browning 2s. n. Lane
- The Lover's Library... 1s. 6d. n. each "
- Corneille's Nicomède. By J. A. Harrison 3s. 6d. n. Macmillan
- De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium Eater; Murder as a Fine Art; The English Mail Coach, and Other Essays (Library of English Classics)... 3s. 6d. n. "
- The Border Edition of the Waverley Novels. V. Old Mortality; VI. The Heart of Midlothian... "
- The Supersensual Life. By Jacob Behmen. Ed. by B. Holland... 3s. 6d. Methuen
- The Imitation of Christ... 3s. 6d. "
- White's Selborne. Ed. by L. C. Miall and W. Warde Fowler... 6s. "
- The Journal to Stella. Ed. by G. A. Aitken. 6s. "
- King Lear. Ed. by W. J. Craig... 3s. 6d. "
- The Novels of Charles Dickens. Introductions by G. Gissing, ed. by F. G. Kitton; Old Curiosity Shop, illus. by G. M. Brimelow; Barnaby Rudge, by Beatrice Alcock 3s. n. ea. "
- The Little Library: Selections from Wordsworth, ed. by N. C. Smith; Selections from William Blake, ed. by M. Perugini; Pride and Prejudice, ed. by E. V. Lucas, 2 vols.; Penderennis, ed. by S. Gwynn, 3 vols.; Lavengro, ed. by F. H. Groome, 2 vols. ... 1s. 6d. n. "
- George Borrow's Works: The Gypsies of Spain; Wild Wales. Illus. by A. S. Hartrick. 6s. ea. Murray
- The Works of Lord Byron: Poetry, Vol. IV. 6s. Nelson
- New Century Scott... 1s. n. each Richards
- Jane Eyre. Tennyson's Poems. Essays of Elia. (The World's Classics.) ... 1s. n. each Scott
- Poems by James Thomson (The Canterbury Poets). Ed. by W. Bayne... 2s. "
- Ibsen's Prose Dramas. Ed. by W. Archer 1s. 6d. each vol. "
- The Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Vol. III. 6s. Smith, Elder
- Sarchedon. Vol. XV. of the Edition de Luxe of Whyte Melville. ... Thacker
- Further Vols. in the "Minerva Library." 2s. each Ward, Lock

SCIENCE.

- Further Vols. in Bell's Science Series... Bell
- Scientific Papers. By Lord Rayleigh. Vol. III. Cam. Un. Press
- Papers on Mechanical and Physical Subjects. By Prof. O. Reynolds. Vol. II. ... "
- Scientific Papers. By J. Hopkinson... "
- A Treatise on Spherical Astronomy. By Sir R. S. Ball... "
- Advanced Exercises in Practical Physics. By Prof. A. S. Schuster and C. Lees... 8s. "
- Zoological Results based on Material from New Britain, &c. By A. Willey... "
- Fauna Hawaiensis. Edited by D. Sharp... "
- Zoology. By E. W. MacBride and A. E. Shipley. Lectures on Great Physiologists. By Sir M. Foster. Fossil Plants. By A. C. Seward. British Grasses. By H. M. Ward. (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals. Edited by A. E. Shipley.) ... "

SCIENCE—(continued)

- Electricity and Magnetism. By R. T. Glazebrook. (Physical Series) ... Cam. Un. Press
- A Treatise on Physics. By A. Gray. Vol. I. Dynamics and Properties of Matter ... Churchill
- Micro-Anatomy. By Gustav Mann... Clarendon Press
- The Mineralogy of Scotland. By the late Prof. Heddle. Edited by J. G. Goodchild. 36s. n. Douglas
- Twentieth Century Inventions. By G. Sutherland... Longmans
- Researches on Cellulose, 1895-1900. By C. F. Cross, E. J. Bevan, and C. Beadle... "
- The Scientific Memoirs of Thomas Henry Huxley. Ed. by Sir M. Foster and Prof. E. Ray Lankester. Vol. III. ... Macmillan
- Dragons of the Air. By H. G. Seeley... 6s. Methuen
- The Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology. By Prof. J. Loeb... 6s. Murray
- Arsenic. By Prof. J. A. Wanklyn, M.R.C.S. 2s. 6d. Paul
- The Child: A Study in the Evolution of Man. By A. F. Chamberlain, Ph.D. The Mediterranean Race. By Prof. Sergi. (The Contemporary Science Series.) ... 6s. each Scott

SPORT AND PASTIMES.

- Red Headed Gill. By R. Owen... 6s. Arrowsmith
- Cricket Anecdotes. By C. W. Alcock... 1s. "
- Sporting Sorrows. By F. Russell... 1s. "
- A History of Cambridge University Cricket Club. By W. J. Ford... Blackwood
- Cricket and Golf, by the Hon. H. R. Lyttelton; Birdwatching, by E. Selous, Illustrated by J. Smit (The Haddon Hall Library, Edited by the Marquess of Granby and G. A. B. Dewar) ... 7s. 6d. n. each Dent
- Charles St. John's Note Books, 1846-1853. Edited by Admiral H. C. St. John... Douglas
- Thurston Card Tricks... 3s. 6d. n. Gill
- Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun. By "Thormanby." Illustrated... Hutchinson
- The English Turf. By C. Richardson... 15s. Methuen
- Small Boat Sailing. By E. F. Knight... Murray
- The Game of Billiards and How to Play it. By J. Roberts... 6s. Pearson
- The British Thoroughbred Horse. By W. Allison... £2 2s. n. Richards
- From Gladiateur to Persimmon: Turf Memories for Thirty Years. By S. Dixon... 18s. n. "
- Sea and Coast Fishing. By F. G. Aflalo... 6s. "
- Fancy Cycling for Amateurs. By Isabel Marks... 3s. 6d. Sands
- Elements of Embryology. By O. Hertwig... Sonnenschein
- Biological Types in the Vegetable Kingdom. By W. M. Webb... "
- The Life of the Sea Shore. By M. Newbiggin... Training of the Body for Games, &c. By F. A. Schmidt... "

THEOLOGY.

- Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. III. Ed. by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne and J. S. Black 20s. n. Black
- The Corrections of Mark. By E. A. Abbott... "
- The Apostles' Creed. By Prof. A. Harnack. Trans. by S. Means and Ed. by T. B. Saunders... 1s. 6d. n. "
- Rabbi Jesus: Sage and Saviour. By W. Macintosh... Blackwood
- Faith and Folly. By the Monsignor J. S. Vaughan Burns & Oates
- Devout Reflections on Various Spiritual Subjects. By St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Trans. by Father E. Vaughan... "
- Some Notable Conversions. By the Rev. F. J. Kirk... "
- The Story of a Soul. By Sister Therese. Trans. from the French by M. H. Dziewicki... "
- The Divine Plan of the Church: Where Realized, and Where Not. By the Rev. J. MacLaughlin... "

THEOLOGY—(continued)

- Gregory. *Oratio Catechetica*. Edited by J. H. Srawley. Augustine. *De Doctrina Christiana*. Edited by H. F. Stewart. Serapion. Edited by F. E. Brightman. (Cambridge Patristic Texts.) Cam.Un. Press
- Texts and Studies : Contributions to Biblical and Patristic Literature. Edited by Canon J. A. Robinson. Vol. VI., No. 2. Palladius, *The Lausiac History* (II.). Edited by Dom C. Butler. Codex I. of the Gospels and its Allies. By K. Lake. A Study of Ambrosiaster. By A. Souter. The Meaning of Homousios in the Constantinopolitan Creed. By J. B. Baker "
- Origen's Hexapla. Edited by C. Taylor 15s. n. "
- Grammar of Septuagint Greek. By H. St. J. Thackeray "
- Salisbury Processions and Ceremonies. Edited by C. Wordsworth "
- The Prayer Book of Aldenald the Bishop. Edited by Dom A. B. Kuypers "
- The Use of Sarum. Edited by W. H. Frere. Vol. II. "
- Renderings from Eastern and Western Office Books. By R. M. Moorsom "
- The Peshitto Version of the Gospels. Ed. by G. H. Gwilliam, B.D. Clarendon Press
- Notes on the Hebrew Texts of the Books of Kings. By C. F. Burney "
- Studia Biblica. Ed. by W. Sanday, D.D. Vol. V. Part II. "
- Texts on Mt. Athos. By K. Lake... .. "
- Samaritan Liturgies. Ed. by A. E. Cowley "
- Eusebius, *Præparatio Evangelica*. Ed. by E. H. Gifford "
- Eusebii *Chronicorum Liber*. Ed. by J. K. Fotheringham "
- Latin Versions of the Canons of the Greek Councils of the Fourth and Fifth Centuries. By C. H. Turner. Part II. "
- Sancti Irenæi *Novum Testamentum*. Ed. by W. Sanday, D.D. "
- Legenda Angliæ. Ed. by C. Horstman, Ph.D. "
- History of the Church of England, from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction. By R. W. Dixon. Vols. V. and VI. "
- Old Testament Lessons. By U. Z. Rule "
- New Testament History for Schools. Part I. By W. Stokoe "
- Bible Studies. By A. Deissman T. & T. Clark
- Francis and Dominic, by Prof. J. Herkless; Savonarola, by G. McHardy; Anselm, by A. C. Welch (The World's Epoch-Makers) "
- Is Christ Infallible and the Bible True? By H. M. M'Intosh 9s. "
- St. Peter and St. Jude. By C. Bigg J. Clarke
- Christian Missions. W. N. Clarke ... 3s. 6d. "
- The Taste of Death. By P. J. Forsyth. (Small Books on Great Subjects) 1s. 6d. "
- A Century's Progress in Religious Thought and Life. By W. F. Adeney 3s. 6d. n. "
- The Ten Commandments. By G. C. Morgan 2s. 6d. "
- The Risen Master. By H. Latham... .. 6s. Deighton, Bell
- Family Prayers. Ed. by W. H. Thompson. 2s. 6d. n. "
- The Psalms. Trans. by E. G. King. Second Collection (Ps. xlii.-lxxxix.) "
- Essays and Studies. By R. Sinker ... 3s. n. "
- Spiritual Knowing or Bible Sunshine. By T. F. Seward 4s. Funk & Wagnalls
- Shall We Believe in a Divine Providence? By D. W. Faunce 4s. "
- Scientific Side-Lights. By J. C. Fernald ... 21s. "
- Forward Movements of the Last Half Century. By A. T. Pierson 6s. "
- Seed Thoughts for Public Speakers. By A. T. Pierson 6s. "

THEOLOGY—(continued)

- Miracles of Missions. Third Series. By A. T. Pierson 4s. Funk & Wagnalls
- The Royal Houses of Israel and Judah. By G. O. Little... .. 12s. "
- Twentieth Century Knighthood. By L. A. Banks 3s. "
- Poetry and Morals. By L. A. Banks ... 6s. "
- A Year's Prayer Meeting Talks. By L. A. Banks 4s. "
- David and His Friends. By L. A. Banks. (The Friends' Series) 6s. "
- Laity in Council. By G. F. Talbot and Others Gardner, Darton
- Our Reasonable Service. By W. J. Knox-Little "
- Old and New Century Bells. By J. R. Vernon ... "
- The Afterglow of a Great Reign. By Bishop Ingram "
- A Vanished Arcadia. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham Heinemann
- Evangelical Doctrine—Bible Truth. By the Rev. C. A. Scott 6s. Hodder & Stoughton
- The Living Lord and the Opened Grave. By the Rev. T. A. Gurney 6s. "
- The Church, The Churches, and the Mysteries. By G. H. Pember... .. "
- Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation. By Prof. D. S. Margoliouth 6s. "
- The Expositor. Ed. W. Robertson Nicoll. Vol. III. 6th Series 7s. 6d. "
- The City Temple Pulpit. Vol. IV.... 3s. 6d. n. "
- Thoughts on Belief and Life. By A. J. Lawlor 3s. 6d. n. Hodges, Figgis
- All Men Shall at Length be Saved. By Canon Carmichael 1s. "
- Introduction to the Literature of the Bible. By R. G. Moulton 3s. 6d. Isbister
- The Oxford Library of Practical Theology. Ed. by Canon Newbolt and the Rev. D. Stone; The Incarnation, by the Rev. H. V. S. Eck; Prayer by Canon A. J. Worledge Longmans
- The Age of the Fathers. By Prof. W. Bright
- The Elder Faiths of Ireland. By W. G. Wood-Martin "
- The Age of Decision. By P. N. Waggett ... "
- Christ and Human Life. By the Rev. D. Stone
- A New History of the Book of Common Prayer. By F. Procter. Rewritten by W. H. Frere 12s. 6d. Macmillan
- Unity in Christ. By Canon J. A. Robinson 6s. "
- The Key of Knowledge. By W. G. Rutherford... "
- A History of the Church of Cyprus. By J. Hackett 15s. n. Methaen
- Revelations of Divine Love. By the Lady Julian. Edited by G. H. Warrack ... 6s. "
- The Way of Holiness : Commentary on the 119th Psalm. By R. M. Benson 5s. "
- The Soul's Pilgrimage : Readings from the Writings of George Bodley. Edited by J. H. Burn 2s. 6d. "
- The Acts of Apostles. Edited by R. B. Rackham (Oxford Commentaries) 10s. 6d. "
- The Philosophy of Religion in England and America. By A. Caldecott (Handbooks of Theology) 10s. 6d. "
- Isaiah, edited by W. E. Barnes (4s. n.); The Epistle of St. James, edited by H. W. Fulford (1s. 6d. n.); The Churchman's Bible, edited by J. H. Burn "
- The Psalms of David, edited by B. W. Randolph; Lyra Apostolica, edited by H. C. Beeching and Canon Scott Holland; The Inner Way: Selections from the Sermons of F. Fauler, Edited by A. W. Hutton (The Library of Devotion) 2s. each "
- Atonement and Personality. By Prof. R. C. Moberly 14s. Murray
- Truths about God. By Father John (Sergieff). Translated by Colonel E. E. Goulaeff 2s. 6d. n. "
- The Evolution of the English Bible. By H. W. Hoare 10s. 6d. "

THEOLOGY—(continued)

Inter Amicos. A Correspondence between James Martineau and Prof. Knight 5s.	Methuen
The Body of Christ. By Canon Gore 5s. n.	"
The Reformation. By the Rev. J. A. Babington. 12s. n.	"
Treason and Plot. Catholics and Protestants in the last years of Queen Elizabeth 16s.	Nisbet
Sermon Seed. Sermons by the Rev. R. Tuck 6s.	"
Family Prayers for Four Weeks 2s. 6d.	"
Working for God. By the Rev. A. Murray 1s. n.	"
The Evangelical School in the Church of England. By the Rev. H. C. Moule, D.D. 2s.	"
The Day of the Sun. By C. Noel	Nutt
Another Pentecost. By the Rev. J. E. Page ...	Partridge
God Save the People! By Jesse Page... ..	"
A Manual of Catholic Theology. By J. Wilhelm, D.D., and T. B. Scannell. 2 vols. 15s. each	Paul
Devotions to S. Dominic. By the Rev. Father Wilberforce, O.P.	"
The Rosary Guide. For Priests and People. By the Very Rev. J. Procter, O.P. 3s. 6d. n.	"
F. W. Robertson's Sermons. In 5 vols. 1s. 6d. n. ea.	"
The Authentic Gospel: Sermons. Edited by G. St. Clair	"
The Church in Greater Britain. By the Ven. Archdeacon G. R. Wynne, D.D.	"
The Papacy in the Nineteenth Century. F. Nippold. Trans. by L. H. Schwab 12s. 6d.	Putnams
The Minor Festivals of the Anglican Calendar. By the Rev. W. J. S. Simpson... ..	Rivington
Further Vols. in Rivington's Edition of the Books of the Bible. Ed. by A. E. Hillard	"
Further Vols. in Rivington's Handbooks to the Bible and Prayer-book. Ed. by B. Reynolds	"
The Minor Festivals of the Anglican Calendar. By the Rev. W. J. S. Simpson... ..	"
The Books of the New Testament. By the Rev. L. Pullan	"
Elements of Christian Doctrine. By the Rev. J. A. Lacey	"
Oxford Church Text Books. Edited by the Rev. L. Pullan	"
Greek Manuals of Church Doctrine	"
In the Day of Trouble. By the Rev. T. Ovenden	S.P.C.K.
"Life" in St. John's Gospel. By the Rev. J. Hoare	"
Early Church Classics. By the Rev. P. M. Barnard	"
Parochial Sermons. By the late Rev. S. J. Stone	Skeffington
Catholic Usages, So-called. By J. Myre	"
A Thousand Things to Say in Sermons. By the Rev. J. St. John Corbett	"
An Attempt Towards the Review of the Office of Holy Communion. By Rev. P. Stocks... ..	"
Confirmation and Holy Communion. By the Rev. Canon Knox Little 1s. 6d.	"
Bread in the Wilderness. By Rev. H. J. W. Buxton 2s. 6d.	"
Things Concerning Jesus 2s.	"
Scriptural and Catholic Truth. By the Rev. F. Meyrick 5s.	"
St. Francis of Assisi. Lessons from a Noble Life. By W. O. E. Oesterley 2s.	"
The Soul in Light. By Eleanor Tee 2s. 6d.	"
Thoughts, Memories, and Meditations. Trans. from the French by Constance White 3s. 6d.	"
Roman Catholicism as a Factor in European Politics. By F. C. Conybeare... .. 3s. 6d.	"
Christ the Life and Other Sermons. By the Rev. T. Jordan, D.D. 2s. 6d.	"
A New Plain Sermon on the Census of 1901. By the Rev. Canon J. Hammond 1s.	"
The Book of Job. Translated and Annotated. By F. H. Wilkinson 3s. 6d.	"
Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By Prof. G. T. Purves, Ph.D.	Smith, Elder
The Temptation of our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. L. R. Rawnsley 2s. 6d.	Stock
The Signs of Spring. By the Rev. T. H. Passmore 2s.	"

THEOLOGY—(continued)

Lessons from the Parables. By Mrs. W. J. Tait 5s.	Stock
Counsels for Church People. From the Writings of Dr. Creighton 5s.	"
Information Concerning the History and Growth of the Bible. By B. Talbot 6d. n.	"
Analytical Concordance to the Bible. 7th Edition, revised. By R. Young, LL.D. 21s.	Young (Edinburgh)

TOPOGRAPHY.

A Guide to the Churches of Chislehurst. By E. A. Webb 1s. 6d. n.	Allen
Further Vols. in the "Cathedral Series" 1s. 6d. n. each	Bell
Further Vols. in the Handbooks to Great Public Schools 3s. 6d. n. each	"
The Scott Country. By W. S. Crockett 3s. 6d. n.	Black
Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, Supplementary Vol. Edited by J. W. Cooper	Cam. Un. Press
Imperial London. By A. H. Beavan. Illus. by H. Fletcher 12s. 6d. n.	Dent
Romantic Essex. By R. A. Beckett	"
The Mediæval Town Series; Bruges. By E. G. Smith. Illus. by Edith Calvert	"
Dent's County Guides. Ed. by G. A. B. Dewar; Surrey. By W. Jerrold, &c. Illus. by J. A. Symington 4s. 6d. n.	"
Springtown on the Pike. By J. V. Lloyd 6s.	Hodder & Stoughton
Swallowfield and its Owners. By Constance Lady Russell	Longmans
Spanish Highways and Byways. By K. L. Bates 8s. 6d. n.	Macmillan
Oxford, 1750-1850. By J. R. Green 5s.	"
The Malvern Country. By B. C. A. Windle. Illus. by E. H. New (The Little Guides) 3s.	Methuen
A History of Stonyhurst. "Catholic Colleges" Series. By Rev. G. Gruggen, S.J.	Paul
Further Vols. in the "British Empire" Series. 6s. each	"
County and Town in England. By Grant Allen. 6s.	Richards
Oxford, College Histories 5s. n. each	Robinson
Cambridge, College Histories 5s. n. each	"
Picturesque Kent. By G. Thompson 6s. n.	"
Bermondsey: Its Historic Memoirs and Associations. By E. T. Caike 12s. 6d. n.	Stock

TRAVEL.

Highlands of Asiatic Turkey. By the Earl Percy 14s. n.	Arnold
Jerusalem. By E. A. Reynolds-Ball 2s. 6d.	Black
Switzerland. By W. A. B. Coolidge and C. L. Freeston 2s. 6d.	"
Through Siberia. By J. Stadling 18s.	Constable
Travels in Western Australia. By May Vivienne	Heinemann
To the Mountains of the Moon. By J. E. S. Moore	Hurst & Blackett
Armenia. By H. F. B. Lynch	Longmans
Eversley Series; Earthwork Out of Tuscany. By M. Hewlett. Revised Edition... .. 5s.	Macmillan
Modern Abyssinia. By A. B. Wylde 15s. n.	Methuen
Shifting Scenes. By the Right Hon. Sir E. Malet 10s. 6d. n.	Murray
A New Way Around an Old World. By F. E. Clark, D.D.	Partridge
Abyssinia. By Herbert Vivian 15s.	Pearson
Cyprus to Zanzibar by the Egyptian Delta. By E. Vizetelly 15s.	"
New Series of Illustrated Gossipy Guide-books 6d. each	"
Springtime in the Basque Mountains. By A. L. Liberty 12s.	Richards
The Cities of Northern Italy. By G. C. Williamson, D.L. 3s. 6d. n.	"
The Umbrian Towns. By Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cruickshank 3s. 6d. n.	"
The Land of the Amazons. Translated from the French of Baron de Santa-Anna Nery. By G. Humphrey, F.R.G.S. 16s. n.	Sands

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 179. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	211, 212, 213
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Drama as a Moral Force," by Hannah Lynch	213
LOVE ON THE DOORMAT—Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters	215
FOREIGN LETTER—Germany	216
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley.....	218
REVIEWS—	
History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. Vol. III.	219
The Indian Borderland	220
Sir Walter Scott	221
Robert Louis Stevenson.....	221
Pompeii, the City: Its Life and Art.....	221
A Sack of Shakings—The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom—Wrecking the Empire—The Relief of Kumasi—Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible—From Gladiateur to Persimmon—Oswald von Wolkenstein—Love's Disguises—Popular Royalty.....	222, 223
Casting of Nets—Scoundrels and Co.—Twixt Devil and Deep Sea—The Kmu's Head—Chloris of the Island—Naomi's Exodus—As the Twig is Bent—Straight Shoes—A Princess of Arcady—Tales of Indian Chivalry—Trodies and Us, and Others	225
ART NOTES.....	223, 224
THE LONDON LIBRARY CATALOGUE	226
CORRESPONDENCE—"Canada in English Fiction"—Decadents and Anti-Byronists—The Split Infinitive—"The Ivory Bride".....	226, 227
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	227, 228, 229
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	229, 230

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The reporters did not seem to think Mr. Birrell's lecture at Chelsea on the Literature of the Nineteenth Century so important as Mr. Choate's speech which followed it. The lecture was, in fact, not much more than a series of apt and often amusing aperçus on a great number of writers. He committed himself, by the way, to the startling statement that he would rather read Galt's "The Entail" than "Woodstock."

The American Ambassador had something to say on the subject of international copyright:—

As all readers everywhere got the benefit of the brains of all authors, was it a mere fanciful dream, or would it be realized in the distant future, that all authors would get the reciprocal benefit of all their readers without regard to international or colonial limits, so that a copyright property secured anywhere would be good anywhere, like any other right of property?

This is the line which we ourselves have always taken, so that we can welcome Mr. Choate as a powerful advocate of our own views. If only he could persuade his compatriots to accede to the Berne Convention, all that is most essential in his aspirations would be achieved.

Mr. H. B. Irving, who in his study of Judge Jefferies has already shown that success as an actor is not incompatible with success in literature, will publish "Studies of French Criminals" with Mr. Heinemann. With the crimes of Lacenaire, Troppmann, Prado, and Ravachol to work upon he ought to rival De Quincey. The French records of crime which Mr. Irving uses Vol. VIII. No. 12.

as his sources offer a thrilling contrast to the ponderous severity of our English reports.

Speaking at the Authors' Club, Colonel Ian Hamilton gaily expressed the view that the English language would never be ousted by the Dutch language in South Africa, because the Boer girls preferred the English novels. Curiously enough, it is possible to quote actual figures in support of this theory. A chapter in a work by Mr. Justice Laurence of Griqualand, reviewed some time ago in our columns, gave the library statistics for a country town which is one of the headquarters of the Bond. There were two libraries in the town, one English and one Dutch.

In both there were a fair collection of books; but I observe from the latest Parliamentary return that in this, a thoroughly Dutch district, the average monthly circulation of books was—in the English library, 230; in the Dutch, seven. The annual subscription to the former amounted to £29, to the latter £8. The average daily attendance was—at the former, 20; at the latter, nil.

Evidently English holds its own as the literary language of the colonies at the Cape.

Tolstoi's new Novel, it is stated, is to be called "Père Serge," and presents an aristocratic "viveur" who becomes a monk and is venerated as a saint by his former creditors.

M. Ange Galdemar, one of the most charming writers of the Paris Press, has received from the author of "Quo Vadis" a letter which he publishes in the *Gaulois*, giving particulars as to the origin of this book. Sienkiewicz writes:—"I have been accustomed for some years to read the Latin historians before going to sleep. It was as much for the sake of the history, which in itself interested me profoundly, as in order to keep up my Latin. . . . Tacitus attracted me the most as historian. While reading the 'Annals' I more than once felt tempted to place side by side in an artistic work these two worlds, the one of which was a governing force and an administrative machine the strongest in the world, the other merely a spiritual power. I was tempted as a Pole by the victory of the mind over material force, and as an artist by the admirable forms that abounded in the antique world. Seven years ago, while in Rome, I visited the city and neighbourhood, my Tacitus in my hand. I may say that my idea was already ripe, and I had only then to find my starting point. The chapel of 'Quo Vadis,' the sight of the basilica of Saint Peter, the Tre Fontane, the Albanian mountains provided it. Upon my return to Warsaw I began my historical studies, and my interest in the subject grew apace. Such is the genesis of 'Quo Vadis.' These explanations are too brief, too dry, for I should not omit my personal feelings, my visit to the Catacombs, the luminous landscape always surrounding the Eternal City, and the aqueducts seen at sunset or at dawn." In other words "Quo Vadis" is the spectrum of Rome produced through the magical prism of an artist's mind.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his lecture the other day on the Problem Play, praised "Erewhon" as a "problem story."

Probably the very name of Mr. Samuel Butler's satire was unknown to the majority of the audience in St. George's-hall, though it went into a seventh edition sixteen years ago. As a sequel to it is to be published, it is worth while noting that the lecturer pronounced it "Air-e-won," and confessed himself ignorant of its proper sound. Mr. Shaw had forgotten the note to the first edition, which is conclusive:—"The Author wishes it to be understood that Erewhon is pronounced as a word of three syllables, all short—thus, Ē-rē-whŏn."

Our American Correspondent writes:—"I suppose you have the same discussion that we have here on the best school system under the compulsory Acts. Here, as Mr. Coler, the Comptroller of New York, pointed out the other day, we suffer in many cases from fads, and from 'maudlin public opinion based upon misinformation.' An instance has come under my personal observation which shows how principles are neglected in teaching ordinary subjects. A pupil had 'studied' bookkeeping for six years and passed a school examination with 100 per cent. She was asked the difference between single and double entry, and made the astounding answer that single entry was used when a man was in business alone and double entry when he had one partner. Consternation at this state of affairs prevented the obvious question what system would be evolved when three men entered into a partnership. They cannot 'out West' pride themselves on abstruse knowledge, when the latest calls for books at a Western Library includes demands for 'Count of Corpus Christy,' 'Dant's Internal Comedy,' 'Feminine Cooper's Works,' 'Less Miserable,' 'Something in the way of friction.' The Librarian must have a good supply of this latter commodity on tap if he has any nerves."

Facts like these from America may incline to the complacent reflection that we are doing better in England; and an optimist may derive support from a book we noticed last week called "Education in the Nineteenth Century." Miss Gadesden gives some amusing extracts from the diary of a girl at a school kept by no less a person than Miss Mangnall. "Our class of geography," she says, "were two hours looking for the Emperor of Persia's name. My governess,"—presumably the author of the "Questions"—"told us it was Mahomet."

Sir Joshua Fitch, however, who contributes a paper to the same book, rather sympathizes with the boy who, in writing an essay on the changes of the century, remarked, "The public expects every year a higher standard of education from those who seek employment in its service; in proof of which I may refer to the extraordinary difficulty of the questions set at the present examination." This reminds us of another examinee, in the Civil Service Examination—we think Sir Courtenay Boyle has told the story—who put his complaint a little more pointedly. In answer to the question, "How far is it from the earth to the sun?" he wrote, "I cannot say the exact distance of the sun from the earth, but it is not sufficiently near to interfere with my properly discharging the duties of my office."

The correspondence and memoirs of Lord Broughton de Gyfford, more familiar to the public under the name of John Cam Hobhouse, bequeathed to the British Museum in 1869, with the provision that they should not be opened before 1900, are now being brought to light. He was a literary man of distinction as well as a politician. The son of a Bristol merchant, educated at Westminster and Cambridge, where he gained the Hulsean prize, he obtained the greater honour of making Byron's acquaintance, whose fast friend he subsequently became, accompanying him through Albania and other provinces of Turkey, and acting as "best man" at Byron's marriage. After extended wanderings on the Continent, which was then in the throes of the Napoleonic agitation—he ever warmly espoused the cause

of the great Corsican—he settled down in England to a political career. He failed to win the suffrages of Radical Westminster, but gained considerable prestige by the publication of a pamphlet, a passage in which, "What prevents the people from marching to the House, pulling the members out by the ears, locking the door and flinging the key into the Thames," led to his imprisonment for "contempt and breach of privilege." This turned the balance in his favour, and on his release he was returned for Westminster. He retained the seat from 1819-1834, after which he represented Nottingham and Harwich, and held many offices of State. From 1852 to his death in 1869 he devoted himself to literature. In the Broughton papers there are thousands of letters, as well as the account of a tour chiefly through Italy, which Broughton visited more than once, a commonplace book of the young Westminster scholar in 1803, memoranda and bills. A "Purity of election" voter upbraids Hobhouse for not finding a lucrative post for his forty-second cousin; unknown admirers pronounce eulogies on their representative; Sir Francis Burdett and other men of political note discuss grave questions, such as the "French Invasion of Spain," "The Liberation of Greece" (Hobhouse was a prominent member of the Greek Committee), or the "Central Asian Question." Then we get dramatic personal sketches of historical events by eye-witnesses and many literary reminiscences. There are letters from Ugo Foscolo, who translated Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" into Italian, and from other foreign and English writers of eminence. There are a good many allusions to Byron; notes from his publisher with sundry suggestions; letters from would-be critics; one or two contributions by the poet himself; and lastly several communications regarding his proposed funeral in Westminster Abbey.

As an attractive result of consistent specialization on one subject it would be difficult to match the Blyth Library of sporting works dispersed by Messrs. Christie last week. It represented the labour of many years, and the fine condition of each book and the perfect state of the plates bore evidence of the care with which the library had been gathered together. Among the principal books were:—Alken, "The Sporting Repository," 1822, £54; "Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette," 13 vols., 1822-28, £54; Apperley, "Life of John Mylton," first edition, £17; Apperley, "Life of a Sportsman," 1842, £27 10s.; Baily's "Magazine of Sports and Pastimes," 73 vols., £21; "Fur and Feather Series," eight vols., large paper, £16; Hunt, "Portraits of Winning Horses," 1849, £13 10s.; Ackerman "Microcosm of London," three vols., original boards, £29 8s.; Badminton Library, 28 vols., large paper, £54 12s.; Alken, "National Sports of Great Britain," 1821, £68; Lord Lilford, "Birds of the British Islands," £56 14s.; Scrope, "The Art of Deer Stalking," 1838, £8 5s.; Scrope, "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing," 1843, £9 5s.; "Sporting Magazine," 1792-1870, £315; "The Sportsman," 1833-45, £46; "New Sporting Magazine," 1831-47, £51 9s.; "Sporting Review," 1839-46, £29 8s.; Surtees, "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities," 1843, £40 19s.; Turberville, "The Booke of Falconrie and Hunting," 1611, £15 10s. The sale also included; Graves and Cronin, "History of the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds," three vols., 1899, £53 11s.; S. W. Reynolds, "Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds," with mezzotints, 1820, £205; Coleridge, "A Lay Sermon," presentation copy to Southey, and "A Moral and Political Lecture," two vols., £16 10s.; Coleridge, "Zapolya," first edition, with manuscript notes by the author, £11 10s.; Symonds, "Renaissance in Italy," four vols., first editions, £15; Dickens, "Works," edition de luxe, 1881, £11; Whyte Melville, "Novels," 39 vols., first editions, £50; Lytton, "Novels," 73 vols., first editions, £56.

Mr. H. B. Foyster writes:—"In my letter on Apocryphal Stories, 'Broken Papal Conclaves' should be 'Book on Papal Conclaves.' I am sorry to trouble you with this correction. My writing is no doubt responsible for the error."

The idea that the art of fiction can be taught has often been derided ; and it is quite true that one could not apprentice

one's son to a novelist with the same confidence in his ultimately learning the business that one would feel if one apprenticed him to a cabinet-maker. But that is no reason why some experienced person should not tell the aspirant, in a good-natured way, before he begins, some of the things that the critics will probably tell him, with less consideration for his feelings, after he has finished. The attempt to do this is made in a book now lying on our table, entitled "How to Write a Novel" (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.). The author goes into the matter thoroughly, deducing many valuable lessons from the confessions and examples of the best authors ; and the only fear is lest, finding a lack of uniformity in these examples, the beginner may be perplexed. The perusal of the chapter headed "How Authors Work" certainly seems calculated to leave him more bewildered than instructed. Shall he imitate George Eliot who always "dressed herself with great care" before sitting down at her desk, or Maurus Jokai who "always uses violet ink," or Ibsen who cannot write without "a wooden bear, a tiny devil, two or three cats, and some rabbits," arranged on a tray in front of him, or Ouida who "gets up at five o'clock and works herself into a sort of literary trance," or Mr. Zangwill who "works in spasms," or Nathaniel Hawthorne by whom "an entire table and the arms of a rocking-chair were whittled away" while he was engaged in thinking out a plot? The matter is one which the adviser does not take the responsibility of deciding, contenting himself with the general statement that "it would be advisable to adopt some whimsical habit so as to be prepared for the interviewer." Mr. Frankfort Moore who receives interviewers in yachting costume, Mr. Guy Boothby whom they generally find in an arm-chair opposite a phonograph, Mr. Hall Caine who posed before the camera on the stage of the theatre on which he was rehearsing his play, have all adopted this method. It is not, however, sufficient by itself to secure a great literary success ; and the beginner will perhaps do well to postpone the consideration of this branch of the subject until he has mastered his counsellor's precepts about style, atmosphere, plot, characterization, local colour, dialogue, &c. "Never allow the reader to be in doubt as to who is speaking" is one sound rule that is laid down. We have sometimes asked ourselves whether the true way out of this difficulty might not be found by printing the speeches of the different characters in different coloured inks. The pages would thus be picturesque, like missals, and the effect on the mind of the reader might resemble that produced by Wagner's *leit-motifs*. We notice that our author does not seem to have quite made up his own mind whether his pupils wish to be taught how to write good books or only how to write popular books. Those of them who cultivate the latter ambition will, perhaps, find more useful guidance in an article on "How to Write a Novel for the Masses," contributed by Mr. Charles Battell Loomis to the *Atlantic Monthly*. "The ordinary novel reader," says Mr. Loomis, "is a dull bird, who knows little and cares less about the facts of history, the cut of a cloak, or the geography of a particular country. To him anachronisms do not exist, because he would not know one if he saw it in a cage." And then follows an example, a few lines of story, and a direction :—

Here chuck in some reference to the "Provençal robins" that during the reign of the good Louis sang with such surpassing sweetness." If you wish to, run in a few Breton peasants, and dot the meadow with sheep, and fill the fields with Lyonnaise potatoes. The public won't know or care whether you are right or not.

This is admirable fooling, and not bad criticism, since it helps to explain how it comes about that some writers who shout stories into phonographs at odd moments nevertheless achieve great popular reputations. But we hesitate to recommend it to the aspirant who, not being born a novelist, desires to be made one.

Personal Views.

THE DRAMA AS A MORAL FORCE.

That the essential idea of such a play as *Electra* which, along with the marriage of the Princess of the Asturias, nearly accomplished a revolution in Spain as well as the expulsion of the Jesuits, could be capable of a profound and weighty influence upon public opinion is no matter for surprise, seeing the intensity of periodical outbursts of modern feeling against the Jesuits. The surprise lies in the puerility of a piece which has enjoyed so unwonted a distinction, and whose author, like Beaumarchais, could proudly say, "It seems I had shaken the State." True, the State was already in a threatened condition, thanks to the Regent's injudicious choice of a son-in-law ; and when Perez Galdos came forward with one of our modern Turk's Heads, an untruthful and insidious Jesuit, he gave voice to the gathering indignation. The Count of Caserta is a Carlist, and the Carlists are all Jesuit-led reactionaries.

Pantoja, the Jesuit of *Electra*, is far from realizing our notion of an effectively antipathetic figure. There is nothing "Ignatian" about him. His game is too gloomy and open and unintelligent to take in any person of average intelligence. But it sufficed to make the people remember what a backward step is implied for Spain in that worst of all dangers which Carlism carries with it, the rule of the Congregationalists. Perez Galdos has already given us a powerful and unflinching study of the earlier stages of Carlism, when its first prince named the mother of Christ the Captain-General of his army, and the parlours of convents for both sexes were hotbeds of conspiracy and sedition. It was not a pleasant time for Spain, and liberal and radical spirits all over the Peninsula may be pardoned a just dread of its return. It needed the benignity of the temperate Weyler to carry through the Royal marriage, and in order to go off on her honeymoon the Heiress Presumptive had the satisfaction of knowing her capital had been placed in a state of siege. It was an original start in marriage, to be sure, befitting rather the Middle Ages than the times we live in. The revolution for the moment slumbers, but we may expect to see it break out with more virulent force should fortune not lead the young King to maturity. As Prince Consort, the Count of Caserta's son will be less welcome even than as the husband of the Princess of the Asturias.

It will ever be a subject of discussion between those who think with Lamb that our object in going to the theatre is to get away from ourselves and our common life—"to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience, and imagine a world with no meddling restrictions"—and those who regard the modern drama as a popular force of education and entertain an austere regard for realism, whether or not the theatre may be utilized as the floor for casuistical, political, and social debates under the guise of dialogue and situation. For my part, except in my lighter moods, when I desire nothing but a good laugh, which anything from delicate comedy to broad farce will procure, I give my preference to the "purpose" play. Here in Paris the playwrights of the hour have definitely realized that the complications of adultery are done to death, and that interest must be sought in social and political themes. And the result is that sentiment in the form of licit or illicit love absorbs the scene less and less, and lovers become what they are in our everyday existence—incidental figures in a fugitive stage of emotion, the consequences of which are of less importance than

those of the big far-reaching drama which is being played around them. In the roll of life this, if we would achieve realism, we must perforce admit to be right. Shakespeare would have us believe that all Verona stood still to watch its famous lovers; but while Juliet is on the eternal balcony, and Romeo eternally below wishing he were a glove upon her hand, life behind these central figures went on apace. And it is now this life behind the lovers which is thrust forward with an extraordinary increase in the motives and complications of the drama.

It would be hard for a Parisian dramatist to accomplish the disturbance created by Perez Galdos in Madrid recently, because there is nobody in Paris writing plays with genius enough to excite popular feeling to such an extent in a centre where something very different from the quality of *Electra* would be needed for such an achievement. Beaumarchais in Paris accomplished, with one of the most brilliant and original of comedies, what Perez Galdos in Madrid brought about with a drama of singular mediocrity, which reveals the most amateurish characterization, and dialogue not considerably above that of the schoolroom. As for the situations, they are original if by originality we mean something that is only new, while ignoring the deeper significance of the qualification. What we may admire, however, in the work is its sincerity and courage; and Señor Galdos is that rarest of Spaniards, a man who ardently preaches the need of education for women. He is what all modern liberals call a feminist, with faith in the emancipation, the independence, the improvement of woman. If she is to be freed, she must be rescued from clerical domination; the fetters of insidious priestcraft must be struck from her with a direct appeal to her heart and intelligence. Elsewhere this might now be called *vieux jeu*, so familiar are we with the notion. Not so beyond the Pyrenees, where I have heard a priest maintain before me that it is against the teaching and the interest of the Church to educate women. In such a land the theatre is the only possible force a reformer can bring to bear upon public opinion; for few books are read, and it requires something more actual and definite than a novel to appeal to the average Spaniard. So when they see a young girl in love with an amiable man of science—her cousin, who wishes to marry her—lured by false information into a convent, and hear the lover crying (of the wicked Jesuit), "He must be killed," and menacing the convent with fire and flame, the atrocity of the sacrifice of the girl is borne in upon them with far greater intensity than if conveyed through the most brilliant and powerful novel. They lead the author in triumph to his house, and instantly go forth to fling stones at all the Jesuit colleges of Spain.

The stones are, of course, unnecessary, but what is necessary is a national protest against Spanish clericalism, and if *Electra*, feeble and amateurish as it is—with the absurd climax of the ghost of Electra's mother visiting her in the convent to inform her of the Jesuit's lie and clear her hideous doubt—should bring about that protest in firm and sage fashion, his country will owe Señor Galdos a serious benefit. It is much already that the people should wildly applaud a play which ends with the significant retort of Electra leaving the convent—when the Jesuit cries: "Thou fliest," and "No," she exclaims, "it is my resurrection." This idea from the pen of a sincere Catholic like Perez Galdos is new enough to take our breath away. How many women cling to the cloister, even when they have discovered their choice was an error, rather than face the slighting tolerance of them in the world! The nun who leaves her cloister is a *déclassée*; she

knows it and she is made to feel it in the Catholic world. And if Perez Galdos succeeds, through the medium of *Electra*, in persuading some, at least, of his compatriots that a girl can leave the cloister as she may honestly and honourably change the current of her ideas, and be not a penny the worse for it, there will be an immense stride made beyond the Pyrenees in woman's emancipation.

But while we must acknowledge that the theatre is a force of more direct and immediate power with a nation than the calmer medium of fiction, the results of the latter remain when we have forgotten the emotions created by the former. When we witness a revival of that delicious comedy *Le Mariage de Figaro*, it needs an effort of imagination to believe that it once toppled the foundations of the State, whereas the lesson of "Don Quixote" is still vivid to our minds, as modern in its eternal significance as when it first shook Spain with laughter. It is for this reason that those playwrights who take their mission with intellectual gravity and conscience, and who aspire to the reform of social or public abuses through the exercise of their talent, deserve our unreserved praise. It is we who profit by their power, and if they teach playgoers to think and find something more behind the footlights than good acting and agreeable dialogue, it is much. With such an object did M. Brieux write his suggestive but by no means pleasant *Remplacantes*; and already there are signs of disturbance and vexed question in the custom of employing women to nurse other people's children while their own are dying untended at home. MM. Donnay and Descaves wrote their most brilliant but sadly inconclusive play *La Clairière*, not so much to try to prove anything as to force us to poignant confrontation of the fact that nearly everything needs altering. I know no more interesting or intellectual play in modern days. And to have seen it acted in the original cast at Antoine's theatre, with that subtlest and most perfect of artists, Gémier, superb in the principal rôle, is to preserve jealously a precious remembrance. And yet this remarkable play created no sensation, had not a particle of the success of M. Lavedan's atrocious *Vieux Marcheur* and his witty but scandalous *Nouveau Jeu*. True, M. Lavedan himself started with a "purpose" play, *Le Prince d'Aurec*, at once a direct and ferocious attack on the vulgarized modern aristocrat, greedy for money and ready to take it from any hand without a pretence of gratitude. M. Lavedan, who is nothing if not inconsistent, and who is now one of the pillars of nationalism and the moribund Faubourg, veered round towards the end in pity for his castigated victims, and seems to honour the prince who kicks out of his life the wealthy Jew, another of our modern Turk's Heads, on whose subsidies he and his wife had lived. Now his mission is to expose the vices of Republican society and hold up Ministers, Deputies, and lay teachers to public scorn. But M. Lavedan is not a Beaumarchais, and he is not likely to hurry the Republic to its doom. For M. Lavedan is one of those mordant but essentially ineffectual satirists whose work leads nowhere, proves nothing, is defective through its author's lack of intellectuality and spirituality, lack of abiding power and individual force.

There is in Paris to-day a writer who, had he been endowed with dramatic gifts, might have hurried his country into a sort of mild philosophic nihilism, and that is, the greatest living French writer, Anatole France. But he has elected to instil his philosophy of gentle anarchy through the persuasive lips of M. Bergeret, having previously made Jerome Cogniard his delightful medium. If this daring dreamer possessed something of Beaumar-

chais' practical talent, there would be some chance of our being swept, upon an indignant wave of protest against the hypocrisies of so-called civilization, off our feet into that unknown which we contemplate from afar as progress. But, alas! M. France has only written one play, a lamentable failure, *Le Lys Rouge*, which told us nothing, and left us where we were before, wearied of adultery, staring disconsolately at the many social and economical problems of our age. That the tendency of the times is towards anarchy there can be no doubt, from the salient fact that all the Continental plays which have had a real success and forced people to think within recent years contain distinctly anarchical, social, and radical tenets. General de Galliffet said a truer word than he imagined when he exclaimed in the Chamber of Deputies, "everybody nowadays is a bit of a socialist." There is a widespread conviction that things must change, and the stage has become the favourite seat of revolt. *Les Tisserands* of Hauptmann was the pathetic apology of strikes, and when have strikes on the Continent been so numerous? Nothing is more contagious than the spirit of unrest, and it would need but a play of singular intensity and depth of feeling and expression, or a comedy of the imperishable qualities of one of Molière's, to hurry us to the brink of a revolution. There is little hope for the Reactionary party on the stage. M. Lavedan tried his fortunes with virtuous platitudes of the old order on the boards of the *Comédie Française* in *Catherine*, and every one yawned and said what a sadly dull dog he had become. It is felt that such a page as this has been turned by humanity, and what we want now is something larger, more vivifying. The nations of the earth need to breathe more freely, and this need finds its quickest and most effective utterance upon the stage. Here in Paris the drama has become increasingly and extraordinarily complex, suggestive, and intellectual. To realize this we need only read one of Meilhac and Halévy's plays after seeing a new play at Antoine's. You will leave Antoine's in a state of bitter revolt and exasperation, while such a play as *La Boule* is a piece of unadulterated French gaiety.

HANNAH LYNCH.

LOVE ON THE DOORMAT.

"Is the occupier an 'Englishwoman' technically speaking?" is a question which, as Mr. Owen Seaman suggests, seems likely to be asked at the coming Census. It would certainly settle the problem once and for all, and, to quote "O. S." once more, "it would get this tedious, dull business over." The method of "Clumps," by which you hunt down a fact through a series of question to which only yes or no may be answered, has so far not been successful; and one could hardly throw a stone across the road in Fleet-street, or Chelsea, or Hampstead without hitting somebody who has disavowed responsibility for the most talked-of book of the season. At any rate a complete list, with portraits, of writers who were not the authors of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" would probably, even now, pay a popular monthly well. For ourselves, we confess that the hunt ceased long ago to be amusing. One was interested, and rather glad, to learn that the letters were not genuine; a good deal gladder, though perhaps not more interested, than one would be to discover that one's own love-letters were fictitious. When the "Englishwoman," over whose pathetic death-bed we had wept, revived and wrote poems in the magazines, which reminded one neither of Mr. Newbolt nor Mr. Lawrence Housman, one breathed again. But after that discovery the reticence of the author certainly deserved to be respected; to violate it would be to interfere with legitimate business. "Those who know will keep silence; if any one speaks that may be taken

as evidence that he does not know. In this way I trust the mystery may be preserved and the sale of the book stimulated." We quote from Mr. Barry Pain's "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters" (Unwin, 2s.), which we are by no means sure will not have at least as good a sale as its original.

It is refreshing to meet people who take no interest in the authorship of an "Englishwoman's Love-Letters" and who have not even read those effusions. But they will certainly miss a good deal by not being able to enjoy Mr. Barry Pain's book, a very notable satire and a fine achievement in the art of parody. You need not have read the original letters to be amused by it; if you have, you find that Mr. Pain has studied that work very closely, and takes it to pieces with scrupulous, almost loving, care; and you will find also that his jests embody a good deal of very sound criticism with an amusing exposure of the Englishwoman's "doormat" attitude. Mr. Pain does not conceal the fact that he is the author of "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters." Nor does he conceal the fact that his letters, which would certainly have brightened up the course of true love, are not entirely genuine. As his Englishwoman says frankly on the last page but one—

Briefly, we are not real. We are only a lot of rubbish that the editor has made up. In that, perhaps, lies our last and closest resemblance to the other Englishwoman and the insufferable bounder who sent her his "remembrances" on her death-bed. This is outspoken and not quite unjustified criticism. That is one merit of Mr. Pain's parody, besides the merit of being in itself amusing. His book is a study in doormat erotics;—

Oh, the perfect youthfulness of you! Devotion is unsatisfying, and abjection must come to its help. I am your footstool, your doormat. I kiss your beautiful, great boots.

So does our second Englishwoman end her first letter. In her eighteenth she is still at it—

At half-past two I shall see you. When I think of it I throw myself down before you. Your foot on my neck, please. Thanks.

With the twenty-second her tone is naturally a little changed; the doormat is not quite so fresh and new—

Cannot you bring yourself to come out from behind those petticoats, and act something like an imitation of a man for once in your life? . . . Have I not loved you enough? If there is any phrase more abject than those that I have used, tell me it, and you shall get it by return of post.

And with the twenty-fourth—

If you have suffered in the least degree through me, I do apologise. I am so sorry! I do beg pardon for existing; it was quite unintentional on my part. If you will overlook it this time, it shall not occur again. Is that humble enough?

There is some justice in all this, we may admit; and now that we all agree that the one Englishwoman is as unreal as the other, we may derive some amusement from it, just as we can from Mr. Pain when he turns the dry light of parody on the approved love-letter style.

I can never work for myself again. You must do that for me now! This is such a rest to me. You are you, and you are all the rest as well. I lie in the beyond and watch all else as shadows and because of you. Read that through twice, and let me know what you make of it.

Or, again, the amorous metaphorical:—

O rock me in Love's cat's-cradle high above the swaying tree-tops till the moon clouds are my mighty, and my star-dreams light you. That is a specimen of my metaphorical style, so justly admired. Adieu, most beloved!

Or the playful and infantine:—

And was he a most 'stremely desolate person while she was away? Wazzums? What shall she do for him to comfort him? Wrap him all up in pink rose-leaves and kiss him blue? There then, don't cry any more; I am your little toy-duck, and you are the most powerful-strong big magnet, and I come swimmy-swimmy to you as fast as ever and ever. And then both go off

to hunt weeny shrimplets in pools where there aren't any, and get two little lost persons that come home late to tea, and make the U.G. say swear words. Say yum-yum three times slowly, please.—Your most pussiest little Puss-Kitten.

Mr. Pain has a pleasing derangement of love terms—"Your own love shower-bath," "Your own kiss-factory"—but we are not sure "Your own copyright in Great Britain, America, and the Continent" does not please us best. He traces his quarry round every corner with relentless curiosity, and to appreciate him thoroughly requires, like the higher criticism, a close study of the original text. Those who are learned in the subject will wonder at the curious identity of circumstance in the two stories. Thus ;—

I had been meaning to show your photograph to the new kitchenmaid, and to collect some further expression of candid opinion. But she has only been here three weeks, and I have the feeling that I do not know her well enough. Am I too shy? I will be all that you wish.

Here is another little incident which we cannot refrain from quoting at length ;—

So I have seen you again, beloved, and my eyes are still burned with the delirious spectacle. It was yesterday, in Oxford-street. I was coming out of the bun-shop, and you were going into the photographer's. It was kind of you not to let your eyes fall on me. Had they done so, I should have opened my mouth wide, jumped into the air, and expired kicking. But it was your back that was towards me, perhaps because you followed the conventional habit of going into the photographer's face first. Above the back was your neck, with the collar round it, and above the neck your head, surmounted by a hat. Yes, that was the first thought that came to me ; I had passed out of your life, and yet it had not altered the order of your being! There was the neck above the back, and the hat above the head, just as when I first saw you and my life began. It did not vex me—in fact it takes a good deal to vex me. But if your hat had come just between your neck and your head, or your head had come just between your neck and your back, it would have been a kind of consolation ; it would have shown that the upheaval was as tremendous in its effects with you as it had been with me. Even if you had just worn your collar round your back, it would have been a sign that you had really altered. Oh, let me not be selfish in my love! I would not have you different. Only some sympathy in suffering would have meant so much to me.

For the inwardness of the following remark we must refer the reader to the original if his memory is at fault.

Last night the sky was a bright bay with black points, and I sat up to see a piece of one eclipse.

And the same may be said of this quite irreverent note on the statement that Fido "never barked once."

Query.—You said as distinctly as possible that all her dogs had the same name, Benjie. How do you account for this?—**PRINTER'S READER.**

Answer.—It is quite simple. Fido was a cat.—**EDITOR.**

Objection.—But she says he never barked.—**PRINTER'S READER.**

Answer.—That's right. Cats never do.—**EDITOR.**

As to the reason why, despite the letter-writer's attractions ("Every body has always adored me, and I cannot understand how she resists the charm ; as a rule I am simply mesmeric with mothers"), the engagement is broken off, we need not reveal Mr. Pain's mystery ; but there is point in this outpouring :—

You do not tell me *what* your mother's objection to me is, and of course I do not ask. That is so beautifully natural, is it not? No girl would ever dream of asking why her engagement was to be broken off. That would be simply morbid curiosity. After all, what business is it of hers?

But we have no space to follow Mr. Pain further. He is very amusing ; and though he shares our own admiration for the "Englishwoman's Love-Letters," that makes it perhaps only the fairer game. As he says, "Servants break only valuable

things." Perhaps he will succeed in the laudable object of preventing a flood of sentimental literature. Other people besides Mr. Pain will have experienced "the feeling that one has been eating caramels to excess in a moonlit churchyard." At any rate after all the fuss we want some cheering up—*solvuntur risu tabulae!* We can even regard our passionate Englishwoman as a more human person, and, unshocked, hear her say, "Can you shrimp? I have heard that when one has shrump once, one never forgets it."

Foreign Letter.

GERMANY.

Most of the books published in Germany during the first three months of the year are of a more or less serious character. An English journal cannot, of course, review them all fully ; but we may indicate the nature of those most likely to interest English readers. Letters (if genuine) are always popular and form an object lesson in psychology. Those of Bismarck, Nietzsche, and Lichtenberg are no exception to the rule. Of the first we said something on December 22. The new edition of Lichtenberg's Letters, which may be considered authoritative, is of remarkable interest. Spielhagen lately said of them:—"The dust of a century and more lies on these pictures, and not a single colour has faded, everything is fresh, pulsating with life, as if they had been written yesterday. What a clear conception of all manifestations of life! What unsought, inexhaustible humour!" Lichtenberg exercised his unique powers of observation to good effect during his visits to England in 1770 and 1774-75, and he says many shrewd things about the persons with whom he came in contact, such as Wilkes, Garrick, Lord Boston, King George III., his Queen and his children. He was present at an important debate in the House of Lords on the American colonies, and describes the proceedings with his usual acumen. Of Nietzsche's collected Letters only the first volume of the promised four has so far appeared, and we must reserve our criticism until all are published.

Nietzsche literature is increasing out of all proportion to the importance of the subject. It includes a very curious commentary on the "Zarathustra," by Gustav Naumann, who finds much to say in explanation of this not very occult philosophy. Dr. Paul Deussen's "Reminiscences" is by far the best of recent Nietzsche books. It is sad reading, and will convince the reader that in different circumstances Nietzsche's considerable gifts might have been turned to better account.

English authors other than Shakespeare are beginning to attract German students. Dr. Max Meyerfeld's study of Burns is interesting, but neither so ambitious nor so attractive as M. Angellier's book ; Burns makes a stronger appeal to Frenchmen than to Germans. Dr. Meyerfeld is chiefly concerned to prove that Burns was no miraculous phenomenon, but a natural historical development. He puts the poet, as it were, under the microscope, and finds for everything he wrote an origin in contemporary or earlier poets, both English and Scottish. It is very clever and ingenious, but perhaps Burns is best left to explain himself. Dr. Meyerfeld also traces the influence of Burns upon Wordsworth and Byron, whom he considers two of the most original of English poets. Translations from Ruskin, as one of his German critics calls him, "orator, poet, prophet," find much favour in Germany. Fräulein Anna Henschke has translated "The Crown of Wild Olive" remarkably well—even preserving some flavour of the charming prose of the original. The get-up of this volume deserves notice. It has a very artistic title-page, with equally satisfactory decorative headings and tail-pieces throughout ; and it is beautifully printed in Roman type. We hope other publishers in Germany will follow this example, for we cannot help thinking that the unattractive form of most German books, in some degree, keeps foreigners from reading them. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Sesame and Lilies" have appeared in the same series ; the

"Lectures on Art" are announced for speedy publication. A little biography of Ruskin by Sam Saenger pays more attention to the Master's social theories than to his art criticisms, and the author points out that even in the latter the ethical bearing is of greater importance than the æsthetic. This interest in Ruskin may be noted in connexion with a crusade, as yet confined to a small circle, led by Heinrich and Julius Hart against pessimism. Their watchword is "from highest knowledge, from life, into the light," and their goal is victory over the spirit of waste, of hopelessness, of negation, that has been powerful during the past century. Their creed seems to be something like this, "The old-world philosophy was for a humanity of children, who only saw what lay nearest them, and who were careful and cautious, and only claimed to live by divine guidance. Now the time has come to be strong and free, to press up to the summit, and regard the view into infinity without fear." They are publishing a series of pamphlets expressive of their views under the title "Das Reich der Erfüllung."

Prof. Kellner's "A Year in England" is one of those misleading books founded on a superficial observation of men and things, and strongly coloured by personal prejudice. His is the sort of mind that sees in others what it puts in them, and disdains any attempt to make honest acquaintance with what is unfamiliar. This is not the way to criticize foreign countries. What he says contains truth, but never the whole truth. Life in a London boarding house is scarcely the best kind of life we have to show. He describes his dinners, and he discourses on the difficulties of living by the pen, and in both he is equally at fault. It is useful sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, but Prof. Kellner sees us as we never were, and we hope his more intelligent compatriots are aware of the fact. A very different kind of book is Dr. Josef Redlich's volume on English Local Government. It forms a very complete treatise on the subject, is based on trustworthy sources, and should prove useful to students not only in Germany but in Great Britain. He first traces the movement from its origins to what he calls the present day democratization of local government, and then deals fully with the different forms of existing local government, while the last section is devoted to criticism.

All who are interested in modern German poetry will find "Die Deutsche Lyrik des 19 Jahrhunderts" a very useful and delightful volume. The editor, Theodor von Sossnosky, has taken the widest view possible of his duties, and his collection really forms a mirror of modern German lyrical poetry from the poets of the war of liberation to those of the most approved decadent school of to-day. The poems are arranged chronologically, and include specimens of such Whitmanlike singers as Max Dauthendey and Arno Holz, of the fresh natural tones of Eichendorff, of the wild revolutionary poems of Herwegh, Freiligrath and Kinkel, of the anarchical verse of J. H. Mackay, and of the lovely melodies of Heine. Among quite modern authors are Anna Ritter, Richard Dehmel, Johanna Ambrosius the peasant poet, and Arthur Schnitzler the novelist and dramatist, who appears here for the first time as a lyric poet.

The season has produced several historical works of importance. The third volume of Prutz's "Preussische Geschichte" deals with the kingdom of Frederick the Great and its fall (1740-1812); the seventh volume of Hans von Helmolt's "Weltgeschichte" with Western Europe. Petersdorff gives us, in his life of Frederick William IV., a sympathetic portrait of the peace-loving and far sighted monarch whose good qualities were marred by weakness of will, and includes much new information gleaned from the papers of General Leopold von Gerlach. The correspondence (in French) of Frederick William III. and Queen Louisa of Prussia with the Emperor Alexander I. is edited with a useful introduction by Paul Bailleu, from the Archives of Berlin, Charlottenburg, and St. Petersburg. It is practically the history of the Prusso-Russian alliance during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and of the personal relations of the two dynasties. Very useful, too, historically are such books as the great critical edition of Luther's works now being brought out

by Hermann Böhlau's Nachfolger in Weimar with its learned introduction and notes; the "History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Heinrich Brück, Bishop of Mainz, of which the fourth volume deals with the history of the Church in Germany from the Vatican Council of 1870 up to the present time. Dr. Brück's introduction is more philosophical than historical; it discusses the Church and politics, atheistical literature, and the attempt which, as the Bishop thinks, is being made everywhere to divorce public life from Christianity.

We welcome a fourth edition of the monograph on the Emperor William I. by Prof. Marcks, Professor of Modern History at Leipzig, whose able pamphlet on England and Germany, of which an English translation appeared in the autumn, despite its scarcely veiled hostility to our country, was a very valuable contribution to practical history and politics. He starts with the assertion that Prussia more than any other State is the creation of its Princes; traces the history of William I. from his birth in 1797 through his career under Frederick William III., in the army, and at Court under Frederick William IV., during the Revolutionary period of 1848-49, and the reaction of 1851-57, and gives a large space to the "great decade," as Prof. Marcks entitles the years 1862-71. The old time, says the Professor, passed away with the old Emperor; and with William II. a race seeking new paths has entered into possession of Germany. But those paths are not yet discovered, and meanwhile William I.'s influence prevails in the empire, the army, the monarchy. In him was embodied, as Bismarck said when he announced his death to the Reichstag, the heroic courage, the national sense of honour, the devotion, the industry, the faithfulness to duty, that characterize the Fatherland. It is a deeply interesting book, and should be read by all students of modern Germany. The excess of eulogy in Lippold's monograph on "William III., Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland, and King of England," detracts from its worth. The appendix is a curious production, an unfair and severe criticism of every book that has not given ungrudging praise to William III. In a former volume Lippold treated of the reign of Queen Mary of England, wife of William III.

German professors treat religion in a more popular and commonsense way than is usual with us. "The Beginnings of our Religion," lectures delivered at the University of Bale by Lic. Paul Wernle, has a very practical aim. The lecturer does not believe that the evangel has lost strength through contact with the world. The ideal still exists in individuals, and in times of weariness and struggle, the moral grandeur, the brotherly love, the trust in God, which ministers urge on their congregation, are full of hope for the progress of Christianity.

There is always an attraction about the history of a great commercial house. That of the Fuggers is full of movement and variety. "Das Hans Fugger von seinen Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart" by A. Stauber, with portraits and a genealogical table, forms a valuable contribution to German social history. Here we see how the descendants of Hans Fugger the weaver became great merchant princes, and were ennobled by the Emperor Maximilian; how they adapted themselves to the new times, and took part in the explorations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; how they collected books and pictures, encouraged art and science, and employed their great wealth for noble ends. A very useful book for economists, of which the book on the Fuggers may remind us, is "Capital und Capitalzins," by Eugen von Böhm-Bawerk, which provides within the covers of one volume a notice of the economic writers of every country and a complete history and criticism of all the theories of the subject.

We must not omit to mention the first volume of Professor Bernoulli's Greek Iconography. His Roman Iconography has become a classic, and the new venture is one of the best things of its kind. It contains portraits, beautifully reproduced, in chronological order, of Greek statesmen, poets and philosophers, from the earliest times to the end of the fifth century B.C. The second volume, which will extend from the fourth century B.C. to Roman times, will be published in the autumn.

THE DRAMA.

A THEORY OF "RICHARD THE SECOND."

Much against the grain I have often had to point out what seemed to me the weak points of Mr. Frank Benson and his company in their extensive Shakespearean repertory. It is the very extent of this repertory which is to blame. "Non omnia possumus omnes," as Partridge observed, and no one actor or one company can box the Shakespearean compass without striking a reef or two. But for many shortcomings Mr. Benson's *Richard the Second* is a liberal reparation. Without it the playgoers of this generation would never have had the chance of seeing with their own eyes this most beautiful, intimately thrilling, curiously "modern" and *décadent* play. Mr. Benson's performance of the King is a really brilliant achievement. It is so because it is just what Edmund Kean's, if Hazlitt is to be believed, was not. "Mr. Kean made it a character of *passion*—that is, of feeling combined with energy; whereas it is a character of *pathos*—that is to say, of feeling combined with weakness." These circumstances were inverted in Mr. Benson's Shylock, which was weak, petulant, peevish, never the lion at bay. The same qualities, presented in Richard, are admirably in place. It is plaintive, morbidly introspective, self-dissecting and self-tormenting, a melancholy John-a-Dreams—the very thing.

Of that I will say no more, except earnestly to recommend all playgoers to see this revival at the Comedy before it is too late. But it may be worth while to say something of an ingenious criticism of the same performance, as given some time ago at Manchester. This criticism, signed C. E. Montague, is in a little volume of theatrical notices reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* ("The Manchester Stage": Constable), which I am ashamed to have neglected to read until a year after its publication. They are criticisms by various hands, all very serious and capable, and no doubt would tempt one to much controversy in fitting time and place. For the moment I must be content to leave them as a whole with the remark that London would be hard put to it to produce a similar volume of equal merit, and I pass to Mr. Montague's theory of *Richard the Second*. Briefly, he states and develops the thesis that in Richard you have "the capable and faithful artist in the same skin as the incapable and unfaithful King." Mr. Montague expounds (rather superfluously, perhaps) what we mean by the artistic temperament, and then goes about to prove that Richard has it. "Shakespeare meant to draw, in Richard, not only a rake and a muf on a throne and falling off it, but, in the same person, an exquisite poet; to show with one hand how kingdoms are lost and with the other how the creative imagination goes about its work; to fill the same man with the attributes of a feckless wastrel in high place and with the quite distinct but not incompatible attributes of a typical, a consummate artist." A pretty theory this, and elegantly worked out, but Mr. Montague must disabuse himself of the notion that he has had the luck to discover it. He does "not think that critical justice has ever been done" to this aspect of Richard. Then he cannot have read the chapter in Mr. Pater's "Appreciations" on "Shakespeare's English Kings" (dated 1889). "An exquisite poet, if he is nothing else, from first to last," said Mr. Pater of Richard, "able to see all things poetically, to give a poetic turn to his conduct of them." . . . "His appreciation of the poetry of his own hapless lot, an eloquent self-pity." . . . "He throws himself into the part, realizes a type, falls gracefully as on the world's stage." . . . "As in some sweet anthem of Handel, the sufferer, who puts finger to the organ under the utmost pressure of mental conflict, extracts a kind of peace at last from the mere skill with which he sets his distress to music." Why, here is Mr. Montague's theory of Richard as Artist all fully implied! But though he did not invent the tune, he can certainly plume himself on having executed some skillful variations on it.

And now, having stated this view of Mr. Montague and Mr.

Pater, I shall have the temerity to put forward a slightly different one of my own. Note that the theory under discussion has at the first blush a touch of paradox. Literature and the drama, to be sure, present us with strange facets of kingship—Bolingbroke's (not Shakespeare's, but Queen Anne's) Patriot King, M. Jules Lemaitre's picture of the modern king who regards the notion of royalty as mere *blague*, Stevenson's Prince Florizel turned from Haroun-al-Raschid to Leicester-square tobacconist. But the artist-king, what a bizarre idea, almost Gilbertian! The plain man (a nuisance in actual life, but invaluable in controversial æsthetics) will certainly boggle at the theory. Why, he will wonder, if Shakespeare, as Mr. Montague puts it, "meant to draw an exquisite poet," did he choose the roundabout method of grafting this study of the poet, the consummate artist, on an English King who, as a matter of fact, would have been much astonished (if he could have understood) the compliment? Shakespeare insists over and over again on Richard's pious belief in the divine right of Kings. Would such a man, naturally, have "thrown himself into the part," as Mr. Pater says, which happened to be presented at the moment, would he have been a royal cabotin with an eye on the gallery? And if we admit that the attributes of a feckless wastrel in high place are "not incompatible" with those of a consummate artist, are we not at the same time a little surprised at finding the dramatist choosing that combination?

The truth, I submit, is that both Mr. Pater and Mr. Montague have fallen into the error, the very common error, of regarding Shakespeare as always the absolute dramatist. They consider that everything he does is, as with a modern playwright, necessarily done to further the action or exhibit character. That is to say, they argue about each of Shakespeare's figures as though they were real persons. This is to forget the conditions and methods of Shakespeare's work. "Specialization of function" in the playhouse, nearly complete under Victoria, had only just begun under Elizabeth. Shakespeare could paint a consistent, completely real character when he chose; but he did not always choose. Take the case (I select it as at the opposite pole from Richard's) of Polonius. The action requires him to be a garrulous fool. In parting with Laertes he speaks words of pithy and profound wisdom. Hence commentators—always overlooking Shakespeare's method of work and the conditions of the Elizabethan playhouse—are at their wits' end to invent a theory for him, as a real, consistent character—e.g., Coleridge, who is driven to deny that he is meant to be a comic personage. Yet there is a very simple explanation. When a theme presented itself in the course of an action Shakespeare developed it for all that it was worth, without troubling himself about its relation to the actor or the speaker's assigned character. The theme was "A father's advice to his son about to travel," and Polonius had to utter all that Shakespeare wanted to say, and the Elizabethan playgoer to hear, on this theme. So with Hamlet, when the players came to Court. The theme was "The art of acting," and Hamlet had to turn aside from his revenge-plot and his princely character to deliver a purely professional, technical discourse on histrionics. And now for the application to Richard II. Shakespeare, I submit, never "meant to draw" an artist-king; but, being himself a "consummate artist," an "exquisite poet," whenever the theme that came to the footlights was "How are the mighty fallen," he poured out all the poetry of the subject, and—as a handy conduit-pipe—from the mouth of Richard himself. In other words, he was on this occasion as on many others, not the absolute dramatist, but an artist working in lyric and rhetoric as well as in drama. Richard had to desire the bystanders to "talk of graves and epitaphs" and "tell sad stories of the death of kings," not because that was a part of his dramatic character, but because Shakespeare, coming upon these themes, would not part with them until he had extracted all the poetry they could afford. The result—when we misapprehend Shakespeare's method of work—looks like an artist-king. But he never "meant to draw" one.

A. B. WALKLEY.

Reviews.

CROMWELL'S MILITARY RULE.

HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE. Vol. III. 1654-1656. By S. R. GARDINER, D.C.L., LL.D. (Longmans. 21s.)

The period covered by this volume of Dr. Gardiner's great work, although in length barely two years, teems with crucial questions as to the Protector's policy, both foreign and domestic. The volume records the doings of the first Protectorate Parliament, gives an account of the rule of the Major-Generals to whom the local control of the country in twelve divisions was entrusted in 1655, and of the rising which provoked this arrangement; and surveys the dealings of the Council with municipalities and religious parties. There are also admirably written chapters on the settlement of Ireland, the ill-fated expedition to the West Indies, the final breach with Spain, and the intervention of Cromwell on behalf of the Vaudois—most of these subjects being illustrated by excellent maps. The historian's marvellous industry and his mastery of the subject are as conspicuous here as in his former work. There are, however, traces, especially in the portions relating to Cromwell's domestic policy, of a tendency, from which few writers on Cromwell have been free, to adjust the facts to a preconceived theory. We propose to take a few points in the history of these two years for comment and criticism.

Cromwell's grand scheme for uniting the Protestant interest against the Catholic Powers was an impossible one—it was, as Dr. Gardiner says, "hardly suited to meet the demands of a sinful world." Yet it furnishes the master-key to the windings of his foreign policy. It made him hold aloof as long as possible from an alliance with France, knowing that his sword might be needed on behalf of the Huguenots. When at length he drifted into open war with Spain, jealousy of France, quite as much as a desire to protect English commerce, made him eager to secure Dunkirk. And by his championship of the Protestant Vaudois he deliberately endangered a good understanding with France, which at the moment was supremely necessary to him. His active intervention on behalf of these Piedmontese sufferers seems to us the noblest, because it was the most unselfish action of his life—and it laid him open to a damaging comparison between his active sympathy with the persecuted Vaudois and his own persecution of the Catholics in Ireland. The comparison is even more unfavourable to Cromwell than Dr. Gardiner allows it to be. He says that Cromwell, in transplanting the Irish to Connaught, acted "on much the same principle" as the Duke of Savoy in his expatriation of the Vaudois. Cromwell, for the mere convenience of government, expelled a whole population from their ancient homes. The Duke of Savoy—certainly by measures of shameful barbarity—only tried to restrict a religious sect within their original boundaries. On the subject of the war with Spain, Cromwell has, perhaps, been sometimes unfairly criticized. The invasion of the West Indies, which Spain regarded as justifying a declaration of war, was certainly not in accord with modern ideas of international conduct. Mr. Morley treats it almost as a "buccaneering" expedition; and even Dr. Gardiner regards it as a dishonourable mode of opening hostilities. But it is often forgotten that in those days of slow communication the connexion between a European Power and her colonies was much more loose than it is now. Even a century later a state of war existed in America between England and France for nearly two years before peace was broken in Europe. A more common reproach against the Protector's policy is—to use a classic phrase—that he "put his money on the wrong horse," because Spain eventually proved far weaker than France; this seems, however, that wisdom after the event which is always easy.

When we turn to Cromwell's domestic policy, we approach more debateable ground. In a recent article on Mr. Morley's book on Cromwell, Dr. Gardiner states his opinion that, if Mr. Morley had mastered the history of the first Protectorate

Parliament, he would have better appreciated Oliver's constitutional aims. We do not hold any brief for Mr. Morley; but we have carefully examined the chapter on this Parliament, and we fail to see that he need alter a line of his indictment. Dr. Gardiner, as it seems to us, not unfrequently uses the term "constitutional" in a strangely restricted sense. He says that "Army and Parliament were at one in desiring that the Government should be constitutional and not military." What does he mean by the term "constitution" as used by the army? He can only mean the constitution which had been devised by its own chiefs and which was to be forced on Parliament against its will. He admits this a few pages earlier, and bewails the fact that the army was not then, as now, "homogeneous with the nation," but determined to impose upon the country its cherished "Instrument of Government." Again he says (in answer to Mr. Morley) that Cromwell was "not careless of constitutional forms," that he was "inspired by the full constitutional spirit." Here, too, he must be using the term in the narrow sense; for he plainly tells us in this new volume that "Oliver had not a constitutional mind." We doubt if any contemporary party outside the army would have agreed with his modern apologists in defending Cromwell's arbitrary rule. Those who felt "the pinch of the shoe" most surely know best. We are of course familiar with the plea that it was necessary to keep the peace between the warring factions and to put a curb upon Parliamentary omnipotence. But these considerations did not, as a matter of fact, weigh with many of Cromwell's old associates. Not merely extremists like Bradshaw and Lilburne, but moderate Republicans like Fairfax and Hutchinson showed little sympathy with this drastic policy. When Mrs. Hutchinson writes scornfully of the Protector's "pocket-parliaments" and of his Major-Generals "behaving like bashaws" she was not merely speaking as a partisan. She was expressing a general sense that the breach with the past had been unnecessarily violent. We agree with Mr. Firth that Cromwell did not rest his government on a constitutional basis until his second installation as Protector in 1657. And the installation was in itself a tacit admission that his former rule had been extra-legal.

The actual extent of Cromwell's influence with the army is a thorny question on which probably more light will be thrown in Dr. Gardiner's next volume. At present he speaks with rather an uncertain voice. He says that "the army was the master of both Protector and Parliament"; and that Cromwell "had military despotism thrust upon him." Elsewhere he tells us that "Oliver carried the army with him in his constitutional views and did not fall a victim to its insistence." The Protector found himself able to diminish to some extent the numbers of the army, though not so largely as Parliament recommended. On the other hand, his "little poor invention" of Major-Generals and their militia proved a most effective weapon in overawing opposition. Dr. Gardiner seems rather inclined to keep in the background not the illegality—for that would be hopeless—but the oppression of this military rule. The ten per cent. tax exacted from Royalists for the support of the troops is indeed condemned as a political error. But Dr. Gardiner should surely have reminded his readers that many of the Royalists had "compounded" by large sums of money, and that nearly all had been included in the Act of Oblivion of 1652. He may be right in estimating these Royalists as "a comparatively small minority," though there is an (unquoted) letter in Thurloe which reckons them in the northern counties at five hundred for each supporter of the Government. The Major-Generals were also instructed to enforce all laws relating to public morals. Dr. Gardiner is certainly right in saying that Cromwell multiplied his foes by these instructions. But we do not think it is quite fair to represent Cromwell in this matter as simply putting pressure on the magistrates to carry out a Government's "traditional duty." These strong measures, as Dr. Gardiner says, were "far in advance of the morality of their age"; and it does not seem to us just to say that they were resented chiefly by "aggrieved tipplers," or by those "good fellows" who cared little for the stricter duties of life. There is nothing to which

Englishmen have always been more keenly alive than the dangers of Government interference with morality. There is a point beyond which no Government can enforce a moral standard without oppression, and Englishmen have always been quick to recognize it. Moreover, there is plenty of evidence that the Major-Generals used their moral enthusiasm for getting rid of troublesome opponents. Some of them were always urging the Council to transport men who were "suspect" because they had no visible calling. Dr. Gardiner has a good deal of light to throw on those transportations to the Indies; but, with the best will in the world, he cannot destroy the impression that those who were transported were practically sold into slavery, though the harsher features of their servitude lasted but a few years. It was cold comfort for those who were shipped under compulsion to know that the money which passed was "for the expenses of the voyage"; and when their term of "service" had expired, they were not allowed to leave the island to which they had been taken. Dr. Gardiner suggests that if the "rebels" had been tried by juries they would have been much more hardly dealt with. This may well be disputed, and the frequent avoidance of jury trials is in itself suspicious.

On one other point we think that Dr. Gardiner's narrative, full and accurate as it is, calls for criticism. He tells us that in 1656 not Royalism, "still less an ecclesiastical reaction," was a danger to the Protectorate. But when he deals with Oliver's famous Declaration, which came into force in that year, prohibiting the use of the Prayer-book and putting the ejected clergy under numerous disabilities, we are told that the Anglican clergy were "politically far more dangerous" than the Catholics. It is startling to read that under that Declaration there was "little real persecution." Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy" was compiled nearly sixty years later (not "in the next generation"), and proves little either way, for its evidence is very scanty, and it does not even profess to be exhaustive. If, as Dr. Gardiner cautiously says, this edict was "seldom, if ever, put in practice against the clergy," the reason was probably that despotism had overshot its mark, and that it was morally, perhaps practically, impossible to carry the edict out. It may have been the case that those who had found hospitable refuge in Royalist houses were receiving salaries as chaplains or teachers. But it would be very difficult to prove it, and to men more than half ruined the mere threat of such cruelty was very real persecution. There is not, in fact, much evidence for Dr. Gardiner's statement that in this matter "Oliver's heart was larger than his theories." Mr. Firth tells us as an instance of Cromwell's liberality that "Archbishop Ussher was honoured by a public funeral." Dr. Gardiner more explicitly says that the Protector contributed £200 towards the expenses of the funeral. But he does not add that this sum only met one-fourth of the charges; that the Primate's impoverished daughter, Lady Tyrrell, had to find the remainder; and that a grant which had been promised him for her provision was afterwards expressly refused on the ground of her "malignancy." Archbishop Ussher had in his closing days vainly tried to get the Declaration modified. Dr. Gardiner mentions as "a Royalist rumour" that the Archbishop admitted to Cromwell that the Prayer-book was "by the people made an idol and therefore justly abolished." This rumour, as a matter of fact, reached the Archbishop before his death; and he left a memorandum, in which he brands it as "a shameless and most abominable untruth." In thus attempting to show that on several points there is "another side to the shield," we do not mean that Dr. Gardiner has purposely kept it out of view, although, much as we admire his many distinguished gifts, he does not here strike us as a model of judicial impartiality.

POLITICS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THE INDIAN BORDERLAND : 1880 to 1900, by Colonel Sir T. Hungerford Holdich (Methuen, 15s. n.), deals with both fighting and land-surveying; but the land-surveying predominates. It

begins with the Afghan war, and proceeds to recount the author's experiences in Waziristan, with the Afghan Boundary Commission, in Baluchistan, in the Persian Gulf, in Kafiristan, on the Pamirs, and elsewhere; and it is probably the most important work on frontier topography that has lately been addressed to the general public. Almost all the ground is covered; almost all the questions are considered in detail and in the light of personal knowledge. It is not a brilliantly-written book, but it is an eminently sound one. The Fleet-street specialist who proposes to "get up" frontier questions should certainly use it; and it should also do good service in turning the hose of common-sense upon the favourite scares of certain alarmists. One of its functions, in fact, should be as a commentary upon those "large maps" which Lord Salisbury advised his countrymen to spread upon the table when timorous talk of Russian aggression on our Indian boundaries is in the air. The author's remarks on the Persian Gulf question furnish one case in point. Certain Imperialists of the new school are continually trying to frighten us with tales of Russian schemes for a railway across Persia to the Gulf, at Bundar Abbas, to develop Russian trade and threaten British India. The question is obviously one for the military topographer rather than for the newspaper expert, and this is what the military topographer has to say about it:—

From what I know of Russian astuteness I am convinced that no such line will be projected for many a long year to come. It possesses all the disadvantages, from the engineering point of view, that any line directed across a rough mountainous country, taking each range in succession almost at right angles, can possess. The cost would be enormous. The 750 miles of direct measurement from Bundar Abbas *via* Kirman, Tarbat-i-Haidri, and Mashad to the Trans-Caspian line would probably expand to a thousand; and that thousand would cost five or six times the amount expended over any thousand miles of Russian railways elsewhere in Asia. About three-fourths of it would not only be a mountain line—it would be a mountain line working at the greatest possible disadvantage, with but little base for gaining gradient on the hillsides, and little room to turn round in the intermediate valleys.

As regards the danger of the trade port, so difficult to get at, being transformed into a naval station, like Batum, Colonel Holdich adds that

It would take not merely the occupation of Bundar Abbas, but the further occupation of the islands of Kishm, Hormuz, and Larak to the south of it, and the construction of costly permanent fortifications on these most undesirable islands, to render the position strong enough to constitute a distinct menace to British interests, either in the Persian Gulf or India wards. Such developments as these may safely be considered as beyond the reach of Russian political enterprise at present.

Similarly with the Pamirs. We are familiar with the spectre of the Russian bogey descending from the roof of the world; but the military topographer dispels our fears:—

If Russia occupied Sarikol and the Tagdumbash (which she could easily do) would she be any nearer India? Not in the least; for she would still have the gigantic peaks of the Muztagh to the south of her; and no living European (except Younghusband) has ever made his way across that barrier. But she would to a certain extent be paving a way towards Tibet. We may, however, safely leave that corner of the world to take care of its own interests and ours unassisted. Russia could never by any conceivable effort reach India either by Tibet or by the Muztagh.

History also, Colonel Holdich points out, reassures us. The invaders of the past—Sakæ, Yuchi, Jats, Goths, Huns, Mongols—have never come that way, though there is philological evidence that they tried to come and failed. "All these ancient invasions were by way of Kabul." Consequently the really grave questions of the future of our Indian dominions hinge on developments in Afghanistan. Here is a problem, with many

uncertain and variable factors, which Colonel Holdich discusses with great ability and insight. His arguments and his conclusions should be weighed carefully by all those whom they concern.

SCOTT AND STEVENSON.

Mr. Churton Collins, whose reflections on literary things in general we reviewed last week, has characterized those who venture to mention Scott and Stevenson in the same breath as "the circulators of a false currency in criticism," and traced Stevenson's work to the influence of "Scott, Kingston, Ballantyne, De Quincey, and Poe—" a collocation surely as wild as the naming of Stevenson along with Scott; such are the pit-falls that await the superfine critic. We have two books before us, both about the same size and price, and with a common aim of expounding a Scottish writer to a foreign audience; and perhaps, even with the fear of Mr. Collins before our eyes, we may be excused for connecting them in our notice. One is a short account of the life and work of SIR WALTER SCOTT (Sands and Co., 6s.), which has been prepared by Professor W. H. Hudson, who holds the Chair of English Literature in the Stanford University of California. It is primarily designed for the use of American readers, and is one of the best and sanest pieces of literary criticism that the United States have sent us of late years. Scott has been so much discussed that it is not easy for a critic to say anything new, or for a biographer to throw any fresh light on the facts of his life. Without, perhaps, achieving either of these impossibilities, Professor Hudson has performed his task in a most admirable fashion, which gives weight to his own claim to the best of qualifications for writing about Scott—"that in years gone by I lived much with him, and that I have loved him long and well." Those who have no leisure for Lockhart could be recommended to no better book than this for an acquaintance with Scott's life and character, and even the most crowded library will be loth to refuse it shelf-room for the sake of the three admirable chapters of review—"Personal Characteristics," "Scott as a Poet," and "The Waverley Novels"—with which it ends, and which are worthy to be reckoned, even with the essays of Palgrave and Hutton, among the best appreciations of Scott.

We can hardly say so much for the other book before us, Mr. H. Belyse Baildon's ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), which was written for German edification. As a critical study, this cannot for a moment compare with Professor Raleigh's book, and as a biographical sketch it adds nothing to our knowledge of Stevenson, though it tells us some things about Mr. Baildon that were not previously familiar to the world. Mr. Baildon, it seems, was a school friend of Stevenson, and was "not a *persona grata* to Stevenson *père* on account of my being an art-and-part accomplice in his son's literary schemes and ambitions." An advertisement prefixed to this volume tells us that Mr. Baildon himself has published eight works in prose and verse. A study of their titles helps us to understand why the present volume has the sub-title of "A Life Study in Criticism," which does not convey a clear meaning to the average mind, though it may naturally suggest itself to an author who called his first book "First Fruits and Shed Leaves." This is Mr. Baildon's way of saying that he knew Stevenson all his life:—"I watched the plant when still in bud, before a single one of its perfect blossoms had freed itself from its green wrappings, and thence onward, till, in full beauty and splendour, it was cut down and blackened by the frost of death." Mr. Baildon would seem to have a good deal to answer for. Stevenson's worst literary fault was his affectation, and his friend, we are afraid, must have encouraged him in it. The book originated in an obituary notice which Mr. Baildon wrote "when first the tidings of his death struck me like a blow that blinds and darkens." It was expanded in order to explain Stevenson to Germany in the *Englische Studien*. We hope that it has encouraged some Germans to know Stevenson at first hand, but we should not like to be too sure of that.

POMPEI.

POMPEI, THE CITY: ITS LIFE AND ART. By PIERRE GUSMAN. Translated by FLORENCE SIMMONDS and M. JOURDAIN. (Heinemann. 36s. n.)

This handsome volume, embellished with twelve coloured plates and no less than 500 black-and-white illustrations, is the work of a French writer, M. Pierre Gusman, who has devoted many years to the study of the antiquities of Pompei, and whose aim, as he tells us in a short preface, is to make the buried city live again by the help of authentic documents found on the spot.

He describes the Greek city as it was in the ancient days when the sister towns of Herculaneum and Pompei, founded, according to the legend, by Hercules, became Roman colonies after the conquest of Sylla, and wealthy Romans settled in villas along the fair Campanian shore. Pompei itself, built on a rock of lava five miles from Vesuvius, overlooking the sunny shores of the Bay of Naples, attracted many visitors. Here Claudius had his country house and Augustus came to visit Cicero in the pleasant retreat which vied with his beloved Tusculan villa. Seneca fondly remembered the roses and the figs of Pompei, and Statius wrote in glowing terms of this lovely land "where the summers are cool and the winters warm, and where the sea dies away gently as it kisses the shore." Suddenly, in August, 79 A.D., during the reign of Titus, came the awful catastrophe which turned this enchanted land into a barren desert and buried nine cities under a stream of lava and ashes. M. Gusman quotes the famous letter in which the younger Pliny, who was at Misenum, on the sea-shore, describes the horrors of that terrible night, the violent shocks of earthquake, the total darkness which fell upon the scene, and the shrieks of the fugitives who cursed the gods and cried out that this was the end of the world. "At last," he writes, "the daylight appeared and the sun rose lurid and darkened as though by an eclipse. Everything was changed as we looked out on the world with dimmed eyes. The ashes had covered all things as with a carpet of snow." Then he learnt that his uncle, the naturalist, who had left the Roman fleet at Misenum and gone up to Stabiae to study the phenomenon more closely, had been one of the first victims and had died choked by the sulphur fumes of the burning lava. "Ah, see Vesuvius!" wrote Martial in his lament, "see the green slopes that Bacchus loved. . . . But now the satyrs danced on the hill; it was the seat of Venus, dearer to her than Lacedæmon. And now the flames have destroyed all, all is buried under drifts of ashes! The gods themselves might wish their power had not so prevailed."

During the next sixteen centuries Pompei was abandoned and lay buried under grass and vines. Its very name was forgotten, and the country folk called the ruined towers and walls which were still to be seen here and there the *Cività*. About the middle of the eighteenth century some attempts were made to dig up the buried city, and bronze statues and other treasures were brought to light at different times. But it was not till 1860 that the work of excavation was systematically begun, under Viorelli, the official Director of Works, and the ashes were cleared away from houses that had been already partially searched and abandoned. Whole streets were then for the first time brought to light, temples and porticoes were discovered, and the work was carried on with unremitting energy. These excavations are still in progress, and are likely to continue during many years to come, since at least one-third of the city still remains buried. Until quite lately all the most precious statues, paintings, and objects of interest were taken to the Naples Museum. Now, however, newly-discovered houses are roofed over to protect them from sun and rain, the paintings are covered with glass, and the marbles and bronzes are left where they were found. The House of the Vettii, for instance, which was discovered in 1895, retains its marble colonnades and painted porticoes, its frieze of rosy Cupids and dancers wreathed with festoons and garlands, its white walls decorated with paintings of Theseus and Ariadne and Nero and Leander, that are as fresh and brilliant as if they had been

finished yesterday. The bronze and marble statuettes of Bacchus and Silenus, of Cupids and *putti*, have not been removed from the pedestals of the *viridarium*, the choked leaden pipes of the ancient fountains have been repaired, water drips again from the beaks of the birds which figures of Eros hold above marble basins in the winding alleys, and roses and oleanders blossom in the old flower-beds where they flowered in Roman times. So complete is the illusion, so strong the impression of reality, that you look around and expect to see the master or mistress of the house advancing to greet you as you cross the threshold of their home.

The tombs and temples of the gods, the Forums and basilicas, the Baths and Gymnasias, the theatres and barracks of the gladiators are all fully described in M. Gusman's pages. Only two years ago the ruins of the Temple of Venus, the special patron and protector of Pompei, were first brought to light, in a lovely spot, near the Gate of the Seashore, where the sound of the waves on which the goddess was borne to land falls pleasantly on the ear. But the worship of Isis was still more popular in ancient Pompei, and the temple of the Egyptian goddess seems to have been the richest and most imposing temple in the city. Another chapter is devoted to the streets, with their public fountains adorned with figure-heads of Venus and Mercury, of lions and bulls and eagles, their overhanging balconies and marble shop-signs. The most frequented thoroughfares are lined with shops furnished with marble counters, shutters, and doors running in sliding grooves. Bakers and fullers seem to have been the most numerous and prosperous class of tradesmen in Pompei, but the stalls of butchers and tanners, the signs of copper-smiths and shoemakers are all to be seen in these narrow alleys. Still more curious are the countless inscriptions painted in red and black, or scratched with the style, upon the walls of the streets and wine shops. Many of these are complimentary phrases in honour of the master of the house, extolling his virtues or offering him good wishes. Others are traced by lovers who poured out the praises of their mistresses or the story of their unrequited passion for the benefit of the passers-by. But the most interesting of these *graffiti* and painted inscriptions are the notices recommending candidates for election to public offices. As many as 2,000 of these electioneering bills have been found on the walls of Pompei, mostly relating to the elections which took place in the month of March, A.D. 79, to the office of *Ædile* and *Duumvir*, or mayor. The different corporations of the city, the goldsmiths and the poulterers, the fruit-sellers and the fishermen, the dyers and the fullers, the carpenters and the muleteers, the husbandman and the porters, each had their chosen candidate. Even the ball-players had a nominee of their own, while the bakers supported one Julius Polybius, and recommended him to the electors because "he will give us good bread."

The last part of M. Gusman's book deals with the different styles and periods of architecture and art, the paintings and mosaics which adorn the houses and temples of Pompei. The chief mural paintings, which have been removed to Naples and those which remain in their original site in the newly-discovered houses, are all minutely described and carefully reproduced. We see Iphigenia led to the sacrifice, while Agamemnon veils his head, Medea clasping her hands in silent despair, Orpheus charming the wild beasts by the powers of his magic song, or Cheiron, the aged centaur, teaching the boy Achilles to play the lute. These and many other fascinating specimens of the graceful decorative art of Imperial Rome live again in M. Gusman's pages, while his own drawings of the Way of the Tombs or the Gate of Herculaneum suggest, if they cannot reproduce, the glowing colour and wonderful beauty of the scene—the columns and arches of golden travertine that frame in views of purple mountains and radiant skies, of Vesuvius with the cloud of blue smoke hanging in the transparent air, of Capri glittering like a jewel on the sapphire sea. In conclusion we must say a word in praise of the translators—Miss Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain—who have done their difficult task well and have rendered the French author's somewhat flowery periods into fluent and easy English.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. F. T. Bullen.

Such a title as that given by Mr. Frank Bullen to his latest book, *A SACK OF SHAKINGS* (Pearson, 6s.), will exercise the reader who does not know that "shakings" are ravellings of rope and canvas, which have a certain value for the manufacture of gunny sacks and the like. Mr. Bullen, in these thirty or forty odd papers, has certainly travelled from China to Peru. He treats in a fanciful spirit of some whaling incidents; dips into the very depths of the sea, and emerges, like a cheerful Proteus, to give the life-history of a ship's cat or of one of his very numerous skippers. We do not know whether "A Sack of Shakings" will or will not be equally popular with other books by the same author, but it is certainly of equal or even greater interest, for the simple reason that it shows more clearly than they do the reasons which have given Mr. Bullen his popularity. Looking to some of the writer's conscious and unconscious admissions, considerable doubt rises in the mind as to his exact relation with his equals or his superiors while he was at sea. For it is difficult to trace in anything that he writes, whether he writes ill or well (and he often writes very well indeed), the exact hall-mark of the sailor's mind. This, however, may very well imply that Mr. Bullen is rather more than less of the sailorman. There is a psychologic twist in his mind or an attitude of contemplation which is, we cannot but think, alien from the sea-character. It implies not certainly a lack of courage, but a comparative deficiency in the mental muscle of the seaman. Perhaps it is the contemplative habit which leads him to accept the conventional view of shore-going folk that sailors see great beauty in the sea and find exalted music in its winds. Mr. Bullen is quick to catch impressions from what he sees, but he is, if we do not mistake, a very great reader, and is almost as easily impressed by what he reads as by what he has seen. Such a gift makes for literature in the long run, when a writer's mind and method are thoroughly attuned. Its danger is that it may mar that conviction which is given to the more single-minded narrative. It is, in fact, the literary element in Mr. Bullen's writing which gives it its attraction. From this point of view "A Sack of Shakings" has very many points of interest, in spite of a few monstrous hybrids, such as "non-understandable" and "steerability." What does Mr. Bullen mean when he writes, and italicizes, *longue beau* in the phrase "drawing the long bow"?

A Political Manual.

There is no lack of books on the British Constitution, but Mr. Leonard Courtney's reputation as at once a practical politician and a political philosopher gives a special interest to the volume which he has added to the list, *THE WORKING CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM* (Dent, 7s. 6d.). But the book Mr. Courtney has produced is little more than a manual that may be useful to students about to be examined in the subject. He shows by what stages a Bill is piloted through Parliament; he explains the difference between a Royal Commission and a Departmental Committee; he relates, in outline, the history of our Services or institutions. But this is only what any teacher of law could have done as well. The book differs from Mr. Bryce's book on the Constitution of the United States as the smaller Smiths differ from the works of Grote and Mommsen; and there is little to indicate that the philosopher or the practical man, rather than the lecturer, has been at work upon the subject. Criticism is kept within the narrowest limits. There is no attempt to discover and expose the flaws of a system which can put into high offices in the State men who have little of the knowledge or training necessary for the business they have to do. The book, in short, is little more than an enlarged "Temple Primer." As such we can praise it. But it must not be mistaken for anything more elaborate or ambitious.

The Horrors of War.

WRECKING THE EMPIRE (Grant Richards, 5s.) is Mr. J. M. Robertson's contribution to the South African question. Mr. Robertson went to the Cape for the *Morning Leader*; perhaps

we shall not unfairly describe his book by saying that he writes like a man who has been to the kitchen to see how omelettes are made, and has discovered to his horror that eggs are broken in the process. His task has been to gather together all the stories he could hear concerning the misbehaviour of soldiers, the severity of generals, and the miscarriage of justice under martial law. He gives such evidence as he could procure—and it is better evidence than satisfies some of those who think with him—to prove that there have been “regrettable incidents,” that some Kaffirs have been murdered, and some innocent persons kept under lock and key, and that there has been more looting than is consistent with the perfect ordering of the world. His premises, in fact, may be admitted, generally speaking, to be fairly well established. The difficulty, of course, is to see how a conclusion of any value is to be drawn from them. The excesses which Mr. Robertson deplors are equally deplored by his opponents; they are not excesses peculiar to this war, but common to all wars of equal magnitude and duration. Sheridan had left the Shenandoah Valley in such a state that a crow could not fly up it unless it carried its own rations, and Sherman had uttered his famous aphorism that “war is all hell” long before Mr. Robertson was old enough to study military subjects. The moral which he draws is that “the Empire is being debased at home by the process which is preparing its curtailment abroad,” but this is not an inevitable conclusion to be drawn from his book. The moral which those who do not agree with him will no doubt draw from his facts is that, war being what it is, the Boers should have thought twice before declaring it.

In *THE RELIEF OF KUMASI* (Methuen, 6s.) Captain Harold C. J. Biss has a capital story to tell, but he has very nearly spoiled it by telling it at too great length. He gives us many weary pages of introductory matter which make the most patient reader tired, and when he does come to his story he relates the most trivial incidents at the most tedious length. Until we read this book we never realized what possibilities of dullness might lurk in a West African ambuscade. However, as there were no newspaper correspondents accompanying the forces in the last Ashanti war, the record must be welcomed, even though it is not the sort of record we should have preferred. It supplements Lady Hodgson's book in many interesting particulars, and it costs fifteen shillings less.

Mr. R. G. Moulton is well known as a leading exponent of the Bible as a work of literature pure and simple, and in his *SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE* (Isbister, 3s. 6d.) he produces what may be described as a shorter and more popular edition of his “Literary Study of the Bible.” The writer who would, like Mr. Moulton, shut his eyes to theology and to documentary or historical criticism of the Scriptures and treat them as literature only treads rather a narrow and difficult path, and students of his school have to be careful of the tendency to regard the sacred authors as literary artists only; but his chapters on Wisdom, on Lyric Poetry, and on Prophecy are full of original and very suggestive matter, and contribute, in a way few other writers have attempted, to a larger and saner view of the sacred writings.

FROM GLADIATEUR TO PERSIMMON (Grant Richards, 18s. n.), by Sydenham Dixon, is a fairly complete history of the Turf during the last five-and-thirty years. The author, whom students of Turf affairs probably know better by his *nom de guerre* of “Vigilant,” announces that he has written more about horses than about men, because “it is possible to write perfectly freely and truthfully about them without any serious fear of giving offence,” whereas “when one is dealing with men the case is altogether different.” It is not a very literary book, but it tells us who won what and why, and what were then the odds and the weights; and that is all that a good many readers are likely to want. There are three good coloured illustrations.

Of the vast number of Minnesingers, some of whose work has been preserved to us, few except Walther von der Vogelweide are familiar names, and in unearthing mainly from his own poems the story of *OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN* (Dent, 4s. 6d.) Signora Linda Villari is, we think, breaking new ground for Englishmen.

Two hundred years after Walther von der Vogelweide Minnesong was not what it was, but the story of Oswald is as full of romance as any romantic novel of to-day, and the authoress tells us it in a very attractive way, with some interesting photographs.

A sequence of four little plays about Love, and one concerning a certain exploit of François Villon, make up Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer's volume called *LOVE'S DISGUISES*, which is published at the sign of the Rose, Hackbridge, Surrey. It is a pretty book—prettily bound, tastefully printed on good paper, and gracefully written. The plays are not powerfully dramatic, but delicately idyllic, and well done of their kind. “Enter Love, disguised as a pilgrim,” may be said to strike the note of Mr. Hueffer's pastorals, and he contrives to play us much the same tune in four different keys with considerable success. Perhaps the last episode—that of Villon—is the best handled. The edition is limited to 150 copies.

Messrs. Sampson Low have sent us a new cheap edition (3s. 6d. n.) of Mr. Arthur H. Beavan's *POPULAR ROYALTY*—a work full of gossip about various members of our Royal Family.

ART.

The Appreciation of English Art Abroad.

One hears so much of the decay of British commerce, and generally of our deficiencies as compared with other nations, that it is a relief to turn one's mind upon a field in which British predominance is recognized. Few would probably fix upon art as this field, not many people in England know or care much about art; and, in the second place, it is fashionable to believe that good art, like good wine, thrives best upon foreign soil. Nevertheless, for fifty years and more, England has been leading all Europe in respect of two branches of art which deserve to be reckoned amongst the most important—architecture and the decoration of houses. William Morris, who was himself the arch-priest of one, has left on record the high estimation in which he held the other; for whilst a picture, as he said, may be hidden in a room, or a book may lie unopened on a shelf, “a building is perpetually in evidence to injure passers-by by its badness, or to benefit them by its goodness.”

Enlightened foreign writers on art are more conscious of what is owing to England under this head than Englishmen themselves appear to be, for the development which has taken place in England without attracting very general attention caused some considerable stir abroad, when, at a fairly mature stage, it broke in upon traditions of an earlier undeveloped style. The subject acquires fresh interest at the present moment from the fact that modern English architecture has received a handsome tribute in the form of four costly portfolios, issued for the benefit of German artists by the well-known “Cosmos” Verlag für Kunst und Wissenschaft of Leipzig. The first of these portfolios, which has recently appeared, contains twenty-six large plates of typical English buildings of the last half century, selected from what we may call the Norman Shaw period, a free blending in style of Jacobean and “Queen Anne” Renaissance, with Dutch tilework, and other handsome features, distinguished generally by richness of colour and great sobriety of ornament. The text which accompanies the plates, as well as the selection, is the work of Herr Hermann Muthesius, technical and artistic attaché to the German Embassy in London. Herr Muthesius has devoted several years to the subject of English Architecture, notably to buildings of the period just indicated. Tinged with Gothic sympathies, and rather scornful of the Italianizing influences which have once more come into vogue, he traces our great architectural revival from the Pugins. The Neo-Gothic school, which grew out of the ultra-Gothic impulse of the younger Pugin, did much notable and some lamentable work in England, work that is identified with the names of Sir Gilbert Scott, Bodley, Street, Pearson, and Burges. Overlapping with them, but later in development, came the band of workers associated with Mr. Norman Shaw—Philip Webb (the earliest of them all), Nesfield, Colcutt, Ernest George, Waterhouse, &c. The productions of this school Herr Muthesius regards as the

very cream of modern architectural achievement, and as an enormous advance, technically and chronologically, on anything to be found in Continental Europe. It is with a certain sense of shame that one reads and acknowledges the eulogies of a foreign writer on buildings that one passes, it may be every day, without a thought of their excellent and unobtrusive beauty. How many stop, for instance, to admire the architecture of New Zealand Chambers in Leadenhall-street, of Collingham and Harrington Gardens, of the Chelsea Embankment houses, the Institute of Chartered Accountants, or the City Bank on Ludgate-hill. All of these mark an era in English art development, and just as we have begun to go back on them in the direction of an earlier alien style, foreigners are becoming aware of their great and surprising merits.

But it is not only our architecture that Herr Muthesius praises. The architectural revival is bound up in a way with the general decorative art movement initiated by Morris and Burne-Jones and the "Pre-Raphaelites" in the sixties. The connexion is too speculative and tempting to be neglected by a German, and Herr Muthesius goes boldly into it. The influence of romantic literature upon both is not forgotten either, and we are hurried away into the past for a parallel with Scott and his work in making straight the paths of the new Gothic. An irresistible pivot in the triple argument is the "Red House"—the forerunner of all modern red houses—which Philip Webb built in 1859 for William Morris. Here we have all the elements—the architect, the decorator, the prophet of romance. But we need not pursue the fancy further. It has been all written for us, and forgotten, long since. The Morris movement survived its stormy youth, and thrived in spite of English prejudices. It has become a commonplace of to-day. Abroad it settled full-blown, and has exercised a widespread influence. The best of foreign art may not presumptuously be attributed to it. An Englishman at the Paris Exhibition, whilst looking round at the astonishing wealth and variety of Continental art work, may have excusably felt some gratification, even whilst he deplored the poor show made by his own country, for the Paris Exhibition contained little of the best English work. Beyond the Benson metal-work exhibits and some of Heal's furniture, there was little to show how "applied art" has thriven in England amongst the successors of Morris. The Morris firm goes on as well as ever, and keeps its sources undefiled. Designers like George Jack, Heywood Sumner, W. A. S. Benson, Walter Crane, Rathbone, Voysey, and Lethaby are all doing work that is fit to rank with the best Continental productions. Our art guilds and schools are turning out better pupils every year, as the annual students' exhibits show, and their work is purely and genuinely national. What reaction has set in from abroad is in general less satisfactory, and is responsible for the eccentric grooves into which some types of British art have begun to slide. The Japanese, too, wholly admirable as it is in itself, appears to exercise a baneful influence over the minds of Western craftsmen. The weird is not always beautiful, by any means, though weirdness and beauty are often confounded in the ill-used name of art. It rests with the public ultimately, by virtue of a simple financial equation, to keep our national art vigorous and pure; but, first of all, it is necessary for the public to realize that a national art exists, and no better reminder could be forthcoming than the fact that writers who are regarded as leaders of taste abroad, and who have studied the subject well, find it worth expounding in handsome monographs for the benefit of foreign artists, and praise with discriminating judgment its most purely national features.

Those who are responsible for the conduct of the art galleries of the metropolis seem determined that we shall not forget that water-colour painting is essentially a British art. We have had a century of water-colours at the Fine Art Society, and a show of Mr. Ruskin's work in Pall-mall. Messrs. Graves are now exhibiting two collections of water-colours, Messrs. Dowdeswell show drawings by Mr. A. E. Rowe, Messrs. Agnew give space to a very worthy collection, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-

colours has opened its eighty-sixth exhibition, and next Saturday the Fine Art Society disclose a collection of drawings by Mr. Eyre Walker and Mr. Samuel Hodson. The Cinderella of the Arts has her day and is making the most, it would seem, of the time that intervenes between the opening of the year, and the opening of the Salon, the Royal Academy, and the New Gallery.

Perhaps this complacent British satisfaction in the art of water-colour painting accounts for the lack of effort characteristic of the paintings at the Institute. There are plenty of landscape and fewer figure subjects than usual; and, with the exception of the John Hassell in the large gallery, there is hardly a picture that is at all unexpected. Could anything be more trite and commonplace in sentiment than the "Phyllis is my only Joy" by Sheridan Knowles, than "Little Lady Bountiful" by E. C. Clifford, H. Swanwick's "The Broken Pitcher," Frank Dadd's "Horses for the King," or H. R. Steer's "Expectancy"? The figure subjects, in fact, portray nothing new, and might as well have been executed in oils, or pastel, or indeed, on china or in wool. In landscape, too, E. J. Gregory makes no effort to rise above his work-a-day manner in "The Brink of a Discovery"; Mr. James Orrock is as closely imitative as ever; Albert Kinsley has the familiar silverbirch and the babbling brook; Bernard Evans, a photographic "Fountain's Abbey"; Yeend King a polychromatic puzzle; and Edwin Hayes and Claude Hayes pictures of small invention. Hardly any painter has striven to see nature in a new way, or catch her in an unexpected mood, and few of the exhibitors range their art upon any higher plane than that of a badly-paid profession. The notable exceptions are Dudley Hardy and John Hassell. Certainly "All the King's Horses" redeems the collection from the monotony of the well expected. The technique is interesting to the artist; the treatment unconventionally conventional; and the humour irresistible. It is the work of an artist who is a keen but kindly satirist, a draughtsman of ability, and a colourist who knows that harmony is of the chief essentials.

The water-colour drawings by Hubert Medlicott, too, which occupy the larger of the two Graves' Galleries, are the work of a conscientious draughtsman who has yet to learn how to appreciate pictorial possibilities. There is a restless effort to compose a picture, to crowd pictorial incident within the four corners of a frame until the whole becomes fussy and ill-digested. The impressions are not broad enough, and Mr. Medlicott's nature is too secretive of detail to permit him to apprise properly the value of omissions. He paints with the same attention to unimportant details that the old divines displayed in their analysis of great truths.

Very different is the bright little collection of water-colours by Miss Rosa Wallis in the smaller Graves' Gallery. Miss Wallis might borrow some of her neighbours' certainty of touch with advantage, but she never loses sight of the picture. Colour absorbed in luxuriant vineyards, bright flowers contrasting with cold masonry, old-world market-places afire with bright-coloured fruit and flowers, the strong contrasts of Italian sunshine and dark, almost impenetrable shadows, these are the artistic material that Miss Wallis has found in Italy and in England, and she has seen them with the eyes of the artist and striven to paint them not because they are easily recognized places, but because they attract her for their artistic worth.

Effect rather than subject appears to have appealed also to the majority of the contributors to the exhibition of works by the Women's International Art Club at the Grafton Galleries. Miss Evelyn Howard notes the humble but less certain beauty of thistledown in her sketch made "In the Duchy of Cornwall"; Ethel Ertz is attracted by the tumble and surge of a mountain stream in "River Duddon, Ulpha"; Miss Paget Kemp attempts to paint "A Warm Day" and "Summer"; Miss Isö Rae, who has learnt much from the French Romantics, is successful in "Dreams"; and Blanche Mathewes well directed in her "Study of Foreground." Attention may very well be bestowed upon "The Bouquet" and the Watteauesque "In the Boudoir," by Ellen G. Cohen, and upon Anna Nordgren's strong figure subjects. E. Spence-Bate draws with unusual strength, and even if the flesh is a little dull and the drawing of the lower part of the figure somewhat boneless, "The Mirror," by Kate Carl cannot be idly dismissed. Lilian Edmunds, Gwenny Griffiths, and the experienced Mrs. Jopling help to add interest to an exhibition which, however much the standard of technical achievement may fall below the work of more hardened exhibitors, is more hopeful in that it reveals a real effort to advance.

FICTION.

Mixed Marriages.

It is a very easy and a very popular proceeding, as "The Master Christian" showed us, to write in the form of a novel a tirade against Roman Catholicism. To say that Mr. Richard Bagot's *CASTING OF NERS* (Arnold, 6s.) comes under the same category would be a very fallacious half-truth. Roman Catholicism and its questionable methods are Mr. Bagot's theme; but he has a real acquaintance with Roman society; his picture of it is based on knowledge, not on rhetoric; and he treats it, for a change, with restraint and with good breeding. That he knows what he is writing about was evident in his "Roman Mystery," published a year and a half ago, of which we said that "neither Bourget's 'Cosmopolis,' Zola's 'Rome,' nor Kassandra Vivaria's 'Via Lucis' afforded so true a glimpse of the inner life of the Roman aristocracy." The success of that book did not induce Mr. Bagot to rush out another novel in six months, and the result is that his method is very much improved. His new book is much more firmly knit, less subjective, stronger in its effects. It is the story of an English peer, a highly-cultivated agnostic, married to a Roman Catholic. In its development there are no sensational incidents. There is no preaching, no bearding of the Pope in the Vatican, no lurid picture of priestly immorality—only a careful, and to our mind extremely interesting, unfolding of conflicting motives and subtle influences, which tend at last to a true religious sympathy between husband and wife. It is a picture of manners, but it belongs much more obviously to the class of fiction begotten of our latterday psychological habits, which puts a severe test upon a novelist's quality, viz., that which throws impalpable mental experiences into a dramatic form and records without a laborious analysis, and mainly by the give and take of conversation alone, the emotions which underlie social superficialities. The book savours of a purpose; but that does not interfere with its art. Its restraint and insight, its true and unforced pathos, its picturesque touches of description, and, we may add, its admirable style, ought to win for Mr. Bagot the high place he certainly deserves as a thoughtful and conscientious writer.

The Amateur Detective.

We have not always been able to admire that "fervent spiritual appeal" which some people found so delectable in "God and the Ant," "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," and the other stories by Mr. Coulson Kernahan which have sold by the hundred thousand, but we can appreciate his skill on a lower plane. In *SCOUNDRELS AND CO.* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) he forgoes the temptation to be "the most poetic of prosemen" and attempts to "spin" for us what he calls, in the slang of the last century, a "yarn—" Mr. Kernahan is fond of inverted commas. He is not always convincing. An address is called Datchett-square on one page and Fassett-square on the next, and we are asked to believe that a man would not notice in lifting his coat that a parcel containing an infernal machine, with clockwork ticking, has been stuffed into his pocket—and so forth. But the stories are exciting enough. His hero is an author as well as an amateur in investigation, who joins a band of scoundrels engaged in every kind of villainy in order to frustrate their knavish tricks. How he does this forms the reason of the tales, each of which carries the reader with a rush from start to finish. He tells us that his book has no more serious purpose than to while away an hour or two—a laudable intention—and we can assure the reader that no poetical and spiritual allegory will be discovered in "Scoundrels and Co."

The Devil and the Deep.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson's new book, *TWIXT DEVIL AND DEEP SEA* (Pearson, 6s.), opens alluringly. Sheila Cope, a beautiful *débütante* of eighteen, is at the Lyceum Theatre with her mother, when she notes a strange lady in the stalls beneath her, with eyes "luminous like a cat's"; and then a strange thing happens, even for the Lyceum. This person looks at Sheila, and slowly, very slowly, draws off a black suède glove. Her arm, "like a

column of marble," shows a purple patch about the size of a pansy. Now Sheila knows that her mother, Lady Cope, has the same mark on her arm, for she has been severely punished for asking questions about it. After this the story develops rapidly. Lady Cope pursues the cat-like eyes and returns to her hotel to die, crying, "You—you!" she said. "If it had not been for you—" "Sheila—save—find—you must find—" Thus, on page 30, we are well in the heart of a thrilling story which grows in interest. The only fault of the book is its melodrama. But every writer has his Surrey-side, and Mrs. Williamson knows how to tell a story and avoid the inessential.

Mr. W. Carlton Dawe has done some very good work, but not in *THE EMU'S HEAD* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.). It is a rather conventional story, in which both characters and plot lack distinction. The latter starts with that old friend of ours who on his death-bed hands over to a stranger a pocket-book containing a cipher revealing the way to untold gold. It is the class of story for which there is always a demand among the boyish, and of this class it is good.

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND, by H. B. Marriott Watson (Harper's, 6s.), has a fine, warm-blooded heroine, who is torn in two between her sympathies with her lawless kinsfolk and her passion for her lover who is their enemy. The fighting and the love-making are vivid and true, as might have been expected. For Mr. Marriott Watson has two manners, the "decadent" and the manly; and the latter is always everything that is virile and alive.

Do readers of fiction still remember the excellent novels of Jewish life that Miss Amy Levy wrote? If so they will know the sort of book Miss Lily H. Montagu attempts in *NAOMI'S EXODUS* (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.). There is the same knowledge of Hebrew life in West London, but there is a lack of the literary touch and quiet humour that made us hope to see Miss Levy do lasting work. Naomi Saul is not a very interesting person, but the story shows earnestness and sincerity, and to those who are interested in Jewish life "*Naomi's Exodus*" will make an especial appeal.

Lucas Cleeve's hero in *AS THE TWIG IS BENT* (Digby, 6s.) is a commercial sharp, and his doings reveal in the author no small knowledge of the shady ways of the Rialto. But the wooing of the heroine, Angela Browne, does not excite us, and the hero himself is a very depressing person. The style of the book is artificial and ineffective, and the humour almost painful.

"Our fortunes to our shoes are close allied. Pinched in the straight, we stumble in the wide," quotes Mr. or Miss G. G. Chatterton in the fore-front of *STRAIGHT SHOES* (Long, 6s.) and proceeds to tell us—alas, rather dully!—a story which demonstrates the correctness of the Dutch saying. Like the author's previous novels, "*The Spirit of Circumstance*" and "*The Angel of Chance*," this book is well written, well constructed, and well meaning, but it remains somewhat obvious, and is at the best a mediocre essay in the art of fiction.

The latest cry of the novel-reading public is for a new milieu into which they can be deported, where new experiences, new forms of life, can be encountered. Perhaps Mr. Arthur Henry in *A PRINCESS OF ARCADY* (Murray, 6s.) is not quite able to give all this, but he gives us a fairly fresh environment for the beginning of his book, and an American Arcadia suggests new possibilities. The story itself if not strikingly original is well-knit and cleverly written. It will delight many readers who are tired of stronger pabulum and seek after sweetness and light.

TALES OF INDIAN CHIVALRY, by Michael Macmillan (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), is a collection of ten short stories for boys dealing with the brave deeds of the Rajputs and the Moguls. The stories are sufficiently sensational, and there are plenty of pictures of the sort that one expects in books of the kind. Whether boys will accept them as adequate substitutes for tales of the Mutiny and the days of Clive is another question; the unfamiliarity and unpronounceable names will certainly not be a passport to their favour.

"We Three and Troddles" is now, we believe, in its seventieth thousand and may be therefore taken to have pleased a million or two of readers. *TRODDLES AND US—AND OTHERS* (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. R. Andom, offers to these admiring millions the same opportunity for Homeric laughter at its rough, quite commonplace, cockney fun.

THE LONDON LIBRARY.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE ART OF CATALOGUING.

The irritability sometimes said to be found in authors and scholars may partly be ascribed to defective library catalogues and to inadequate indexes. Libraries without catalogues and books without indexes, those sources of misery to all engaged in research, we may pass over in silence. The London Library has always possessed a catalogue which its members could consult, but since the last edition was published in 1888 the library has grown by leaps and bounds, and thus the catalogue has necessarily become most inadequate and the cause of no little vexation of spirit to the serious student. It will therefore bring gladness to his heart to learn that an entirely new catalogue has been prepared and will shortly be sent to press.

Before describing this important addition to our bibliographical literature we may remind our readers of the special functions of the London Library. Although it possesses a handsome and commodious reading room, the walls of which are lined with every conceivable book of reference, and the tables covered with a cosmopolitan array of periodicals, it is essentially a lending library. It is thus invaluable to those who prefer to do their work at home rather than in public, just as most of us prefer to live in houses of our own rather than in hotels or clubs. Every sort of book can be obtained, from books on sundials to books on the ancient Sabæans. So far as we know, from no other library in the world can such rare works as the 1557 edition of Sir Thomas More's English works, Migne's "Patrologia," the rare County Histories, Bouquet's "Recueil des Historiens de la Gaule et de la France," and original authorities in English history too numerous to mention, be carried home, and kept, if need be, for a couple of months. Even persons so happily circumstanced as to be able to buy all the books they desire find such a library useful, for a man may not care to commit himself to the purchase of a costly volume until he has made sure that it contains the material he wants. Another vast advantage of the library is that the books are so arranged that every member can, without either loss of time, or painful climbing of ladders, or undue straining of eyesight, consult at the shelves the group of books on the subject he is interested in at the moment, carrying off in triumph those he deems likely to prove most useful. Every author has experienced the joy of prowling round his own bookshelves, and alighting by a mere chance on some passage or reference pertinent to the work in hand; and if his own books are scant in number, he can enjoy this privilege to the full in St. James's-square. The excellence of the collection of foreign works is one of the distinguishing features of the library. Almost every work of note published during the last ten years in France, Germany, and Italy is there. This side of the London Library will surely grow in importance since England seems at last to be waking up to the necessity of knowing what is going on in other lands.

The first catalogue of the London Library, published in 1842, consisted of 142 pages, and the fifth edition of that catalogue, issued in 1888, of 1,600 pages. The new catalogue will contain about 2,250 quarto pages. Every one of the 215,000 volumes in the library at the end of 1900 has been catalogued from the book itself. The method employed is notable for some original features designed to assist the inquirer and clear away the confusion so often felt even by intelligent persons when consulting a catalogue. We can only name a few of these aids to the speedy identification of the most elusive book or author. The name chosen for the principal heading is invariably that in common use, that to which most persons would turn. For instance, Cavour is put under Cavour, not under Benso di Cavour, and Horace Walpole under Walpole, and not under Orford, while references from all the other and less usual forms are clearly recorded. Such forethought will certainly be highly appreciated; we all know the sonnets of Michael Angelo, but we are scarcely familiar with those of Buonarroti. Much trouble has been taken to identify the authors of anonymous publications, as well

as the adopters of pseudonyms, while references are always given from the titles of the books and the pseudonyms, an asterisk being prefixed to all works known to have been published anonymously. This has involved direct application to authors, publishers, and others, and thus the new catalogue will contain first-hand information not to be found in any other printed catalogue or book of reference. Readers again may want to refer from the London Library catalogue to the British Museum catalogue, and accordingly, where the entry in the latter differs from the name in general use, it is printed after the more familiar heading in square brackets. The original feature, however, most calculated to appeal to the hearts of readers is that when a work is in several volumes the contents of each are printed in the catalogue, and thus the volume wanted can be seen at a glance. We have only mentioned a few of the innovations, but enough to show that the London Library catalogue will be a unique compilation of its kind, useful alike to the student and to the general reader, and as a bibliographical work, valuable to the public, to librarians, and to book collectors. A subject catalogue will, it is hoped, be issued as quickly as possible.

The work of cataloguing has brought to light many defects in the library which generous patrons of letters might, if they knew of them, be glad to remedy. Certain sets of periodicals like the *Romania* and the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* are incomplete; so are the publications of the Roxburghe Club, of the "Bibliothèque de l'école des hautes études," and of many other societies. Some of the "Voyage of the Challenger" official reports are wanting, and so are two volumes of Aglio's "Antiquities of Mexico." We are in the habit, in such cases, of consoling ourselves with the conviction that the realization of the ideal is an impossibility. But it is not necessarily so with a library. Expenditure of money and of time, and the employment of expert knowledge, can render a collection of books perfect, and thus it rests with the subscribers and well-wishers of the London Library to make it the most useful and satisfactory institution of the kind. In a world where, unhappily, more things are ill done than well done, they should not lose an opportunity, so rare of occurrence, of helping to establish a library that may claim to be called perfect.

Correspondence.

"CANADA IN ENGLISH FICTION."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Although I read Mr. Machray's survey under the above heading with deep interest, and found it both indulgent and discriminating, I venture to think it might be bettered by the inclusion of the three names which, after Messrs. Gilbert Parker and C. G. D. Roberts, one would most have expected to find there:—Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley, Mr. W. A. Fraser, and Miss Lily Dougall. In not referring to the brilliant work of the first-named of this trio, Mr. Machray, like many others whose residence in Canada is more recent than his own, had probably forgotten that British Columbia is part of the Dominion.

And Sir John Bourinot, by-the-by, in spite of his name, is not, as your contributor supposes, a French Canadian, but of British descent on both sides of the house.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
London, March 19. BECKLES WILLSON.

DECADENTS AND ANTI-BYRONISTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The interesting discussion on "Decadent Metres," recently appearing in your columns, plainly shows the antagonism between two schools of poetry. The writer of the second letter is evidently a zealous partisan of the new school. Among certain critics, there is a systematic and relentless opposition to the poets who flourished in the first half of the nineteenth century. This has always been considered an exceptionally brilliant

poetical era, but the New Criticism reverses this judgment, and, while favouring Shelley and Keats—who, it must be admitted, were underrated in their own day—and giving a condescending toleration to Wordsworth, it consigns the other poets of the period to scorn and oblivion.

Byron, as the most prominent and influential among them, is always a special object of attack, and no words are considered too strong to denounce and depreciate a writer who was the literary idol of his own time, who has become a classic with us, and is still held in the highest esteem on the Continent. To serve him, figuratively, as the Royalists served Cromwell, to dig up and mutilate his remains, and erase his name from Britain's muster roll of great ones, is mere vain spite, and cannot undo the past. Byron lived and reigned. He was indisputably—

The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.

His influence continued active for more than a generation after his death, and is even now by no means extinct. No poet ever caused a greater sensation; had more imitators, followers, and worshippers (who far outnumbered his detractors), or called forth such a flood of able and exhaustive criticism on his life and works. Such a man could not have been the mere literary impostor his enemies try to make him out. It is high time that a combined stand should be made against this persistent belittling of a great name. A Byron Defence Association has become a necessity.

Even his supporters are not always loyal. One of them, lately, while defending him against a more than usually violent Swinburnian onslaught, says, "Byron, no doubt, wrote a great deal of intolerable rubbish." All writers are unequal, but such expressions are unpardonable. What "intolerable rubbish" did Byron write? His earliest poems had the faults of juvenility, which his critics pointed out in no measured terms, and these he afterwards admitted, and did not repeat. He had great versatility, and seldom failed in any new style he attempted. His series of short poetical romances, "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "Mazeppa," "Siege of Corinth," &c., have never been excelled in vivid picturesqueness, dash, and glow, and the spirit of rapid action and wild adventure; and they contain also touches of pathos and tenderness, as well as passages of the purest poetic beauty. Byron wrote only when the fit was on him and the task thoroughly congenial, and then he wrote with great rapidity. His aim was truth and directness; he painted in primary colours, and did not stop to seek those mystic meanings and expressions now so much insisted upon. Hence his poems have the tone of true inspiration, of open-air freedom and freshness. He has been called an *improvisatore*. We picture the modern æsthete seated in his luxurious study, carefully weaving profound problems into elaborately high-flown verse. Byron, of the two, approaches much nearer to the typical bard of old, who roamed the world with lyre or harp and sang the deeds of heroes.

But his maturer and more sustained works show careful composition and severe correction. He could dive deep as well as soar high, and frequently reached a pinnacle where he could look down upon all rivals. Besides, he had the gifts of humour and keen satire, with marvellous powers of description—qualities not always combined with the loftier attributes of great poets. On momentous issues he could speak with a force to stir men's blood all over Europe.

He touch'd his harp, and nations heard, entranced.

Even as a metrist and melodist, his shortcomings have been unfairly exaggerated. His blank verse is often defective, though less so than many assert, but it abounds in lines and passages which have long been quoted as among the finest in English poetry. In rhyme, his natural element, he was musical as well as forcible, strong as well as tender, and many of his separate lyrics rank high among the standard songs of the nation.

On the other hand, the idolized Shelley, in spite of his genius, was often careless in his style, given to redundancy and the reiteration of favourite expressions, and so far from being

always melodious that comparatively few of his numerous lyrics have been set to music. One of them is described by Samuel Lover—(himself an eminent lyricist)—as "impossible for singing, as every word shuts the mouth instead of opening it." Keats is by no means free from the "fantastic extravagance" with which his contemporaries charged him. Mrs. Browning sometimes lapses into execrable rhymes, while Robert Browning's jerky lines and Carlylean ruggedness are too well-known to need pointing out. Yet these were all great poets, and their failings did not make them little. It is only with Byron that we are asked to be rigidly exacting in matters of form.

The Tennysonian School, which succeeded the Byronic, had special qualities of its own, so distinct from the former that it is idle to compare them. Concerning the prevailing school of poetry, which seems inspired mainly by Keats, Shelley, and Swinburne (with a diversion towards the harsh realism of Kipling), we can only wish that its votaries would refrain from judging the poets of three generations ago by the peculiar standard they have set up for themselves.

But in spite of these conflicting influences, Byron, I am convinced, is a poet who will live—live when the New Euphuists have passed into oblivion, when the "Rudyard" have "ceased from Kipling" for ever, and when, perhaps, even Swinburne may be regarded rather as a master of poetical rhetoric than a divinely-inspired singer.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER PARKE.

THE SPLIT INFINITIVE. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your last number I suggested that German scholars might throw some light upon this subject, and by a happy coincidence the same number brings a letter from Mr. P. G. Wilson, Sub-Director of the Berlitz School of Languages, Elberfeld, which answers my question by implication.

Since Mr. Wilson adduces the German "zu übersetzen" as a parallel to the English "to quickly go," it is probably a fair inference that no nearer parallel occurred to him.

Now, I cannot see the analogy between the two. Does Mr. Wilson wish us to resolve "übersetzen" into two words, or to fuse "quickly go" into one?

A truer English parallel to his pair of German phrases would be "to upset an applecart" and "to set up an applecart," and I cannot see that the one is a split infinitive any more than the other.

Yours faithfully,

E. D. L.

"THE IVORY BRIDE." TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your reviewer, in noticing the above, asks, "What is aseity?" This is a word you may find in any dictionary. It is derived from the Latin—*a*, by; and *se*, oneself.

That is what I meant when I used it.

Yours faithfully,

Bangor, Wales.

THOMAS PINKERTON.

[** We do not find the word in Webster, nor in Chambers; though it appears in the larger works—the Century Dictionary and the Oxford English Dictionary.]

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A third book about the last Ashanti campaign will be ready shortly, by Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Montanaro, R.A., and Captain Armitage, D.S.O., who were both with the Relief Force. It is entitled "The Siege and Relief of Kumassi." Colonel Montanaro has also written a little book called "Hints on Bush-Fighting"—after the style of General Baden-Powell's "Hints on Scouting"—which will be ready next week.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack announce an edition of the Waverley Novels in forty-eight volumes—uniform with "The Edinburgh Stevenson"—to be printed by Messrs. T. and A. Constable. The text of "The Edinburgh Waverley" will be that

of the last edition revised by Scott with his notes and introductions, and there will be a glossary of Scots words at the end of each volume. The portraits for the frontispieces will comprise authentic portraits of Scott, some of them reproduced for the first time, of the prototypes of some of the best known characters, and of some of the historical personages. The book will be bound in buckram, with red morocco label, and two volumes will be issued every month, beginning in April. There will be only 1,000 copies for sale.

The *Jewish Chronicle* announces the first of twelve volumes of an exhaustive Jewish Encyclopedia. Brought out under the auspices of the *Chronicle*, it is to be published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. There are 300 editors from all parts of the world. The managing editor is Mr. Isidore Singer and the literary editor Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

All gourmets—especially habitués of Pagni's—will be interested in Mrs. W. G. Waters' book on Italian cookery, which is to be published by Mr. Heinemann. "The Cook's Decameron" is divided, like its great prototype, into the story of ten days, giving complete menus for each day, and 200 "recipes," including all ingredients to be procured in England.

Mr. Benjamin Swift's new book which Mr. Heinemann announces, written under the novelist's own name, W. R. Paterson, is not a novel, but a survey of modern knowledge with reference to conduct, and an attempt to re-state the old problems in an unconventional way. Its title will be "The Eternal Conflict." From the same house we may expect the English edition of "The Love-Letters of Prince Bismarck," to which we referred in a German letter on December 22nd.

The Cambridge University Press announce "Lord Macaulay," the Members' Prize Essay for 1900, by D. H. Macgregor, Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge; the first volume of "The Cambridge Modern History," which Lord Acton is editing; "The Teaching of History," also edited by Lord Acton; and Professor Woodward's "Outlines of the History of the Expansion of the British Empire, 1500-1870," and "A History of Education from the Beginning of the Renaissance" (Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges). One of the many important items in the classical list is to be the "History of Classical Scholarship," by Dr. Sandys.

Besides Professor Lewis Campbell's book "On the Nationalisation of the Old English Universities," Messrs. Chapman and Hall will shortly publish a new novel by Mr. George Gissing entitled "Our Friend the Charlatan"; "Solveny or Salvation: A Book for Millionaires," by P. E. Bodington; and Sir Robert Hart's new book on China, entitled "These from the Land of Sinai." Sir Robert includes a Tsung-li-Yamen circular to Chinese Ministers abroad, and the Inspector-General's Memorandum on commercial relations.

Messrs. Bell have "A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" in the press, by Mr. J. H. Rose, who wrote "The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era" in the Cambridge Historical Series. Mr. Rose had his biography in hand before Lord Rosebery's book appeared last autumn, but he has included a criticism of it. The new life will be in two volumes, with illustrations, maps, and plans. The eighth and last volume of Mrs. Hamilton's translation of Gregorovius' "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages" is in the press, and from the same publishers we learn that the first volume is almost ready of the new edition of Dr. Dyer's "History of Modern Europe," revised and brought up to date by Mr. Arthur Hassall. The long-promised fifth volume of the new edition of Swift's works ("Historical and Political Tracts—English") edited by Temple Scott, may be expected towards the end of April. For their series of Handbooks of English literature Messrs. Bell have in the press "The Age of Shakespeare," by Thomas Seccombe and J. W. Allen; "The Age of Chaucer," by F. J. Snell, with an introduction by Professor Hales, and "The Works of Charles Stuart Calverley," with a memoir by Sir Walter J. Sendall, Governor of British Guiana.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce "The Church, the Churches, and the Mysteries, or, Revelation and Corruption," by Mr. G. H. Pember, a book complete in itself, but designed also as an introduction to the third volume of the series to which it belongs—"The Great Prophecies of the Centuries Concerning the Church," now in its fourth edition. Two other theological works will be ready shortly:—"Evangelical Doctrine—Bible Truth," by the Rev. C. Anderson Scott, M.A., and "The Living Lord and the Opened Grave," by the Rev. T. A. Gurney; while the third volume, sixth series, of "The Expositor," edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, will be ready in June. In fiction Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish next month Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's "Sirius and other Stories"; William Le Queux's "Her Majesty's Minister; or, The Shadow

of a Throne"; Morice Gerard's "Queen's Mate"; and A. St. Laurence's "My Heart and My Lute."

Mr. Brimley Johnson has arranged a novel series of "Carpet Plays" under the editorship of Mr. Lucian Oldershaw (at one time stage manager to the Oxford University Dramatic Society), providing selected pieces. There will be new original comedies, adaptations from novels, duologues, scenes without men, scenes without women, plays for children, &c., while diagrams and directions take the place of stage manager where necessary. The first volume will be *Cranford at Home*, a play for ladies, the second *In the Italian Quarter* by Rosina Fillipi, as performed at the Vaudeville. The "Complete Library" edition of Charles Lamb (prepared by Messrs. Gowans and Gray, of Glasgow, and published in London and elsewhere by Mr. Brimley Johnson) was announced in our supplement last week, but, owing to the illness of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, the editor, its publication has now been postponed, and the new edition of Cervantes (in twelve volumes, including his letters), under the editorship of Mr. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, is announced in its stead. In the same library the fifth volume of Keats will be ready on April 1st. Among other books to be published by Mr. Johnson are "Master and Slave," by Mr. A. T. Story, who wrote some of the articles in the *Daily News* on "No Room to Live in the Villages"; and "A Wanderer: From the Papers of the late H. Ogram Matuce," by Mr. C. F. Keary.

Among books not previously mentioned which are to come from Messrs. Putnam are "The Goodness of God," by Professor John Bascom, based upon two lectures delivered at New Haven; and "Logic: Or, the Analytic of Explicit Reasoning," by Mr. George H. Smith (author of "A Critical History of Modern English Jurisprudence," and "Elements of Right and the Law,") designed to prove the practical utility of logic.

Mr. George Allen will publish Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck's new work "The Life of the Bee," a chapter from which is at present appearing in the *Fortnightly Review*. The book is a characteristic comparison of the life and economy of the bee with the lives of men. It will be published in May.

The following list of announcements from Mr. Henry J. Drane reached us at the end of last week, after our supplement devoted to "Spring Publications" had gone to press:—"Cowper and Mary Unwin," by Caroline Gearey (6s.); "Lord Culmore's Error," by Mary Albert (6s.); "Horace Morrell," by Cecil Haselwood (6s.); "Cash is King," by Arrowhead (6s.); "Real Life," by C. S. Marshall (6s.); "Must Yield to Win," by Adelina (3s. 6d.); "Friend or Foe?" by E. S. Thompson (3s. 6d.); "One Frail Woman and Three Queer Men," by Edgcombe Staley (3s. 6d.); "The Separation of the Beresfords," by Catherine Adams (3s. 6d.); "Puffs of Wind," by Helen Dickens (3s. 6d.); "An Old Woman's Tragedy," by E. S. Thompson (3s. 6d.), and "My Silver Spoons" (3s. 6d.).

"The Helmet of Navarre," the historical story by Miss Bertha Runkle now running in the *Century*, is to be issued in book form in this country by Messrs. Macmillan.

Mr. Hugh Macmillan's "The Highland Tay," which has been coming out in the *Art Journal*, with Mr. Scott Rankin's drawings, is to appear in book form. The publishers, Messrs. Virtue, also announce a study in the topography of the Pilgrim's Progress, entitled "Bunyan's Country," by Mr. A. J. Foster, Vicar of Wootton.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces the following volumes of verse:—"Collaborators and other Poems," by A. W. Webster; "Fire-side Poems," by J. Stratton; and "Dead Victors, a Poem of the South African War."

Mr. F. H. Groome will be the editor of George Borrow's "Lavengro" in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library."

Books to look out for at once.

"The Nationalization of the Old English Universities." By Professor Lewis Campbell. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.
[Shows how Oxford and Cambridge have actually become the nation's Universities, and suggests further reforms.]

"The Journal of Mrs. Fenton, during the years 1820-1830." E. Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.

[A glimpse of life in India and the Colonies.]

"The Francis Letters: Being Letters by the late Sir Philip Francis and members of his family." Hutchinson. 21s. net.

[In two volumes, edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary; with a note on the Junius controversy by C. F. Keary. The letters written touch the social life of America on the eve of the war, of India under Hastings, and of England under the Regency.]

"Robert Buchanan: The Poet of Revolt." By Dr. Archibald Stodart-Walker. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

"The Sword and the Centuries; or, Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways." By Captain Alfred Hutton. Grant Richards. 12s.

[A description of the swords used in Europe during the last five centuries, and of single combats fought with them. Illus.]

- "The Staffordshire Potter." By Harold Owen. Grant Richards. 6s.
[A scientific study of a Dangerous Industry, with a supplementary chapter by the Duchess of Sutherland.]
- "The Opera Past and Present." By W. F. Apthorp. Murray. 5s. net.
[Mr. Murray's Musical Series.]
- "General Booth: The Man and his Work." By J. Page. Partridge. 1s. 6d. n.
[New Century Leaders.]
- "Harrow." By J. Fischer Williams, M.A. Bell. 3s. 6d. net.
[Handbooks to the Great Public Schools.]
- "The Art of Revolver Shooting." By Walter Winans, Vice-President of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. Putnam. 21s. net.
- "The Journal of the C.I.V. in South Africa." By Major-General Henry Mackinnon. Murray. 6s.
- "The Psychology of Jingolism." By J. A. Hobson, author of "The War in South Africa: Its Causes and Effects." Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

Novels—

- "Taken by Assault." By Morley Roberts. Sands. 6s.
[A story of the South African War.]
- "The Supreme Crime." By Dorothea Gerard. Methuen. 6s.
- "The Adventure of Princess Sylvia." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
- "His Familiar Foe: The Story of the Degrading Inheritance of Captain Robert Ducie of H.M. Silver Lancers." By E. Livingston Prescott. Grant Richards. 6s.
- "Idylls of the Fells." By J. T. K. Tarpey. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.**ART.**

- THE FRESCOS IN THE SIXTINE CHAPEL. By EVELYN M. PHILLIPS. 7½×5¼. 150 pp. Murray. 6s. n.
- DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING. Vol. I, A—E. By R. STURGEON, Ph.D. 10½×8. 481 pp. The Macmillan Co. 25s. n.
- THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900. Ed. by D. C. THOMSON. 13×10. 374 pp. Virtue. 21s. n.
[We have already called attention to this magnificent volume, which, both in its letterpress and its copious photographs, makes a worthy record of the Exhibition.]
- CARTOONS BY SIR J. TENNIEL. Selected from "Punch." 12×9. 177 pp. "Punch" office. 2s. 6d. n.
[A selection ranging from 1851 to 1901. Short explanatory notes are given in the list of contents.]

BIOGRAPHY.

- MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY. A Fragment by the RIGHT HON. PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M. 9×6. 312 pp. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
- LORD ROSEBURY, IMPERIALIST. By J. A. HAMMERTON. 7½×5. 160 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d. n.
- THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RIGHT HON. HUGH C. E. CHILDERS. 2 Vols. By LIEUT.-COL. S. CHILDERS. 9×6. 291+329 pp. Murray. 25s.
- HULDERICH ZWINGLI. (Heroes of the Reformation Series.) By S. M. JACKSON. 7½×5¼. 519 pp. Putnam. 6s.
- OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN. By SIGNORA L. VILLARI. 7½×5¼. 164 pp. Dent. 4s. 6d.
- THE QUEEN'S REIGN: AN APPRECIATION. By J. A. R. MARRIOTT. 9×7. 20 pp. Banbury "Guardian" office. 6d.
[A well-written article reprinted from the Banbury "Guardian."]
- LITTLE MEMOIRS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By G. PASTON. 8×5¼. 389 pp. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

- THE CORRESPONDENCE OF M. TULLIUS CICERO. Vol. VII. (Dublin Univ. Press Series.) Ed. by R. Y. TYRRELL, Litt.D., and L. C. PURSER, Litt.D. 9×5¼. 167 pp. Hodges, Dublin: Longmans. 7s. 6d.
[The Index Volume to this important edition of Cicero's Letters, the last volume of which was fully reviewed in "Literature," Sept. 19, 1899.]
- THE ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ATHENS. No. VI. 10½×7¼. 156 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

FICTION.

- THE HERITAGE OF UNREST. By GWENDOLEN OVERTON. 7½×5¼. 329 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.
- CRUEL CALUMNY. By MRS. LEITH-ADAMS. 7½×5¼. 306 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
- A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS. By F. CLIFFORD SMITH. 8×5¼. 327 pp. Unwin. 6s.
[Deals with the French-Canadian marriage law and the supremacy of Roman Catholicism.]
- THE LONE STAR RUSH. By EDMUND MITCHELL. 7½×5. 368 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[About gold-mining.]
- A WOMAN OF YESTERDAY. By CAROLINE A. MASON. 8×5¼. 367 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
- GOOD SOULS OF CIDER LAND. By W. RAYMOND. 7½×5¼. 335 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
- THE WINGS OF THE MORNING. By HELEN V. SAVILE. 7½×5¼. 261 pp. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.
- CHILDREN OF HERMES. By H. NISBET. 7½×5¼. 358 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.
- "LEST WE FORGET." By JOSEPH HOCKING. 8×5. 384 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.
- A VARSITY MAN. By INGLIS ALLEN. 8×5¼. 318 pp. Pearson. 6s.
- THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT. By HEADON HILL. 8×5¼. 330 pp. Pearson. 6s.
- THE COLUMN. By C. MARRIOTT. 8×5¼. 463 pp. Lane. 6s.
- CATHOLIC USAGES SO CALLED. By "JOHN MYRC." 7½×5. 106 pp. Skeffington. 2s. 6d.
- THE BLACK WOLF'S BREED. By HARRIS DICKSON. 8×5. 272 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[France under Louis XIV.]
- A DAUGHTER OF MYSTERY. By R. NORMAN SILVER. 7½×5. 299 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
[Sensational story of London life, with a denouement turning on the X-rays.]
- BELINDA FITZWARREN. By the EARL OF IDENLEIGH. 7½×5¼. 315 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- THE THIRD FLOOR. By MRS. H. DUDENY. 7½×5¼. 332 pp. Methuen. 6s.

- A SECRETARY OF LEGATION. By HOPE DAWLISH. 7½×5¼. 308 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- A SOLDIER OF THE KING. Being some passages in the life of Mr. J. Gifford. By DORA M. JONES. 7½×5¼. 284 pp. Cassell. 6s.
- HIS GRACE. By W. E. NORRIS. (The Novelist, No. XIX.) 9×6. 128 pp. Methuen. 6d.

HISTORY.

- CASSELL'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND (Century Ed.) Part 7. Cassell. 6d.
- THE ALDERMEN OF CRIPPLEGATE WARD FROM 1276-1900. By J. J. BADDELEY. 10×6¼. 255 pp. Baddeley. 6s.

LITERARY.

- HOW TO WRITE A NOVEL. (The "How To" Series.) 7½×5. 212 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
- THE LITERARY YEAR BOOK 1901. Ed. by H. MORRAH. 7½×4¼. 420 pp. Allen. 3s. 6d. n.
- THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW FOR MARCH. 12×7½. 247 pp. Macqueen. 21s. n.

MILITARY.

- THE LIFE OF A REGIMENT. A History of the Gordon Highlanders. By LT.-COL. G. GARDYNE. 9×6. 526 pp. Edinburgh, Douglas. 25s.
- PRETORIA FROM WITHIN DURING THE WAR 1899-1900. By H. J. BATTIS. Shaw. [The author's own experiences.]
- SOUVENIR OF THE SIEGE OF MAFEEKING. With Intro. by C. E. HAWDS. 10½×8. Lewis and Co. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ROYAL SUPPLEMENT TO DEBBETT'S PEERAGE, 1901. Dean. 1s. n.
- HOW TO READ THE MONEY ARTICLE. By C. DUGUID. 7½×5. 130 pp. E. Wilson. 2s. 6d. n.
- BOOKS OF REFERENCE FOR STUDENTS AND TEACHERS OF FRENCH. By E. G. W. BRAUNHOLTZ. 8½×5¼. 80 pp. Wohleben. 2s. n.
- THE HISTORY OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY. By C. E. STRETTON. 9×8. 358 pp. Methuen. 12s. 6d.
- PLAY AND POLITICS. Recollections of Malaya. By AN OLD RESIDENT. 7½×5. 178 pp. Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

- AN INQUIRY INTO THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALS. By D. HUMM. (The Religion of Science Library.) 7½×5¼. 166 pp. Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d.
- A STUDY OF SOCIAL MORALITY. By W. A. WATT. 8½×5¼. 293 pp. T. and T. Clark. 9s.

POETRY.

- BALLADS OF DOWN. By G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG. 7×4¼. 384 pp. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
- THE PASSING OF VICTORIA: THE POETS' TRIBUTE. Ed. by J. A. HAMMERTON. 7½×5¼. 192 pp. H. Marshall. 3s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

- A HISTORY OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES. By J. H. HOPKINS. 8½×5¼. 477 pp. Putnam. 12s. 6d.
- BRITISH POWER AND THOUGHT. By the HON. A. S. G. CANNING. 7½×5¼. 308 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.
- WRECKING THE EMPIRE. By J. M. ROBERTSON. 8×5¼. 313 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.
- THE WORKING CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ITS OUTGROWTHS. By LEONARD COURTNEY. 8½×6¼. 338 pp. Dent. 7s. 6d.
- THE BRITON'S FIRST DUTY. The Case for Conscription. By G. F. SHEER. 7½×5¼. 252 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
- CITIES AND CITIZENS: or, Britain's Next Campaign. By the author of "A Colony of Mercy." 7½×5¼. 312 pp. H. Marshall. 6s.
- PRACTICAL LICENSING REFORM. By the HON. S. PREL. 7½×5. 140 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d.
[Would settle compensation by a scheme extending over, say, seven years, forbid grocers' licences, strictly supervise the tied-house system, shorten hours of opening, and propose other special administrative reforms.]
- THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND. 2nd Ed. By W. W. CROUCH. 7½×5. 154 pp. P. & King. 2s. n.

REPRINTS.

- POPULAR ROYALTY. By A. H. BEAVAN. 10×6¼. 344 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d.
- MALCOLM. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. 8½×6. 290 pp. Newnes. 6d.
- THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN KEATS. Vol. IV. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. 7×4¼. 210 pp. (The Complete Library.) Gowers and Gray.
[The first volume of letters (1814-19). Two—one to Horace Smith and one to Brown—appear for the first time. The biographical memoranda of Keats' correspondents make an interesting feature.]
- THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY DYING. By JEREMY TAYLOR. (Temple Classics.) 6×4. 393 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.
[Edited by Mr. A. R. Waller with brief notes, indexes, and a chronological table of Taylor's life.]
- WILD WALES. By GEORGE BORROW. 8×5¼. 733 pp. Murray. 6s.
[Another volume of this "new and authoritative edition" of Borrow, with landscape illustrations by Mr. A. S. Hartrick.]
- LEAVES FROM PEPPY'S DIARY. (The Babelots.) Ed. by J. P. BRISCOE. 5×2¼. 150 pp. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d. n.
[We have often praised these delightfully printed and strongly bound booklets. The extracts are under subject headings, and there is a short account of Peppy.]
- BUNYAN'S PILGRIMS PROGRESS, GRACE ABOUNDING, &c. Ed. by E. Venables. 2nd Ed. revised. 7½×5¼. 500 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.
- THE LOVE POEMS OF TENNYSON. (The Lovers' Library.) 5¼×3. 108 pp. Lane. 1s. 6d. n.
[Another of these very dainty books in green print and heliotrope borders.]
- BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. (The Century Library.) 8½×4¼. 928 pp. Nelson. 2s.
- CHAUCER. The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, The Knights Tale, The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Edited by Mark H. Liddell. 7×5. 221 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
[Preceded by chapters explaining the elements of middle English grammar, a brief sketch of the poet's life, and a short account of the MSS. of the Canterbury Tales.]

SCIENCE.

- REMARKABLE ECLIPSES (5th Ed.) AND REMARKABLE COMETS (9th Ed.). By W. T. LYNN. 6¼×4. 54+46 pp. Stanford. 6d. each.
- CELESTIAL MOTIONS. By W. T. LYNN. (10th Ed. revised.) 6¼×4¼. 127 pp. Stanford. 2s.
- THE LIVING RACES OF MANKIND. Vol. I. By H. N. HUTCHINSON and others. 11×8¼. 288 pp. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. n.

SPORT.

THE STORY OF THE INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE. By W. PEACOCK. (2nd Ed.) 6¼×4¼, 153 pp. Grant Richards. 2s.
FROM GLADIATEUR TO PERSIMMON. Turf Memories of Thirty Years. By H. DIXON. 9¼×6, 308 pp. Grant Richards. 18s. n.

THEOLOGY.

THE OFFICIAL YEAR BOOK OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND FOR 1901. 8¼×5½, 750 pp. 8 P.C.K. 3s.
 [We note one new feature in this very complete and well-arranged handbook—viz., a list of publishers of theological literature.]
THE BODY OF CHRIST. By C. GORE, D.D. 7¼×5¼, 330 pp. Murray. 5s. n.
LYRA APOSTOLICA. (The Library of Devotion.) Ed. by H. C. Beeching. 6×4, 200 pp. Methuen. 2s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

EAST LONDON. By WALTER BENANT, F.S.A. 8¼×6¾, 366 pp. Chatto and Windus. 18s.
THE QUEEN'S LONDON. (Memorial Ed., Part I.) Cassell. 6d.
TORQUAY AND THE SOUTH HAMS. 6¼×4¼, 102 pp. Black. 6d.
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO LONDON. (New Ed.) 6¼×4¼, 352 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s.
SCOTLAND. Part 2. Northern Highlands. (Thorough Guides.) 6th Ed. By M. J. BADDELEY. 6¼×4¼, 149 pp. Dulau. 3s. 6d. n.
A GUIDE TO THE CHURCHES OF CHISLEHURST. By E. A. WEBB. 7½×5, 92 pp. Allen. 1s. n.
IRELAND. Part II. (Thorough Guide Series.) 4th Ed. By C. S. WARD. 6¼×4¼, 236 pp. Dulau. 5s. n.
GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By W. H. DAWSON. 7¼×4¼, 271 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXLIV.
 By JAMES PATTERSON, Washington.
 BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
 White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXLV.
 By OMEGA, Copenhagen.
 BLACK. 11 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
 White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 146, by A. Troitzsky. White (5 pieces)—K at K Kt 2; B at K B sq; Kt at Q B 5; pawns at K B 7 and K R 3. Black (4 pieces)—K at K R 4; Q at K R sq; B at Q Kt sq; pawn at K Kt 2. White to play and draw.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 130.—White (2) Kt—K B 6. No. 131.—Sahlberg (3) key B—R 3, White's second move is either Kt—Q 3 ch, P—Q 4 ch, B—Kt 2 ch, Q—Q 4 ch (if R×P), Q—B 5 ch or Q—B 4 ch, &c., according to defences. No. 132.—Bachmann 1. K—B 3, P—R 8=Kt; 2. R—K Kt 2, P—Kt 3; 3. R—K B 2, P—Kt 4; 4. R—K 2, P—Kt 5 ch; 5. K×P, Kt—B 7 ch; 6. K—B 3, Kt—R 6; 7. K—Kt 3 and wins. No. 133.—Galitzky 1. Kt—K 6 ch, K—K 6; 2. Kt—Q 4, K×Kt; 3. P—R 7, and 4. P—R 8=Q ch and wins. No. 134.—Feigl (2) B—Kt sq. No. 135.—Erlin (3) 1. Kt—K B 3, with varied and interesting after-play (Prize problem). No. 136.—Perlis 1. B—R 4 ch, P—Kt 4; 2. P×P e.p., K×P; 3. B×P and draws. No. 137.—Maximov (2) Q—R 6. No. 138.—Pradignat (3) 1. B—K B 4, threatening; 2. Q×B ch, K×R; 3. Q—Q 3 mate. If 1. —, B×Kt; 2. R—K 6, &c. No. 139.—Troitzky, White draws by 1. Q—K B sq, Q—Kt 7 or R 7; 2. Q—Kt sq ch, &c., or if 1. —, Q—B 6, Q 5 or R 6; 2. Q—Q 3 ch, &c. If 1. —, Q—R 5; 2. Q—B 7 ch, K×P; 3. Q—Kt 6 ch, and forces stalemate.

Correct Solvers are:—White pawn (Kensington), 130, 134, 138; C. S. M. Scholes, 128, 130, 134; S. L. Snellgrove, 128, 130, 134; T. A. Moser (Chelsea); 130, 134; J. D. Tucker; 130, 131, 134, 135, 137, 138, 140, 141; Otto Würzburg (Grand Rapids), M. R. (Salisbury), 122, 123.

GAME No. LXX.—Played by correspondence:—

WHITE. Schimauski (Kieff).	BLACK. Johansen (Moscow).	WHITE. Schimauski (Kieff).	BLACK. Johansen (Moscow).
1. P—K 4	P—K 4	12. B—B 4	P—Q 3
2. Kt—Q B 3	Kt—Q B 3	13. R—B 7	Q—Kt 3
3. P—K B 4	P×P	14. R—B 8 ch	K—K 2
4. Kt—B 3	P—K Kt 4	15. Q—B sq	P—B 3
5. B—Q B 4	P—Kt 5	16. B—K 3	P—K R 3
6. Castles	P×Kt	17. Q—R—Q sq	Kt—Kt 6
7. P—Q 4	Q—Kt 4	18. R×Kt	B×B
8. R×P	Kt×P	19. R×Q P	Q—R 1
9. B×P ch	B—R 4	20. Q—R—Q 8	B—Kt 3
10. R×P	K—R 4	21. B×Kt and wins.	
11. K—R sq	Q—Kt 2		

NOTES ON THE PROBLEMS.—A. C. W. writes:—"In regard to my criticism of 122, I think that, although a problem may be very good without being very difficult, an obvious key is a defect. The key in this case would be a commonplace move in a game over the board. The marvel is that with practically the whole of the White forces on the board, and with the B K held in a vice, and every Black piece in some helpless position, yet there is only one solution in two moves—and herein I fully admit the composer's ingenuity—but it is all the blindest prose. Not so Nos. 130-139." We can only say that we greatly value such free criticism as Mr. Waters offers, and it would be interesting if other correspondents would also express their opinions freely. It is worthy of repetition, re No. 122, that some problems have been composed with one purpose only. Some, for example, show a large number of variations, others are intended to show elegant mating positions; others, again, present the one feature difficulty. Find the leading idea and you see that it is confined to one variation and nothing else is there. A fair example is the clever problem in the margin. We only wish to emphasize the statement that to judge all problems purely from one standpoint is to do the authors great injustice.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
 White mates in three.

PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

Edited by GEORGE R. HALKETT.

Price ONE SHILLING.

The APRIL Number of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE includes many articles of immediate interest, several charming short stories and illustrated poems, and many pages of EXQUISITE ILLUSTRATIONS.

AMONG THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS ARE:—

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A MORAL FORCE.

The Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY, M.P.

THE BLACK CITY. London Smoke, illustrated by Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.

THE TRAINING OF OUR OFFICERS—SANDHURST. Fully illustrated. The AUTHOR of "AN ABSENT-MINDED WAR."

THE UGANDA RAILWAY. A Stirring Tale of British Enterprise. HOWARD HENSMAN.

MR. THOMAS HARDY AND MR. W. ARCHER. A Real Conversation recorded by WILLIAM ARCHER.

THE GREAT PEASANT PAINTER—J. F. MILLET. With many fine reproductions. The late CHAS. YRIARTE.

THE LAIRD'S LUCK: A Story. A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

Other Articles, Stories, and Poems by Sydney Pickering, M. de Nevers, H. A. Bryden, H. A. Hinkson, Alfred Kinnear, Harold Begbie, Marie Van Vorst, Nora Hopper, &c., &c.

A BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPIECE IN PHOTOGRAVURE.

PUBLISHING OFFICES: 18, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo., 6s.

AN ORIGINAL CHARMING NOVEL

ENTITLED

HIS LORDSHIP'S WHIM

By GORDON CUMING WHADCOAT.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"It is a beautiful romance and will probably be one of the best discussed books of the season."—*Sunday Special*.

"We are not going to spoil the reader's enjoyment by summarizing the story. It is a fantastic enough notion which Mr. Whadcoat has evolved; this method of dealing with it is refreshingly original. That part of the story in which the meeting of the girl with the man is related is exceptionally well done. If this is his first attempt at fiction he is to be congratulated upon a very promising debut."—*St. James's Budget*.

"An extraordinary work."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

"The story is pleasantly written, and we congratulate Mr. Effingham Wilson upon so auspiciously breaking a ground untrodden by him for a quarter of a century."—*Bookseller*.

"There is an air of dainty romance and inexpressible optimism about this novel . . . a really delightful idyll. The author's lightness of touch and general cheerfulness are quite welcome adjuncts to a modern story and from them the reader will benefit as much as from the interest in the Arcadian pair of lovers and the Adelphi villain."—*North British Daily Mail*.

"Lively reading."—*Spectator*.

"A clever story. . . The reader will find in this vigorous story exciting entertainment."—*Lloyd's*.

"Continues to yield amusement to the end."—*Stotsman*.

London: EFFINGHAM WILSON, 11, Royal Exchange.
 SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., Stationers' Hall Court.



Charlotte M. Yonge.

From a photograph by Messrs. Elliot & Fry.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 180. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	231, 232, 233
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Traduttore, Traditore," by George H. Ely	233
CELTIC SONG AND FOLKLORE, by the Rev. George Henderson	234
THE POET OF BEAUTY AND OF PAIN [Illustrated].....	236
REVIEWS—	
Political Theories of the Middle Age	238
My Autobiography	239
The History of Early Italian Literature.....	240
Byron's Letters and Journals	240
Lord Monboddo and Some of His Contemporaries	241
La Vie Ouvrière en France—The Industrial Revolution—Ethical Democracy—A Plain Examination of Socialism—English History and Commerce—Social Justice—Social Morality.....	242, 243
Some Recent Oriental Books	243, 244
Pretoria from Within—A Common-Sense Army—The Briton's First Duty—The Passing of Victoria—Dionysius of Halicarnassus—The Meaning of Good—The Springs of Character—"The Good Man" of the Eighteenth Century—The Literary Year Book—The Living Races of Mankind—The Midland Railway—Lord Rosebery: Imperialist—British Power and Thought—How to Read the Money Article—Renaissance Architecture in England	245, 246, 247
The Church of Humanity—The Wizard's Knot—The Column—Taken by Assault—Max Thornton—The Redemption of David Corson—A Daughter of Patricians—Committed to His Charge—Canadian Camp Life—The Prettiness of Fools—The Soul of the Countess—The Goblin—A Lesson for Life—The Man Who Forgot—Villa Rubeln	247, 248, 249
AMONG THE MAGAZINES.—I.	249
OBITUARY—Charlotte Yonge, by Miss Christabel Coleridge	250
CORRESPONDENCE—Richard II.—Sir John Peter Grant—The Emu's Head (Mr. Carlton Dawe)	251, 252
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	252, 253
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	253, 254

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The library on board the *Ophir* is said to contain books supplying the whole story of our colonies and of the men who have made them. This sounds as if this section alone would constitute a considerable library; and the list of books contained in it might make a convenient bibliography of colonial literature.

M. Méline's paper, the *République*, contains this curious piece of information—or of gossip:—

It is well known that Mlle. Lucie Faure, the daughter of the ex-President of the Republic, has prepared the memoirs of her father. The work, it appears, is ready, yet the author is not yet to publish it. The secret of this hesitation is to-day apparently revealed. The work contains certain autograph letters of various Sovereigns, notably of Queen Victoria; and Edward VII., her son, apprised of the intended publication, has, it is said, manifested his dissatisfaction at seeing these letters revealed to the public. Consequently Felix Faure's memoirs remain until further notice unpublished. Such, at all events, is the report.

A notable gathering of actor-managers were present last Friday at the Comedy Theatre at a *matinée* given by the *Sunday Special* newspaper, when Mr. Zangwill's *The Revolted Daughter* was performed. Whether Mr. Alexander found in it a satisfaction of that "felt want" to which he has given expression may be doubted. "1899," which is the date of the events portrayed, is not quite modern enough or quite ancient enough. The new

woman who wants to experience life and who thinks she can live on a platonic friendship is a little too familiar a figure, though she was played to admiration by Miss Nina Boucicault. There is good material in the way of characterization in the play, and the dialogue, though its witticisms were a little too much worked up to, held the attention. So did the play; but it seldom did more. The audience listened with interest, but were hardly ever really moved, because there were very few situations capable of moving them, while the sudden transformations of character towards the end of the piece marred its dramatic unity.

In *Cornhill* appears a "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy" by A. E. Housman. We are delighted, after many years, to discover the author of this masterpiece, which must have been written at least twelve years ago. A considerable portion of it we quoted, in ignorance of its origin, in an article on Parodies which appeared in *Literature* of June 24, 1899. As a sample of its quality, and to give the correct text, we may quote the concluding lines:—

Eriphyle (within). O, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw;
And that in deed and not in word alone.
Cho. I thought I heard a sound within the house
Unlike the voice of one that jumps for joy.
Eri. He splits my skull, not in a friendly way,
Once more: he purposes to kill me dead.
Cho. I would not be reputed rash, but yet
I doubt if all be gay within the house.
Eri. O! O! another stroke! that makes the third.
He stabs me to the heart against my wish.
Cho. If that be so, thy state of health is poor;
But thine arithmetic is quite correct.

For the last two lines, our version ran—

Indeed, if that be so, ill-fated one,
I fear we scarce can hope thou wilt survive.

This is not quite so happy; it is not often that the question of a disputed reading can be settled by reference to the author.

Mr. Murray promises a new impression of his edition of Crabbe, moved thereto it is said by demands from several quarters, and Messrs. Ward Lock also announce a new Edition of his works. "Crabbe is my great gun," wrote Edward FitzGerald, "and will outlive—, —, and Co." Perhaps even the popular homage now accorded to himself would not have rejoiced FitzGerald's heart so much as to see such a demand for the poetry of his old favourite. He himself did not venture to tempt the public with more than a slim selection from Crabbe. And we fancy even now that Mr. Murray's enterprise is prompted not so much by the public, as by the legitimate succession of sound critics and true readers, who have maintained the cult of Crabbe and of the true realism of his poetry, so different from the popular "realism" which is but the seamy side of romance.

We do not, it will be seen, go so far as Mr. Clement Shorter did in his address to the East Anglian Society on Monday. He said, "It may be frankly admitted that no one reads Crabbe to-day." We have faith enough in the literary public to believe that it is dangerous to make this assertion about any real

English classic. We cordially subscribe to another remark of Mr. Shorter's—viz., that Cowper and Crabbe are "the two most natural and the two most human poets in the English literature of two centuries, only excepting the favourite poet of Scotland—Robert Burns." The address was a singularly careful and exhaustive summary of a very big subject—the literary association of East Anglia, a district which, so far from meriting the charge of rustic simplicity sometimes imputed to it, is really (as Mr. Havelock Ellis is able to show in the new *Monthly Review*) the most important centre of literary genius in England. In the report of the address before us, by the way, Robert Bloomfield's name is spelt Blomfield—no doubt a printer's error. We only mention it because, though the "Dictionary of National Biography" is silent on the subject, we believe the author of "The Farmer's Boy" was of the same family as Bishop Blomfield, who was born at Bury St. Edmunds. Tradition says that the poet's father quarrelled with his relatives and annexed another "o" to assert his independence of them.

* * * *

Another book of reminiscences "by an Old Resident" about Malaya—"Play and Politics" (Gardner, Darton)—has just appeared, and Mr. Manville Fenn's last book, "Running Amok," takes us to the same country. It is a country popular nowadays with both traveller and novelist; but if there were a map wherein countries were coloured according to literary conquest, the Malay peninsula would no doubt be assigned to Sir Frank Swettenham and Mr. Hugh Clifford. Between them they have compiled a Dictionary of the Malay tongue, and separately they have given the modern English reader the most vivid sketches and idylls of life in the country which, in the world of fiction, Mr. Joseph Conrad has turned to such good account. Théophile Gautier was fond of reading the dictionary, but with his taste for "local colour" he would have preferred the other books even to the dictionary. Readers of "In Court and Kampong," "Studies in Brown Humanity," and "In a Corner of Asia" have heard with regret that Mr. Hugh Clifford has left his post in Borneo. Mr. Bret Harte evoked his magical scenes of California after he left the country, as Mr. Kipling has done in the case of India; and, until the Colonial Office finds fresh work for his able hands, we hope that Blackwood's may still reap the harvest of Mr. Clifford's leisure.

* * * *

A shop-window in the Strand reveals a new and quite modern development of the art of criticism. A considerate bookseller there saves the public both time and trouble by reviewing his own books. His window bristles with notices stuck in the leaves of the books. This is a simplification of criticism suitable to the times. The reviewer who wishes for a quiet life may now escape the strictures of Mr. Churton Collins and exacting editors, to say nothing of the demands and the menaces of revengeful authors, and simply take his seat behind the counter as the bookseller's typewriter.

* * * *

Mr. F. G. Kitton, of St. Albans, has reprinted (for the first time) the very scarce pamphlet by Mrs. Robert Seymour, entitled "An Account of the Origin of the 'Pickwick Papers,'" only two copies of which are extant. Dickens collectors should be glad of the opportunity thus afforded them of securing the reproduction, the original work not being obtainable. Fifty copies have been printed, for subscribers only, and the interest of the subject is enhanced by Mr. Kitton's introduction, where will be found the history of the absurd claim made by the widow of the artist who designed the first seven illustrations for "Pickwick," with Dickens' refutation thereof. The little volume is an interesting Pickwickian curio.

* * * *

Lord Rosebery was quite right in saying, in his speech at the Mansion House on Commercial Education, that we want

something more than pluck and pushfulness in the systematized competition of the present time. English commerce has never lacked its merchant adventurers, but, as a French observer has remarked, the "go-ahead" is all very well in business, what is wanted to-day is more trained intelligence. The need will not be met, as some people think, by the wholesale introduction of bookkeeping and shorthand into primary, and of modern languages into secondary, schools. Our success in commerce depends as much as our success in war on the capacity of our chiefs. The leaders require training not in the routine but in the principles of business. We do not want any "Toy Bureau" where the pupils play at commerce, but a mercantile Sandhurst. Such an institution already exists in the shape of the London School of Economics where the "would-be" banker, accountant, railway official, broker, or merchant may find suitable courses of lectures in which the principles of his art are scientifically explained and presented. The school has justified its existence, having in five years received no less than 1,500 pupils. It now seeks to enlarge its borders, and an appeal for funds has been made to City merchants. Mr. Passmore Edwards has already subscribed £10,000 to the building fund. Lord Rothschild's firm has given £5,000 and agreed to act as bankers. With such sponsors the school should easily gather together the endowment necessary to allow it to take its proper place in the new London University.

* * * *

THE FAIRIES' DAY.

("In Celtic lore, the night is the fairies' day.")

—W. B. YEATS.)

Through groves of immemorial oak
The moonlight filters flake on flake;
And all the tribes of fairy folk

Awake:

The glittering eyes of elf and sprite
Quick-twinkling, prick the thick of night;
Through folded blossom gleams the fay;—
—The night is fairies' day.

Too fast the silver hours flow,
But when the frolic night is done
They mock with moons of mistletoe

The sun:

Where shadows float in thickest flight
They make of noon a mimic night
Through which these fruited moonbeams play:
—The night is fairies' day.

So in the sombre forest-belt
That rounds our academic glades,
The tender moonlight of the Celt

Pervades;

And lends the magic of its light
To our profounder depths of night,
And tempers with ascetic ray
The glare of Saxon day.

ETHEL WHEELER.

* * * *

The sale a month or two ago for £120 of a slightly damaged copy of Browning's "Pauline" in first edition, uncut, raises the perplexing question as to the average proportion that may be expected to survive of the issue-number of a work like this. Collectors will be interested to know, and we have it from an authentic source, that eighty copies of the "Pauline" were printed in 1833. Of these no more than 13 can now be traced, although for years enthusiasts have been in eager quest of the rarity. This proportion is large when compared with Tennyson's Jubilee Ode of 1887. A thousand copies were printed; four only are known—one of these having realized £31 in November, 1899. Undeniably the "Pauline" is one of the gems of the nineteenth century from the standpoint of the bibliophile. Ten copies were sent, we believe, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, who reviewed the poem sympathetically in the *Monthly Repository*. In the eighties the poet himself lent to Mr. T. J.

Wise a copy from which the facsimile reprint of 1886 was made. The most attractive example existing is in the collection of a well-known Browning admirer. The flyleaves are full of notes in the poet's autograph, and on the title-page is the inscription "To Catherine from her affectionate Edward FitzGerald," which alone suffices to mark the little booklet out from its fellows.

We publish in another column an appreciation, by Miss Christabel Coleridge, of Miss Charlotte Yonge's life and work.

Miss Yonge lived long, and did a great deal of work ; *Girls'* and it ought certainly to be possible to draw some *Books.* moral from her widespread and enduring popularity.

Perhaps the most obvious moral is that literary success does not, any more than social success, depend exclusively upon intellectual endowments, and that, in the one case as in the other, an attractive personality will cover a multitude of intellectual shortcomings. There probably never was a trained critic who ranked Miss Yonge's work very high, or derived acute pleasure from its perusal. Her contributions to history were hardly superior to Mrs. Markham's, and even in the case of her fiction there were faults as apparent. But even the critic could seldom find it in his heart to be disrespectful to Miss Yonge. He could not escape the pervading sense of her amiability ; and he was quite satisfied that girls, who could not meet her allurements with his own front of brass, should prefer her novels to any others. It was almost an article of faith with him that the girls who liked Miss Yonge's books were good girls, and that the tendency of Miss Yonge's books was to make them better. Whether this conventional criticism should be allowed to stand as the final verdict is, perhaps, another question. Indications of a revolt against it are not wanting among the girls themselves. Miss Yonge was what is generally called an "old-fashioned" writer ; and the ideals which she held up to her young readers are "old-fashioned" too. To say that is not, of course, necessarily to condemn them ; for there are some departments of life in which the old-fashioned ideals are the best. But some critics would, not without some show of justification, go further, and maintain that these particular old-fashioned ideals are, if not exactly false, at all events inadequate. The criticism, in fact, is applicable not only to the works of Miss Yonge but to those of the great majority of writers for girls. In almost all such works one discerns a tendency to narrow a girl's outlook upon life, and to teach her to see things in an untrue proportion. Sometimes it is her vanity that is flattered ; and she is encouraged in the notion that she has only to do her hair prettily, and be passively and negatively good, in order to be worthy of the devotion of a lifetime. In other cases she is nurtured on the principle of "be good and let who will be clever"—a theory which has probably done something to counteract the good accomplished by the rest of its originator's writings. For that theory as worked out in girls' books is apt, perhaps, to impress upon them too strongly the conviction that they are better than their neighbours if they are regular church goers and work industriously for bazaars ; and they are not taught that to continue empty-headed when they have the opportunity of cultivating their intelligences, and to be the patrons of the most foolish books on the shelves of the circulating libraries, are things to be ashamed of. In so far as literature influences life, these characteristics of the books put into the hands of school-girls must be held responsible for the "cult of the curate" and for the fact that novels like those of Miss Yonge find no favour among the girl students of the day. Miss Yonge, however, we hasten to add, avoided the worst faults of writers of this class ; she had no inconsiderable gifts as a story-teller ; she certainly, as Miss Coleridge shows, exerted, in many ways, a wide and wholesome influence. The criticism which may fairly be made on her writings is that she shared the prejudices of the class for which she wrote far too intimately to be an ideal writer for them. With a little less Hebraism and a little more Hellenism, she would, perhaps, have exercised a yet more salutary influence, even if her works had been less popular.

Personal Views.

TRADUTTORE, TRADITORE.

Traduttore, traditore, says the Italian proverb ; translator spells traitor. Yet the treason is often truly well-intentioned. Few, except those who have essayed the task, know how difficult, how tormenting, the work of translation is ; and the many failures, even of high scholars and great writers, which strew the path, if they do not deter the subsequent pilgrim, perhaps may actually hearten him. Where so many have failed, his own failure may pass almost unnoticed ; he will be in good company. And so translation proceeds apace ; this treason is ever on foot. It is sometimes of a mild and, so to say, inoffensive kind. Expansion, to wit, is a besetting sin of almost all translators, a venial sin, which will give qualms only to the most delicately adjusted conscience. It is so easy, so natural, to seek periphrasis when one comes upon a compressed, compact phrase ! Mr. Dent's edition of Balzac, admirably translated as it is, is marred too often by this ineffectual enlargement. In an early chapter of "Eugénie Grandet" occurs the sentence *Un coup de soleil l'enrichit, un temps de pluie le ruine*, a perfectly simple and rhythmical sentence, which is rendered by the translator, "A few scorching days and his fortune is made ; a rainy summer is a ruinous thing for him." The first clause will pass muster, though even there Balzac's designed antithesis between large effect and apparently slight cause is lost sight of ; but the second clause, with its futile length and its jejune employment of that drudging word *thing*, is not to be excused. Such expansion, however, is sometimes inevitable, due solely, or in great measure, to essential differences between the languages. Our Saxon monosyllables are a constant stumbling-block to French translators. M. Boutmy has recently pointed out that the French verb *regarder*, modified by various adverbs, has to do duty for a number of English words, such as *look, stare, glance, gaze, glare, gloat, wink, peep*. The psychological problem involved is an interesting one, still awaiting full treatment by a competent hand ; the practical result is that French is incapable of adequately transmuting the colour of English style. The accomplished translators of Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Book," for example, have nothing better for "Sing them home" than *Chantez-leur une petite chanson pour les reconduire*. "Trudge" appears variously as *monter pesamment* and *cheminer péniblement*, and "homesick" is wholly disguised in *en proie à la nostalgie*. In another translation, "for money or love" is conjured into *soit par l'effet de telles sympathies, soit moyennant finances*. Even M. Henry Davray, as accomplished in translating as he is industrious, transforms "wobbled" into *s'agitait en un mouvement irrégulier*. This suggests the question whether the French do after all possess vigorous colloquialisms answering to ours ; certainly they keep them for the most part out of their books : it is a common remark that, in French novels, the diction of your ragpicker is as choice as that of your duchess. M. Davray, to quote him again, renders "booing" (of a crowd) by *protestations*, and "horseplay" by *brutalités* ; while, for all his knowledge of England and the English, he is surely too optimistic when he names the "loafers" about a railway station *commissionnaires occasionels*.

Another question is, how far a translator is entitled to alter or adapt his original—whether he may do so at all without incurring the charge of treason, whether in any case he should

do so silently. One would think not ; yet it is done. M. de Wyzewa, excellent critic and translator, was last year the target for innumerable shafts of reproach for thus editing Tolstoi. He was deeply hurt. He told a friend of mine that Tolstoi is *sujet à de fortes distractions* ; "When, for instance, I see speaking and acting a character of Tolstoi's whom he has previously declared dead, ought I not *arranger un peu les choses* ? In his last romance, there is a very pathetic scene where the hero, after innumerable misfortunes, finds the woman he loves in prison ; and in what a situation ! The following night he cannot sleep ; why ? Through emotion ? No ; because, says Tolstoi, the horrid smell from the *fosses d'aisances* remained in his nostrils ! That is all very well, but Tolstoi ought at least to have remembered the violent emotions of the day, and to have told his reader that the objectionable smell was able to overpower those other impressions." And so M. de Wyzewa touches up his original, and is vehemently reproached. "It is all so very funny," says my friend. Strictly, M. de Wyzewa must, I think, be adjudged in the wrong ; his business is to portray, to interpret, not to correct ; though perhaps he is not seriously to blame for refusing Tolstoi the right of resuscitating a defunct character—in his book "Resurrection," withal.

Translators, in the main, treat their texts with respect, and their treason is at least not wilful. The same cannot be said of M. Firmin Roz. His travesty of "Jude the Obscure," which has appeared in the *Revue hebdomadaire*, is really a striking illustration of the dangers pointed out by M. Henry Davray in these columns six months ago. With every wish to treat him tenderly, it must be said that he is very ignorant of English, and very bold to lop and chip at Mr. Hardy's work as he has done ; the story is defaced beyond recognition. At least one third of it is gone altogether, without a word to show the French reader that the version is incomplete. If the abridgment had even been discreetly managed and decently confessed, one's indignation might have been tempered ; but M. Firmin Roz has gone about his work with an imperfect notion of his responsibility. Sentences are snapped off in the middle, paragraphs turned topsy-turvy ; details vital to Mr. Hardy's patient synthesis are ruthlessly nipped away, and the tragedy is thereby inevitably debased and vulgarized. To give an instance or two. Writing of that fatal Sunday afternoon when Jude is torn between his intellectual ambitions and his physical attraction for Arabella, Mr. Hardy devotes a couple of pages to the minute analysis and poise of his antagonistic motives, preparing thus for the predestinate conclusion, and awakening a tragic pity for the youth. In the translation these two pages are curtailed to half a page ; all analysis is gone ; and one is left with the impression that Jude has donned his best clothes for a premeditated seduction. Again, the fine chapter describing Jude's migration to Christminster—the emotions that stirred in him as he desecrated from the hill-top the twinkling lights of the city of his dreams, the thoughts that brooded in his mind as he stood in the shadow of her ancient towers, the voices that spoke to him out of her past as he lay awaiting sleep—almost all this is clean obliterated ; in the translation Jude is just an ordinary stonemason seeking work, and roused from his study of a local map by the voice of a suspicious policeman. May we not see in M. Roz's method a commentary on the difference between the naturalism of Mr. Hardy and the naturalism of M. Zola ? The former, however much one may disagree sometimes with its methods, is fundamentally that of a poet, whose

vision pierces the husk of mortality ; is not the latter that of a fingering slave,

One that would peep and botanize

Upon his mother's grave —

an animated microscope, magnifying every wrinkle and flaw on the face of Nature ? I do not mean that M. Roz has Zolaized Mr. Hardy ; that would be unjust ; but I do think that, unconsciously, he has subdued his translation to the taste that cherishes M. Zola.

And this translator's ignorance of English is—I am afraid to say how wonderful. His pages teem with the most ridiculous blunders—blunders not merely laughable, but fatal to the sense. For instance, Jude's precious copies of the classics, bought second-hand with money painfully saved, are transformed into "old copy-books" ; and the street lamp by which he scans his new map of Christminster is diminished to a *lampe portative*—as though the British workman carried a bicycle-lamp at his watch-chain. Poor giggling Anny's encouraging remark to Arabella, "Lots of girls do it," is converted into "It is the fate of girls," at one stroke turning English maidens into *demi-vierges*. Arabella, accounting to Jude for the partial loss of her art of dimpling her cheeks at will, says to him reproachfully, "I was fatter then," which the translator perversely renders "I have got too fat." When Sue, turned schoolma'am, is nervously dreading the approaching annual examination, M. Roz, no doubt to heighten the effect, talks of "His Majesty the Inspector," a view of His Majesty's inspectors held nowhere out of the infant-room. The "By y'r leave" of a luggage-trundling porter is elevated into the "Show your tickets" of the collector ; while the phrase "She will have it hot" becomes *Elle sera moins fière*, and "redeeming characteristic" makes pure nonsense as *le caractéristique besoin de compensation*. The applausive "Hear ! hear !" that greets the Latin declamation of poor drunken Jude in the pot-house appears as "*Ecoutez ! écoutez !*" and the "decayed church iron-monger" among the company, "who appeared to have been of a religious turn in earlier years," is said "to have lately felt impelled to seek holy orders."

What can we call this but treason of the deepest dye ? Luckily it is rare ; yet the mere existence and possibility of it shows that the warning given by M. Davray to English authors to investigate the credentials of offering translators was not untimely, and may well be taken to heart.

GEORGE H. ELY.

CELTIC SONG AND FOLKLORE.*

"Merlin, Merlin, be converted ; there is no divinity save that of God." This sacred sweet appeal of the Cymric popular voice, in ancient lay, re-echoes across the Irish Channel and among the Highland hills. "Let thy songs rest," says a saint to Ossian, "and dare not compare thy Finn to the King of Kings, whose might knoweth no bounds : bend thy knees before Him and know Him for thy Lord." A people of exquisite

* "Carmina Gadelica." Hymns and Incantations, with Illustrative Notes on Words, Rites, and Customs, Dying and Obsolete, Orally Collected in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland, and translated into English by Alexander Carmichael. 2 vols., large quarto. Printed by Constable, Edinburgh University Press, on hand-made paper ; edition limited to 300 copies ; sold by Norman Macleod, bookseller, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh. With portrait and Celtic ornamental letters. £3 3s.

"Celtic Folklore, Welsh and Manx." By John Rhys, M.A., D.Litt., Professor of Celtic, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. Clarendon Press. £1 1s.

sensibility, living by its imagination and its senses, delighting in the joys of life and in the deeper joys that are still but dreamt of, ever desirous of going out upon all sides, often destined to go out on none, finds its deepest joy in preserving its unity of spirit in memory. Our past is never past for us until it is forgotten. No race has had a longer poetic childhood than the Celtic; few have shown such early promise, fewer have so long continued it. It gave birth to the Cuchulain Saga and to a still earlier Mythologic Cycle. While these were almost closed it gave us the Ossianic Lays and Legends, which almost before our eyes we have seen passing into an epic. No race is more naively Christian. It produced scarcely any martyrs, yet it imbibed the new Christian ways though its own old faiths were not forgotten.

The Celt, perhaps, has never become entirely Christian, or, rather, putting aside the extravagances of the absorbed non-Celtic races, he has become so as far as to him was possible. Disturb as little as may be the existing pagan practices; cleanse the temples with holy water; abolish not too rudely the heathen feasts but adapt them to the celebration of the saints' festivals. You cannot cut off everything at once from rude natures. He who would climb a height must ascend step by step, and not by leaps and bounds. Such, we learn from Bede, was the Pope's advice to the Celtic missions. Of the language of the Highlands, said Johnson, "as I understand nothing I cannot say more than I have been told." He never, he owns, was in any house of the islands where he did not find books in more languages than one; literature was not neglected by the higher ranks of the Hebrideans. Had he known the language he would have found it was not neglected by the lower, nor would he have spoken of a rude speech of a barbarous people "who had few thoughts to express, and were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood." Misunderstood he should have said. Their language was that of St. Columcille; and the cult he taught at Iona and propagated through the whole of Caledonia was as sincere and pure as that at Derry, at Bangor, Clonard, or Landisfarne. In song, too, in lore and cult, the Gaelic race, spite varieties of manifestation, kept the unity of the spirit—would it were always in the bonds of peace! "The Wooing of Emer," a Gaelic tale of over a thousand years ago, speaks of the heroine as having the gifts of beauty, voice, sweet-speech, needle-work, wisdom, chastity. In *Carmina Gadelica* we find that when the "nine pure graces" were invoked on a girl about to wed, they were those of form, voice, fortune; goodness, wisdom, charity; choice-maidenliness, whole-souled loveliness, and goodly speech.

Were Johnson now alive he could much more fully gratify his curiosity in the volumes before us than by perusing Martin's Description of the Western Isles. Though the mountains were then unpenetrated, Martin did, in a measure, delight his readers with strange customs falling into disuse, and opinions that no longer prevail. Johnson thought him to be probably lacking in that knowledge which would qualify one for judging what would deserve or gain the attention of the world. The mode of life familiar to ourselves we too often take to be familiar to others. What Martin (so Johnson thought) has neglected cannot now be performed. "In nations where there is hardly the use of letters what is once out of sight is lost for ever. They think but little, and of their few thoughts none are wasted on the past, in which they are neither interested by fear nor hope." He knew not that the Celts know also of faith and love; where there is love there is a good memory.

A collection of Ossianic and other poems was made by Dean Macgregor of Lismore, who died in 1550 as the storm of the Reformation was about to break. This, as well as the collection of Macrae of Kintail (1680), not to speak of the medieval manuscripts in Major MacLauchlan of Kilbride's collection, was unknown to the English lexicographer. He knew only of Macpherson's Ossian, which, we all now allow, has, at least, drawn attention to a forgotten field. Other collectors there were, such as MacNieol of Lismore, but he and Johnson never

met. Songs of every species, invaluable for a true history of the Highlands, there are in books; but of the folk-lays, save some specimens in Gillies' collection and some in works connected with the Ossianic controversy, there was nothing generally accessible in English until Campbell of Islay published his *West Highland Tales* (1862). That was a work of abiding international influence. Campbell died leaving many volumes of unpublished material behind him. Lord Archibald Campbell's Argyllshire series of Celtic Waifs and Strays and tales like Carmichael's *Deirdire*, the best folk-tale ever found in Scotland, should be added. And now, 350 years after the death of the Dean of Lismore, another native of that island, a life-long friend and helper of Islay's, prints the first portion of his own collection in a way which shows that he has largely fulfilled what Martin failed in, and has added the crown to the cairn which Campbell was the first to raise. "*Carmina Gadelica*" is a delight to the senses, a joy to the sight and soul. The author has lived leisurely, if not in leisure, among what Johnson called the "Popish islands," in places favourable to the preservation of curious ceremonies which are often the only preservatives of tradition.

He does not merely ask us to listen to the first cry "Merlin, be converted"; he tempts us with spells, hunting charms, and love runes; he lures us on with milking-croons, smooching-blessings, weaving, and sea-runes and sleep songs. But he lets us hear that there is "no divinity save that of God," and gives old invocations to the moon, to the elements, and to their triune King. The shrubs are holy, the waters healing, the fairy-mouse paralyses cattle, the shrew-mouse presages death; the Fairy Queen distributes wisdom on the knoll, the golden butterfly bears to Heaven the souls of the dead. Water-nymphs, mermaids, and fairies "who are not allowed to appear on Fridays," disport themselves in the notes, along with disquisitions on the Highland ancestry of Burns, Ruskin, and Dr. Livingstone—lore gathered from people who have not read books and who were still what their fathers were. Blood is quaffed in token of affection; the serpent is associated with old ancestral cult; on the first Monday of the quarter, the sacred cake (*strüan*) is baked.

The *strüan* was partaken of sacramentally as the body of the corn-spirit. The closest parallel to it is found in the Lithuanian *Sabarion*—i.e., "the mixing or throwing together" (Frazer's *Golden Bough* I., 319-320) of each kind of crop; loaves were baked, beer drunk, the farmer saying "O fruitful earth, make rye and barley and all kinds of corn to flourish," a cock and hen being offered as a free-will offering, the fowls boiled in a pot never used before. None of the food should be left over nor a bad word spoken that day. In Lithuania 300 years ago this ceremony was observed at the beginning of December; in Scotland it was observed on 29th September, the eve of bringing in the carrots, of killing the lamb, of stealing the horses. The cake was made of all the cereals of the year, and baked on a lamb's skin, the meal moistened with sheep's milk, by the eldest daughter; the cake was fired on sacred fagots, the batter of three layers of cream, eggs, and butter being put on with three tail-feathers of a cockerel of the year. If a friend of the family be absent or dead, a cake is made in his or her name. The form was irregular, some being three, some five, some seven cornered. After mass the father cut the cake into sections and the lamb into pieces; the family then raised a shout in praise of Michael and of God, and having partaken of their communal meal, they share the rest with such as have none of their own. When partaking of the cake baked on the first day of each quarter, a piece was thrown over each shoulder alternately, as one said:—"Here to thee, wolf, spare my sheep; here to thee, fox, spare my lambs"; the rite being evidently propitiatory. Curious, too, is the *caisean-uchd*, a strip of skin from the breast of a sheep killed at sacred festivals. No knife was used in removing it from the flesh. Lit by the head of the house to which it was brought by the carollers, it was given to each person to smell, going sunwise. The inhaling of the fumes was a talisman. On entering a house the carollers took possession of a child if there was one and carried him; or else they put a

symbolic Christ on the skin of a white male lamb, the skin seemingly being that from the breast. Carmichael thinks the Calluinn A Bhuilg (Hogmany of the Sack) rhyme was symbolic of laying an evil spirit. "One of the carollers is enveloped in the hard hide of a bull, with the horns and hoofs still attached. When the men come to a house they ascend the wall and run round sunwise, the man in the hide shaking the horns and hoofs and the other men striking the hard hide with the sticks." In some places the man was dashed after, and pieces of the hide were detached. The practice I take to symbolize the killing of a dead victim, which was carried from house to house. To eat the body of the divine victim was to enter into communion with the Divinity. The strüan cake seems, I think, to combine both the ideal elements of communal sacrament and thanksgiving. The practice of making Bride's bed lingered till recently in Arisaig. An ikon of a choice sheaf of corn, sometimes from the Harvest Maiden, or last sheaf of the harvest, was made into the form of a woman; the house wife went to the door and called "Let Bride come in, Bride is welcome." A wand of sacred wood was placed by the ikon; the ashes on the hearth were levelled on retiring to bed, and scanned for the footprints of Bride in the morning. The oblation to her "is a cockerel or pullet buried alive, near the junction of three streams, and the incense is burned on the hearth when the family retire for the night." The revival of verdure or of the spring sunshine was here typified, perhaps both. The Gaelic proverb says, "Supper and daylight on St. Bride's Eve"; and Carmichael says her figure was dressed "with shining shells, sparkling crystals, primroses, snow-drops, and any greenery they may obtain. . . . They visit every house and every person is expected to give a gift to Bride." Bride is the Goddess of the returning gladness of the spring.

To have saved so many precious, suggestive, and fascinating relics of Celtic folklore and fancy is a thing indeed to feel proud of; to be thankful for. Carmina Gadelica is in its way the Veda of the Gael. For a new edition one should expunge some too tentative etymologies. Rhys' work is to be placed beside the most thorough helps in its own department. For Welsh folklore it is indispensable for us all. Wales has but too hastily responded to the cry "Merlin, Merlin, be converted; there is no divinity save that of God." "The school-masters of my early days," says Rhys, "took very little trouble to teach their pupils to keep their eyes open or take notice of what they heard around them; so I grew up without the habit of observing anything, except the Sabbath." Though long stories like Campbell's tales are not now to be got in the Principality, with characteristic force Rhys has amassed a surprising amount of material on lake and fairy legends, on fairy folklore and the folklore of wells; on the water-horse, cave-legends, and place-name stories. Much of the material can be paralleled on Gaelic ground and elsewhere. The collection is most painstaking, and there are full biographical references and indexes. The chapters on Folklore Philosophy and on Race in Folklore and Myth are exceedingly fresh and ingenious, and abound in theoretic reasonings and speculations which will make his work a treasure-house for many a day. The Druids, he thinks, represent a profession probably not of Aryan origin. He submits that we have evidence of a people in the West of Europe who at one time only counted as far as five. He would recognize a pre-Celtic race of mound-folk in the short swarthy people variously caricatured in our fairy tales. As he points out, the presence of such dwarfs has been established with regard to Switzerland in neolithic times. He states again a theory elsewhere propounded in the book on the Welsh People. "It is the widely-spread race of the Picts, conquered by the Celts of the Celtic or Goidelic branch, and amalgamating with their conquerors in the course of time, that has left its non-Aryan impress on the syntax of the Celtic languages of the British Isles." The leading axiom in magic, he thinks, is this—the part is quite equal to the whole. "Now the name, as part of the man, was one probably identified with the breath of life, or with the soul . . . and the latter must have been regarded as a kind of matter. . . . When a

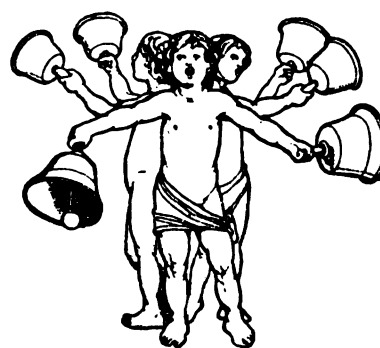
person was dying in a house it was the custom about Ponterwyd, in North Cardiganshire, to open the windows. . . . This was doubtless originally meant to facilitate the escape of the soul." That was current, too, in Inverness-shire, where locks on boxes and on doors had to be opened on occasions of birth and of death. Primitive psychology is a large matter; readers may be left to make comparisons of their own. As to the "bedlamite custom of the courade" (p. 653), a form of adoption which has led to simulation of birth on the principle of make believe, one might ask if there are any Welsh sayings like the Gaelic, "It is friendship through the mother which is closest"; "I shall not say brother but to the son my mother bore." Is there any folk-rite in Wales like the "man-midwife" of the parish of Abernethy; anything like what Pennant (1712) refers to, the belief that the midwife had the power of transferring part of the primeval curse from the good wife to her husband?

GEORGE HENDERSON.

THE POET OF BEAUTY AND OF PAIN.

[The illustrations are reproduced by permission of Messrs. George Bell and Son.]

Among the multitude of delectable illustrated books published during the winter we have found none more completely attractive than the new illustrated edition of Poe's POEMS (Bell and Sons, 5s. n.), which we briefly noticed some time back.



"THE BELLS."

Pictures have been drawn for the poems many times before; the company of artists includes Doré, Manet, Paton, Birket Foster, and Tenniel, but we much doubt whether any one has so fully entered into the spirit of Poe's work as Mr. Heath Robinson. One is almost surprised to note how easily the poems themselves have resisted the destroying action of time; the beauty and music,

the subtle sentiment, remain as fresh as ever. This new volume, edited by Mr. Noel Williams, is well arranged, and contains the interesting introduction to the poems of 1831—the letter to Mr. B. . . .—and also the delightful satiric essays on "The Poetic Principle" and "The Philosophy of Composition." Mr. Williams' own introduction is a clear and satisfying account of the poet's life and work, a *résumé* of the information previously published, and an interesting if not illuminative criticism of some of the poems. But there are points on which we are inclined to join issue with Mr. Williams. We cannot believe with him that any reading man looks upon Poe as a single poem poet; yet he feels it necessary to demolish the hypothetical individual who is supposed to consider "The Raven" the only valuable work in verse by its author. If there lives a man with soul dead to the beauty of "The Haunted Palace," "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume," "To Helen" (written in youth), and half a dozen other poems, Mr. Williams' edition will attract him by the grace of its decorations to read the collection through and form other views. Of "Ulalume," that seductive, elusive piece of music, the artist appears to have grasped to the full the beauty and the exquisite charm. This poem is pre-eminently an example of Poe's *dictum* that "poetry has only collateral relations with the intellect and the conscience, and, unless incidentally, no concern whatever with either duty or truth." Such music as the following stanzas is hardly transmutable into black and white line, but let them be read, and then turn to the illustrations,

and see how fully Mr. Robinson has captured their essence :—

The skies they were ashen and sober ;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere ;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year ;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
In the ghoulish-woodland of Weir.



"In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust."

—"Ulalume."

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

On page 25 the artist depicts the situation which follows the lines :—

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust—
Oh, hasten !—Oh, let us not linger !
Oh, fly !—let us fly !—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

with perfect effect.

While in many ways "Ulalume" expresses Edgar Allan Poe at his highest, its very beauty and lordly indifference to the effect on common ears brings it perilously near the point where, as Mr. Williams quotes, "sense swoons into nonsense." But we owe to Poe a debt for this. His verses maintain their hold over us for themselves, and they have stimulated the wit of others. Poe's countryman, Bret Harte, caught the manner while dexterously inverting the matter. His verses form a real criticism on the poem they parody. In "The Willows" he sings :—

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The streets they were dirty and drear ;
It was night in the month of October,
Of my most immemorial year ;
Like the skies I was perfectly sober,
As I stopped at the mansion of Shear,—
At the Nightingale,—perfectly sober,
And the willowy woodland, down here.

Here once in an alley Titanic
Of ten-pins,—I roamed with my soul,—
Of ten-pins,—with Mary, my soul ;
They were days when my heart was volcanic,
And impelled me to frequently roll,
And made me resistlessly roll
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
In the realms of the Boreal pole,
Till my ten-strikes created a panic
With the monkey atop of his pole.

I repeat I was perfectly sober,
But my thoughts they were palsied and sear,
My thoughts were decidedly queer ;
For I knew not the month was October,
And I marked not the night of the year ;
I forgot that sweet *morceau* of Auber
That the band oft performed down here ;
And I mixed the sweet music of Auber
With the Nightingale's music by Shear.

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—
I fear that this bar does not trust.
Oh, hasten ! Oh, let us not linger !
Oh, fly !—let us fly,—ere we must !"
In terror she cried, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

For a poem such as "Ulalume" to have outlived so successful a parody, to be even heightened in its effect by means of the contrast, is no small claim upon fame.

But the greatest cannot be laughed away ! To revert to the illustrations which follow "Ulalume," one notes that that rather tedious poem "The Bells," at one time the most popular of Poe's poetical pyrotechnics, is admirably "decorated." The full-page picture for the verses "To One in Paradise" is a failure because of its heavy shadows and uninteresting composition,



From "THE CONQUEROR WORM."

but the "Lenore" is an almost perfect piece of work of its kind, illustrative—in the most complete meaning of the word—of the best technical qualities of black and white art. Mr. Heath Robinson is original, but he has assimilated some of the good qualities of his contemporaries. His method of outlining drapery reminds one of Mr. Anning Bell, his composition often suggests Mr. Ricketts, his technique in dealing with foliage in

middle distance hints at Mr. Housman, and his mastery of blacks in masses shows that Aubrey Beardsley did not draw in vain. Still if he be reminiscent he reminds us of pleasant things; if he be a little mannered, well, so was Poe, and the manner is a very good one. The tail piece to "The Conqueror Worm," illustrating the lines:—

Out—out are the lights—out all !
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man"
And its hero "The Conqueror Worm."

shows a parted curtain of rich design and an exquisitely decorative drawing of a satyr with a bowl. The full-page picture to "Lenore" is, perhaps, Mr. Heath Robinson's most dexterous piece of work, but the frontispiece and title-page to the preface of 1845, with several others, are nearly as good.



"The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes;
The life still there upon her hair—the death upon her eyes."

The pictures which illustrate the beautiful lines from "The Haunted Palace"—

But evil things in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,

are hardly worthy of the subject, the architecture is trivial and the massed blacks of the trees forced and artificial. Mr. Robinson appears to us, also, to have missed an opportunity in his "decoration" of the poem "To Helen." It has lines in it

that call for a beautiful picture such as he could give us of, say, Psyche, statue-like, the Agate lamp within her hand, or others that one pictures in reading again the following lines:—

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The Agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Here Poe is at his simplest and best, and it would have been pleasant to find his illustrator in the same humour. "To Helen" is our favourite poem in the collection. There are few more delightful verses in the English tongue than this early lyric of Poe; it should preserve his fame for posterity long after "The Raven" has ceased to charm and "The Bells" have gushed to welcoming ears their last voluminous euphony.

Reviews.

MEDIÆVAL POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

POLITICAL THEORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGE. By Dr. OTTO GIERKE. Translated by F. W. MAITLAND, LL.D., D.C.L. (Cambridge University Press. 10s.)

Professor Maitland deserves warm thanks from English students for introducing them to a portion of a German work, which in its entirety was only likely to be familiar to specialists in his own department. We say "students" advisedly, for this is by no means "an armchair book"; it will only appeal to those who are really striving to master the philosophy of jurisprudence or the general history of political ideas. It is a section of the third volume of a large and as yet unfinished work entitled "Das deutsche Genossenschaftsrecht" or "German Fellowship Law (Right)." For this term Professor Maitland finds it difficult to supply an exact equivalent in English; and the purpose of his Introduction is to explain the general scope of Dr. Gierke's work, and the reason why, though of a somewhat technical character, it may contain valuable lessons for English thinkers.

His enthusiasm for the book as a whole has led him further afield than was, perhaps, strictly necessary; for the main interest of the section here translated has little to do with the speculations of German jurists, or the criticisms which they might pass upon English Law. It lies rather in the compendious summary which Dr. Gierke gives of the political philosophy of the Middle Age. "The outlines," says Professor Maitland, "are large, the strokes are firm, and mediæval appears as an introduction to modern thought." No description could be more just; yet quite as striking as the luminous generalization is the amazing erudition displayed in the notes. Dr. Gierke appears as much at home with the glossators, the legists, and the canonists as he is with the publicists, great and small, political, and ecclesiastical; and one can understand that these hundred pages of brief and lucid exposition must

have been preceded, as he says, by "long years of fatiguing toil." It is surely no light achievement to compress within so short a space the essence of so many forgotten volumes; but this very brevity, though doubtless inseparable from the plan of Dr. Gierke's complete work, is not without its disadvantages. It has been said of Carlyle's "French Revolution" that it can scarcely be understood by those who know little beforehand of the subject. In the same way, though for a different reason, Dr. Gierke's work cannot be fully appreciated without a careful study of the four centuries from which his authorities are drawn. A summary of political thought from the controversy about Investitures to the eve of the Reformation presupposes in the reader a considerable knowledge of European history. A student of Dante's "De Monarchiâ" and of the circumstances which produced it will, of course, pass easily to the "Defensor Pacis" of Marsiglio; but it is a much further cry from Peter Damian to Torquemada or Patricius of Siena. In a sense, and within limits, Dr. Gierke's remark is true that "the Mediæval Doctrine of State and Society flowed along one single bed." But the metaphor sounds strange and even fanciful, when it has to be added that "within that bed were commotions which shook the world." In writers of this generalizing type—especially German writers—there is always a tendency to lay a greater stress upon the order of ideas than upon the order of time and of fact. An English writer would go to work in a somewhat different fashion. He would deal less with the abstract and more with the concrete, utilizing in the text much of what is here reserved for the notes; he would keep the various theories in a more distinct chronological sequence; and he would feel bound to give some account of the controversies which occasioned them. This method might be less suggestive to the learned few; but it would be more attractive because more informing, and far more helpful to the memory. A treatment so strictly historical would, perhaps, have been foreign to Dr. Gierke's purpose, and might have required so much space as to destroy the symmetry of his work. The exact title of the book is "the 'publicistic' theories of the Middle Age." Professor Maitland has decided to substitute for the unfamiliar adjective the by no means equivalent word "political," and we think that, in issuing the section as a separate work, he might have done well to alter the plural, and style his book "Political Theory in the Middle Age." We do not forget that the notes are crammed with references to individual theories and theorists; and that there is a full list of the latter with dates and a useful index. But the title, as it stands at present, suggests a more individual and disparate treatment than Dr. Gierke has found possible.

However, the author's object is not to write a history of political thought, but to construct a theory of Corporations philosophically true, legally defensible, and practically convenient. This section of his work, if we understand its position aright, is a sort of historical digression with a view to show how closely connected are theories of the State and theories of the Corporation. Starting from the thought of the Universal Community under the double rule of the World-Empire and the World-Church, he summarizes the leading ideas of his authorities on such subjects as "Sovereignty, the Sovereign Ruler, the Sovereign People, the Representation of the People, the Social Contract, the Natural Rights of Man, the Divine Right of Kings, the Positive Law that stands below the State, the Natural Law that stands above it—" subjects which even in their mode of treatment have sometimes a surprisingly modern flavour. We meet with one publicist of the thirteenth century insisting that only a monarchy is able to unite wide territories and great masses of men; we find others of later date with Aristotle counting it tyranny in the ruler to suppress "unions and federations among his subjects." In speaking of what he is pleased to call "Antique-Modern" Thought—that is, ideas which, proceeding from Classical Antiquity, become modern in their transit through the Middle Ages—Dr. Gierke lays proper stress upon the solvent power which such ideas possessed over more strictly mediæval notions.

Indeed he compares the latter to a shell, from which an "antique-modern" kernel, always waxing, is constantly drawing nutriment, until at last the shell is broken. What he chiefly has in mind is the sharp contrast between the antique idea of the State, and the mediæval notion of a World-Community. Of the latter he says:—

We may see theory trying to hold fast the mere shadow of this stately idea, even when what should have corresponded to it in the world of fact, the Mediæval Empire, had long lain in ruins. And so also we may see in theory the new edifice of the Modern State being roofed and tiled, when in the world of fact just the first courses of this new edifice are beginning to arise amidst the ruins of the old.

Dr. Gierke's early publicists are nothing if not inconsistent in their divergent attempts to reconcile these two ideas. In one passage he seems to regard Humanism as the force which finally "broke the shell"; we think it could be proved from his own authorities that the prime agent of destruction was the rising spirit of nationality. Even before the birth of Humanism, Frenchmen, like John of Paris, utterly deny the *imperium mundi*; even amid the dire disasters of the fourteenth century France was still regarded as the most powerful of monarchies: while in England, as Professor Maitland shows, the claims of the Empire took scarcely any root; to English writers their own king "either is an Emperor, or will do instead of an Emperor."

THE YOUTH OF MAX MÜLLER.

Professor Max Müller clearly realized the distinction, often ignored, between reminiscences and autobiography. Many distinguished men recount their experiences of the world they have lived in, but they do not give us a real autobiography, and it would very likely not be highly interesting if they attempted it. The Professor has essayed both tasks—the one in "Auld Lang Syne" and "Musical Recollections," and the other the true history of his life in *MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (Longman, 12s. 6d.), now edited, with a preface written in admirable taste, by his son. Unfortunately it is only a fragment; it only starts him on his Oxford career. But it covers just that part of his life in which what one may call the human interest is concentrated. Readers who want something more than stories about men and things, but something less than a treatise on the Professor's researches in comparative philology or Indian religion, will certainly welcome this volume, which has so much that is distinctive about it as an autobiography of the best kind. There are, one must confess, passages where the autobiographer delays his progress to record his speculations, not always strikingly suggestive, on etymology, or atavism, or theology; and the class of reader we have mentioned will turn over these pages a trifle quickly. On "environment," for instance, the Professor is a little prolix; it is his own environment—not his reflections on environment in general—that makes the book worth reading.

First we have his childhood at the little town of Dessau, with its narrow yet busy and happy life, where social manners at the beginning of the century were "I really believe, blameless." Then come the school and college days at Leipzig—a delightful picture of life at a German University, where Max had his experience of duelling—a practice of which he approves—and where he was imprisoned for belonging to a suspected club. His arrest did not lose him his scholarship; for the kindly Rector, when Müller called upon him to explain, remarked, "I have heard nothing about this; and if I do, how am I to know that it refers to you; there are many Müllers in the University?" A strange contrast this to Oxford; where also, we fancy, some pardonable excitement would be caused among the undergraduates if (as happened to Neander) a Professor's sister were to send to the Lecture Room to ask if he had his trousers on? She had found a pair in his bedroom and did not know that they were a new pair just purchased! But

there are more serious contrasts between the German and English professors on which Max Müller has much that is instructive to say—such as the encyclopædic Lecture system of the former, and their deficiency in private tuition. Then we have the laborious days of struggle at Paris, the migration to England under the patronage of Bunsen, and, more interesting than all, the first contact of this retiring student, knowing nothing of English ways or English Universities, with the life of Oxford. And throughout we have the really moving picture of the earnest young scholar tended and supported at first by a devoted mother, with an ideal before him which enabled him to refuse a brilliant diplomatic career and adoption into the family of a Prince; which supported him through years of privation when he could only make a scanty living by copying the Rig-veda; and which eventually made him, to his own quite sincere and undisguised amazement, an Oxford Professor and a Privy Councillor. On the subject of Oxford Max Müller is, of course, full of memories and reflections—the more racy because of his entire aloofness from Oxford traditions. He was probably never quite so innocent as Blucher, who, when he was made a Doctor at Oxford, asked that General Gneisenau, his right-hand man, might at least be made a chemist; but he knew nothing of Oxford ways, and it is a high testimony to the excellence of his heart that he caused no offence and became so universally popular. Another charm of his book is that he never writes as a pedant, but as a man of the world and, when he does give us an excursion into *personalia*, as a humorist. Here is a sample, on the subject of Hawkins, Provost of Oriel:—

He had a very peculiar habit; when he had to shake hands with people whom he considered his inferiors he stretched out two fingers, and if some of them, who knew this peculiarity of his, tendered him two fingers in return, the shaking of hands became rather awkward. One of the Fellows of his college told me that as long as he was only a Fellow, he never received more than two fingers; when, however, he became Head Master of a school, he was rewarded with three fingers, or even with the whole hand, but as soon as he gave up this place, and returned to live in College, he was at once reduced to the statutable two fingers. I don't recollect exactly how many fingers I was treated to, and I may have shaken them with my whole hand.

The theological temper of Oxford, at about the time of the Tractarian movement, naturally struck the young German, trained to think of religion as a matter of history and of philosophy, with astonishment. If he is a little inclined to say "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this Pharisee," his influence, so far as it extended, must have worked for good in distinguishing between what was real and what was superficial, and his comments on Newman, Pusey, and their followers, as he knew them, are full of interest. His autobiography is, in fact, the mirror of a simple-hearted, genial, reflective man, whose life was devoted to the single-hearted pursuit of learning; and whose environment was such as to give the story of his early life an exceptional interest.

DANTE AND HIS CIRCLE.

THE HISTORY OF EARLY ITALIAN LITERATURE TO THE DEATH OF DANTE. By A. GASPARY. Translated by H. OELSNER, Ph.D. (Bell. 3s. 6d.)

"Italian studies," says Dr. Oelsner in his preface—"Dante always excepted—are at a very low ebb in this country." If this be admitted, and we fear it is undeniable, the publishers deserve all the more praise for their enterprise in adding to Bohn's Standard Library a translation of this very useful work. We only hope its reception may encourage them to give us the remainder without delay. Dr. Oelsner attributes the neglect of Italian literature partly to the "stepmotherly" treatment which it has recently experienced from our educational bodies,

but chiefly to the fact that "its great importance, quite apart from its intrinsic beauty, is not recognized as it should be." He thinks that Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy" has been widely read without arousing much interest in the works with which it deals. We doubt if Symonds' book, at least in its more expensive form, was very widely read. It has lately transpired that for some years after its publication the author's profits were infinitesimal. This neglect of Italian literature is perhaps partly due to the neglect of the Italian language in higher female education. Our mothers and grandmothers passed on at once from French to Italian, and spent their "finishing" years in studying the masterpieces in both languages; our daughters have either substituted German for Italian, or have given such energies as they could spare from athletics to science classes, "extension" lectures, or the toilsome acquisition of a smattering of Latin. Anyhow Dr. Oelsner's complaint is only too well founded. Perhaps "extension" lecturers might do more in the way of choosing subjects which would encourage the study of modern languages.

Gaspary's work was published in Germany in 1884. It has the rare merit of combining great erudition with a pleasing and popular style. To lovers of Dante this volume should be especially welcome, for about a third of it is exclusively concerned with him. We do not remember to have seen in English a more complete account of his minor works or a more masterly analysis of his magnificent epic of the soul. Few would echo nowadays Voltaire's remark that one reason why Dante has been so little understood is to be found in the multitude of his commentators. No student of the "Commedia" can dispense either with an introduction or a commentary; and in Gaspary's summary there is a kind of luminous sanity which makes him an admirable guide. He is fully abreast of modern criticism; yet he impresses his readers with a strong confidence in his independent judgment. To take a single instance, most people would prefer, with Symonds, to accept Frate Ilario's letter as genuine, but they will feel that Gaspary's leaning the other way is almost decisive. His arguments against the heresy that Beatrice was not a real person are very convincing, and reveal the same sturdy common sense. His conclusion is:—"Beatrice became for Dante a symbol, and in the 'Commedia' she signifies heavenly light, revelation, and theology. But the symbol is, according to Dante's allegorical method, attached to a concrete person and springs from it." That method, which is not free from difficulties, is here explained with the utmost clearness; and the way for it is prepared by a chapter on the didactic and philosophical poetry of the Florentine School. Dante's "circle," as Rossetti calls them—Fra Guittone, Brunetto Latini, and the two Guidos—with his contemporaries Folgore and Jacopone, are rather unfamiliar to Englishmen; but they deserve to be studied if only as specimens of the linguistic instrument which Dante wielded with such marvellous skill. The rapid development of Italian as a literary language in the thirteenth century is an astonishing phenomenon—the grandest testimony to Dante's original genius. Gaspary thinks that no specimen of it can with certainty be placed before the year 1200; yet little more than a century later the literature attained a height which it was never to reach again.

Of the translation we need only say that it is both readable and faithful. The bibliographical appendix is very valuable to students; but it would be more so if there were references to it in the body of the work. We may add that the translator would make future volumes more useful to English readers if he compiled a fuller index and provided a table of contents to each chapter.

BYRON.

The fifth volume of Byron's LETTERS AND JOURNALS (Murray, 6s.) provide as delightful reading as any of the preceding ones. The period extends from April, 1820, to December, 1821, and deals with the remainder of his stay in the Palazzo Guiccioli in Ravenna, and the commencement of his residence in the Villa

Lanfranchi. Within these dates the Italian revolution broke out; Byron placed his house, his wealth, and himself at the disposition of the patriots, to no purpose; Count and Countess Guiccioli were separated by Papal decree, "in despite of all I said and did to prevent it," writes Byron in his journal; and finally the Gambas, implicated in the abortive insurrection, were exiled from Ravenna, and Byron followed their fortunes. Among the minor vexations of the year, he enumerates "overturns in carriages, the murder of people before one's doors and dying in one's beds, the cramp in swimming, colics, indigestions, and bilious attacks"; but excitement seems only to have stimulated him, and he produced an amazing amount of good matter in these eighteen months, writing the Fifth Canto of "Don Juan," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," "Cani," "Heaven and Earth," and "The Blues," although the latter cannot be counted good, nor did Byron so count it. He kept up and increased a large correspondence, for a time kept a diary, filled a paper-book with detached thoughts, and flung himself ardently into a controversy with Bowles, who had dared to disparage Byron's literary idol Pope. Under the form of two open letters to Murray he bombarded Bowles with a couple of lengthy pamphlets, which show all his customary vigour and power of hitting, although all they ultimately serve for, strangely enough, is to give Bowles' name an immortality it would never otherwise have achieved.

Meantime life in the Villa Lanfranchi must have been a curious experience, for Byron kept here a regular menagerie of strange birds and beasts which lived principally upon the stairs. As you crossed the hall you might come upon an Egyptian crane standing upon one leg, pass three monkeys as you went up the first flight, and find the landing occupied by several peacocks and five cats. Then there was a crow, a falcon, and an eagle, eight enormous dogs, and two guinea hens, all roaming about at their own sweet will, and Byron must have had to lay down his pen a thousand times to go and settle the constant disputes that arose between them. Ten horses—although these at least lived in the stables—five Italian banditti in the guise of servants, and "the learned Fletcher," as Byron loved to call his English valet, added to his cares, Fletcher, like all English servants, showing his superiority to foreign ways by incessant grumbling. We are inclined to think that it was during Byron's residence in Pisa that the prevalent Italian idea that all Englishmen are hopelessly mad took root; it has never been eradicated since.

The chief point to be noticed in the Letters after their strength and sincerity is their happy phraseology and freshness of style. The ink on them might have been wet yesterday. You have constantly to look at the date to remind yourself that they were written eighty years ago. They are entirely free from the social and literary mannerisms of the time, and to write thus is to write a great style. The illustrations include a pen-and-ink drawing of Byron by d'Orsay, very d'Orsayish—he always put more of himself than of his sitter into his feebly-graceful drawings; and a silhouette of Byron as he appeared after his daily ride, cut out in paper by Mrs. Leigh Hunt, which gives us the impression of being far more characteristic.

LORD MONBODDO.

LORD MONBODDO AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, by Dr. William Knight (Murray, 10s. 6d.), hardly fulfils our expectations. It is not very well planned, and it has been badly revised. Who is "Madame Rocamier"? Why should Scott's inimitable Pleydell appear both in the body of the book and in the index as "Mr. Pleydall"? What has Sir William Jones done that he should figure as "Sir William Junes"? How comes it that Ramsay of Ochertyre is transformed into "Mr. Ramsay of Ochiltree"? Four-fifths of the volume are devoted to the letters Monboddo wrote to and received from some of his scientific and scholarly contemporaries. They do not contain matters of great personal interest, but chiefly serve to revive old controversies about the relative merits of ancient and modern

writers. Professor Knight's object might surely have been gained by extracts. And if it was worth while to give biographies of these "contemporaries" at all we should certainly have had something better than scrappy notes.

Yet James Burnet, Lord Monboddo, whose long life covered nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, extending from 1714 to 1799, merited a better fate.

Though Darwin now proclaims the law
And spreads it far abroad, O,
The man that first the secret saw
Was honest old Monboddo.

So sang Lord Neaves, by way of indicating that the eccentric old Judge and philosopher had a glimmering of the doctrine of evolution because he harboured a theory that men were descended from monkeys whose tails had been rubbed off. Burnet was on terms of friendship with some of the greatest of his coevals. Burns was entertained by him, greatly admired his daughter Eliza, and celebrated her beauty in such verse as in "Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye" and such prose as "There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." Scott thought Monboddo's philosophy of "a fanciful and somewhat fantastic character," but wrote of his suppers:—

Enthusiastically partial to classical habits, his entertainments were always given in the evening, when there was a circulation of excellent Bordeaux in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table after the manner of Horace. The conversation of the excellent old man, his high gentleman-like chivalrous spirit, the learning and wit with which he defended his fanciful paradoxes, the kind and liberal spirit of his hospitality, must render these *noctes cœpæque* dear to all who like the author (though then young) had the honour of sitting at his board.

Boswell said "His lordship is distinguished not only for his "Ancient Metaphysics," but for his ancient *politesse*," but Monboddo said of Boswell's hero, "I do not lose my time in reading such works as Dr. Johnson." Even Burnet, says Professor Knight, "was one of the most outstanding figures in the metropolis of Scotland, during the later years of the eighteenth century, a patron of letters, an enthusiastic friend, a host of rare geniality, an eminent and just Judge."

The career of such a man might have furnished a picture of the very remarkable intellectual movement which gave distinction to Edinburgh and Scotland during the eighteenth century, a movement which was an indirect protest against the dominant Calvinism of the day. Judicious extracts from Monboddo's somewhat tiresome treatises and from the letters which form such a disproportionately large section of this book, would have shown how "advanced" and, at the same time, how conservative Monboddo was, how he anticipated modern thought, and how, nevertheless, his passionate classicism blinded him to the value of the true masterpieces of English literature. There is, however, no doubt as to the soundness of such a summing-up as this, which shows the author at his best.

It was noble and much needed service that he rendered in directing the attention of his time to the ancient Masters of wisdom, urging his contemporaries to become familiar with Plato and Aristotle; but to despise all philosophy not based on their teaching is utterly unhistorical. The spirit, the tendency, and the results of modern philosophy had proved that the European mind was at last disenthralled; that if the dead-weight of medieval tradition was not removed, the fetters of antiquity had at least been broken. Monboddo virtually said "No return to the Ancients. They are our Masters still." This contention of his had two sides; one of them being extremely foolish, the other essentially wise. To ignore the progress and "increasing purpose" of the ages is to be untrue to historical fact; but in that progress and as a consequence of it the insight of the ancients is sometimes forgotten, and the wisdom of the fathers occasionally over-

looked. Monboddo's assertion that the race had degenerated—mentally, morally and physically—was, however, curiously illogical, when taken in connexion with his admission of the animal ancestry of man. The ascent, and not the descent, of man was the natural corollary of the conclusion he had reached in his anthropological studies. If our race has emerged from lower forms, its continued progress after the human stage was reached—and not its subsequent degeneracy—was the logical sequel to which his position led up.

BOOKS FOR THE SOCIOLOGIST.

The Labour Question in France.

In *LA VIE OUVRIÈRE EN FRANCE* (Paris: Schleicher Frères, 5fr.) M. Fernand Pelloutier, whose connexion with the Bureau du Travail gives him exceptional advantages for investigation, has, in conjunction with M. Maurice Pelloutier, produced a book which contains much valuable information, and which, moreover, emphatically *donne à penser*. They have made careful inquiries into the various aspects of the French workman's life, and it must be confessed that the result of their labours is most depressing. We cannot but hope that there is another side of the picture. According to MM. Pelloutier, the position of the French workman—that is, the town factory hand or artisan—is not only difficult, but impossible. In the chapter entitled "How the Working Classes Live" a number of workmen's budgets are given; in almost all of these the expenses exceed the receipts, and the deficit has to be made up by the sweated piecework of the wife—unless she is already working in a factory herself—or by that unfailing resource of the poor, the lodger. If the housing problem is becoming more and more acute in England, it seems to be even worse in Paris. The descriptions here given of some of the workmen's quarters are most painful. But it is a pity that here, as elsewhere, we are only given the darkest side, and that our authors make no reference to the housing experiments which are being made in France. Perhaps the most depressing chapters are those which deal with the labour of women and children. Cheap feminine labour is underselling masculine work, and it is the underpaid woman-worker, the mother of the next generation of workers, who is consequently underfed and badly housed. The most startling of MM. Pelloutiers' revelations are perhaps their description of the traffic in putrid fish. The section is too long, and perhaps too unpleasant, for quotation, but the light it throws upon the food supplies, not only of the poorer classes but of the barracks, is certainly bewildering. It is impossible to read MM. Pelloutiers' work without being moved to serious reflection upon the great question of the relation of capital and labour. There can be no doubt that the present system is not entirely satisfactory; that an enormous amount of preventable misery is engendered by existing conditions; that there is a very grave danger of national deterioration, both in physique and in morals, if a large proportion of the next generation are the children of underfed, overworked, atrociously housed men and women. In London the results of the system occasionally surprise us in an ebullition of what we term "Hooliganism," in the revelations of a Royal Commission, in the publication of criminal or drinking statistics. Yet no satisfactory solution of the problem has yet been arrived at, and much probably remains to be done before a solution is even remotely possible. Work like that of MM. Pelloutier can do nothing but good. It is true that there is another side—a side seen, for instance, both in England and France in the increasing amount of savings bank deposits and in the growth of Friendly Societies. But it is the other which needs emphasizing, for little can be done without genuine knowledge and understanding, and such knowledge is not at present widely disseminated.

Productive and Unproductive.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, by Charles Beard (Sonnenschein, 1s. n.), is a history of the development of English industries leading up to an exposition of the weak points in our

existing social organization and a statement of the problems that confront us. It is an attack on the *laissez faire* doctrines, which few people, indeed, hold nowadays without considerable qualification, and it has a firm grip upon the truth that a main cause of poverty lies in the fact that so many of our hardest workers are engaged in producing commodities which are of no earthly use to any one when produced.

Those workers engaged in producing and shipping celluloid cuffs to African negroes for ankle wear, and receiving in return diamonds to glitter in the tiaras of fashionable women, are as surely non-producers as the idle rich who while away their hours with charity balls and roulette. The manufacture of useless luxuries is socially—hence morally—wrong as long as millions suffer from improper food, clothing, dwellings, and long hours of labour.

This, of course, is the answer to the fallacy that senseless extravagance is good for the world because it gives employment for labour. Such extravagance really causes labour to be wasted, and so diminishes the real wealth of the world. If women could realize that a passion for jewels is not a passion for beauty but a passion for ostentation, an immense amount of unproductive labour might become productive, and a certain number of poor people might have more to eat. Whether many women will be able to follow the argument is another question. The book has a preface by Professor York Powell, which, of course, adds to its value, though it is too good to require to be floated into public favour by such authoritative commendation.

Ethical Propaganda.

ETHICAL DEMOCRACY (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a series of essays by different writers expressing the views, now more or less familiar, of the Society of Ethical Propagandists. In politics, commerce, education, family life, literature, in all departments of life, ethical standards, so think the essayists, must be enforced. They are not wholly in accord on one question—Imperialism; but, speaking generally, the book presents a body of doctrine, and one which cannot be neglected by the politician, if only for this very important and interesting feature—that the old Liberal plan of giving the people responsibility first, and so making them worthy of it, is discredited by the new Radicals. Mr. Stanton Coit (the editor) and Mr. J. R. Macdonald particularly urge that it is no good to tinker at the machinery of government; the first and only important thing is to educate the people in the civic virtues and make them capable of government. Some of the essays are less directly practical than others. The long and somewhat vaguely Emersonian essay on Literature and Life is, to our thinking, the least satisfactory. Mr. Ritchie, on the other hand, is very suggestive in his analysis of the difficulties in applying a biological evolutionary doctrine to the development of society. But all the papers are of interest, and written in a readable, popular style.

At Secondhand.

Perhaps the best excuse for the flood of small books which make no pretence to originality is that little books are more likely to be read than big ones. Dr. Simonson, the author of the latest little book about Socialism—*A PLAIN EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM* (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.)—has had the good sense to avail himself of this excuse. "There is only one safeguard against economic dangers," he writes, "and that safeguard is the diffusion of sound economic education." Unfortunately, too many popular handbooks are not the vehicle one would choose for the encouragement of exact thinking or for the spread of the elementary economic truths. Much of the loose thinking and talking about the State which is so prevalent to-day would cease if the elements of economic science were more generally understood. Dr. Simonson's aim is excellent, but we fear that his methods are likely to defeat it. His arguments are in the main sound, but his language is so unmeasured—"such a theory, I say, must be pretty rotten" is hardly a sentence one expects in a book which "aims at the spread of sound economic knowledge"—his intolerance so marked, his methods of discussion so irritating, his reasoning so indistinguishable from mere

invective, that his work cannot be recommended as a prophylactic against economic ignorance.

Mr. L. L. Price's *SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH HISTORY AND COMMERCE* (Arnold, 3s. 6d.) is, on the other hand, all that a short history should be. Mr. Price is admirably fitted to produce a good student's manual, for he has a considerable experience of teaching. His little work on economic theory is one of the very best short books for a beginner, and his economic history will no doubt stand beside it. He lays no claim to originality, but is content to use the researches of Dr. Cunningham, Professor Ashley, and others. He sums up their work clearly and impartially, and has also done all that he can to produce that best of all small works—the text-book which encourages the student to go further.

It would be a sad misnomer to describe Dr. Willoughby's stout volume *SOCIAL JUSTICE* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. n.) as a "little book." But, despite some 400 large octavo pages, the book has all the characteristics of the student's manual, and was, indeed, originally delivered in the form of lectures. About five-eighths of it, on a rough estimate, consists of quotations, often lengthy, from a number of writers who have previously dealt with Dr. Willoughby's subject, from Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, down to reviewers of Dr. Willoughby's own previous works. The book cannot be described as original or in any way remarkable, but it will no doubt prove a useful text-book for students of political science.

A STUDY OF SOCIAL MORALITY, by W. A. Watt (T. and T. Clark, 6s.), is an academic, rather professorial, statement of the various points of view which "have to be noted" or which "cannot be ignored" in connexion with the social virtues and social organization. Mr. Watt is not free from a certain pomposity of manner, and does not expound any very definite philosophy; but he shows ability in throwing together considerations which a thinker on social subjects must bear in mind in forming his opinions.

SOME RECENT ORIENTAL BOOKS.

"The Semitic Series" has as its object to present "the results of recent scientific research in popularly scientific form, and *THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE HEBREWS*, by the Rev. Edward Day (Nimmo) may be said to be a good example of the method. From the fact that Mr. Day uses "back of" instead of "behind" we may presume that he is an American—the series is edited by an American Professor—and his handling of the Old Testament documents savours of the extreme school of criticism which finds so much favour across the Atlantic. The historical study of Hebrew social life depends very largely on this question of criticism. We have always to determine how far the picture of manners given us in the earlier books is coloured by the notions of writers and editors of a very much later date. Mr. Day is extremely cautious in admitting any contemporary evidence for the earlier period of Hebrew History; and he shows a similar scientific reserve in utilizing such material as he considers trustworthy. He does not attempt any vividly coloured description, but he marshals with care and ability the facts which seem to disentangle themselves from the sacred narrative, tracing Hebrew life through the clan to the family; from the pastoral to the agricultural stage and the life of cities; and so to the rise of a national spirit and the detachment and purification of the worship of Jehovah. It is an interesting and successful attempt to formulate, on ground as yet comparatively unbroken, the results of recent critical research.

No Orientalist should omit to notice the recent scholarly work of the learned wife of our leading Buddhist authority, *A BUDDHIST MANUAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ETHICS OF THE FOURTH CENTURY, B.C.*, being a Translation from the Pali of the Dhamma-Sangani, with introductory essay and notes, by Caroline A. F. Rhys Davids, M.A., Fellow of University

College, London. (Oriental Translation Fund. 10s.) Mrs. Rhys Davids has followed her husband's devotion to Pali studies, and the present translation shows—like the two Biblical ladies of Cambridge—that women may be Orientalists as well as anything they please. It also shows, and here again it is supported by the labours of Mrs. Lewis and her sister, that, in spite of masculine presuppositions, the feminine mind does not necessarily turn to what is romantic or poetical in ancient literature. Mrs. Rhys Davids could scarcely have chosen a more tedious task than translating the first book of the Abidhamma Pitaka, which the careless reader will describe as a catechism of philosophy, abounding in vain repetitions, and nobody but a student of psychology will ever get through it to the bitter end. Yet it has its value and its interest, though no one has hitherto taken the trouble to explain it. Mrs. Rhys Davids is apparently the first to come under its spell.

I was at once attracted [she writes] by the amount of psychological material embedded [it is a good term; the material is dug down to a double spit] in its pages. Buddhist philosophy is ethical first and last. This is beyond dispute. But among ethical systems there is a world of difference in the degree of importance attached to the psychological prolegomena of ethics. . . . There is no exact equivalent in Pali, any more than there is in Aristotle, for the relatively modern term "consciousness," yet is the psychological standpoint of the Buddhist philosophy virtually as thorough going in its perceptual basis as that of Berkeley. . . . And just as Berkeley, approaching philosophical questions through psychology, "was the first man to begin a perfectly scientific doctrine of sense-perception as a psychologist," so Buddhism, from a quite early stage of its development, set itself to analyse and classify mental processes with remarkable insight and sagacity. And on the results of that psychological analysis it sought to base the whole *rationale* of its practical doctrine and discipline.

How this was worked out may be read in this very elaborate manual, the difficulties of which are to a large extent smoothed away by the editor's ample notes and introductory essays, though nothing can reconcile Western students to its cumbrous reiterations. On the general ethical result Mrs. Rhys Davids makes some acute remarks. The question whether Buddhism is Intuitionist or Utilitarian is somewhat of an anachronism; such distinctions did not trouble Buddhism, whether early or late, though "we can almost imagine the Buddhist well content with the relative or dependent good of Utilitarianism, so closely is his ethics bound up with cause and effect. Good, for him, is good with respect to Karma, that is, to pleasurable effect, or *eudæmonia*. He was, in fact, a Hedonist; "happiness" was for him "good enough to cover the whole ground of desirability," from sense-satisfaction to the sublime "content" of Nirvana. The more we understand Buddhism, the greater must be our admiration for what is truly admirable therein. It has been accused of fostering egoistic morality, but the reply here advanced is just:—"On the ruins of the animistic view, Buddhism had to reconstruct a new personality, wholly phenomenal, impermanent, law-determined, yet not the less able, and alone able, by indomitable faith and will, to work out a personal salvation, a personal perfection. Bearing this in mind, and surveying the history of its altruistic missionary labours, we cannot rashly cast egoistic morality at it to much effect." This manual is no mere Oriental curiosity; it deals with the greatest of all possible subjects of thought, and it deals with it in a profound and scientific manner, subject to Eastern peculiarities of form. We cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Rhys Davids' suggestive and acute analysis of its bearing upon psychological problems.

In vivid contrast to the work just noticed stands *BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM* ("The World's Epoch-makers"), by Arthur Lillie (T. and T. Clark, 3s.). It is the old story over again. Mr. Lillie's fantastic notions about Buddhism have been so often detailed that they would suffer from excessive mustiness but for their vivacity. Some one said of this lively writer many years

ago that he possesses "a suicidal gift of imagination which he lets loose upon every department of learning with a recklessness almost as amusing as it is astounding." We have not forgotten his "Early Buddhism" of 1881, and the present little book has all the wild eccentricity, the want of logic, the irrelevance of the former work. We know exactly when to expect the gnostics on the scene, and how Asoka's inscriptions will be treated, and when it is time to bring out the Essenes. Poor Professor Rhys Davids—who (with the late Sir M. Monier-Williams and Dr. Crozier, a strange triad) is the special mark for attack—will be crushed by this ambiguous judgment:—"It is plain that Dr. Rhys Davids' biography is the work either of a pious knave giving the sanction of Buddha to large donations for convents, processions, &c., or of a pious fool too dull to draw any picture except that of the late and corrupt Buddhism that was under his nose." On the whole, we decidedly prefer what was under Dr. Rhys Davids' nose to what is far above Mr. Lillie's head. The general object of the book, as far as finite minds can grasp it, seems to be to prove that Buddhism (meaning thereby only the northern variety) is the source of Christianity—"at least the Alexandrian portion of it"—of Roman Catholic ritual, of Norwegian cults, and Mexican rites; in short of everything that has the smallest resemblance to it, real or imaginary. In a chapter of coincidence he cites parallels between what he takes to be early Buddhism and the apocryphal Gospels, as if these proved anything to the point. At every moment he rushes off on some tangential wild-goose chase, and his master principle is *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Mr. Lillie is a monumental example of wide reading and quick intellect led astray by a lurid fancy. The book is not only useless; it is misleading. We do not, however, deny that it is sometimes clever and amusing. There is a pleasant story of a hasty tempered English magistrate in India, who died; and the natives, who had deeply feared him in life, assiduously strove to appease his spirit by constantly supplying the grave with pegs of strong brandy and water and large cheroots. The cemetery doubtless became a favourite place of pilgrimage for thirsty *Khidmatgurs*, and such a pious shobeen would be welcome of a Sunday to poor but thirsty gentlemen who are not *bona fide* travellers.

VOICES OF THE PAST FROM ASSYRIA AND BABYLONIA, by Henry S. Robertson (Bell, 6s.), is a clever little book. It makes no pretension to original research, and we are informed how far the author has been able to use the original inscriptions. That, however, is of little moment; for Mr. Robertson uses the best and latest authorities, down to Mr. King's last volume, and such authorities are better than any amateur decipherments. The book only aims at bringing home to the average reader some of the main results of Babylonian and Assyrian discovery, "to make a few difficult things easy, to peptonize, as it were, for ready assimilation certain valuable pabulum which is apt to appear hard of digestion," as the author puts it in the phraseology of a B.Sc. It has the air of a series of lectures, and it would certainly form an admirable text for reading to an ordinary audience. Its great merit is perfect clearness. Mr. Robertson has the gift of seeing exactly how and where things appear difficult to his readers, and explaining the difficulties in a singularly lucid manner. There are many popular books on Assyriology; Professor Sayce's are models of their kind; but none that we have seen is so admirably suited to open the wonders of Assyrian discovery to the ordinary reader, eager "to hear some new thing," as this clever, brightly-written, and suggestive little volume. Mr. Robertson is at home in the latest researches and controversies; he is acquainted with the Higher Criticism as well as the data of the archaeologists; he draws upon classical analogies as well as Biblical records. We do not mean to endorse everything he says; for there are moot-points which he takes to be decided when they are not. But even then he is following some authority worthy of respectful attention, and in the vast majority of his statements he is indubitably accurate. The titles of the chapters sufficiently indicate the scope of the book—"The Royal Library of Nineveh," "The Chaldean Genesis," "Abraham's Early Home," "Asshur and

Israel." The account of cuneiform writing and its development is particularly good, and the treatment of Biblical tradition and history, wholly apart from theology, strikes us as just and moderate. The illustrations, which are very well executed, really explain the text. Mr. Robertson's unpretentious book should be widely read. We can imagine few subjects more interesting and no guide more intelligible for those country audiences which some of the more enlightened clergy seek to inform by the influence of elementary lectures.

Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, who have already done much useful work in editing Biblical manuscripts, discovered or copied by themselves, have published, under the title of PALESTINIAN SYRIAC TEXTS FROM PALIMPSEST FRAGMENTS IN THE TAYLOR-SCHUCHTER COLLECTION (Clay, 10s. 6d. n.), some interesting fragments of an early Syriac version of both the Old and the New Testament, which were found written in palimpsest beneath the Hebrew manuscripts rescued in 1897 by Dr. Schuchter from the Genizah or lumber-room of the Synagogue at Old Cairo. They are very fragmentary and "scrappy," but every piece of evidence concerning the early history of the Palestinian form of Syriac and its version or versions of the Bible is valuable, and the learned editors assert with confidence that some of these texts are the oldest known specimens of the language for Jeremiah, Joel, Hosea, Corinthians, Thessalonians, Timothy, and Titus. The fragments are well reproduced in facsimile; the Syriac text is printed with the corresponding Greek text, and necessary notes, and the whole has been revised by both editors and by Dr. Nestle and Dr. Rendel Harris. It is a scholarly piece of work which Syriac students will appreciate.

A LIST OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVES OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES IN THE COLLECTION OF THE INDIAN MUSEUM AND INDIA OFFICE (Calcutta, Government of India, four rupees) is a useful work of reference on Indian monuments and inscriptions. It includes no less than 2,651 negatives preserved in the Indian Museum at Calcutta, and 2,605 preserved in the India Office at London, and the two are combined in a full index. It would have been better, no doubt, if the two lists had been united in one by a single hand. The subject of each negative is described, the size stated, and reference is made to the volume or plate in Cunningham's "Reports" or in other works where the monument is described or engraved. Prints of these negatives may be obtained at a very moderate price from the Superintendent of the Indian Museum in the one case, or from Mr. Griggs in the other. The value of such lists to collectors of photographs, students of Indian art, epigraphers, and illustrators of books on India is obvious.

M. Victor Chauvin's fourth instalment of his BIBLIOGRAPHIE DES OUVRAGES ARABES OU RELATIFS AUX ARABES, 1810-1885 (Liège, Vaillant-Carmanne, seven francs), deals with the bibliography of the "Thousand and One Nights." The version of Galland, with its adaptations into almost all the languages of the world, runs to nearly three hundred separate publications, of which about a quarter are English or American editions. Then come the translations of Beloe, Burton, Caisse, Cardonne, Caussin de Perceval, &c., including sixteen editions of Laue's, and many that no one probably ever sees or hears of. References are given to the principal reviews and criticisms. A section on analogous collections of tales is appended, such as "Les Cent Nuits," "The Thousand and One Days," the "Contes du Cheykel-el-Mohdy," &c., and the whole ends with useful tables of contents and indexes. The book will be interesting to collectors, and is executed with M. Chauvin's well-known accuracy.

Dr. Martin Hartmann, whose "Arabie Press of Egypt" we noticed some time ago, has published an interesting study of modern Bedouin poetry in his LIEDER DER LIBYSCHEN WÜSTE (Leipzig, Brockhaus, 8s.). He was attracted by the songs of some Arab vocalists at Berlin in 1896, and went to Egypt to prosecute the study thus begun. He found his best materials on the western border of the Delta, and the collection of Volkslieder he there took down from the lips of the people is exceedingly curious. The Arabic poems are given in Roman characters with translations and elaborate notes. A great many of them are fragmentary, scarcely intelligible; but such first-hand notes of living poetry are always valuable, and it will interest students to compare these voices of the decadence with the early masculine verse of the pre-Islamic poets. The work is important philologically, and many of Mr. Hartmann's observations deserve the attention of Arabic critics.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The War.

As a counterblast to Mr. J. M. Robertson's book, reviewed by us last week, we can recommend *PRETORIA FROM WITHIN DURING THE WAR*, by H. J. Batts (Shaw). Mr. Batts is a Baptist minister, and one of the few Englishmen permitted to remain in the Transvaal at the time of the great exodus of the Uitlanders. He is very outspoken about the character of Mr. Kruger, and the miscarriages of Boer military justice; and he is able to show on what flimsy evidence statements as to the misconduct of British troops and British prisoners of war have been accepted and circulated. Mr. Batts' relations with the prisoners of war was naturally somewhat intimate. His great achievement was to preach a sermon to them in which he managed to incorporate all the news that they were pining to hear. As this was at a time when Lord Roberts was close to Pretoria, the popularity of the sermon can be imagined. Perhaps, however, the most interesting chapter in a book which is interesting throughout is the interview with Mr. Michael Davitt. The author took the opportunity of ascertaining this Irish politician's opinion of the Boers just after he had had his horses stolen by them. It was an unfavourable opinion:—

I came to this country at my own expense, it cost me some £300. I was full of enthusiasm then for these people. They know me, they know my feelings, but they have never trusted me. . . . All along the line I have been refused their confidences, and have been thoroughly deceived. I wrote all this rubbish about the intended brave stand they were going to make to my papers, speaking through them to Europe. I would give £100 to withdraw what I have written.

It is a quick transformation; and one cannot help wondering what would have happened if Mr. Robertson's horses had been commandeered by the farmers.

The author of "An Absent-Minded War," whose anonymity we respect, formulates in *A COMMON-SENSE ARMY* (Milne, 2s. 6d.) his proposals for military reform. As he is not one of the reformers who insist upon conscription, the interest of his pamphlet centres upon his answer to the question; How to get men of the right sort in sufficient numbers? He thinks that this should be done not by increasing the pay of soldiers, but by guaranteeing their prospective advantages.

Legislation should be taken in hand to compel all large employers of unskilled labour to give employment, at the standard rate of wages, to a certain percentage of men in each of the classes of the army reserve. For instance, suppose we consider the case of a brewery employing one hundred hands, five per cent. of these should be reservists in class A of the first class; five per cent. more should belong to the first-class reserve, class B; ten per cent. should belong to the second-class reserve, class A; and another ten per cent. to the second class, class B. Thus this brewery would employ in all thirty men belonging to the army reserve, the liability to service of fifteen of these men being exceedingly small.

It is a good enough idea, but the argument would have gained if the writer had taken the trouble to work it out statistically, showing how many reservists will annually require employment, and what are the situations annually falling vacant which reservists would be competent to fill. He could find no better subject for a magazine article, or even for another pamphlet.

THE BRITON'S FIRST DUTY, by George F. Shee (Grant Richards, 6s.), is a plea for the introduction of universal and compulsory military service throughout the Empire. As in most books of the kind the case is overstated, and the flowers of rhetoric bloom too luxuriantly. Conscription may or may not be a necessity, immediate or eventual, but when Mr. Shee sets out to represent it as a boon and a blessing there is a good deal more wind than substance in his arguments. "The fact," he says, "that every man would go through a military training, and might be called upon to serve his country in arms, would

give us a patriotism of the truest and most splendid kind." We know exactly what sort of patriotism it has given France. "By rescuing" we read elsewhere, "our physical and moral degenerates from the slums of our great cities and letting them feel that they, too, could be of use to their country we should turn them from 'hooligans' into men." The experiment has been tried in France for thirty years, and the hooligans of Paris are now far more numerous than those of London. And so forth. It would not be difficult to take such statements seriatim, and refute them in the light of the experience of our neighbours. Nevertheless, the case for the concrete necessity of conscription as apart from its abstract desirability is stated by Mr. Shee well and clearly. Even those who do not agree with his arguments will find them well thought out.

Queen Victoria.

A prettily got up volume of elegiac verse on the late Queen—*THE PASSING OF VICTORIA* (3s. 6d.)—reaches us from Messrs. Horace Marshall. Most of the pieces are reprinted by the editor, Mr. J. A. Hammerton, from the poems which appeared in the Press. In seventy-six effusions on the same subject there must be some repetition, but Mr. Hammerton has ingeniously circumvented the necessary monotony of these seventy-six poems by grouping his selections under three heads—"Osborne," "The Last Pageant," and "In Memoriam." Some of the better-known authors scarcely do themselves justice. Mr. Henley spoils a spirited poem by an affected use of words—

She seemed a piece of England; spirit and blood
And function England's self,

and Mr. A. C. Benson's imagination somewhat carries him away—

Peace, come away! Thou sleep'st beside
The rugged immemorial sea

Where year by year thy navies glide. . . .

There are no navies within leagues of Frogmore. Mr. W. A. Mackenzie's "Victoria" is far more successful and Mr. Robert Dennis accomplishes a difficult task in writing well in the metre of Milton's "Ode to the Nativity." The majority of pieces reach a fair standard for occasional verse, and it should be well worth any one's while to pick the book up and look into it.

A Greek Critic.

Two years ago we reviewed Professor Roberts' excellent edition of "Longinus on the Sublime," and after a thorough examination of his *DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS: THE THREE LITERARY LETTERS* (Cambridge University Press, 9s. n.), we can testify that it is worthy to rank with its predecessor as far as the editor's work is concerned. The text has been carefully edited, after a new collation of the Paris MS., and Professor Roberts' minute knowledge of the language of this and kindred works has enabled him to make what is probably a better recension than any of his predecessors. The glossary deals with many words most difficult to render or even to understand exactly, and the illustrative passages there collected will be found highly useful by the student of rhetorical Greek. Let the reader examine, for instance, what is said of *ἀθρόατος, δυνάμης, ἐνθουσιασμός, περίεργος, πῖνος*. Such studies are most useful in view of the complete Greek Lexicon which some day we may hope to see. We note that Modern Greek is occasionally cited in illustration; and it is strange that scholars so generally neglect this promising field. The translation is lucid and idiomatic, and we think even better than the Longinus. But the introductory essay, which takes into account the other critical works of Dionysius, is the most original part of the book. It is true that Dionysius is not a writer so genial and inspiring as Longinus (to use the traditional name for the author of the work "On the Sublime"), that he is concerned rather with the form than the spirit of literature, that he shows some lack of humour which makes him take Plato's mock-heroics in sober earnest. Yet he is a critic of real discernment, with courage to point out faults even in popular idols; and to him we owe the preservation of two incomparable lyrics, the "Danae" of Simonides, and Sappho's "Hymn to Aphrodite." This book is the second of a series of Greek critical works which are meant to prelude a compre-

hensive "History of Greek Literary Criticism." The value of this attempt to make us see the Greek writers through Greek eyes can hardly be overrated; and Professor Roberts has again earned the gratitude not only of scholars but of all who are interested in fine literature.

Goodness.

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has written an able dissertation on the MEANING OF GOOD (Maclehose and Sons, 3s. 6d.). Not wishing to hamper himself by expressing tentative opinions in the form of a treatise, he has cast it into the form of a dialogue, a course amply justified by success. The group of old college friends who meet at a house in an upland Swiss valley, with their sincere and well-bred intellectuality, might have come straight from the pages of Plato. They are men of different types—a barrister, a journalist, a biologist, a man of business, and so on; and their points of view are naturally dissimilar. The argument may be described roughly as an impartial inquiry into that belief in a General Good which constitutes for most men the main value of life. In the first book the idea that we have any simple criteria of Good is rejected, and the suggestion is made that our experience is, or may be made, a progressive discovery of Good. The second book points out that the experience of any person, or set of persons, is limited and imperfect, and that for that reason the idea of absolute Good can be arrived at only approximately. The question of the Good of future generations is left unsolved, and our several activities are examined with a view to the discovery of a Good which, being free from defects, may be regarded as *the* Good. Ultimately it is maintained that the highest love we are capable of comes nearer than anything else to the absolutely Good. The question whether the Good is attainable depends on a belief in personal immortality, and on this no dogmatic solution is offered. The dialogue certainly represents many modern views. It reaches no very definite conclusion, and does not reconcile divergent opinions except by a somewhat wide compromise. We should have been still more grateful to the author than we are if he had been a little less diffident. His modesty approaches timidity, and we rather resent the cold comfort offered us at the end of the book in the shape of a dream. There is one other remark that occurs to us. There were, of course, very obvious advantages in conducting his dialogue on purely secular lines. But the book is so much a work of art that it seems inartistic to leave Christianity altogether out of account, as though it had no relation to modern thought. And, to put the matter on a lower ground, it is most unlikely that of six or eight educated men, casually assembled, not one would have asserted a religious basis for his philosophy of life. The author's skill would not have been overtaxed if one such person had been included among the disputants. He might have remained mostly in the background, but there are passages in which the debate would have been rendered more plausible and more lifelike by his intervention.

"Goodness" on its religious side is the subject of Dr. A. T. Schofield's THE SPRINGS OF CHARACTER (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.). It might be described as a manual of experimental psychology for those who see in the Apostles' Creed a literally-accurate recapitulation of essential theological beliefs. It would make an excellent present for a "superior" Sunday school teacher, or even for a young "popular preacher." Dr. Schofield has read widely and well, as his honest references and quotation marks show, so that "The Springs of Character" is almost a summary of some of the best ethical teaching of our age. Any one who wishes to contrast the "do not's" of early Victorian Puritanism with the "thou shalt's" of the orthodox Evangelical and Nonconformist leaders of to-day will find here an excellent collection of samples of the latter. Nor could the educationalist dip into "The Springs of Character" without deriving profit, for Dr. Schofield is a judicious student of Herbart, Preyer, and Dr. Bernard Bosanquet. All his chapters of this book are wholesome, intellectual food, which no reader has the right to reject on the ground of its theological flavouring, but the section headed "Character and Habit" is perhaps the best. There is

an unreasoning prejudice felt by the ordinary Englishman against reading such a book as this. Professional and commercial people suffer more from the want of thinking about mental processes and ethical principles than those who are devoted to intellectual ideals seem ever to understand. As Dr. Schofield says:—"The same event to one man is an evil he deplores, and to another a blessing in which he rejoices, solely on account of the different minds through which it passes. A mind can . . . be formed to which 'all things work together for good.'" It would be unfair to lay down this wise physician's book without commending its exhaustive index and useful "list of books" on ethical education.

The eighteenth century offers excellent scope for the kind of study attempted by Mr. Charles Whittuck in "THE GOOD MAN" OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (Allen, 6s.). It was then the fashion for literature to be didactic, and in tracing the current ideals of goodness Mr. Whittuck does not confine himself to English literature. Side by side with "The Spectator," "The Citizen of the World," and the novels of Fielding and "Rasselas," he opens "Candide," the "Lettres Persanes" of Montesquieu, Lessing's "Nathan," and Rousseau's "Emile." As an analysis of the moral principles underlying some too little-read masterpieces of the eighteenth century his book deserves high praise. But Mr. Whittuck has not culled the fruit of his labour. It is strange that a writer, after taking so much trouble, should have resisted the temptation of writing a brilliant chapter "off his own bat," summing up the results of his analysis, showing how far the different writers coincide in their views of the "good man," and how far their "good man" differs from the corresponding ideal of other centuries. The fascination of the subject surely lies in the comparisons which it suggests between the serene lucidity of moralists like Law or Addison and the impetuous fervour of writers of another century, such as Sir Thomas Browne or Jeremy Taylor. And there are other fascinating vistas of inquiry suggested by these *matériaux pour servir*. Are not we who have imbibed the teaching of Darwin, after all, at once more credulous and more spiritual in our outlook than the most orthodox thinkers of the eighteenth century? Perhaps some more venturesome writer will take up Mr. Whittuck's work. We only fear he will not finish it so well as it has been begun.

The Literary Year Book.

THE LITERARY YEAR BOOK (George Allen, 3s. 6d. n.), the features of which are familiar to our readers, continues to improve under the editorship of Mr. Herbert Morrah. The chapter on "agreements" is perhaps not quite satisfactory. The writer is too anxious to insist that the author's and publisher's interests coincide. So, no doubt, they often do; but the function of the agreement is to provide for the contingency of their divergence. We think, too, that, in these days of illustrated magazines, a directory of photographers would be a widely-appreciated addition to the "year book." Exigencies of space would, no doubt, prevent the inclusion of a complete directory of the kind; but, provided that it were international, it might be very useful even if incomplete. Possibly the extracts from reviews of notable books of the year might be sacrificed to make room for such a feature—a suggestion which we feel the less diffidence in making in view of the fact that the compliment is paid to us of extensive quotation from our columns. On the whole, however, the "year book" becomes more businesslike and more useful as the years roll by and experience is garnered.

THE LIVING RACES OF MANKIND, Vol. I. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. n.), by W. N. Hutchinson, J. W. Gregory, and R. Lydekker, is a book of ethnology made easy for the multitude. The text is a popular exposition; the illustrations are a wonderful collection of photographs on which unquestionably a vast amount of trouble has been expended. The format is luxurious, and the price certainly low in consideration of the value given for it.

Mr. Clement E. Stretton has written THE HISTORY OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) with the same pains-

taking thoroughness with which Mommsen wrote the history of Rome, tracing it from its small beginnings in a publichouse at Eastwood to its present greatness. He also describes in detail the management and administration of the line. He includes some interesting old pictures as well as plenty of modern photographs of stations, hotels, and heads of departments.

LORD ROSEBERY : IMPERIALIST, by J. A. Hammerton (Part-ridge, 1s. 6d. n.), is the first of a "New Century Leaders Series." It is a book compiled from the files of newspapers and from works of reference, and adds nothing of importance to the two recent lives of Lord Rosebery, but it is a handy little book which many people may like to run through.

In **BRITISH POWER AND THOUGHT** (Smith Elder, 6s.) the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning gives free rein to his passion for the obvious, and explains what he thinks on various subjects from the art of Shakespeare to the religion of Mahomed, and from Roman methods of government to the "exemplary conduct and character" of Queen Victoria.

HOW TO READ THE MONEY ARTICLE, by Charles Duguid (Effingham Wilson, 2s. 6d. n.), is not merely a guide to the technical terms used by financial journalists, but also shows how to read such things as Company meeting reports between the lines. It is better than any other book of the kind that we have seen.

No one interested in Architecture should fail to notice that there is now an abridged edition of Mr. Reginald Blomfield's **HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND** (7s. 6d.), which will be welcome to many who have not the opportunity of studying this admirable book in its larger form.

FICTION.

A Successful Departure.

Mr. David Christie Murray has written many books in divers ways, but for depth of feeling and sincerity we do not think he has previously approached his latest novel, **THE CHURCH OF HUMANITY** (Chatto, 6s.). Since 1880 he has produced something like forty books, many—"Aunt Rachael," "Joseph's Coat," "The Way of the World," "A Life's Atonement," and others—easily reaching a high standard of merit. But in this history of the material and psychic adventures of John Manger he gives us the garnered philosophy of a keen student of mankind. From the quiet biographical introductory chapter until one reaches the documentary confession which makes the tragic close, Mr. Murray holds his reader with what seems a satin glove and is really a grip of steel. The very uncommon hero of this curious romance is an uneducated child of a city slum, the victim of hereditary alcoholism, the owner of strange spiritual gifts. We meet him in middle life when, after a career as clown in a small circus, he has "listed with the Lord, and is going to march with His army." He forms his church of Humanity, but his dipsomania causes him many a disaster, and other qualities of his nature harass him. He has great natural gifts and beauty of character, but he is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward. His release from suffering is the motif of the book, and his spiritual changes are given with an insight which is convincing. But the action of the scientist and hypnotist, De Fleury, who saves Manger from the passion for drink, seems rather mechanical. Manger has always been a Gladstone of the bar-parlour, a Savonarola of the Little Bethel and the booth. Freed of his mania, he becomes a power for good, although his ranting methods appeal only to the uncultured. At the zenith of his power, a sense of Christian pity causes him to love an unworthy woman. Their married life is, for Manger, a tragedy—with interludes of passionate joy. The picture of his wife Rosy is one of the most unsparing and dexterous portraits of a bad woman that recent fiction can show. But all the characters, many of which will not be greatly approved by the Primitive Methodists, a body which is handled a little severely, are remarkably life-like. "The Church of Humanity" is not for the young

person. As Mr. Murray says:—"There are phases in human nature which are best avoided by the worker in fiction. They may be handled righteously and with profit by the man of science, by the man of medicine, or by the philosopher who works hand in hand with both. For the purposes of the popular observer of character they are rather worse than worthless, for the reason that those who know them do not need instruction concerning them, and those who do not know them are happier without the knowledge. Yet they may be indicated with reticence and clearness. . . ." With this attitude many will agree; and in his latest novel Mr. Murray shows how so delicate a matter may be conducted. In this book he gives us of his best, and, if one may be permitted a touch of hyperbole, gives it with both hands.

Dr. William Barry.

Dr. William Barry's command of language is a thing to marvel at. He seems capable of changing his nationality at will, of dotting his books, as the humour takes him, with fragments of Irish or Italian. Last year, in "Arden Massiter," we were regaled with little turns and tricks of Italian speech; to-day in **THE WIZARD'S KNOT** (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) he is Irish to the finger-tips. Indeed, the whole spirit of the tale is Celtic; it is full of Celtic imagery, and mysticism—of the sunlight and shadow that seem inextricably intermingled in the lives of the peasantry—of May-day dancing, and Irish songs, and famine, and love, and hatred. Lady Liscarroll, still young and beautiful, comes back to her son's castle of Renmore in the first chapter, and her presence there lies across the whole history like a black stain, presaging disaster. Yet it is not her ladyship—the Beautiful Witch—whose picture lingers in our memory longest. Cathal O'Dwyer, the hedge-schoolmaster, and his daughter Joan, and Lisaveta—that curious blend of all that is best in two nationalities—upon these three Dr. Barry may be content to let his reputation rest. "The Wizard's Knot" is a good book—not so long as "Arden Massiter," but possibly none the worse on that account. It goes with a swing; it has life and movement; the characters are real, and it is admirably written. The author has the gift of style; there is melody in the flow of his language. He has invention too, and a power of pathos, and many other good things none too common with the modern novelist. In fine, this is as good a novel as we have read for some time; on the whole, it is probably the best book Dr. Barry has yet given us.

"The Column."

"We all belong somewhere, you know, and keep a sort of dummy to knock about and pretend." In these words of Cathcart, the blunt-spoken, keen-sighted sculptor in **THE COLUMN** (Lanc, 6s.), Mr. Marriott furnishes us with the text of a provocative and not wholly satisfying book. Daphne Hastings is the child of a Greek mother and of a father steeped in the thought of the ancient world; she "belongs" to an earlier day as truly as any priestess or sybil dedicate to Apollo; she fails to keep faith with her unspoken vows of consecration; she fails still more completely to adjust herself to modern demands and standards—and that is the problem and tragedy of the novel. Her husband, Basil Waring, a weak-willed poseur, a dabbler in philanthropy and an epicure in sentiment, is merely the instrument by which she is tested. As Waring's wife, virgin in spirit, responsive to all mystic influences of the Divine in nature, she finds in motherhood reconciliation with life. It is her old love the sea through which she gains ultimate release—a fine conception from an artistic standpoint; but it does not really solve the problem presented by the author. Mr. Marriott does not disentangle his thread; he snaps it. We are conscious throughout the story of the same stimulating and inconclusive quality. As a study of social forces the book falls short, for Christianity has champions much too weak in Herbert Waring, the self-repressive priest, and the quaint and arbitrary Miss Williams. The eternal commonplace is more convincingly represented by Mr. and Mrs. Bargister, who supply a chorus to the play, irritating yet irresistibly droll. There are fine studies in the book, apart from Daphne herself—Cathcart, a dominant personality, and Johnnie

Bargister, a boy artist, whose ideals have been finely moulded by Daphne. The characters do incontrovertibly live, though Mr. Marriott has done his best to obscure that fact by a Meredithian style of intolerably conscious cleverness. When we have recovered from the admiring exasperation induced by the author's tropes and epigrams, we are left with a very clear impression of Daphne. The Doric column set up by her father between his laurels and the sea stands throughout as fitting type of her beauty and the worship which claimed it. If "The Column" is Mr. Marriott's first work, we shall be curious to see what his completed building may be.

War Novels.

Between "A Son of Empire" and Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel *TAKEN BY ASSAULT* (Sands, 6s.) there is as much difference as between a hand-sewn and a machine-made pair of boots. The story made its first appearance serially in a provincial newspaper and we rather suspect that the editor of that journal asked for something about the Boer war with a "rampageous" girl in it. Very likely he also demanded that the girl should be modelled on Madge Gretton. The result is a novel which, though it is far better than any of the other up-to-date Transvaal war novels that we have seen, and may easily attain a considerable popularity, will not satisfy those of the author's admirers who admire his work intelligently. It is not the easiest thing in the world to draw a girl who is at once "rampageous" and adorable. Mr. Morley Roberts did it in "A Son of Empire"; but he does not do it in the present book. One understands why Madge Gretton was loved; one does not understand why Gordon Hardy was so anxious to go through fire and water for Gwen Middleton. The adventure part of the book, however, is done as well as Mr. Morley Roberts always does that sort of thing. When once he gets his men out on the veldt, hiding in spruits, and mixed up by mistake with Cronje's laagered army, there are plenty of stirring scenes and fine bits of description. No novelist, or war correspondent, has described Cronje's wild flight so well as this:—

For right in front of them upon the road was a flying army and all its baggage. Oxen groaned as the whip fell and flayed them. Wagons creaked in dolorous, ceaseless complaint; hot axles groaned for oil; and the mutter of five thousand men ascended into the air just as smoke ascends upon a windless day. They saw men on horseback, with their hats slouched over their tired eyes; other men walked, and both went by in ceaseless streams. One wagon was succeeded by another, and then again another, until an axle broke and there was a block. Then the column stayed, as orders ran from the vanguard to the rear, and the broken wagon was hurled on one side, a wreck, to whiten as a skeleton whitens on the burning veldt. The hoarse voices of men rose and fell like the sound of breakers, and only sometimes was the voice of one whose courage failed not.

Even a machine-made plot will not destroy the reader's pleasure in such graphic passages.

Mr. Ernest Glanville knows his veld, and gives us one more story of adventure in South Africa. *MAX THORNTON* (Chatto, 6s.) is written for boys of any age who love simple, impossible stories of courage and blunt manners. Mr. Glanville's creation, Abe Pike, the narrator of "Tale from the Veld," appears again and assists the hero, Max, in a thousand breathless but rather unnecessary adventures. We have rarely met a less entertaining collection of people even in a romance of the Boer campaign. But then there are vigour and "go" in all Mr. Glanville's work, and the reader will be much too absorbed to ask if these be real men, or if the picture of life be anywhere near the truth.

"The Redemption of David Corson."

The Quaker quietist and mystic-turned sceptic by the force of circumstances is the chief theme in Mr. C. F. Goss' *THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON* (Methuen, 6s.). In its biting satire and remorseless spiritual analysis it recalls "The Story of an African Farm," though Mr. Goss' book has elements of

sympathy and tenderness and real understanding of the basis of Christianity which are not to be found in Miss Schreiner's. The interest is first and foremost religious. There are but three principal characters, and they stand out clearly with firm-drawn outlines. The gradual spiritual declension of David Corson from a simple-minded faith-filled ploughman to a murderer and a gambler, the parallel ascent of Pepita, the gipsy girl, from no faith at all to the sublimest heights of self-sacrifice, the relentlessly sought vengeance of the quack doctor, are portrayed with power, insight, and a saving touch of humour. Imagine a John Ridd turned villain and some idea may be gleaned of the depths to which the hero sinks. Yet we are never allowed to lose faith in his redemption, and in the end this comes through the intensest tribulation. A happy descriptive gift is wedded to Mr. Goss' capability for character-drawing, the result being that we have in this story of American life a novel worthy to stand high in the ranks of modern fiction.

Canadian Stories.

In *A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS*, by F. Clifford Smith (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), the heroine is a young French-Canadian lady of good family who falls in love with an Italian of mean birth who is a musical genius. In the mind of the girl's father, however, musical genius does not outweigh a low origin, and without his consent the pair cannot get a French priest to marry them. They elope, but when the ceremony is performed by a Protestant minister, the Roman Catholic Church of Quebec steps in and excommunicates them, with the result that the girl, who is a devoted daughter of the Church, will live no longer with her husband; she is spirited away; her intellect becomes affected, but in the end she is restored to her husband, who brings back her reason by his wonderful music. It is a possible story, and Mr. Clifford Smith goes some way to make it a probable one. But the whole atmosphere of the book strikes us as full of exaggeration. From the politico-religious point of view "A Daughter of Patricians" is, perhaps, not likely to interest English readers very deeply, and this point of view so overrides every other that the story is lost in the tract. At the same time the book is not badly written, and it certainly presents with fidelity some phases of the life of the French-Canadian *habitant*.

When a book opens with the statement that "a crisis had arrived in the history of the Parish of Slowford-on-the Sluggard" it is not surprising that the reviewer's heart should sink within him. When, later on, he comes across a variation of the eternal Mrs. Malaprop, who talks of Wordsworth's "Imitations of Morality," and corrects herself to "Intimations of Immorality"—"now that I come to think of it, maybe it was *Invitations!*"—he comes near to losing hope. And yet *COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE* (Greening, 6s.), produced by the united efforts of R. and K. M. Lizars, survives this melancholy commencement, and blossoms out into something more than a readable story. At first the authors do not seem to get a grip of their characters. Later on they discover that after all it is not necessary to rely upon their memory for their wit, and the dialogue gains in consequence, while the actors grow more life-like. Mr. and Mrs. Forby, Miss Dulcissima Sweeting—for our authors cannot resist a touch of the farcical in their nomenclature—old Kippan, the North of Ireland Orangeman, and, not least, the rector himself and his wife, are all drawn with a happy eye for character. As a story, the book suffers from faulty construction; as a study of various types in a Canadian market town it deserves consideration. But it is a pity it begins so badly.

The fact that *CANADIAN CAMP LIFE*, by Frances E. Herring (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), concludes with preparations for a double wedding is perhaps sufficient to warrant us in classing it as fiction. But it is certainly not a novel in the ordinary sense of the word; it is fact slightly tinted with romance, and the picture it gives of a camping-out holiday on the shores of Boundary Bay is probably true enough in all essentials. The book is not uninteresting to those who like to learn how our cousins live on the other side; it is brightly written, illustrated

from photographs, and has a very effective cover. But it is, naturally, a chronicle of very unimportant events, and the absence of excitement in the narrative is not compensated by any remarkable ability in the telling.

Mr. Edgar Hewitt, the author of *THE PRETTINESS OF FOOLS* (Greening, 6s.), does not wear that *toga virilis* which we consider a necessary garment for a novelist of either sex. The story of the prettiness of the fools who go to make up the half-drawn characters of the book is not clever, the characters do not attract, the author's attempt at wit and buoyancy leave one blank with astonishment or cold with resentment. His picture of the humour of the heroine and her young brother is one of the most depressing in modern novels. But Mr. Hewitt appears to have observation and an unusual candour, qualities which may perhaps be used to advantage in a future volume.

All who are familiar with Miss J. L. Weston's past work in the domain of mediæval romance will welcome another delightful little volume from her pen. *THE SOUL OF THE COUNTESS* (David Nutt, 3s. 6d. n.) is a collection of legends and allegories culled from many fields, but all illustrative of the power of Christian faith. "The Last Valkyr," the most ambitious of the series, goes back to the early days of Scandinavian history, and depicts the despairing struggles of paganism and witchcraft with the new beliefs. The shorter stories are reminiscent of Hans Andersen, but are written with such charming simplicity of style that they hardly suffer from the comparison. The verse preludes which introduce the several tales are happy and graceful.

THE GOBLIN, by Catherine and Florence Foster (Wells Gardner, 6s.), is an unequal piece of work. The writers have a keen eye for the moods and vagaries of child-life. Describing the boyhood of the Goblin and his brother they show both humour and pathos. But when the lads reach years of discretion there is a falling-off. The Goblin remains a hobbledohoy, and the shipwreck that he makes of his life leaves us indifferent. Lord Calliard, his successor in the heroine's affections, cuts a sorry figure as lover, and the device by which his wife's coldness is changed to love is quite unconvincing. But the dialogue is fresh and racy, and despite defects of construction the book is worth reading.

In the far-spreading desert of fiction, one of the few oases was that refreshing history of a London larrikin given us in "The Hooligan Nights." Turning with avidity to Mr. Clarence Rook's new book *A LESSON FOR LIFE* (Ward, Lock, 1s.), one finds, as other travellers have done, *mirage* and disappointment. It is in the "novelette" style, and Grace is a heroine with that sort of novelette hair which the sun "touches to gold" at important crises of her life. The hero is called Eric, and he talks and acts like an "Eric" is bound to do. The rather naughty manager of companies, theatrical and otherwise, is named Bergstein, and all novel readers will at once be able to place him. Mr. Rook has not given us so amusing and interesting a book as we are entitled to expect from him. But judged by other novels of its class "A Lesson for Life" is really an agreeable piece of fiction, and will please readers on whom the skill of "The Hooligan Nights" was lost. Perhaps Mr. Rook means to make the best of both worlds, and we can congratulate him on having mastered the conventions of a *genre* evidently foreign to his talent.

THE MAN WHO FORGOT (Jarrold, 6s.) is a rather attractive story of the rough and tumble, *débonnaire* kind which is always popular. Sir Philip Landers loses his memory and is mistaken for a notorious dynamitard. But although Sir Philip forgets he is not forgotten, and a very delightful young lady looks after him and shares, in part, the adventures which make up an engrossing if not profound piece of fiction. Mr. John Mackie, the author already of many other widely-read books, vouches for the description of the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883 which has much to do with the plot. We shall certainly not contradict Mr. Mackie, whose portrait, in the regimentals of

Brabant's Horse, decorates the first page and warns us that he is a first-rate fighting man.

Walking along the river wall at Bolzeñ, Edmund Dawney said to Alois Harz :—

"There's a family at Villa Rubein, that pink house—would you care to know them?"

The other answered with a smile :—

"I like to know everybody, to see what they are like."

So opens Mr. John Sinjohn's book *VILLA RUBEIN* (Duckworth, 6s.). It will appeal to those who are of the same opinion as Harz. The complications of the tale and the development of the affairs of Christian and the artist Alois Harz, and the others, are clearly, but not particularly ably, told; the people are real; the outcome of the story, and of the book, as a work of art, is given in the last phrase of the excellent Mr. Tramper. "Well," he muttered, "I guess it's all kind of a compromise, anyway!"

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.—I.

The *Anglo-Saxon Review*, which appears clad in a binding of arabesque design, copied from the cover of a work printed in Venice in 1560—"Della Institutione Morale libri xii," by Alessandro Piccolomini—has an imposing table and contents. To us the most interesting item is Mr. Edmund Gosse's well-written protest against "The Custom of Biography"—the essentially English habit of burying our dead "under the monstrous catafalque of two volumes (crown octavo)." The modern conventional biography lineally descends from Middleton's "Life of Cicero," but the modern custom Mr. Gosse dates from 1830.

Of the untrained persons who step in, or are brought in, to perform this inevitable and perfunctory task, the worst is the Widow. This may be taken as a generic term for the class of life-writers whose only claim is that they are "on the spot," that arrogate to themselves the duty of biography merely because they are in possession of the documents. The Widow is the worst of all the diseases of biography. She is the triumph of the unfittest. Others may have little art, little experience, little sense of proportion; but she exceeds them, for she has none at all. Her object is to present to the world an image of the deceased which shall be deliberately, although unconsciously, false. The man had his humour, his eccentricities; he had a rough side to his tongue; he had frailties; he was a picturesque and human being. It is the determination of the Widow to hide all this. She desires to show that he was perfect, with that waxy absence of all salient feature which she takes for perfection. She paints him quite smooth and plump, with a high light on his forehead, and a sanctimonious droop of his eyelid. She expatiates on his having been humble in spirit, when it was his special function to be ambitious and keen. She dwells on instances in which he was "a help to others," and a "wonderful example to the young." Above all, she carefully suppresses all evidence of his being unlike other men, or having any oddities, because to admit these would be to lower him from his pedestal, to scratch the flawless pinkness of his wax. It is to the Widow that we owe the fact that a very large section of recent biography might pass for an annex to Madame Tussaud's gallery. For, it must be remarked, the Widow does not always boldly appear on the title-page; she often lurks behind the apparently unprejudiced name of some docile author. Her function, however, always is to stultify and misrepresent the life and character of the deceased; and the more devotion she thinks she is paying to his memory, the more completely she carries this out. I know of only one instance in modern biography where the influence of the Widow has not been disastrous.

This is really a protest (though Mr. Gosse does not use the expression) against the "authorized biography," a subject on which we have once or twice said our say. There is truth in this remark of Mr. Gosse's :—"There is much to be said, of course, in favour of decency and reticence; but from the point of view of the general reader, these are matters which are now far too sedulously cultivated." Next in interest we should put Mr. Mallock's article on "A Georgian Squire's Household," founded on an unpublished diary, and giving a picture which

contains little of the coarse and rustic ignorance often ascribed to the squirearchy of the age. Mr. J. C. Bailey discusses in an academic spirit the defects of French poetry, which, he says, "is occupied with saying what it has to say and saying it with unequalled point and precision." But he seems to know little of the new school of "Symbolists"—a name he does not mention—whose ideal is the opposite of this. Mr. Frederick Greenwood on "Monarchy and the King," Mr. Winston Churchill on "Cavalry," Judge O'Connor Morris on "Moltke" are, more or less, of the nature of "cuts off the joint." Among other articles we should select as of less usual interest the last years spent in retirement in France of Louise de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth.

Readers of the *Cornhill* will turn again with pleasure to "A Londoner's Log-book" and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's "Blackstick Papers." Number four of the latter introduces us to Joachim. Mrs. Ritchie tells a pathetic story of the violinist using music to alleviate suffering:—

In a dim, curtained back room . . . the dying mistress of the house sat propped up with cushions in a chair. Joachim stood with his back to the window holding his violin, and we sat in silence by the doorway. He played gravely and with exquisite beauty, and the sad, silent room was full of the blessing of Bach, coming like a gospel to people in need of rest.

Mr. Arthur Morrison has hit upon a capital idea in "Family Budgets." "A Workman's Budget" is the first of the series, showing how various classes spend their incomes. Readers of Scott and Stevenson will be well pleased with Alex. Innes Shand's "Monbodo and the Old Scottish Judges" (which will supplement Professor Knight's book reviewed in another column). Braxfield cuts much the same grim figure as he does in "The Weir of Hermiston." The convivial scene in which Guy Mannering made the acquaintance of Pleydell also has its counterpart in a lively picture of the Judges at supper. Mr. Harold Begbie makes an appearance as a short story writer. "Fate the Finger Post" is amusing and fanciful, and quite different in spirit to the writer's Kiplingesque verses. We hope that the Duke of York's visit to Australia will leave his Royal Highness with as pleasant reminiscences as Mr. F. G. Affalo gives us in "Australian Memories."

Mr. H. Cooke Trench gathers together some curious lore on "Ancient Herbs" in *Longman's*, which also continues its serial stories by Mr. H. C. Bailey and "M. E. Francis" and its studies of the Women of the Salons by Mr. S. G. Tallentyre, who writes this month on Madame Necker. There are also poems by Mrs. Clement Shorter and A. Foster, while Mr. Andrew Lang gives us a change, by discoursing in his pleasant *causerie* on beauty and marriage. The finest and most intellectual head he ever saw "was that of a girl of fourteen looking over a gate in the country."

The *Pall Mall Magazine* gives us a very good collection of reproductions of Millet's pictures—not including "The Angelus," but others less familiar—to illustrate an article by the late Mr. C. Yriarte; and by a rather happy contrast we turn over a page or two to find some telling photographs of the effect of London smoke, a subject very near to the heart of Sir William Richmond, who here pleads the cause of the Coal-smoke Abatement Society. We confess we did not find the "Real Conversation" between Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. William Archer, reported by the latter, wildly exciting; but it is interesting to note that Mr. Hardy knows of women at the present day who "will make an image of some enemy and either melt it before the fire or stick pins into it." And we like Mr. Hardy's reminiscence illustrating what Mr. Archer believes to be the increased conscientiousness of reviewing:—

Mr. Hardy.—I remember a case in which a critic seemed to me to carry conscientiousness to an inconvenient pitch. Writing of my "Wessex Poems" this gentleman said that when he first read the book he thought it rather good, but, being determined not to be taken in, and to be conscientious at all hazards, he made a point of getting up to re-read it on a wet morning before breakfast, and then found that it was worth very little. That seemed to me an excessive devotion to critical duty.

Mr. Lecky in this number has what seems to us the best appreciation of Queen Victoria we have seen.

OBITUARY.

CHARLOTTE YONGE.

[By Miss CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.]

Nearly fifty years ago "The Heir of Redclyffe" made its appearance in two small red volumes, with no adventitious aids to popularity, few advertisements, and no puffs. It took the reading world by storm, and practically started, at least made widely known, a new kind of tale and a new type of character. Few people of this day believe what a long procession of "good heroes" have walked after Sir Guy Morville to the islands of the Blest; how young enthusiasts like William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti took him for a guide in life; how scholarly gentlemen wept over his early death, and sorrowful women, left widowed like the heroine, wrote grateful letters of thanks for the help and comfort given them by "Amy's" story.

It is not too much to say that the book made religion seem the very romance of life to young people; and that, in quite a new way, it made the interest of a novel turn, not on plot, not merely on the depiction of character, but on the struggles of young souls to attain goodness. It was, although the author would not so have expressed herself, intended truly for "The Story of a Penitent Soul." It spoke the language, not only of its own day, but of a certain phase of thought of its own day; and, while this limitation made it strike more home at the time, it has, perhaps, tended to let it slip out of fashion in a day the thoughts of which are so different. But it has done its work.

"The Heir of Redclyffe" was by no means the first work of its author. She had already written many tales for girls of which "Abbey Church" and "Scenes and Characters" were the first two. These stories showed in germ the chief characteristics of her maturer work. She always took for granted—her writing was rarely controversial, but she always assumed the acceptance of—the opinions then known as "High Church"; her characters mostly belonged to the same class of society and lived under somewhat similar conditions; they might all have belonged to a dozen or so of refined and well-bred families. But within these limits each individual is as distinct, as clearly marked, as separate, as real individuals are in the actual world; also, granting the conditions, which are not universally familiar, they are extraordinarily natural and true to life. It is hardly too much to say that she never used the same person twice over under another name. Moreover, she never, as the saying goes, "put real people into her books," and none of her contemporaries and companions have ever recognized themselves, or their friends in the flesh, among those friends in print who are almost equally real to them.

The books for girls culminated in "The Daisy Chain," a most influential book. Numbers of women now well-known in the philanthropic world owe their inspiration to Ethel May, and numbers of eager, high-minded, awkward girl heroines owe their very existence to her. "The Pillars of the House" was the other chief work of the same limit; it was interesting but hardly so great a success as "The Daisy Chain." The latter tales in which the old characters are reproduced are hardly meant for the general public. They were, to old readers, like visits to old friends, and she received many letters begging for their continuance. "The Heir of Redclyffe" had more romance and poetry about it than her other novels. It was the work of an inexperienced girl, the plot is not well constructed, the occasions for Guy's conscientious struggles not always adequate or well conceived; but, nevertheless, there was dynamite in it, and it changed the face of a whole school of fiction. "Heartsease," "Dynevor Terrace," and "Hopes and Fears" were the chief of the novels. All have great merit and contain character painting which may challenge Mrs. Gaskell, or even Miss Austen. It appeals, however, to a more limited public, and can hardly be fully appreciated except by those brought up in the same school. Many know from old letters and family traditions, if not from their old

recollection, that the "Oxford Movement" produced some few young men as spiritually romantic and as conscientious as Guy Morville, and it can hardly be denied that it also produced specimens like his cousin Philip.

The historical tales beginning with "The Little Duke or Richard the Fearless" have held their own better in this generation. They paint the Middle Ages certainly in rather a rose-coloured light, but vividly, delightfully, and with great truth of local colour. Such characters as Hal the Jester in "The Armourer's Prentices," Peregrine in "The Reputed Changeling," and many others are creations of great power and originality; and the presentments given in "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" of the Emperor Maximilian, in "Unknown to History" of the shrewish Countess of Shrewsbury, and of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, and of other historical personages, are of the best kind, full of humour and vigour.

There are also a number of tales beginning in 1840 with Langley School and ending last year with "Forget-Me-Not," a serial contributed to *Friendly Leaves*, which though little known outside the philanthropic world are of much greater literary merit than, I think, has ever been recognized, and which contain numerous life-like pictures of the more favourable side of village life in the Victorian era. No one could draw better the good upper servant, the promising boy or girl, the worthy old-world peasant, the refined and respectable village mother of the better sort than she could. She entered into their life and wrote from their point of view, and the realism is as real as that of any tale of mean streets. Her many historical and educational works can only be referred to here. She edited the *Magazine for the Young*, a little twopenny periodical for children, remarkable among children's magazines for its cultivated yet simple tone, and for its entire absence of folly. The *Monthly Packet*, in which many of her tales came out, though never exactly widely popular, was loved, read, and re-read by its own public as few magazines are or have been, and she finally edited *Mothers in Council*, one of the organs of the Mothers' Union.

This is a slight sketch of her writings. Her life was all and more than all her books indicated. What she described, that she herself was; what she recommended, that she herself did; her books reflected her life, and her life was better than any of them. She had an immense correspondence, a great number of duties and interests, and until quite recently an extraordinary power of hard work. Her parish and her school children were more to her than her books, and she taught in the Sunday school a fortnight before she died. She began to teach in the same Sunday school before she was ten years old. She taught brilliantly, and to hear her give a lesson was delightful. Her literary work so expressed her personal self that these few personal words at the end seem inevitable. I have said that she made religion seem romantic to young people. She did so, but she also bound up romance and religion with the absolute obligation of doing right, and for this great lesson all those who have come under her influence may well rise up and call her blessed.

It would scarcely be safe, perhaps, to say that Miss Charlotte Yonge's works have had a larger circulation than those of any other modern English writer, for the exact figures are not available; but the number of her books, and their consistent success through more than half a century, make it extremely probable that she held the lead in this respect. "East Lynne," with its circulation of 500,000 copies, is generally supposed to have had the largest sale among English novels, but it is quite possible that "The Heir of Redclyffe" has exceeded this number. No fewer than thirty-one editions of it have appeared since Messrs. Macmillan took the book over from Mr. Parker, its original publisher, in 1804, and it had had a steady sale for a good many years previously. Even these records may have to yield to that of another of Messrs. Macmillan's books—Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel," which has now reached its 400th thousand; but this includes the American as well as the English sales, and the American sales are by far the more important. "Daisy Chain" and "Dynevot Terrace" have also had enormous sales. It is true, we believe, that Miss Yonge gave

£2,000 out of the profits of "The Daisy Chain" for the building of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand, just as she fitted out Bishop Selwyn's missionary steamer *Southern Cross* out of the proceeds of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Of Selwyn's successor, Patteson, she wrote a life in two volumes. Of her children's books, "Lances of Lynwood" and "The Little Duke" are the most popular. Her last novel, "Modern Broods," published only a few months ago, was wonderfully successful, considering the writer's age, and was rapidly sent to a second edition. All her best-known novels still have a steady sale in the uniform edition (3s. 6d.), and their prize editions are in constant demand. Miss Yonge's volume of "Scripture Readings for Schools and Families" and her "Cameos from English History"—published in the *Monthly Packet* and collected in nine volumes down to the eighteenth century—have also been very popular. Miss Yonge's tales are so long that Messrs. Macmillan have so far only tried her in one sixpenny edition ("Dove in the Eagle's Nest," which went out of print immediately), but we understand that a sixpenny edition of "The Heir of Redclyffe" is forthcoming.

The *Monthly Packet* which Miss Yonge edited for thirty years, used to be the backbone of the business carried on by Walter Smith (Mozley's successor), and afterwards—until within the last few years—was published by Messrs. Innes, who succeeded Walter Smith. It is now issued by Messrs. Parker and Co. at 30, Bedford-street, Strand, and is edited by Miss Christabel Coleridge, who collaborated with Miss Yonge in "Strolling Players." Miss Yonge's life of Prince Consort ("The Statesmen Series," 1889) and her life of Hannah More ("Eminent Women Series," 1888) were both issued by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co.; Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are the publishers of her "Catherine of Aragon and the Sources of the English Reformation" (1881), and Messrs. Deacon of her "Book of Dates, with an Outline of Universal History" (1888).

Correspondence.

RICHARD II.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I doubt whether Mr. Walkley's theory of Richard the Second will meet with much support. Take the case of Polonius so triumphantly cited by Mr. Walkley—surely we see there not the fool made to talk sense, but the sensible man driven by most unusual circumstances to act foolishly. We have an old man, in a high position, used to being treated with great respect, and possessing a good share of that kind of wisdom so easily gathered by the "lookers-on at life." Suddenly this man is thrust into personal contact with a strange, half unstrung nature, treated disrespectfully, jeered and mocked at. Is it singular that in so unusual a position he should become helpless, having no experience to guide him?

Again, in Richard the Second, surely we see a not uncommon type, a sort of coarser Hamlet, so taken up with morbid introspection as to be incapable of effective action in the affairs of life.

And, I think, this view has some historical support. Prof. Prothero writes:—"His (Richard's) character, a strange mixture of strength and weakness, courage and irresolution, indolence and energy, remains an enigma to the historian." Would not this stand well enough for the Richard of Shakespeare's play?

I am your obedient servant,

M. GREENWOOD, JUN.

243, Hackney-road, N.E., March 24.

SIR JOHN PETER GRANT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you let me point out that the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" on Sir John Peter Grant (1774-1848), one of the most famous Judges of the Supreme Court in Bombay, and later Chief Justice of Bengal, is very inadequate? It dismisses his career in India extending over twenty-one years in less than as many words in three lines! But the most astonishing thing about this unsatisfactory article

is that it does not even mention, however briefly, the most important act of his life, his protracted and brave though in the end unsuccessful struggle with the Bombay Government for the maintenance of the independence of the Supreme Court of Justice in this Presidency of Bombay. This act of his was an important episode, not only in his life, but in Anglo-Indian history; and the dispute that he carried on so vigorously helped to settle definitely the long-pending question of the relative position of the Government and the Supreme Court.

Ever since the establishment of the Supreme Court in Bombay in 1873 by Act of Parliament there was collision between it and the Government of the Company. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who was Governor of Bombay at that time, had differences with the Chief Justice, Sir Edward West, which lasted throughout his *régime*. His successor, Sir John Malcolm, inherited them from him. Within a short time of his taking up the Governorship the dispute came to a head in what is famous as the case of Moroo Ragonath. The Supreme Court sent a writ of *habeas corpus* to Poona, the capital of the Peishwas, a hundred miles from Bombay, to be executed by the Company's authorities there in obedience to the Court's orders. The Bombay Government ordered its officers not to return the writ, and not only not to help the Court's officer, but to oppose him if he attempted to execute it. While this dispute was going on Sir Edward West, the Chief Justice, and Sir Charles Chambers, one of the Puisne Judges, died within a couple of months of each other. Sir John Peter Grant was the only Judge left on the Bombay Bench; and he continued the struggle singlehanded with Malcolm and his Government. When the latter would not yield, Grant, on April 7, 1829, closed the Supreme Court, a step which created great sensation throughout the Presidency. Both sides referred the matter to England with their arguments. The President of the Board of Control, Lord Ellenborough, finally decided in Malcolm's favour, and Grant had to give in. In Ellenborough's Diary, published by Lord Colchester in 1881, there are some references to Grant and this dispute which are worth looking up, Vol. II., pp. 82, 144-5, 174-5.

The whole dispute is clearly and at length narrated in Sir John Kay's "Life of Malcolm" in a pretty fair manner, though with a distinct and natural bias towards the side of Malcolm. Grant's side may be now read in the diary of his daughter, published two years ago by Lady Strachey in that very interesting volume called "Memoirs of a Highland Lady" (pp. 417-22, 434-37, &c.). Malcolm's own statement of his case will be found in his "Government of India" (1833), pp. 59-61, and appendix, 115-151. In this dispute the native inhabitants of Bombay sympathized entirely and heartily with Grant. And when the latter retired there was a great demonstration in support of him. The native public subscribed for a portrait of him to be hung in the Supreme Court-house. When this portrait arrived some years later the Chief Justice of the day refused to let it be hung in his Court. It lay unnoticed consequently for more than half a century at the house of the late Jijibhoy Dadabhoy, a leading Parsee merchant, who took a leading part in the subscription movement, till a few years ago a more liberal-minded and sympathetic Chief Justice of Bombay, the late Sir Charles Sargent, allowed it to be hung in Court, where it now may be seen. After the settlement of the dispute by Ellenborough, Sir John Grant resigned, as he would not submit to what he thought a wrong decision, and though in a very needy and impècunious state, gave up a large income voluntarily. He subsequently went to Calcutta and practised there at the Bar. In his early days at the Calcutta Bar Grant made a living by writing for the *Englishman* newspaper then just founded by Stoequeler, who mentions this fact in his "Memoirs of a Journalist," p. 93 (Bombay, 1873).

All these facts in Sir John Grant's career deserve to be noted, and as the "Dictionary of National Biography" has in his case departed from its high standard of thoroughness, I have thought fit to supply the deficiency by this note.

Yours truly, R. P. KARKARIA.

Collegiate Institution, Tardeo, Bombay, Feb. 23.

THE EMU'S HEAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With your permission I should like to state that my novel "The Emu's Head," which was noticed in your last issue, is by no means the new book which my critics seem to imagine. On the contrary, it was first published as far back as 1893, and was one of my earliest essays in fiction. Perhaps, for my own sake, I ought to add that this new edition has been reprinted from the original plates, and has, therefore, been subjected to no revision of any kind.

Very truly yours,

CARLTON DAWE.

Authors' Club, 3, Whitehall-court, S.W., March 25.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller, whose "Alfred Milner and his Work" will shortly be published by Mr. William Heinemann, was a contemporary of Sir Alfred's at Oxford, and was also, like him, assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Iwan-Müller was also "Special Commissioner" in Cape Town for the *Daily Telegraph* from July to December, 1900.

Dr. Osmund Airy's life of Charles II., in the Goupil Illustrated Series, may be expected towards the end of May or the beginning of June. The next volume, Mr. A. Pollard's "Henry VIII.," will be ready about the same time next year.

Mr. Savage Landor was one of the few unofficial persons who rode into Peking with the international forces. His knowledge of the Russian, Chinese, and Japanese languages helped him to obtain information at first hand. He will publish, through Mr. Heinemann, "The Chinese Campaign," which, it is stated, "will contain the only account of the Chinese war in which nothing will be concealed or palliated." There will be nearly a thousand photographs.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have in preparation a "History of Education" by S. Levinstein adapted and partly translated from the "Lehrbuch der Paedagogik" by Dr. J. Ch. G. Schumann and Prof. Voigt. The work has been thoroughly revised with a view to the requirements of the English student, while the history of Education in England is treated more fully. The book gives selected quotations from the great educational writers instead of mere summaries or criticisms. There is a bibliographical appendix. The book has passed through eleven editions in Germany.

The Charing-cross Hospital is to issue a "May Book" of a remarkable character and with a striking list of contributors. Here are some of them:—George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Israel Zangwill, Robert Hichens, Frankfort Moore, Egerton Castle, Austin Dobson, Sarah Grand, Percy White, Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. F. A. Steel, John Davidson, H. B. Irving, Elizabeth Robins, Barry Pain; and there are many others. Artists join the goodly company; and sketches will appear from the hands of Professor Herkomer, Solomon J. Solomon, Byam Shaw, Arthur Hacker, Alfred Parsons, C. L. Wyllie, Seymour Lucas, Hamilton Maclure, J. J. Shannon, Henriette Ronner, Nettleship, Onslow Ford, W. Nicholson, and a dozen others. The ordinary edition will cost 10s., but there will probably be an *édition de luxe*.

Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham in "A Vanished Arcadia," to be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann, gives a history of the work done by the Society of Jesus in South America, and more particularly in Paraguay. He deals with the Jesuit policy in regard to savage nations, and shows the development of their efforts up to the time of their expulsion at the close of the eighteenth century.

Sir Richard Newdegate, upon whose private papers and diary Lady Anne Emily Newdigate-Newdegate has based her book, entitled "Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts," which Messrs. Smith, Elder have in the press, was the grandfather of Sir Roger Newdigate, the founder of the Newdigate Prize. Sir Richard's father, the first baronet—created by

Charles II.—was the justice who was removed from the Upper Bench in 1655 for refusing to sit on the commission appointed for the trial of the Yorkshire defendants, arguing that to levy war against the Protector was not within the statute of treason. He regained his seat by attending the reinvestiture of Cromwell at Westminster, and during Richard Cromwell's Protectorate he was made Chief Justice; but the return of Charles found him again on the safe side as a member of the Convention Parliament. Lady Newdigate-Newdegate's book includes extracts from MS. news-letters addressed between 1675 and 1689 to the second baronet, who succeeded his father in 1678.

Mr. J. Alfred Gatch's new book on "Early Renaissance Architecture in England," which Mr. Batsford will publish about the end of next month, is different from his larger work on "The Architecture of the Renaissance in England" both as regards text and illustrations. He takes up the story of the textbooks of Rickman, Sharpe, and Parker, and carries it on to the days of Elizabeth and James I., stopping short of Inigo Jones. Another architectural work which Mr. Batsford is publishing this spring—uniform with Mr. Gatch's larger work—is a series of examples of the domestic buildings erected after the Elizabethan period, entitled "Later Renaissance Architecture in England," in two volumes, edited, with notes and descriptive text, by John Belcher, A.R.A., and Mervyn E. Macartney.

Mr. Heinemann announces for early publication a new novel entitled "Jack Raymond," by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly."

The Corporation of Leicester is issuing a second volume of municipal records (1327-1509). The first volume, edited by Miss Bateson, and containing a preface by the late Dr. Creighton, was published in 1899. Volume II. has also been placed in Miss Bateson's hands, and the proofs of the work are again being revised by Mr. W. H. Stevenson and the Archdeacon of Leicester. The volume will be published next month by the Cambridge University Press, which also announces as nearly ready the supplementary volume of Cooper's Annals of Cambridge, edited by Dr. Cooper.

One item in Messrs. Sampson Low's list of spring announcements comes from the head of the house—"The Amateur Angler"—the author of "An Old Man's Holidays" and of "Frank's Rancho; or, My Holidays in the Rockies, 1885," which went through five editions. Mr. Marston has written seven or eight books altogether, and he is the author of the interesting series of "Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days," now appearing in "The Publishers' Circular."

Messrs. Sampson Low announce two new books by Mr. Eugene Schuyler—sometime U.S. Minister to Greece, Rumania, and Servia, Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, and author of "Turkestan" and the "Life of Peter the Great" (Sampson Low). One of the new volumes, entitled "Italian Influences," contains essays on art and literature in Italy. The other volume of essays includes a life of the author by Mrs. Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer.

A second edition of Canon Rawnsley's "Ballads of the War" will shortly be published by Messrs. Dent, with forty new ballads and portraits. The same publishers announce a volume entitled "Romantic Essex," a series of "pedestrian impressions," by Mr. Reginald A. Beckett, illustrated with three "painter-etchings"—the first occasion on which Professor Herkomer's process has been made use of for book-illustration.

The new volume of the Ex-Libris Series, "German Book-Plates," by Karl Emich, Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg, translated by G. Ravenscroft Dennis, will be published by Messrs. Bell early next month. It is supplementary to the handbooks already published on English, French, American, and Ladies' Book-plates, and has been specially written for the series. The author has the largest collection of book-plates on the Continent, and the pictures, which illustrate the best examples of German and Austrian ex-libris from the fifteenth century, have been taken chiefly from plates in his collection. The German edition will be published simultaneously by Herr Julius Hoffmann, of Stuttgart.

Mr. Henry Frowde writes to say that the names of sixteen American subscribers ought to have been added to the list of those who joined in presenting "An English Miscellany" to Dr. Furnivall in honour of his seventy-sixth birthday. The Modern Language Association of America figures in the additional list.

Some weeks after Mr. J. Stalling's "Through Siberia" was published it was found that Dr. Henry Lansdell some twenty years ago published two volumes under the same title. Messrs. Archibald Constable will therefore, in future editions of Mr. Stalling's book, alter its title.

Paul Adam, one of the leaders of the younger French school, begins a serial entitled "The Child of Austerlitz" in the April number of the *Revue de Paris*, of which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just taken up the English publication.

Mr. W. G. Paulson Townsend (Government Examiner for Art) has completed a book of plant and floral studies for designers, art students, and craftsmen, which will be published in April by Messrs. Truslove, Hanson, and Combs.

Mr. F. James Gant, author of "The Mystery of Suffering," will publish shortly with Mr. Elliot Stock "Modern Natural Theology with the Testimony of Christian Evidences."

The *Examiner*, the weekly organ of the Congregational denomination, will be published by Mr. H. R. Allenson, at 2, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C., beginning with the first issue in April. The *Examiner* is the successor to the *Independent*, and is the property of the Congregational Publishing Company, Limited.

We understand that Mr. Jaakoff Prelooker's "Under the Czar and Queen Victoria; The Experience of a Russian Reformer," published by Messrs. Nisbet at 7s. 6d., can now be had from the author only (21, Paternoster-square, E.C.) for 2s. 6d.

Books to look out for at once.

"Alfred Milner and his Work." By E. B. Ivan Müller. Heinemann. [Includes a concise review of South African history. See note under Authors and Publishers.]

"Some Records of the later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville." By her granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Oldfield. Longmans. 16s. net.

"A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife." Longmans. 3s. 6d. [Letters on the South African Campaign.]

"Episodes from the Winning of the West, 1769-1807." By T. Roosevelt. Putnam. 4s. 6d. net.

Novels—

"His Own Father." By W. E. Norris. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

"Mononia: A Love Story of 1849." By Justin McCarthy. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"Strange Experiences of Mrs. Verschoye." By T. W. Speight. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

"The Warden of the Marches." By S. C. Grier. Blackwood. 6s.

"The Three Days' Terror." By J. S. Fletcher. Long. 6s.

"The Secret of the Dead." By L. T. Meade. F. V. White. 6s.

"New York." A Novel. By E. Fawcett. Sands. 6s.

"Perilous Times." By D. D. Wells. Heinemann. 4s.

[Vol. II. of the Dollar Library of American Fiction.]

"Prince Rupert the Buccaneer." By C. J. Cutcliffe Hynes. Methuen. 6s. [Founded on the adventures of Prince Rupert and of his exploits in the Spanish Indies after the Cromwellian wars.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

HANDEL (The Master Musicians). By C. F. ABDO WILLIAMS. 7½×5½. 268 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

THE JOURNAL OF MRS. FENTON, 1826-1830. Ed. by SIR H. LAWRENCE, Bt., 8½×5½. 396 pp. Arnold. 8s. 6d. n.

[Gives pictures of life in India, Mauritius, and Tasmania, 1826-1830. Mrs. Fenton died in 1875.]

ST. LOUIS (Louis IX. of France). (Heroes of the Nation Series.) By F. PERRY. 7½×5½. 303 pp. Putnam. 5s.

THE FRANÇOIS LETTERS. 2 Vols. Ed. by BEATA FRANÇOIS and ELINA KEARY. 8½×5½. 699 pp. Hutchinson. 24s. n.

ROBERT BUCHANAN. The Poet of Modern Revolt. By A. STODART-WALKER. 7½×5½. 333 pp. Grant Richards. 6s. n.

WILLIAM HUNTER: Anatomist, Physician, &c. By R. H. FOX. 8½×5½. 75 pp. Lewis. 4s. 6d. n.

GENERAL BOOTH. The Man and His Work. By JESSE PAGE. 7½×5. 180 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d. n.

[This is one of the New Century Leaders Series of which we notice another volume elsewhere. It is a popularly written and intimate account of a very interesting character by a writer who knows the "General" and his work well, and who leaves to the critic "the task of pointing out his faults."]

MAINLY ABOUT ROBERT BRUCE. By A. McMILLAN. Gardner. 1s. n.

DRAMA.

CRANFORD AT HOME: A Play for Ladies. Adapted from Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." [Carpet Plays.] Ed. by LUCIAN OLDERSHAW. 5½×4¼. 68 pp. Brimley Johnson. 6d. n.

[We have already described this new series. The book is a diminutive paper quarto, very handy for rehearsal.]

EDUCATIONAL.

HERBERT'S OUTLINES OF EDUCATIONAL DOCTRINE. Trans. by A. F. LANGE. 7½×5½. 334 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s. n.

THUCYDIDES HISTORIES, BOOK III. Ed. by H. F. FOX. 7½×5. 106 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

HERODOTUS. Book IV., Chapters 1-44. Ed. by W. J. WOODHOUSE. 7½×5. 124 pp. Clive. 4s. 6d.

BEOWULF AND THE FIGHT AT FINNSBURG. Trans. into modern English prose by A. R. CLARK HALL, Ph.D. 7½×5. 203 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s. n.

FICTION.

- TAKEN BY ASSAULT.** By MORLEY ROBERTS. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 318 pp. Sands. 6s.
PEASANT LASSES. Tales of Norway. By J. BELL-RANSKE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 279 pp. Freeman.
THE GREAT MAGICIAN. By T. R. THRELFALL. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 307 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d. [A story of Senussi, the African Mahdi.]
PRO PATRIA. By MAX PEMBERTON. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 316 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s. [Relates how the French tunnelled under the Channel, and sought to open the tunnel in private grounds on the English coast, and how they were foiled.]
IDYLS OF THE FIELDS. By J. T. K. TARPEY. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, 206 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d.
OUR FAMILY PORTRAITS. By W. C. ELLIS. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 237 pp. Jarrold. 6s.
HIS FAMILIAR FOE. By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 350 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
AMONG THE SYRINGAS. By MARY E. MANN. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 297 pp. Unwin. 6s.
RODNEY STONE. New Ed. By A. CONAN DOYLE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 366 pp. Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.
A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE. By G. HOPE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 345 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.
ODD FISH. Some East Coast Comedies. By ATHOL FORBES. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 203 pp. Skeffington. 3s. 6d.
RUNNING AMOK. By G. MANVILLE FENN. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 343 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s. [A story of adventure in Malaya.]
QUEEN'S MATE. By M. GERARD. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 303 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. [Contains some of the same characters as in "The Man of the Moment." The cover has a very pretty design.]
OBSERVATIONS OF HENRY. By JEROME K. JEROME. DR. SOMERVILLE'S CRIME. By M. H. HERVEY. (The Bristol Library.) $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$, 186+190 pp. Arrow-smith. 1s. each.
ODDLAND, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By H. A. JAMES. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 352 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

- A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES AND OF WILLIAM IV.** Vols. III, and IV. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY and JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 482+457 pp. Chatto and Windus. 12s. each vol.
MATRICULATION HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 2nd. Ed. By C. S. FEARENSIDE. 7×5 , 352 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.
HISTOIRE POLITIQUE DE LA REVOLUTION FRANÇAISE, 1789-1804. By A. AULARD, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres à l'Université de Paris. $10 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, 806 pp. Paris, Colin. Fr. 12.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- CONCERNING MARRIAGE.** By REV. E. J. HARDY. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4$, 136 pp. Ward, Lock. 1s. [This little book is a collection of familiar "wise saws" and copious "modern instances," or amusing anecdotes on marrying, not marrying, getting engaged, &c.]
THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTER. By H. OWEN. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 257 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
THE CAPTAIN. Vol. IV. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7$, 575 pp. Newnes. 6s.
THE ENGLISH TURF. By C. RICHARDSON. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 350 pp. Methuen. 15s.
HARROW. (Great Public Schools.) By J. F. WILLIAMS. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 226 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d. n.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- THE PRINCIPLES OF VEGETABLE-GARDENING.** By L. H. BAILEY. 7×5 , 458 pp. The Macmillan Co. 4s. 6d. n.
FAMILIAR WILD BIRDS. Cheap issue in parts. Part I. By W. SWAZSLAND. $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 32 pp. Cassell. 6d.

POETRY.

- THE MARGIN OF REST.** By A. VALIANT. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, 106 pp. Stock.
AN IMPERIAL ODE FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By S. JEFFERSON. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, 48 pp. Harrogate. Ackrill. 1s. n.
VERSES POPULAR AND HUMOROUS. By H. LAWSON. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 6$, 244 pp. Australian Book Co. 3s. 6d.
NELL: A TALE OF THE THAMES. By H. BIGG. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 357 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s. n.

POLITICAL.

- THE REAL CHINESE QUESTION.** By C. HALCOMBE. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 386 pp. Methuen. 6s. [Purports to show how certain lines of European policy must have appeared to the Chinese.]
A COMMON-SENSE ARMY. By the author of "An Absent-Minded War." $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 173 pp. Milne. 2s. 6d.
THE HOPE OF ENGLAND. By Z. H. LEWIS. $7 \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, 156 pp. Sonnenschein. 2s. [Describes an ideal community where love is the fundamental principle of conduct.]
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. With Biographical Notices of its Members. Reprinted from "The Times." $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, 356 pp. Macmillan. 1s. [The features of this well-arranged and trustworthy handbook are well known. There is a full analysis of the statistics of the election.]
LEGISLATIVE METHODS AND FORMS. By SIR C. LEBERT, K.C.S.I., &c. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 372 pp. Clarendon Press. 16s.

SCIENCE.

- THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.** Vol. III. Ed. by PROF. SIR M. FOSTER, K.C.B., &c. $10\frac{1}{4} \times 7$, 619 pp. Macmillan. 30s. n.
THE ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS. By A. W. BICKERTON. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 284 pp. Sonnenschein. 5s.
THE ELEMENTS OF DARWINISM. By A. J. COILVY. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$, 180 pp. Jarrold. 2s. 6d. [This strikes us as a very lucid and useful popular statement of the doctrine of evolution. Its brief chapters take up one after another, and with well-chosen examples, the different subdoctrines, and show how they build up the Darwinian structure. The book has been revised by Mr. A. R. Wallace.]

THEOLOGY.

- A HANDBOOK TO OLD TESTAMENT HEBREW.** By S. G. GREER, D.D. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 315 pp. R.T.S. 10s. 6d.
THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By REV. L. PULLAN. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 300 pp. Rivington. 4s. 6d. n.
UNITED IN CHRIST: and Other Sermons. By J. A. ROBINSON, D.D. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 298 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
THE SAINT'S EXAMPLE. A Memorial of Queen Victoria. Trans. from the French of Bossuet and Bourdaloue by the REV. C. H. BROOKE. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$, 238 pp. Walker. 2s. n.
A MANUAL FOR CONFIRMATION. (Oxford Church Text Books.) $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, 112 pp. Rivington. 1s.

TRAVEL.

- THE LAND OF THE MOORS.** By B. MEAKIN. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, 464 pp. Sonnenschein. 15s.

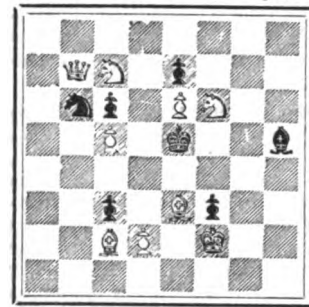
CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. CXLVIII.

By E. VARAIN, Munich.

BLACK. 7 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXLIX.

By C. HELLSTROM, Denmark.

BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 150. by A. Troitzky.—White (2 pieces)—K at Q R 4; B at K 4. Black (3 pieces)—K at Q R 7; R at K Kt 8; pawn at K Kt 7. White to play and draw.

NOTES.—The cable match England v. America is due at the Café Monaco, Regent-street, April 19-20. It is stated that whilst America will be well represented, Blackburne will now be unable to play. He has been, and is, very unwell. The veteran player, H. E. Bird, is permanently laid aside, and a fund producing £72 per annum is invested for his benefit.—At Leeds, on Saturday, Yorkshire and Lancashire met in a great contest (Northern Counties Chess Union), twenty-five a side. Lancashire won by 16½ to 8½.—The University match Oxford v. Cambridge was due yesterday.

HYPOTHETICAL MOVES.—The *Brooklyn Eagle* remarks re correspondence play, when a long series of moves are suggested, that the player, who thus looks into the future does so at his peril, inasmuch as he can retract nothing after he has once sent it off. If the ramifications that he has followed out happen to be particularly long and complicated, there is every likelihood, unless he has done his work with the greatest care and precision, that the receiver will pick a flaw, either analytical or clerical in nature, and will consequently profit thereby. There are several cases on record, where a player has announced a mate in a certain number of moves, in which the intended victim has found some such flaw and as a result has actually scored the game.

GAMES Nos. LXXI-LXXII.—The Scandinavians are taking a foremost place among chess players of the world. The following brief games afford plenty of scope for analytical study, and we shall be glad to receive any notes relating thereto. We translate the scores from the new number of *Tidsskrift for Skak* (Copenhagen):—

ALLGAIER.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------|-------------|
| J. Gierasing. | P. Larsson. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 |
| 2. Kt-Q B 3 | Kt-Q B 3 |
| 3. P-B 4 | P x P |
| 4. Kt-B 3 | P-K Kt 4 |
| 5. P-K R 4 | P-Kt 5 |
| 6. Kt-Kt 5 | P-K R 3 |
| 7. Kt x P | K x Kt |
| 8. B-B 4 ch | P-Q 4 |
| 9. B x P ch | K-Kt 2 |
| 10. P-Q 4 | K-B 3 |
| 11. B x P | Kt x B |
| 12. Kt x Kt | B-K 2 |
| 13. Q-Q 2 | B x P ch |
| 14. P-Kt 3 | B-Kt 5 |
| 15. Castles Q R | R-K sq |
| 16. R-R 5 | R-K 3 |
| 17. B x B | P x B |
| 18. Q R-R sq | Q-Kt sq |
| 19. R x Pch | Resigns |

BLACK. LARSSON.



WHITE. GIERASING.
Black to play his 18th move.

PETROFF.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------------|-------------|
| A. C. M. Fritzel. | Ch. Jarler. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 4 |
| 2. Kt-K B 3 | Kt-K B 3 |
| 3. P-Q 4 | Kt x P |
| 4. B-Q 3 | P-Q 4 |
| 5. Kt x P | B-K 2 |
| 6. Castles | Castles |
| 7. Q Kt-B 3 | P-K B 4 |
| 8. Kt x P | Kt-Q 3 |
| 9. R-K sq | B-R 3 |
| 10. Q-R 5 | Q Kt-Q 2 |
| 11. B-K 3 | B x Kt |
| 12. P x B | P-K Kt 3 |
| 13. Q-K 2 | P-B 5 |
| 14. Kt x P | Kt-B 4 |
| 15. B-B 4 ch | K-R sq |
| 16. R-R 3 | R-K sq |

White announced mate in twelve moves from position in diagram:—

BLACK. JARLER.



WHITE. FRITZEL.
Mate in twelve—solutions invited.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 181. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	255, 256, 257
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Point of View," by Stephen Gwynn	257
MISQUOTATION, by Herman Cohen	258
ROUSSEAU IN EXILE, by Francis Gribble	260
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	261
THE PASTON LETTERS	262
REVIEWS—	
East London	263
Some Anthologies	264, 265
The Little Red Book of Bristol—Alfred's Abbey—St. John's, Cambridge—Teignmouth—The Peak of Derbyshire—Kirkwall in the Orkneys—Bermondsey—Rambles Round the Edge Hills—Picturesque Kent—Llandaff Church Plate—The Oak Hamlet—England (South)—Torquay and the South Hams	265, 266, 267
Greek Thinkers	267
The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain	268
A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife—The Journal of the C.I.V.—First on the Antarctic Continent—Highlands of Asiatic Turkey—The Aldermen of Cripplegate Ward—German Life in Town and Country—Elements of Statistics—The Token Coinage of the Bank of England—The Journey of William of Rubruck—Semantics	268, 269, 270
Babs the Impossible—That Sweet Enemy—In His Own Image—The Sin of Jasper Standish—The Girl at the Half-Way House—Eben Holden—The Third Floor—The Froshers—A State Secret and Other Stories—Two Sides of a Question—Good Souls of Cider-land—Cruel Calumny—Black Country Sketches—Sneape's Spirit—What May Happen—The Wings of the Morning—Tales of a Colporteur	271, 272, 273
LIBRARY NOTES	273
AMONG THE MAGAZINES.—II.	274
CORRESPONDENCE—"Pauline" (R. Barrett Browning)—Charlotte Yonge—Bridge (Mr. W. H. Dalziel)	276
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	276, 277
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	278

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a "Personal View" by Mr. F. T. Bullen on "The Poetry of the Sea."

Lovers of that gay Secretary to the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys—and who that has read even fragments of the Diary is not to be reckoned among the number?—will be glad to learn that there is a prospect of more matter relating to the later years of the diarist being brought to light. We believe that Mr. H. B. Wheatley, who edited the new edition of this work in 1894, and published a volume of "Pepysiana" two years ago, is engaged upon piecing together some new fragments dealing with the times hitherto untouched in the published volumes. Some of these years are, of course, covered by Evelyn's records, but it will be none the less interesting to hear the more personal views of Samuel Pepys upon the same period.

The late Mr. D'Oyly Carte did not make any literary pretensions himself, but all lovers of true comedy owe him a debt as a brilliant impresario. He saw, probably before the rest of the world, what a brilliant combination that of the librettist and the composer of *Trial by Jury* would be, and encouraged Sullivan to stick to what turned out to be his most successful medium and Gilbert to seek fame as a librettist rather than a playwright. No one knew a good libretto better than Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and we believe that he amused himself in his younger days in composing operas, though these were never published. His devotion to the musical stage was shown by his enterprising scheme to establish

an English Opera-house. And here, though he failed, it was in attempting to realize what all lovers of music desire.

Mr. William Lethbridge, J.P., D.L., who died last week, was the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith's junior partner in his news agency business after the retirement of the founder of the firm in the fifties, when the labours involved by a constantly increasing trade became more than one man could transact. During Mr. W. H. Smith's term at Tavistock School he had been a schoolmate of Lethbridge's. Mr. Lethbridge undoubtedly by his business capacity helped Mr. Smith to devote more and more time to his public career. During their partnership Smith and Son's circulating library was founded. They also launched a heavy publishing venture to keep up the supply of cheap and sound literature for the railway bookstalls, and the copyright of Lever's novels was first acquired. But they only wanted to supply a particular class of customer, and as they did not wish to compete with established firms the novels were published by arrangement with Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The venture succeeded only too well; "yellow-backs" flooded the bookstalls, and drove other works away. This was not the originators' idea, and when other publishers entered the field of enterprise, the Strand firm, feeling that their mission had been accomplished, stopped their scheme and sold their copyrights for £10,000.

Mr. Voynich's discovery of rare typographical fragments in the linings of old bindings recalls the account of a more remarkable find made by Blades in the library of the St. Albans Grammar School. Blades was examining some volumes in connexion with his "Life of Caxton," and pulled out one book which was lying flat upon the top of others. "It was in a most deplorable state, covered thickly with a damp, sticky dust, and with a considerable portion of the back rotted away with dust. The white decay fell in lumps on the floor as the unappreciated volume was opened. It proved to be Geoffrey Chaucer's English translation of 'Boecius de consolatione Philosophiæ,' printed by Caxton, in the original binding as issued from Caxton's workshop, and uncut! . . . On dissecting the covers they were found to be composed entirely of waste sheets from Caxton's press, two or three being printed on one side only. The two covers yielded no less than fifty-six half-sheets of printed paper, proving the existence of three works from Caxton's press quite unknown before."

The late Henry Bradshaw tried very hard for many years to draw the attention of librarians and others to the importance of the evidence to be gleaned from a careful study of the fragments to be found in old bindings. Valuable manuscripts are sometimes found in the same way; the binding of Edward VI.'s copy of Stephen's Greek Testament, for instance, contains large fragments of an early manuscript of Horace and Persius. Any one may indulge in the pursuit of these hidden treasures. Mr. Gordon Duff, in his "Early Printed Books," describes how, for a couple of shillings, he bought off a stall in Booksellers'-row an imperfect printed folio of about 1510 in an original stamped binding, lined at each end with printed

leaves. "From one end came the title-page and another leaf of an unknown English 'Donatus' printed by Guillam Faques; from the other end two leaves, one having the mark and colophon of a hitherto unknown book printed by Richard Faques, and which is at present the earliest book known to have been printed from his press. The finding of these fragments is of interest as showing a connexion between the two printers called Faques."

Although Sir John Stainer's work as a composer of music cast his literary work into the shade he was the author of a number of excellent books upon his art. His two little manuals on harmony and the organ have become the text-books upon the subjects with which they deal. Most of his books were published by Novello, of whose series of primers he was joint editor with Sir Hubert Parry. Messrs. Novello also publish an excellent treatise by one of his sons on old violin-makers. Sir John was joint editor with the late Mr. W. A. Barrett of their "Dictionary of Musical Terms," now in a second and improved edition. One of the last things he did in the way of books was to edit the "Church Hymnary," prepared by the joint committee appointed by the Presbyterian and other churches of Scotland, and published by Mr. Frowde.

The French have so far never succeeded in producing a monthly illustrated magazine like the great periodicals of England and the United States. The publisher, M. Felix Juven, is trying to fill this gap. The first number of a new illustrated review, *La Contemporaine*, modelled upon the *Century* or *Scribner's*, has just appeared in Paris, only, instead of appearing once a month, it is to be a bi-monthly.

The animosity of the Russian Government against Count Tolstoy is so bitter that M. Isergejenko has been refused permission to found a Tolstoy scholarship at the University with the proceeds of "How Count Tolstoy Lives and Works."

The judgment delivered in the curious copyright case of Messrs. Moffat and Paige against the Rev. F. Marshall and Messrs. Gill and Sons on Monday seems to make the matter more complicated than ever. Mr. Marshall as author and Messrs. Gill as publisher were responsible for an edition of *As You Like It*, which was alleged to have been founded on an edition published by Messrs. Moffat and Paige and written by Mr. T. Page. The book has now run to a second edition. When it was first published a similar action was taken. Mr. Marshall allowed that he was much indebted to Mr. Page, and in some cases copied it; and a "consent judgment" was obtained. In the present case, the Judge, Sir Arthur Kekewich, had to confine himself to the second edition; and he decided that no vital part had been extracted by Mr. Marshall from the book of Mr. Page. Mr. Marshall, however, did not get his costs, though Messrs. Gill and Sons, his publishers, who had already been mulcted in damages over the first edition, are to have their costs paid by the plaintiffs. One point in Mr. Justice Kekewich's speech is worth noting:—"If I thought," he said, "that he (Mr. Marshall) had in fact copied Mr. Page I should have no difficulty in holding him to have infringed the latter's copyright, notwithstanding that his remarks are distributed on a different plan." This seems to make it clear that an editor's notes may not be stolen with impunity. But the Judge went on to say that "the main question which one has to put to oneself is whether there is evidence of *animus furandi*." Here is an awkward stumbling-block. Any one can plead that in helping himself to the fruits of other men's labours he did not intend to steal, but only considered the good of the public.

The failure of the play based on Gabriele d'Annunzio's *Citta Morta* has been so complete that Signora Duse, who had intended to tour with it through all the principal cities of Italy, has changed her plans and decided to break up her company.

The verbatim report of the case of "White v. Archibald Constable and Company" shows that Mr. Justice Darling by no means lives up to old traditions in the matter of judicial ignorance of the things that other people know. His lordship stopped Mr. T. A. Cook's evidence on "the system of sending out books for review" in the *St. James's Gazette* office on the ground that he "was there." He had an idea that "there is some technical meaning attached to the word 'curious' in the book trade"; and he showed acquaintance with the literary sensation of the hour. The question was, What novels had been published by Mr. Murray; and the report runs:—

Counsel.—"The Love Letters of an Englishwoman?" (Laughter.)

Mr. Hammon-Chambers.—That, my Lord, is stated to be fact.

The Judge.—Then it is very strange fact.

VENICE,

YESTERDAY.

Queen-mistress of fair seas, unsullied bride,
Recline I stately, grand, serene, at rest—
E'en as a woman—on my groom's smooth breast;
Empress of many streams whereon soft glide
Such rare and sensuous pleasures as preside
At Intellect's own prow; north, south, east, west
My argosies are flung, and bring the best
To deck my pageants, palaces and pride!
So t'wards my wealth, my beauty and my pow'r,
My gathered brain-force from surrounding states,
The world casts envious looks each passing hour;
I have its loves—for what are mine: it hates
Me that I Venice am—the whole world's flow'r
Of cities with the blue seas at my gates.

TO-DAY.

Forlorn I sit amongst my stilled lagoons—
Stagnant, gone by, forgotten to the world,
Decayed; my mistress-flag of commerce furl'd,
I dream despondent 'neath recurring moons:
Beggared, I droop, a slattern in the noons
Of changed days; old, crabbed, my glories 'pearled
On History's scroll; myself neglected, whirled
By cosmic force to where my grandeur swoons!
E'en so shall you, proud cities of to-day;
Where Memphis, Troy, Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Rome
Have crumbling gone Oblivion's dust-strewn way
I go, and you shall follow—flocks of foam
On Time's great sea, now seen, then gone for aye,
To be but stars on Legend's misty dome.

J. E. PATTERSON.

Some rare books were sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson at the end of last week. The following were the most important:—Hakluyt, "The Principal Navigations," &c., 1598, £15; Williams, E., "Virginia," 1650, £11; "The Discoveries of John Lederer," 1672, £55; Mather, I., "A Brief History of the War with the Indians," 1676, £19; Mather, C., "The Wonders of the Invisible World," 1693, £9 15s.; Mather, I., "A Further Account of the Tryals of the New England Witches," 1693, £11 15s.; Aretino, "Historia Fiorentina," Florence, 1492, a beautiful copy, £3 3s.; Cornelius Nepos "Vitæ Virorum Exellentium," Jenson's fine print of 1471, £8; Intrationum excellentissimus Liber," printed by Pynson, 1510, £14 10s.; "Roberti Wakfeldi Sacrarum Literarum," printed by de Worde, a remarkably fine and clean copy, £62; "The British Poets," Chiswick Press edition, 1822, £29 10s.; "The British Poets," Pickering's edition, 1830, £21 5s.; Drayton, "Poems," printed by Stansby, a stained and cut down copy, £5 2s. 6d.; Swift, "Gulliver's Travels," first edition, imperfect, two vols., 1726, £9 5s.; Rowlandson, "The English Dance of Death," 1814, £14; and a good copy of the original edition of Beaumarchais, "Le Mariage de Figaro," 1785, only fetched £1 4s.

It has been stated in print that Mr. George Moore has gone, or is going, to Dublin to learn Erse ; and it is not to be denied that there are some passages in some of Mr.

Language and Provincialism. George Moore's work which might well be consigned to the decent obscurity of that mysterious tongue. It should be added that the action of the man who learns Erse himself is noble and heroic compared with the action of men who merely clamour for laws to force the study of the subject upon reluctant school children. One is reminded of the aged clergyman who was discovered at length on the hearth rug, wrestling with the intricacies of the Italian subjunctive in order that he might the better understand Macaulay's comparison of Milton to Dante in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. Not every Irish scholar, however, has been carried away by the great Pan-Celtic wave. Professor Mahaffy, at all events, stands high and dry like a bold rock defying it ; and his article, in the *Empire Review*, on "The Ebb and Flow in National Literature" is like the slogan of a man who is summoned at once by duty and inclination to tread on the tails of the Pan-Celtic coats. In the matter of dialect, the Professor admits, the literary tendency is towards decentralization ; and he sees in the tendency an example of the romantic revolt against the classical traditions of the Eighteenth Century. It is partly that, and partly an example of the revolt of naturalism against romanticism. Nature is obviously served no less than romance—and generally more—when a Devonian peasant in a novel is represented as saying "thickey" for "this," and a Provençal as saying "té" for "tiens." But the main thing is that this literary recrudescence of dialect is a very limited phenomenon of a very special kind ; and the very limitations of its use show the impropriety of the attempts to bring about a corresponding revival of the languages which are lapsing into obscurity. For dialect, it will be observed, is only used by the writer who wishes to produce a particular artistic effect ; never by the writer who has something to say for which he wants a hearing. For this more solemn and important purpose, the unalloyed purity of classical diction is found preferable even by writers who are masters of the provincial dialects. Mr. Moore does not write "Begorra," and "Bejabers," and "Holy Moses" in his contributions to the high-class magazines ; we do not find "hoot mon" in the theological essays of "Ian Maclaren" ; nor does Mr. Quiller Couch substitute "to" for "at" in his literary *causeries* ; nor do Cockneyisms colour Mr. Arthur Morrison's discourses on the condition of the East End poor. But if dialect is rejected as "provincial" when grave matters are under discussion, in spite of the fact that its obscurity is only relative, what chance is there that provincial languages will ever be used for such purposes, or that the march of civilization can be quickened by artificially galvanizing them into life ? There are plenty of such languages to be found within the confines of our own and other Empires—some recognized and some unrecognized by the central Government. They do not often produce anything that counts even in the way of imaginative literature ; they hardly ever produce literature of any other sort ; and Professor Mahaffy adds that politically they are, as a rule, a nuisance :—

The real significance of these outbursts of half-subdued languages in many empires does not lie in mere sentimental affection, it lies in the feelings of dislike and insubordination to the central authority which they stimulate. They are usually the index of disloyalty. As such they may, of course, be praiseworthy or the reverse. If the dominant language represents an immoral or tyrannical ascendancy, patriotism in the provinces expresses itself by supporting the speech of the subdued factors of the population. But there may also be cases where this particularism is exceedingly mischievous, and imperils the unity of sentiment, which is the true strength of any empire.

Austria, of course, is the country which furnishes the great example of this sort of thing ; and Austrian experiences are hardly such as to encourage experiment in the same direction.

Personal Views.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

It seems to me that all literature resolves itself into description, except when the business in hand is argumentative (and impassioned argument includes description). A writer must, I think, be describing either feelings, objects, or events, though his method may, of course, be narrative or dramatic. An action, that is, may be explicitly described, or left to the imagination, which fulfils the place of stage representation ; a feeling may be expounded, or made to display itself directly in words from which it can be inferred. But in either case description is the object, and in this business an essential consideration is the adoption of a point of view.

It stands to reason that the writer is limited by the circle of his own experience—including, first, all that has come to him through his sensations ; and, secondly, the much larger, but less vivid, mass of experience which he has acquired imaginatively through communication from records and from speech. But there is a second limit, which bounds his range of possibilities—the limitation of experience in his audience. All literature implies an audience ; the current affectation of saying that the truly great writer only writes for himself means, if it means anything, that he addresses his descriptions to an ideal listener—that is, to one whose sphere of experience answers nearly to his own. But in any or every case, description, if it is to attain its purpose, presupposes more than a formal basis of common experience. Every little helps. The man who has been on the Continent is in a better position to identify himself with the adventures and emotions of an African traveller than one who has never heard any tongue but English spoken around him. Or, to take quite a different instance, it is hard to see what a man with the intellectual training of an Athenian in the days of Pericles would make of a poem describing the Christian ecstasy of devotion. His experience would offer few links along which comprehension might travel. Conjecture must have something to work on ; thus, we can guess at the state of the blind, for we have ourselves all walked in the dark, but not so easily at the condition in which the deaf live ; while the experiences of one born blind, deaf, and dumb could hardly be translated into terms of our emotion any more than the sensations of one who perceives in four dimensions. We cannot conceive the state of mind of a person so limited ; it is not intelligible to us. And, conversely, a corresponding superiority, if it could be supposed to exist, would result in a similar bar to comprehension.

The writer has to decide instinctively what range of shared experience he shall concede to or exact from the presumed auditor. What is to be the method of attack ? Shall he describe as a stranger, *ab extra*, or as one intimately familiar, from the standpoint of a citizen ? The method *ab extra* has certain obvious advantages. The unaccustomed eye receives a crisper, sharper image at the first impact. Suppose, for example, you have never been in Normandy—how should literature describe it to you ? If the object be to give you an impression closely akin to that which you would form for yourself, then literature ought to lay stress precisely on those things which half-a-dozen English writers have emphasized. On landing at Dieppe you will hear a tongue spoken that is quicker, more distinct, more vivacious than the English ; you will see people wearing blouses and sabots instead of coats and boots, driving along the roads in curious, covered wagons, taking their meals in the open air and not in decorous

semi-seclusion ; and so on. If the writer is skilful, he calls up vividly a number of images superficially seen, and he does it by dwelling on a number of facts which a Frenchman in describing Normandy would have taken for granted, just as he assumes a man to have two legs. The Englishman's description would have got the "local colour" in a sense more strongly than the Frenchman's, by insisting on the points of difference from a purely English experience. Or, again, for the "local colour" of Normandy, as it presents itself to a Parisian, you can read that very disagreeable book of "Gyp's," "*Ces Bons Normands*," where the Norman patois and the Norman vices (indeecency, meanness, and the rest) are hit off with the savage skill of a caricaturist. But for Normandy itself one turns presumably to Maupassant—no flattering portrayer. Yet there you acquire, beyond a perception of the shortcomings which "Gyp" stigmatizes and which the Norman sets forth with even more brutal frankness, a sense of the stubborn stuff, the rugged vitality, the gross kindness that keeps the race fresh and vigorous. Take, for example, "*Une Vie*," that picture of a Norman interior, a home-life, with all its roots and ramifications, gloomy and grimy enough, Heaven knows: there you have the very atmosphere of Normandy. Its people, its houses, its trees, and its shores are shown, not indeed to advantage, but like a landscape on the rainiest of days; yet the thing shown is the real thing—life itself, life described by one who is at the heart of it, not indicated with imperfect and partial vision from outside. But to understand Maupassant one must have, I think, at least some sympathetic knowledge of France. To the entire stranger he will not be so successful in conveying the "local colour" as a clever American or English tourist would probably prove to be.

In point of fact, what we call "local colour" is mostly exaggeration, the impression of strangeness derived from a first view which tends to disappear with growing familiarity. The best work must always be done in the description of what is fully known both to writer and reader; the appeal of strangeness is only an appeal to curiosity, while the best work proceeds by dwelling on the essential human interests, and delicately indicating slight divergencies from the normal. That is the strength of pure classicism, the art which, as Mr. Pater said, "universalizes"; its appeal is universal and perpetual. The romantic, which depends largely on the unfamiliar, on pictures of Scotch caterans in torchlit caverns and such like, travels too far from the limits of common experience and the writer's own knowledge. Scott is great by his Lowland folk, not his Highlanders, much less by his Quentin Durwards and Ivanhoes, excellent though they are. And just at present there is a vogue in fiction for subjects drawn from the South Seas, the North-West frontier, the back of beyond. There is nothing to be said against a story like Stevenson's "*Beach of Falesà*" or Mr. Conrad's "*Lord Jim*," because they show familiar human nature under an imaginable modification—the white man in contact with a coloured race. The books that we distrust are those that make an elaborate parade of depicting the mind of the native. Irresistible in such a case is the tendency to stress the contrast, to insist that "East is East and West is West," and to point the moral that the two can never meet. With Mr. Conrad we can follow the working of a man's mind under the haunting consciousness that he has disgraced, before an inferior race, his own breed and his own craft of the sea; we can check the account that is rendered us; we can relate the emotions to our own. But the adventures of Mowgli, or of Purun Dass, appeal to another faculty in us. We must accept passively whatever data

are given us; the appeal is to our wonder, not to our intelligence. Mr. Kipling in such stories is describing professedly *ab intra* what we can only judge *ab extra*, and the result has a lesser intellectual value for us than what is described frankly from our own standpoint of partial comprehension—as, for example, the Oriental life and thoughts are described by Kinglake in "*Eothen*."

But there is one use to which the deliberate adoption of an outsider's point of view has often been put, a very delicate literary artifice, used by Goldsmith for example, or in another modification by Swift. The true function of literature is to develop for us the content of our consciousness, to elicit the knowledge which, as Socrates argued, must come from within; and by the trick of making familiar things look strange, writers have achieved the success of a satirist who restores activity to the jaded sense of proportion or sense of decency. The contests of the courtiers in Lilliput for pieces of coloured string or ribbon throw a new illumination on what has always been before our eyes and never been looked at. Now it is looked at for the first time from a new point of view. Such cases are, however, by their nature exceptional; the question which every writer has to put to himself, once he has settled what to describe, is the question: To whom am I describing it? And the answer to that question implies throughout the adoption of a point of view, which is one of the regulating unities of literature.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

MISQUOTATION.

"With just enough of learning to misquote."

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

Quotation is an accomplishment, roughly speaking, of the educated classes, and misquotation might be said to be one of their failings. The illiterate do not quote, at any rate, consciously, and with a full sense of responsibility; though in the use of proverbs they often excel. The definition of a proverb may serve to remind us of the need of accuracy in quotation. Lord John Russell is universally quoted as having defined a proverb as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." What he really said was, "One man's wit and all men's wisdom" (cited by Bartlett, *Familiar Quotations*, p. 861, from *Memoirs of Mackintosh*, vol. II., p. 473). The sense, no doubt, is the same, but it is not accurate to attribute the *mot* in its improved form to the great statesman. If there is a moral in the matter it is that, as there is no duty incumbent on any one to quote, whoever does should do it properly. If George Eliot had ever said, as she is popularly supposed to have said, "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error," we should adapt the observation by putting "quotation" in the place of "prophecy." What she really wrote was, "Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous" (*Middlemarch*, I., 10).

It is naturally the more scholarly who quote the classics, and one hardly looks for slips here. The only instance of habitual misquotation I can think of is "*cacoethes scribendi*," but that has become a mere tag—i.e., used by people who do not pretend to borrow from the original and, perhaps, do not know it. The words should be in the reverse order.

"Tenet insanabile multos

Scribendi cacoethes." (*Juvenal VII.*, 51.)

There are more instances in post-classical Latin, but still they are few; respect for the dead extends to the dead languages. The epitaph over the doorway of Wren's tomb in St. Paul's is sometimes said to be "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*"; it is "*Si monumentum requiris*," &c. Perhaps the most persistent misquotation of any is in Latin. Who, gentle or simple, hesitates to say, "*Tempora mutantur*"? Yet there is no

authority for the phrase, except that of the first person who used it, and he undoubtedly made a mistake and meant to quote the lines—

"Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis;
Illa vices quasdam res habet, illa vices."

In Harbottle's Dictionary of Quotations this is attributed to Lothair I. of Germany (on the authority of Matthias Borbonius, *Deliciae Poetarum Germanorum*, Vol. I., p. 685). The Dictionary translates the lines thus :—

"All things are changed, and with them we, too, change;
Now this way and now that turns fortune's wheel."

Another common miscarriage of foreign words is the hackneyed "Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin." The hero of Molière's play says to himself, "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu" (Act I., Sc. 9).

The Bible is familiar to the people and, therefore, on the whole, is accurately quoted; but, for the same reason, vast numbers use it, and as mistakes are certain to creep in among so many, some are perpetuated. Owing, no doubt, to their frequent application to the individual, the words of Numbers xxxii., 23, are often quoted "be sure thy sin will find thee out"; the pronouns should be in the plural. There is no textual warrant for the aspiration, "Would that mine enemy had written a book!" but Job (xxxii., 35) says, ". . . behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book" (Authorized Version). The forcible phrase "hoping against hope" is, I believe, a faulty reminiscence of the Epistle to the Romans (iv., 18), "Who (sc. Abraham) against hope believed in hope." The most frequent of such Biblical mistakes is probably "The tongue is an unruly member." It looks like an amalgamation of two neighbouring passages in the Epistle of James—viz., "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil," and "so is the tongue among our members." (C. iii., vv. 8 and 6, A.V.). One sentence from the Apocrypha is rarely quoted quite correctly—"He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith" (Ecclesiasticus xiii., 1, A.V.).

There is, perhaps, more excuse for "Magna est veritas et praevaleret" as it is Latin, but it should be "praevaleret" (3 Esdras iv., 41). Among Prayer-book mistakes a universal one is "just cause or impediment" for "cause or just impediment" in the Marriage Service. It is almost incredible, but Lord Londonderry is reported (by the *Westminster Gazette* of September 14, 1899) to have quoted a well-known hymn thus :—

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth did smile
And make me in these blessed days
A happy English child."

Miss Jane Taylor (the authoress of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star") wrote "Christian days" and "Christian child," and the rhyme might have shown that there was something wrong with the second line. It should be "Which on my birth have smiled."

Shakespeare's works, of course, are a storehouse of quotations; only a few of those which suffer for their popularity can be here recorded. The virtuous folk who are conscious of their own innocence in particular instances must take it on trust that others are not so correct; it is believed that in each of the following passages many people habitually make some mistake :—

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

(*Twelfth Night*, v., 1.)

"This is the short and the long of it."

(*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii., 2.)

"I'll make assurance double sure."—(*Macbeth*, iv., 1.)

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"—(*Ibid.*, v., 3.)

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

(*Julius Caesar*, iii., 2.)

"Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man."—(*King Lear*, iii., 4.)

"While you live tell truth and shame the devil."

(*King Henry IV.* I., iii., 1.)

"I could have better spared a better man."—(*Ibid.*, v., 4.)

"The better part of valour is discretion."—(*Ibid.*, v., 4.)

"The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

(*King Henry VI.*, III., ii, 2.)

"I shall not look upon his like again."—(*Hamlet*, i., 2.)

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—(*Ibid.*, i., 5.)

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio."—(*Ibid.*, v., 1.)

Milton generally fares well in the mouth of the quoter, but supplies one bad case. The last words of "Lycidas," if you believe the cheap tripper into literature, are "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." Milton wrote "fresh woods." "Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa" often does duty for "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa" (*Paradise Lost*, i., 302). The order of the first two words is often changed in "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" (*Ibid.*, 330.). Nothing probably can shake the position in the popular mind of the formula, "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." The original, however, is "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war" (Lee, *Alexander the Great*, iv., 2).

Butler's "Hudibras" is more often quoted than read, and the current (per)versions of the following passages, especially of the last, will readily occur :—

"For those that fly may fight again

Which he can never do that's slain."—(III., iii., 243.)

"He that complies against his will

Is of his own opinion still."—(*Ibid.*, 547.)

Few speakers or writers dealing with the subject of corporations hesitate to lighten it, not only by referring to their soullessness, —for which there is authority—but by proceeding to deplore a want of body which prevents them being kicked, for which there is none. This time-honoured jocularity is founded upon the following passage about corporations aggregate :—"They cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls, neither can they appear in person, but by attorney. . . it is not subject to imbecilities, death of the natural body, and divers other cases" (Sir E. Coke's Reports, "The Case of Sutton's Hospital." Part X., 32 b.; Vol. v., p. 303, edition of 1826).

Shakespeare is not the only poet who suffers from small leakage. Here are a few others, and there must be many more in the same plight. One often reads "The day that sees a man a slave takes away half his virtue." I believe this is a corruption of a couplet in Pope's *Odyssey* :—

"Jove fix'd it certain that whatever day

Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."—(xvii., 392.)

And here, perhaps, the village preacher of the *Deserted Village* may be dissociated from an insufferable modern vulgarism which always makes him "passing rich on forty pounds a year" (line 141). Goldsmith, of course, wrote *with*. Similarly, a trifling inaccuracy seems to me to deteriorate a well-known passage of Byron—

"Fare thee well! And if for ever,

Still for ever, fare thee well."

The vulgar "Then, for ever" is certainly no improvement. I should apologize for referring to tea as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" if that was a correct quotation. What Cowper wrote was—

"The cups

That cheer but not inebriate."—(*The Task*, Book IV.)

Lines from Byron's poems which are frequently misquoted are—

"All went merry as a marriage bell."

(*Childe Harold*, III., 21.)

"And whispering 'I will ne'er consent,'—consented."

(*Don Juan*, I., 117.)

"Sweet is revenge—especially to women."—(*Ibid.*, 124.)

Tennyson wrote—

"For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever" [not *roll*].—(*The Brook*.)

and

"Wearing all that weight

Of learning lightly like a flower" [not *bearing*].

(*In Memoriam*, Conclusion.)

A few instances from prose in conclusion. Gibbon seems to be chiefly known to some people as the author of the brilliant epigram, "The virtues of the clergy are even more injurious than their vices." What he actually wrote was "to a philosophic eye, the vices of the clergy are far less dangerous than their virtues," apropos of Pope John XII. (*Decline and Fall*, c. 49). Even Professor Huxley misquoted Gibbon when he wrote "the monks of Oxford sunk in prejudice and port" (*Science and Culture*, p. 27). The passage in the *Memoirs* (Lord Sheffield's Edition, 1796, vol. I., p. 76) is "steeped in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford." The exigencies of life provoke frequent references to the infirmities of others, and the sacred name of Carlyle is conscientiously believed to confer literary sanction on the theory that there are (or were) "thirty millions of people in England—mostly fools." The sentiment could not enjoy greater vogue even if the philosopher had put it in this happy form. He missed it thus: "The practice of modern Parliaments, with reporters sitting among them, and twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, listening to them, fills me with amazement" (*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, 1850. V. *Stump Orator*). It is, perhaps, worth noting that the Canon in "Don Quixote" remarks, "from the consideration of what a great majority of fools there is in the world." Carlyle, however, could hardly have intended to quote Cervantes. But I think there may be genuine misquotations, so to say, of the Spaniard in English. One often hears nowadays of *somebody's* division of Society—the only practical one, we are assured—into the Haves and the Have-nots. This *looks*—I cannot put it higher—like a reminiscence of an immortal observation of Sancho's: "There are but two lineages in the world, as my grandmother used to say, 'the Haves' and 'the Have-nots,' and she stuck to the Haves." (I., c. 46). I have less doubt that the eulogists who exclaim "Blessed be the man who invented sleep! it wraps you round like a cloak," intend to recall Sancho's panegyric, "Blessings light on him who first invented sleep!—it covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak" (II., c. 67). Again, the same work is, I think, laid under contribution to express the impartiality of physical nature, when "the sun of Heaven" is said "to shine on the just and the unjust." This sounds like an echo of Don Quixote's dictum, "He maketh His sun to shine upon the good and the bad and causeth the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust." Of course, the coincidence may be—and the remark is of general application—the result of independent intellectual effort. In prose, as in poetry, a little blemish may cause much literary damage. More than once I have seen or heard a memorable sentence of John Bright's quoted thus:—"The Angel of Death is abroad in the land; you may almost hear the *flapping* of his wings." The orator said "the beating of his wings," but it is singular that "In walking away from the House after the speech was over, Bright confided to a friend that he very nearly said 'the flapping of his wings,' and that had he done so he would have been ruined" (the *Saturday Review*, September 9, 1899, p. 314). According to Hansard, by the way, the passage began "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land" (Feb. 23, 1855).

This may, however, be an instance of the *lapsus lingue* or *calami*, and, if so, it is rather to be compared—for the cheap conversion of a fine passage into nonsense or "bathos"—with the mistake of a public-school boy who, declaiming one of Macaulay's lays on speech-day, made Appius Claudius say—

"Stop him alive or dead,

Ten thousand pounds in coppers to the man that brings his head." It occasionally happens, not only with proverbs, but other popular phrases, that there are two versions both sometimes from the same source. Thus "men of light and leading" has been a favourite formula since Mr. Disraeli used the words in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (*The Times*, March 9, 1880). As far back as June 15, 1846, Mr. Disraeli had used the words "men of great light and leading" in the House of Commons, and, it may be added, Burke had written "The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England" (*French Revolution*, edition of 1852, vol. iv., p. 233). Was Disraeli

quoting himself or Burke, and which of the two is generally quoted by others?

There is a limit even to the variations of proverbs. "It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" seems to be nothing but a translation of Napoleon's "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas" (*teste* Bartlett, *Familiar Quotations*, edition 9, p. 431). If so, the order of the words is misquoted. In "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," the fowl, so far as I can discover, is wasted (attributed *ibid.*, p. 13, to Heywood).

There is a minor or negative form of the peccadillo. The quotation may be verbally correct, but the omission of the preceding or succeeding words of the context alone secures it from being inapt or incongruous with the subject to which it is applied. This is not of much importance in such instances as

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still."

(*The Task*, ii., 206.)

or

"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn."

(Coleridge, *The Ancient Mariner*.)

But I feel sure that some of the gallants who boastfully observe

"My only books
Were woman's looks,"

are unaware that the poet adds

"And folly's all they've taught me."

(Moore, *The Time I've Lost in Wooing*.)

Glancing back it will perhaps appear that on the whole we are fairly accurate in our quotations, and that we prefer to draw them from poetry rather than prose. It is quite possible that in some of the examples given above I have labelled the British public by attributing to it habitual deviation from the truth due only to the misfortunes of my own reading or the obliquities of my literary memory; at any rate, there must be many other examples of chronic inaccuracy. At least I hope that in dealing with a particular class of error I have not myself fallen into it.

HERMAN COHEN.

ROUSSEAU IN EXILE.

[By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.]

It is a matter of common knowledge that Rousseau, at a time when he was the most fashionable writer of the period, fled from Paris to avoid arrest on the charge of publishing books "equally opposed to sound faith and good morals," and found a haven at Môtiers in the Val de Travers—the valley into which the Rocher de la Clusette is now expected to fall—where Frederick the Great protected him, and a lady who admired his genius lent him a furnished house. Some of the details of his sojourn in that remote village of the Jura are also tolerably familiar. Every one knows, for instance, that he rambled about the hills in the flowing robes of an Armenian, that he used to sit at the door of his chalet making boot-laces, and that he ultimately fled because he had made the place too hot to hold him. On the whole, however, the story told in the "Confessions" is inadequate and misleading. For the true picture we have to go to other sources. It is not at all the picture of a hunted and miserable man, but of a self-conscious seer, thoroughly well aware that the eyes of Europe were upon him, and exceedingly pleased with his importance. Though he was poor, he was made welcome in the best society. Sentimental pilgrims—James Boswell among them—went to see him in the same reverent spirit in which religious pilgrims went to see the Pope. In the "Confessions" he tells us that he regarded them as an intolerable nuisance; but we know from his correspondence that he did not. In the former work, for instance, he tells us that a certain M. d'Ivernois "had the audacity" to spend some days with him at Goumains, and that he "tried to drive him away" by making it clear that he was bored. It appears from the letters that he actually invited M. d'Ivernois to Goumains, saying, "I await with anxiety the

pleasure of embracing you. It would be one good thing the more in my life if I could enjoy that pleasure more frequently."

It was, however, not only by visitors but also by correspondents that homage was paid to the illustrious Pope of Sentimentalism. He received immense numbers of letters, took them all in in spite of the fact that he had to pay the postage, and spent most of his time in answering them. Many of his replies are preserved in the MS. department of the Neuchâtel Library. They remind one of those "Answers to Correspondents" which are a feature of certain weekly newspapers. A Swiss writer, who has examined them, sums up their contents as follows:—

A very young man who has just married consults him as to the duties of a husband and a father; an abbé of noble family and inclinations towards scepticism does not know how to reconcile his family pride, his doubts, and his career, and appeals to Rousseau to extricate him from his embarrassment. An officer whom Jean Jacques' books have disgusted with the trade of war wishes to turn author, and asks for an opinion on his pastoral poems. A husband begs him to explain to his wife, who loves him too much for his peace of mind, that she must resign herself to a separation necessitated by the claims of his business. A prodigal son demands his good offices in obtaining his father's forgiveness; a dancing-master reproaches him for having spoken too lightly of this serious art.

And so forth; letter writing and walking tours taking up most of the time during which Jean Jacques is popularly supposed to have been a miserable and persecuted man.

This serene life, however, was to end in turbulence and tribulation—for reasons which are still, to a certain extent, wrapped in mystery. The usual theory is that M. Montmollin, pastor of Môtiers, taking offence because he was not invited to become a shareholder in a company projected for the purpose of publishing a uniform revised edition of the philosopher's works, resolved to avenge himself by preaching the philosopher out of the parish, and with that idea delivered a course of sermons which induced his parishioners to break the philosopher's windows. It is at any rate established that Rousseau was denounced from the pulpit, and that his windows were subsequently broken. *Post hoc propter hoc* sounds plausible enough in such a case; but there is an alternative version of the final episode, resting on the authority of an "oldest inhabitant," which represents the window-breaking as a piece of comedy arranged, for purposes of her own, by the philosopher's mistress, Thérèse. Thérèse, we are told, was bored at Môtiers; she thought it was time to move somewhere else; she could not influence her philosopher by argument, so she decided to bring stronger pressure to bear; she felt sure he would go if his windows were broken, so she persuaded the small children of the village to break them. This is how the oldest inhabitant related the incident to Pastor Gaberel, somewhere about the year 1830:—

Ah! we were naughty children to tease the good M. Rousseau. He was said to be a little cracked; he always had the idea that his enemies were after him, and the boys and girls used to frighten him by hiding behind the trees and calling out to him, "Be careful, M. Rousseau, they're coming to take you to-morrow!" . . . As for the affair of the stones, it was Thérèse who made us carry them up into the gallery in our aprons, and it was we who threw two or three stones at the windows. How we laughed the next day when we saw the magistrate measuring the big stones in the gallery, under the belief that the windows had been broken by them—as if stones the size of your fist could pass through holes the size of walnuts. And M. Rousseau looked so scared that we nearly died with laughing.

The story is not conspicuous for its probability; but none of the stories between which one has to choose are very probable. What is quite certain is that the attitude of the philosopher towards the annoyances inflicted upon him was by no means characterized by philosophic calm. On the contrary,

among his unpublished writings are included certain jottings on odd scraps of paper in which he expressed the emotions which they caused him in language that was not only unphilosophical but even undignified. "Send along your idiotic priests with their excommunication," he wrote; "I'll undertake to ram it down their throats and stop their cackle for a long time." And he wrote a good deal more to the same effect, though the utterance quoted suffices as an example.

THE DRAMA.

"THE BENNETS."

A few afternoons ago the Court Theatre was the scene of an experiment which I for one trust never to see repeated. Under the title of *The Bennets* a patchwork of dialogues from "Pride and Prejudice," made by Miss Rosina Filippi, was presented by a "scratch" company of players mainly recruited from the Benson troupe; and although the miscellaneous audience gave signs of being amused—a miscellaneous audience is capable, like Voltaire's Habakkuk, *de tout*—all faithful lovers of Jane Austen were, I feel sure, acutely distressed. I can speak, at any rate, for myself. But before entering into the details of this particular experiment, it may be worth while to make some general observations. . . . There is an anecdote of Mrs. Clive standing at the wings to watch Garrick playing, and exclaiming "D—n him!" (Kitty, I am afraid, did say "D—n him!") "He could act a gridiron." Now there is a very considerable body of people in this world who cannot see a gridiron without immediately yearning to act it. (If any one here chooses to echo Kitty's expletive I shall not protest.) They form the tribe of the stage-struck, a tribe which includes audience as well as performers, not only the people who want to act everything, but the people who want to see everything acted. The Cosmos exists for them only in so far as it can be dramatized. The quiet, cloistered arts of the studio, the library, and the music-room are naught for them; reflective and imaginative meditation is naught; they must get their sensations through the eye and the ear; everything must be expressed in external action by flesh-and-blood people; faces (duly painted) must be seen, voices (duly raised) must be heard, and there must be real coats, scarves, wigs, hats, and umbrellas. It was for these people that the music-halls, a few years ago, produced their "living pictures." It was for these people that last season a young lady from the United States danced some of the Preludes of Chopin. It is for the country-cousins of these people that games of chess with "living pieces" are played on vicarage lawns. Extraordinary race of beings! They seem to be congenitally incapable of believing in anything, enjoying anything, unless they are sitting, wedged in a crowd of their fellows, watching actual men and women doing something! If they could, they would dramatize the money article in *The Times* and act the stocks and shares.

It is for these people that novels are dramatized. Speaking generally, one may say that a dramatized novel is necessarily a mistake. The exception is in the case of the dramatic novel—that is to say, the novel which is only a novel in name, but which is really conceived as drama. A true novel is one which creates effect not attainable through any other medium than the novel. The various artistic media—the sculptor's block, the painter's canvas, the musician's score, the printed page—have their appropriate subjects, and you cannot transfer any subject from one medium to another at will. If you want to get the greenness of the apple expressed in art you must go to the painter and not to the musician. That is an obvious, elementary case. There are less obvious cases. Literary effects can to some extent (to a very slight extent, I should say, but opinions differ) be obtained from "programme music." As Lessing will show you, the same subject can be treated both by Virgil and by the sculptor of the Laocöon—though treated of necessity with a difference. Some effects of painting can be obtained—by a miracle—in literature. This, for instance, was what Gautier (a writer who was a painter spoiled) was perpetually aiming at.

"Laisse-moi," he says to Titian, "tremper ma phrase dans l'or de tes glacis ambrés"—

Laisse-moi faire, ô grand vieillard,
Changeant mon luth pour ta palette,
Une transposition d'art.

But these "transpositions of art" very rarely "come off." In general, the lute cannot do the work of the palette. Of course the novel is much nearer to the drama than the lute is to the palette, and that is why this particular "transposition of art" is so often attempted. (I leave out the—very powerful—commercial reasons; we are talking of art.) To a mind which has not perceived the essential difference of artistic media, it seems quite a natural thing to turn a novel into a play. You have only to call your players by the names of the characters, dress them in the clothes of the period, share out the dialogue among them, suppress the descriptive passages, turn the reflections into soliloquies or "asides"—and there you are! But there, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, you are not. For in the process of transposition you will almost inevitably have sacrificed the "atmosphere," the harmony and unity, of the whole work, and you will have altered, in the painter's phrase, all the "values." This is really at the bottom of Charles Lamb's objection to the acting of Shakespeare's tragedies. Consider his remarks on the blackamoor Othello. Desdemona "sees Othello's colour in his mind. But upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor, unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen Othello played whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing did not overweigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading. And the reason it should do so is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives—all that which is unseen—to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices. What we see upon a stage is body and bodily actions; what we are conscious of in reading is almost exclusively the mind and its movements." This, I admit, was pushing the argument too far. Lamb was considering Shakespeare's tragedies as novels, whereas they were plays, and conceived as plays. But against the dramatized novel his objection would hold firm. There we do lose "the beautiful compromise which we make in reading."

And now for Jane Austen on the stage. If the dramatized novel in general is a mistake, the dramatized novel of Jane Austen in particular is a ghastly crime—and will be, until we realize that impossible dream of Maeterlinck's, the "Static Theatre." She has no sudden, concentrated effects. The gradual changes in her characters steal on us imperceptibly. Hers is the patient, minutely laborious art of the miniaturist. The reflections of her people are generally more important than their utterances. All the advantage that the stage has over print is the advantage of vividness, the instant shock of reality. But these are just the qualities that the cool, grey, shy art of Jane Austen refrains from seeking. "Mr. Darcy sat down for a few moments, and then getting up, walked about the room. Elizabeth was surprised, but said not a word. After a silence of several minutes, he came towards her in an agitated manner, and thus began:—'In vain have I struggled. It will not do. My feelings will not be repressed. You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you.'" (Ch. xxxiv.). Well, put this on the stage and I can see an actor in a blue coat and silk breeches sitting down and getting up; I can see the surprised expression of a lady who in the programme is called Elizabeth. But what have I gained thereby? And Ch. xxxv., which consists wholly of Elizabeth's subsequent reflections, you cannot put on the stage at all. But Ch. xxxvi. is just as necessary to my enjoyment as Ch. xxxiv. Further, my own private pleasure in the book is marred by associations with the real and contemporary. I have, like all readers, my own ideas of Darcy and Elizabeth; I have lived with them for years, and return to them year by

year. Henceforth I shall always be bothered by recollections of Mr. So-and-So at the Court Theatre, representing Mr. Darcy as though he were Mr. Martin Harvey, and of Miss Thingamy, whose Elizabeth is not a patch upon the Elizabeth of my dreams. Again, the weaknesses of the book—e.g., the unreal elopement of Lydia and Wickham, a subject impossible to be studied *sur le vif* by a respectable maiden lady, and the entirely pasteboard character of Wickham himself—weaknesses which in the book are smoothed over by "the beautiful compromise" of reading—on the stage stand forth exposed and shivering. By the glare of the footlights I see holes all over Wickham, and the sawdust escaping from Lydia. This is too bad. I shall never again be able to read "Pride and Prejudice" with the old pleasure. And all because of the mania for acting gridirons!

A. B. WALKLEY.

THE PASTON LETTERS.

It has long been felt that a new edition of THE PASTON LETTERS was desirable, and at length we have it. Since the book was first published by Mr. Gairdner, the originals of nearly all the letters, many of which were long lost sight of, have been discovered, and a certain number of new ones not known before have turned up in other collections. It is now possible for the first time to make a complete collation of the printed text with the MS., and to arrange the whole correspondence in its proper order. Mr. Gairdner, in the new edition in four volumes now published by Messrs. Constable, has not done this. He has reprinted the text from the stereotype plates of his earlier edition, with a few corrections; and the new matter he has arranged in a supplement. The omissions which Fenn made have not been supplied. To do all this would be a task of much labour and expense, and we cannot think hardly of Mr. Gairdner for not doing it; he has deserved well of his public, and his years and occupations left him no choice between what he has done and nothing. Yet we cannot but feel disappointed that no "younger and less occupied man" could be found among his colleagues in the Record Office to edit the Paston Letters once and for all. Fenn as an editor was extraordinarily careful, as Mr. Gairdner shows by a literal collation of No. 364 and by the evidence of other letters; but it is true that the knowledge of handwriting has progressed since Fenn's day, and we can never feel sure that he has not omitted something of real interest. It is awkward, moreover, to turn from one volume to another in search of letters which belong to the same period.

Here, however, our criticism stops. The new edition, or the introductory volume at least, will be indispensable to students. The preface and the historical introduction includes and replaces the separate introductions to the three earlier volumes; parts of them have been re-written, and the story is now told as a whole with the necessary corrections (e.g., p. lxxxi.). It is now printed in a fair legible type, in place of the minute type of the first issue. We wish to add, that it is one of the most interesting of historical essays, written in a graceful and telling style, and perfectly clear. No one can read it without a new understanding how the Wars of the Roses came about. There are more than a hundred new letters, never before printed in full, although an abstract has been published of some of them. If these do not contain historical matter of such interest as those of the earlier volumes, they do still throw light on the political and social history of the times. We have, for example, a description of the funeral of Lady Katherine Howard; Sir John Howard's gifts to his wife, a very interesting list; allusions to customs such as the taking up of earth in token that a man took possession of his inheritance, a practice which reminds us of the Roman *mancipium*; and a good deal more which elucidates the fortunes of the Pastons and their relation to Sir John Fastolf. It would be only fair, we think, that the volume with introduction and supplement should be issued alone to purchasers of the earlier edition. The rest of the world are not likely to let the Paston Letters remain on the publisher's hands.

Reviews.

EAST LONDON.

East London !—it is a name significant enough. Yet it is one which, save as a topographical area, has gained its meaning almost entirely in our own generation. To-day it is full of associations ; it suggests housing problems, mean streets, fashionable philanthropy, unfashionable Salvationism, University settlements, Whitechapel murders, water famines, and a host of miscellaneous ideas which cleave to the word and endow it with a new and distinctive meaning just as the exhalations of its own chimneys have settled on the dome of St. Paul's and given it a character unique among the churches of the world. To the minds of earlier writers, even of those who saw in the metropolis much more than a city of business or of fashion, the name conveyed little to strike the imagination. East London did not mean much to Lamb or even to Dickens. But in the last thirty years it has grown to be a great city of two million souls ; its fame has reached us, explorers have discovered it, some, like Sir Walter Besant, the author of *EAST LONDON* (Chatto and Windus, 18s.), have travelled from end to end of it ; missionaries have gone there to civilize the people, supported by almost as much sympathy as attends their efforts in Africa and Polynesia ; permanent colonists have even settled there and made a home. For, after all, to thousands—nay, millions—of Londoners East London is a foreign country, and they are only just beginning to realize what an extraordinary place it is. There is no district of equal area in the world like it. It has many positive characteristics which are remarkable, but they are not so remarkable as its negative ones ; and if any one wants to know what East London is not, he had better read the first chapter in Sir Walter Besant's book called "What East London is." We have spoken of it as an entity distinct in itself ; so it is to the imagination, but in no other respect. It is not a city, it is only a vast congeries of human beings ; it has no centre, no unity, no organization, no public buildings of its own, no corporate government. It has no cathedral, no college or university. There is no fashionable quarter ; there are no hotels. No soldiers are quartered in East London, no private carriages or



A TYPICAL STREET IN BETHNAL GREEN.
(From "East London," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

gentlefolk are to be met with in the streets. It is a city, not of slums, but of unvarying meanness and dead monotony. And as for its intellectual life, let us hear what Sir Walter Besant reports :—

There are no newspapers, but then their newspapers are published in Fleet Street, only two or three miles away. But their books—where do they get their books ? There are no bookshops. Here is a city of two millions of people, and not a single bookseller's shop. True there are one or two second-

hand bookshops ; there are also a few shops which display, among other goods, a shelf or two of books, mostly of the goody kind—the girls' Sunday School prize and the like. But not a single place in which the new books of the day, the better literature, the books of which the world is talking, are displayed and offered for sale. I do not think that publishers' travellers ever think it necessary to visit East London at all. Considering the population, I submit that this is a very remarkable omission, and one that can be observed in no other city in the world a tenth part so thickly populated.

Such is the district to the consideration of which Sir Walter Besant, who has already dealt with "London," "Westminster," and "South London," now addresses himself. He showed in those books that he is steeped in London lore ; but in East London it is the present, not the past, that provides food for



THE OLD CHURCH, STOKE NEWINGTON.
(From "East London," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

thought. There are curious memories of old suburban times which a student may still recover—the Puritan and Evangelical memories of Stoke Newington, for example, where Fleetwood-street recalls the name of Cromwell's son-in-law, and where Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe, Mrs. Barbauld, and Thomas Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," created a tradition of staid nonconformity, which was, in 1805, rudely broken by the birth in Church-street, Stoke Newington, of Benjamin Disraeli. Sir Walter's purpose, however, is not antiquarian, and his account of the relics of the past does not pretend, we fancy, to be exhaustive. The merits of his new volume are of a quite different order from those of his previous ones. His object is to present a careful and complete picture of East London life, its sorrows and its joys, its evils and their remedies. For this his style is well suited ; if it errs at all, it errs on the side of an exaggerated lucidity. He reminds one of the criticism passed on Macaulay—viz., that he would never say "Mr. and Mrs. Smith drove to Brighton in a postchaise" ; but "Mr. Smith drove to Brighton in a postchaise ; Mrs. Smith drove to Brighton in a postchaise." Possibly the reader may tire here and there of the effusive kindliness with which Sir Walter takes him in hand in the manner of a popular lecturer before an audience which can only understand simple sentences. But in the general treatment of the subject there is probably no writer who could have done so well. It is the picture of an observer, not of a physician or a reformer ; it is conceived in the broad spirit of a man whose business it is simply to record what he sees. He does not always dive very deeply ; on the subject of the East London Jews, for example, and the way in which their amalgamation with the English population is affected by their race feeling on the one hand and their religion on the other, there is much more to be said than is to be found in the six or seven pages devoted to them. But it is not his business to discuss problems, only to state them ; and it is noticeable that he deliberately refrains from making any

rhetorical appeal for sympathy and from painting any highly coloured scenes of distress. He writes, indeed, rather in the manner of a genial man of the world who accepts facts but refuses to be tempted by them from a healthy optimism. He sees, indeed, in this great drab city of the poor

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
but his vision also takes a wider sweep. The life of Liz, the respectable factory girl, as traced by the hand of a practised storyteller, is seen to be one limited enough, but happy by reason of its limitations. For all its mean streets, its Hooligans, its houseless and starving outcasts, "there is no city," Sir Walter Besant asserts, "more cheerful and more addicted to enjoyment than East London." He has nothing to say for those who criticize the influence of the Board school. Foreign immigration, he thinks, will be checked by the advance made by industrial Germany. As for Hooliganism, it is mainly due to the abuse of liberty, and "it will probably disappear before long." It springs from the life of the streets, the only place where the hobbledehoy can get his amusements for nothing—and fighting is one of them. Another favourite amusement is acting.

"I have seen" writes the visitor to Ratcliff and Shadwell, "with my own eyes, boys and girls, quite young boys and girls, reeling about drunk—actually drunk, hopelessly drunk—the girls, poor creatures, worse than the boys." I spoke to one. She was no more than thirteen or so—a pretty child, but helplessly intoxicated. When I spoke to her she tried to reply, but became inarticulate; she gasped, she laughed—the awful laugh of a drunkard! She made a gesture of helplessness, she fell sideways on the pavement, and would not rise. Her companions, as far gone as herself, only laughed. A sad sight, truly, in a civilized country!"

A very sad sight indeed! This observer, however, did not understand that the personation of drunken people is one of the favourite amusements of the boys and girls in the evening streets. They have every day opportunities of studying their subject. A life school exists in every street, and is thrown open every night, and the fidelity with which every stage of drunkenness is represented by these young actors would be remarkable even on the boards of Drury Lane.

Sir Walter's spectacles, in fact, are rose-coloured. He finds in East London an "amount of philanthropic endeavour which it would be impossible to equal elsewhere." There is much indeed, but there might be much more; and the statement leaves it a little doubtful whether the comparison includes Continental cities. If so, it would certainly not stand. But the chapter on "The Helping Hand" gives an admirable account of the agencies at work, among which Sir Walter waxes enthusiastic, and rightly so, over the "Settlements" and over the Salvation Army. The whole chapter is a graphic and comprehensive sketch of all the activities for good in the East-end.

The illustrations to this book, which, in accordance with a growing fashion, are by more than one artist, add enormously to its attraction. Mr. Pennell has seldom done better work than in these wonderful little drawings of London scenes, so artistically conceived, so replete with facts, so suggestive of space and atmosphere, so interpretative of character. The studies of life by Mr. Phil May need no praise, for that artist always maintains his high level; but—and this by itself would interest the art critic in this book—they reveal his essential limitations when they stand side by side with drawings by Mr. Raven Hill, an artist who, at his best, shows far greater gifts of insight and sympathy. The book, as a whole, raises the "East London problem" out of the region of dry statistics on the one hand, and of uninstructed or partisan sentiment on the other, and does far more than has as yet been attempted in the way of interesting Londoners in the metropolis as a whole. The public of London should certainly be grateful to Sir Walter Besant for having undertaken the difficult task of explaining to them the vast city in which they live, and for the wide knowledge, the persevering labour, and the sane and sympathetic judgment with which he is accomplishing it.

SOME ANTHOLOGIES.

Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam exhibit the same taste and judgment in their new anthology, *THE FLOWERS OF THE CAVE* (Blackwood, 5s.), that they showed in their selection of "Prayers from the Poets." The cave is "the cave of Machpelah before Mamre," where Abraham buried Sarah, and all the pieces in the volume are in some way related to the idea of Death. In a few cases the connexion is somewhat far to seek. "The Ode on Intimations of Immortality," which touches the mystery of birth rather than the mystery of death, "All the World's a Stage," and "Swiftly Walk over the Western Wave" are not primarily "flowers of the cave."

A small portion of the book is taken up by some well-chosen selections from the Old Testament and the Classics, as well as from the French, and there are one or two translations from Dante. But the bulk of the volume is devoted to English verse and prose. It says much for the national genius that the effect is not at all a gloomy one. As a rule it is the life beyond the grave and not the grave itself that fills the poet's mind—

If a star were confined in a tomb

Her captive flames must needs burn there,

But when the hand that locked her up gives room

She'll shine through all the sphere.

We are, indeed, given two splendid examples, from two utterly different writers, in which the fear of death is the dominant note—the terror-stricken words of Claudio in *Measure for Measure*, and Carlyle's description of the death of "Louis le bien aimé." Then there is the sadness that so often characterizes the treatment of death by Keats and Tennyson, and the grimness of Montaigne's curious method of preparing the mind for the end—"Neither is there anything of which I am so inquisitive and delight to inform myself, as the manner of men's deaths, their words, looks, and gestures." But Death, the companion of Montaigne, or the "Arch Fear" of Browning's "Prospice," is to Jeremy Taylor "a haven," an "act of Mercy," to Young "the crown of life," to Pope "the great teacher," to Blake a better state, to Emerson the "beautiful necessity," to Shakespeare "the necessary end," to Wordsworth a victory, and to Thackeray the roll call at the gate of eternity. Walt Whitman sings Death a "Chant of Welcome," and Donne treats him with magnificent scorn:—"Death thou shalt die," or, again, "Why swell'st thou then?"

But more popular with most Elizabethans is the philosophical disdain for life. In spite of the exuberant life of the Renaissance the poet never tired of emphasizing the vanity of things. Their glitter only made him feel more keenly how perishable they were:—

Say to the court, it glows

And shines like rotten wood,

cries Raleigh; and Ford, Webster, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare sometimes, and Shirley re-echo the sentiment

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Spenser's stanzas on "Mutability" are in the same strain. As a contrast to this prevailing note, the last speech of Faustus, with its frantic clinging to life, might have been included. Very little, if any, purely descriptive verse is here quoted, the editors apparently confining themselves to reflections on Death. Otherwise Milton's descriptions of the first murder and of the lazar-house would probably be here. This may also partially account for the omission of Chaucer in an anthology which goes back as far as Dunbar. Nevertheless "The Good Counsel" of Chaucer or some selection from the Pardoner's Tale would have added interest to the anthology. And Theseus' requiem speech after the death of Arcite in the Knight's Tale ranks high among classic passages on Death. But the editors warn us that they

have not repeated any poem included in their "Prayers from the Poets," and we have not this volume by us. The introduction of prose adds to the impossibility of making the selection complete. It is, however, representative of the best literature on the subject of which it treats, and is admirable for its variety and the interest of the central idea.

The old Scotch poet had a fine scorn for the proprieties. His theory of art and morals was up to the most exacting Bohemian standard, and, unfortunately for his editors, he is often most improper where he is most poetical. To put him into an anthology, such as Mr. T. E. Henderson's *LITTLE BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE* (1s. 6d. n.) in Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," we must catch him with the twinkle in his eye before the smile grows too broad. It is no longer necessary to name the century in which Dunbar flourished. Thanks to anthologies he is now so far popular that everybody must admire him, if few people read him. Mr. Henderson gives us a good dose of Dunbar, of Henryson, the great Scottish fabulist, and of Alexander Scott, whose witty love poetry the editor compares to Surrey's. "Anon" plays a large part—a greater one, we are glad to say, than Gavain Douglas or Sir David Lyndsay. Then comes a great blank, not in Mr. Henderson's pages, but in Scottish poetry. The Reformation ushered in to the sound of the English Madrigals silenced the bagpipe. Alexander Montgomerie sang a little to himself, but the Scotch poetry to which others will listen may be roughly divided into that of the old "makaris" and of the School of Burns. What there is, however, is a feast of song, all the more delightful for being so different to our own. There is an enchanting lack of civilization about it. The Scottish poet does not mistake a shepherdess for a nymph, and he prefers a homely kettle to a storied urn. He is the best of friends and the most readable of enemies. He has not much high seriousness in his constitution, but he swears divinely—

Begone, you hallanshaker !
Jog on your gate, you bletherskyte !
My name is Maggie Lauder—

Though a poet he is always a man "for a' that and a' that."

A more familiar path—worn by the feet of many anthologists—is trodden by the anonymous editor of *A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH LYRICS* (from Surrey to Poe) in the same series. But the editor is not more conventional in his selections than he must needs be. He is evidently acquainted with some of the bypaths, and has visited the fields watched by old Thomas Dowland and the Passionate Pilgrim. He even gives Colley Cibber a helping hand. Pope may have turned in his grave, but the verses are harmless enough. Then there are eight poems by Thomas Campion, and Drummond's translations from Marino and Sonazzaro. We doubt if the ode by Cowley and Wordsworth's "Ruth" can be called lyrics.

THE TROUBADOUR (Cassell, 1s. 6d.), Mr. Philip Gibbs' anthology, is—to use the polite phrase of Cardinal Wolsey—a frost. We open an anthology called "The Troubadour" hoping to find some well-chosen selections from the old trouvères, with an erudite introduction. Had we done so, we might no doubt have been profoundly bored, but Mr. Gibbs would have deserved our applause. Instead of this we are presented with a selection of English verse, so admirable that the average schoolboy knows a good deal of it by heart. And this is Mr. Gibbs' pretty idea—

As the troubadour of old went from castle to manor, from farmhouse to cottage, so it is hoped this book will find its way from home to home, from school to school, into playroom and study.

Then the book is divided up into several moods. Now "The Troubadour" is "In Fancy's Realm," and now he is "The Devout Singer." Anon he holds up "Nature's Mirror," wherefrom "shines out the glorious wisdom of Shakespeare" (sic). Then "'The Troubadour' has light moments." "Even poets," we are assured, "are playful sometimes." Lastly, "'The Troubadour' tunes his lyre for the little ones." This is all vastly entertaining on the part of "The Troubadour," but

surely hardly in character. Had the old troubadour ventured such a variety entertainment, he would, we fear, have passed more swiftly than he expected "from castle to manor, from farmhouse to cottage." His patrons liked to know what they were going to hear next; and he seems to have avoided exciting them by too great originality. Nor are we sure as to the peaceful nature of the new troubadour's transit "from home to home, from school to school, into playroom and study."

It would be difficult to find better proof of how far an Englishman's appreciation of French poetry differs from a Frenchman's than in Dean Carrington's *ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH POETRY* (Frowde, 2s. 6d.). The great classical seventeenth century poets are dismissed in three pages; Racine is not mentioned. What remains—some 300 pages—is a very choice selection of lyrical, as opposed to dramatic, poetry; and this shows, once more, how misleading is the current notion, supported by the French Conservative critics with M. Brunetière at their head, that the essence of French literature is comprised within the reign of Louis XIV. The translations are careful and true to the metre of the originals. The rendering of some of Ronsard's sonnets is a veritable *tour de force*. The disadvantage of "Anthologies" in general is not to include the reader's favourite poet or verses. While Vacquerie and Mülfger, two very indifferent versifiers, have the honour of a translation or two, Leconte de Lisle is left out! Ronsard's sonnet "Sur la Mort d'une Jeune Fille" is daintily pathetic enough to be read next to those that are translated here. Pontus de Tyard and Maurice Buchor, of course, are misprints.

BOOKS ON TOPOGRAPHY.

Records of Bristol.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK OF BRISTOL (Sotheran, 2 vols.), as edited by Mr. Francis B. Bickley, of the British Museum, for the Bristol City Council, becomes a very big and luxurious red book. It is printed on hand-made paper with rough edges and generous margins, and contains some good reproductions of the Charters and other documents. Bristol is rich in early records, to a great extent because they were copied into the "Little Red Book"—and the importance of its contents as material for the history of mediæval municipalities cannot well be overrated. The Corporation has taken a public-spirited course in printing them in this handsome manner at its own expense. Under the system adopted by Mr. Bickley every entry in the "Little Red Book" is dealt with, either by printing the Latin or French original with a translation, by giving an abstract, or by referring the reader to already printed sources. The entries range from 1344 to 1574, and the book owes its existence to William de Colford, once Recorder of the City, who thereby gained the gratitude of historians of Early English town-life. The volume contains practically nothing about the relations of Bristol with foreign countries, despite the trade which the town exchanged with the Continent; its interest is confined almost entirely to the corporate life of the town itself, which was made a county as long ago as 1373, and its relations to its numerous trade guilds. Every student of such matters will be attracted by the list of Ordinances of the Common Council, some of which, notwithstanding their origin in the fourteenth century or earlier, have a very modern flavour. Adulteration, stray dogs, the *status* of strangers, even sanitary matters all come under consideration. Irishmen could not serve upon the Common Council, nor would the craft of Hoopers permit of their employment—an early version of the once familiar "No Irish need apply." Of trade Guilds seventeen are here enumerated, although we know there were at one time at least half as many again. At Bristol, as, somewhat later, in other towns, both masters and men became very early in the fifteenth century impatient of the burden of the Guilds, and a good deal less inclined to contribute to the cost of the processions and pageants which the English are supposed, not

always with good warrant, to have cherished passionately at that date. Mr. Bickley draws attention to a treatise entitled "Lex Mercatoria" which, he thinks, may be imputed, as he has been unable to find any printed trace of it. This is the more remarkable since it is of obvious value and importance; it is here set out in full, although it does not directly affect Bristol. Beautifully printed and excellently edited these portly volumes are a very valuable contribution to local history.

Alfred's Abbeys.

The coming millenary of the founder of the British monarchy will, no doubt, produce a good deal of literature, and we have an early example in *ALFRED THE GREAT: HIS ABBEYS OF HYDE, ATHELNEY, AND SHAFTESBURY*, by J. Charles Wall (Elliot Stock, 5s.). It is a capital little book, attractive alike to those who are interested in Alfred and to students of our old monastic institutions. All three houses were founded by the great King, but the nunnery of Shaftesbury was the only one that achieved success. The "New Minster" of Winchester, known after it was removed to a fresh site beyond the city walls, as Hyde Abbey, famous though it became, was the constant seat of strife and dissension. Athelney was poverty-stricken from the beginning and at the Dissolution was hopelessly in debt. Shaftesbury, on the other hand, grew so great and powerful that Fuller recalls an old saying that "if the Abbess of St. Edward's might wed the Abbot of Glastonbury their heir would have more land than the King of England." Mr. Wall's little book gives a full and exceedingly interesting account of the three foundations, all of which perished out of the land at the Dissolution with such rapidity that they might have been swallowed by an earthquake. Within twelve months of the surrender of Hyde to the King nothing was left of it but a few stones, the tomb of Alfred himself being destroyed ruthlessly. The volume is accurate enough throughout, but Mr. Wall's account of the relations of William I. to the New Minster is contradicted by the result of Mr. J. H. Round's researches, as detailed by him in the first volume of the *Victorian County History of Hampshire*. It was at Hyde that the relics of the immortal St. Valentine were enshrined. The later history of this great Abbey, which so entirely failed to fulfil the intentions of its founder, is a miserable record of venality and intrigue. The original monastic church of Athelney was remarkable for its curious ground plan, which resembled a quatrefoil with the altar in the chord of one apse. The place had an inglorious career, and the marshy site, added to the worries of chronic bankruptcy, killed off many of the Abbots. Now not a vestige of it remains, the whole of the site being under tillage. Shaftesbury, which had a very different history, has vanished almost as completely. The book is very fairly illustrated, some of the embellishments being reproductions of the manuscripts which are the chief memories left to us of the Abbey of the New Minster. We suppose it is hopeless to protest against the fashion here adopted of writing the letter "S." instead of "St." before the name of a saint. To the average carnal man "S. Valentine" suggests the omission of "Esq." at the end.

St. John's, Cambridge.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, by James Bass Mullinger (Robinson, 5s.), is a correct, colourless College history—the sort of book that a Don writes when he has before his eyes the fear of some other Don, cleverer than himself, going through his work as if it were a Latin prose, and making sarcastic remarks in the margin. There are plenty of unemotional statements of facts, ascertained, no doubt, with difficulty; but it cannot be said that eminent Johnians live again in Mr. Bass Mullinger's pages. We cannot expect him, of course, to print other people's jokes at their expense; we do not complain of the omission of the story of Isaac Todhunter and the Bottle of Sherry (or was it a Quart of Cider?) But there must be other good stories of other eminent Johnians that might have been told—the story, for instance, of how that dark horse, Parkinson of John's, beat the favourite, Thompson of Trinity (Lord Kelvin), in the Tripos. In fact the only eminent Johnian about whom Mr. Bass Mullinger

enlarges with really expansive sympathy is Bishop Colenso. So hot was the hostility against the Bishop that the Master implored him not to attend the opening of the New Chapel, to which he had subscribed £25; and when the Chapel was opened, the Bishop of Lichfield denounced him. "I suppose," Colenso wrote to his son, then entering St. John's as an undergraduate, "that either Mr. Reyner or Bishop Browne, or Bishop Ellicott, or others of the same class, had expressed their determination not to attend if I did, or that they dreaded some scene at the Holy Communion. If Mr. Reyner helped to administer, probably he would have openly refused it to me." After this it is satisfactory to learn that, though Colenso was preached at in chapel in the morning, his health was drunk in hall at night.

TEIGNMOUTH: ITS HISTORY AND SURROUNDINGS (The Homeland Association, 5s. n.), by Beatrix F. Cresswell, will be useful to visitors at this popular seaside resort. The chief attractions of the place lie in leaving it—to fish in the river Teign, to cross the river to Haccombe, Shaldon, or Stoke, with their interesting churches, or to play cricket at Teignbridge. The authoress does not mention the Teignbridge Cricket Club, which not only rivals the M.C.C. itself in age, but also keeps up some very curious old customs. Teignmouth itself is not interesting as a town, the only relics of its ancient history being the tower and reredos of West Teignmouth Church. But it has its literary associations. Teignmouth was the home of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, and Keats stayed there while writing "Endymion."

THE SCENERY AND GEOLOGY OF THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, by E. Dale (Sampson Low), is a careful compilation of the facts bearing upon the subject indicated in the title. One is rather astonished to find it ending with a general discussion of the science of geology, and its relation to modern thought, culminating in the statement that "the universe is one because it is the product of the one uncreated mind by which it is controlled and from which it ever proceeds"—a proposition barren of meaning as any one who pauses to define the terms involved in it will discover.

Patient and persevering toil have evidently gone to the making of *KIRKWALL IN THE ORKNEYS*, by B. H. Hossack (Kirkwall, William Peace, 16s.). The book begins with history, and passes to topography. The town is taken building by building, and house by house, and we have assembled for us all discoverable facts, not only about the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, the Earl's Palace, the Town Hall, the Grammar School, but also about all the private residences concerning which there is anything to be said. The last chapter relates to recent changes, such as the introduction of gas, and steam communication, and there are four maps and many admirable photographs and reproductions of old prints. Though its public is not likely to be large, it is as thorough a book as any antiquary need desire to pore over.

The perusal of *BERMONDSEY: ITS HISTORIC MEMORIES AND ASSOCIATIONS*, by E. T. Clarke (Elliot Stock, 12s. 6d. n.), proves that Bermondsey is not, historically at all events, the most interesting part of London. Bermondsey Abbey, of course, was there, and so, later on, was Bermondsey House, built by Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College, Oxford, and subsequently the residence of Raleigh's patron, the Earl of Sussex. But this is nearly all; and much that Mr. Clarke has to say upon these matters is extracted bodily from the writings of a previous historian of the borough, G. W. Phillips. The last chapter is mainly devoted to leading members of important firms in the leather, jam, vinegar, and pickle industries. Here, at all events, Mr. Clarke is breaking new ground, and no doubt this portion of his work will be popular locally. He also deserves praise for the care with which he has collected his illustrations. Perhaps the most interesting fact brought to light is that the attempt was made, in 1780, to make Bermondsey a "fashionable Spa." The attempt failed, Spa-gardens, Bermondsey, being closed in 1805; but Spa-road remains to keep the memory of the enterprise alive.

RAMBLES ROUND THE EDGE HILLS, by the Rev. George Miller (Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.), is an enlarged second edition of a

topographical work that has already found its public. The additional matter, relating to the "outer circle" of villages, contains some good stories, told with evident enjoyment of their good points. We particularly like this old account of a jury's expenses in 1784 :—

Jury Soot on John Willis.				
23 quarts of ale	7s. 8d.
13 3d. gin and water	3s. 0d.
Hors Corn	0s. 6d.
5 mugs of ale	0s. 10d.
				12s. 0d.

It appears from the second item in this bill that, in the eighteenth century, the principle of the baker's dozen was held applicable to "goes" of spirituous refreshment. It is yet another of the fast accumulating proofs that that century was calumniated by Carlyle.

PICTURESQUE KENT (Robinson, 6s. n.) is a book of pictures drawn by Mr. Duncan Moul with descriptive letterpress by Mr. Gibson Thompson. The pictures are not more than moderately good, and the letterpress is rather obviously written up to them. The chief reason for greeting the book with mere civility instead of warm enthusiasm is that the ground has been fairly often covered. But if it only skims the surface of the subject it is, at any rate, chattily and agreeably written.

LLANDAFF CHURCH PLATE, by George Eley Halliday (Bemrose, 12s. 6d. n.), is a schedule of the Communion vessels of all the churches in the diocese except those belonging to the Parish of Merthyr (all but the district of Treharris), concerning which the author "failed to obtain any information." Most of the English dioceses possess such an inventory, but this is the first inventory of the kind relating to a Welsh diocese. There are plenty of illustrations, drawn to scale from actual measurements. A better-looking inventory could not be wished for.

THE OAK HAMLET, by Henry St. John Hick Bashall (Elliot Stock, 5s. n.), is an account of the history and associations of the village of Ockham, in Surrey—prettily got-up but hardly of more than local interest. On one page we find a bit of French—*bon bouche*!

ENGLAND (SOUTH), by A. W. Rumney (Philip, 1s.), is the first volume of a new set of "Cyclist's Touring Guides." It is very neatly got up, and contains plenty of the right sort of information, though the author would have given himself the opportunity of being more useful if he had not tried to cover quite so much ground in a single book.

TORQUAY AND THE SOUTH HAMS is extracted from Messrs. A. and C. Black's Guide to Devon. For its price—6d.—it provides with its maps enough information—in 48 pages as against 132 of advertisement—to help a tourist on a brief visit to Torquay.

NEW VIEWS OF THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

The design of GREEK THINKERS, by Prof. Theodor Gomperz, which has been translated by Mr. Laurie Magnus (Murray, 14s. n.), is, to use the author's words, "to compose a comprehensive picture" of ancient thought, "to do equal justice to its different tendencies, every one of which has contributed its part to the complete structure of modern intellectual civilization, to consider them all impartially, and to judge them fairly," such historical narrative being added as may be necessary for the background. It is not a history of philosophy, or of speculation, or of religion, but it touches on all three, and with them on natural science, medicine, history, and all other departments in which the development of thought can be traced. The book differs thus from such works as Zeller's, and from histories of literature, in that it does not attempt to reproduce each different theory with exactness, or to give full and minute biographical and critical details; but seeks in each case to get at the heart, to find the principle underlying this or that belief, to criticize its truth or falsehood, and to trace its influence on later ages. For example: Thales is not rebuked as childish for imagining that water was the primary element, but he is credited with a first intuition of the unity of matter; to Anaximenes is due the great discovery, that all substances are capable of assuming each of the three forms of aggregation—vapour, liquid, and solid; Anaxagoras got hold of a true principle, the indestructi-

bility of matter, though he applied it in a way ludicrously perverse; and so forth. In the way these theories are usually presented the student is apt to lay stress on their accidents, but Prof. Gomperz brings the essentials into prominence; and by his method we realize what a debt the modern world owes to Greece. Not only do we owe them inspired intuitions such as the atomic theory, but they have laid the foundations of nearly everything of value in the sphere of intellect.

But interesting as these early speculations are, we must not linger on them; we would turn our attention to the original parts of Prof. Gomperz's work, and offer a few criticisms. He has for the first time brought into due prominence the importance of the Greek medical schools in the history of thought. The study of medicine came at a critical time, when it was needed to increase the power of exact observation, and to correct hasty generalizations or credulity by its own saner methods. The author is for ever on the look-out for neglected greatness; and he does tardy justice to the genius of such men as Alcmaeon of Croton, whom he calls the founder of critical science, and Leucippus, the master of Democritus; to such movements as the Orphic, "in itself a great movement, dimmed though its greatness has been by the unprofitable customs and unlovely mythology it brought in its train." His skill in piecing together cryptic and incomplete fragments is very great. It is seen at its best in the treatment of Protagoras, whose *dictum* "man is the measure of all things" he shows to have been misunderstood by all the world since Plato. Prof. Gomperz points out with truth that the fragment of Protagoras on the gods is inconsistent with the theory that what *seems* to each separate man is for him. Protagoras, in fact, stands out in these pages as a dignified figure worthy of our respect, and Plato's not very merciful caricature is exposed. Prof. Gomperz goes so far as to identify a pamphlet "On the Art," which belongs to the collection called after Hippocrates, as by Pythagoras himself. Prodicus, too, comes in for a share of praise; and on the whole, there is a genial appreciation of all that is good which warms the heart.

Prof. Gomperz is abreast of modern research in almost every point which he touches, but there are one or two subjects where his views cannot be thought sound. When, for example, he says that "practically the entire fairy-lore of the occident is derived from India," he is demonstrably wrong. There was a time when this view prevailed, and a school which taught it; but the view rested on insufficient evidence and was supported with more zeal than discretion. Now, so far from there being "no one to dispute it," it is not likely that any competent scholar will be found to defend it. It is doubtful, again, whether he has fully grasped the Buddhist doctrine of rebirth. The people at least indubitably regarded this as a kind of metempsychosis. The author's use of the word *fetish* is hardly legitimate. His remarks on grammatical gender are incorrect; it is now practically certain that this has nothing of personification in it, but its origin will not be traced until we discover something about the forms of speech which preceded all those types we know of. In the notes, useful illustrations of the fear of malignant ghosts might have been got from Mr. Frazer's paper on "Burial Customs"; and it is strange that a scholar who knows English so well as Prof. Gomperz does should not have read Prof. Ridgeway's brilliant essay on "The Origin of Coins and Weight Standards," where he might have learnt more about tripods than he knows.

We cannot conclude without expressing our enjoyment of the literary style of this book. It is hardly credible that a German can have written a work so lucid, so free from pedantry or pomposity, that even sparkles now and again with epigram or humour. Hesiod, "a Roman amongst Greeks"; Melissus, "the *enfant terrible* of metaphysics"; these are happy phrases which stick in the memory. His choice of words is discriminating, and he hardly once fails to make his meaning clear. To crown all, he has been fortunate in his translator, who has indeed, to modify the words of Thomas Lodge, "made this admirable German talk English."

THE JINGO AS PHILOSOPHER.

IN REFLECTIONS ON THE ORIGINS AND DESTINY OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.) Mr. J. A. Cramb says that he has been induced to publish his reflections, which were first communicated to the world in the form of lectures, "by the belief or the hope that at the present grave crisis they may not be without service to his country." If it be useful to his country that the vanity of his countrymen should be flattered, he will hardly fail to obtain his object. In perusing his pages one frequently finds oneself doubting whether the lecturer is really lecturing or only singing "Rule Britannia" with variations. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that "Rule Britannia" is not for him a song, but a series of propositions, the truth of which can be demonstrated from ancient and modern history. We English, he argues, are the Imperial race. We were bound to obtain empire because we were so great and good; and we are bound to keep it for the same reasons. It is true, of course, that where an empire exists and is in fairly flourishing condition there must be reasons in its past history to account for its existence and also for its permanence and appearance of solidity. At the same time, though Mr. Cramb's history is accurate as far as it goes, we doubt whether a general survey of history establishes all his conclusions as completely as he thinks. In the rise and fall of empires accident and economic causes play a part that is hardly second to that of moral character, and other races, not now reckoned as Imperial, have shown capacity for Imperial sway which accident or economic causes have taken from them. The Dutch certainly did so. It is arguable that the Spaniards did so, and it is certain that the French did so, since it was they who taught us how to colonize Canada and govern India. Unfairness to our rivals in the struggle for empire is, however, one of the most striking notes in Mr. Cramb's book. It is particularly unjust to Russia:—

The contrast between Imperial Britain and Russia briefly lies in this—that in the former a self-governing warlike democracy, dowered with the genius for empire, moved by a lofty political ideal, and resolute to fulfil its destiny, confronts the new age; in the latter, a strongly-organized and self-centred autocracy, an ancient government attracted by Imperialistic schemes, endeavours to force into a policy of aggression an army tainted with Nihilism, and a people passively loyal or sullenly rebellious. The theory that the Slav must "have his day" in Europe rests upon a false or superficial analogy. Genius for empire in a race, as I have said elsewhere, like genius for art in an individual, is innate, but not in all. And Russia has revealed in nothing a trace of modern Imperialism, of sympathy with modern political ideals, nor any capacity for developing that Imperialism or that sympathy.

But all this merely means that the ways of the Russians are not our ways. It does not prove at all that the Russians are incapable of becoming an Imperial race. They have their ideals no less than we have; they would say that Pan-slavism is as good an ideal as jingoism, and they certainly have a skill in subjugating, assimilating, and making use of conquered races which is the admiration of every traveller who has visited their recently-acquired territories in Central Asia.

There is another point on which many of Mr. Cramb's readers will be likely to join issue with him. Seeing that empires are good things, and are acquired by war, he is obliged to argue that war also is a good thing. Universal peace, he writes, appears not as a dream, but as a nightmare. He believes that the waging of war by Imperial Britain will "greaten and exalt the character of war," and he proceeds to glorify war in this noble peroration:—

War thus greatened in character by its ideal, the phrase of the Greek orator, let me repeat it, is no longer an empty sound, but vibrates with its original life—"How fortunate the dead who have fallen in battle! And how fortunate are you to whom sorrow comes in so glorious a shape!" An added

solemnity invests the resolutions of senates, and the prayer on the battlefield, "Through death to life," acquires a sincerity more moving and a simplicity more heroic. And these, I imagine, will be the results of Imperialism and of this deepening consciousness of its destiny and Imperial Britain, whether in war which is the act of the State as a whole, or in the career of the soldier which receives its consummation there in the death on the battlefield.

There could be no better proof than this outburst furnishes that your real jingo must be sought among men of peace. "War," said General Sherman, "is all Hell"; that is a soldier's view of it. "If war must come sooner or later," said Canning, "it is better that it should come later than sooner"; that is the statesman's view of it. "The wars of the future," said Bismarck, "will be commercial wars"; that is the view of the prophet whose predictions are being fulfilled to-day. But Mr. Cramb is not a soldier, or a statesman, or a prophet, he is a lecturer in a lecture-room, and he sees things through a poetical temperament which, in spite of his undeniable knowledge of history, prevents him from seeing them as they really are.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The War.

A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE (Longmans, 3s. 6d.) differ, we imagine, from the letters which most wives receive from subalterns. Probably they were rewritten and added to after the subaltern got home. On no other theory can we account for the long set discourses on Army Reorganization and the Flora and Fauna of the Veldt. Such sentences as "the cumbrous dualism of the War Office and the Secretary of State is responsible for the whole of our administrative failures" have rather an exotic air when one encounters them in such a correspondence. Be that as it may, however, the book—in point of "readableness" as distinguished from historical value—ranks among the best of the war books. Good stories and graphic bits of description abound. Here is Mr. Rhodes:—

His iron-grey, tumbled hair falls in waves over a tremendous head; his grey-blue eyes are extraordinarily quick and piercing, yet kindly withal; his chin is monumental. But the most wonderful thing is the voice. It runs up the whole tetrachord, beginning in the bass and ending almost in a falsetto. The lowing of a cow exactly represents it. The general effect of the man is to create an impression of exuberant vitality and power. Genial candour seemed to me the dominant characteristic; he was frankly good-natured and frankly egotistical. He directed the talk continually into the channels that interested him rather than his guests. . . .

His relations with the military during the siege cropped up, and Rhodes said:—"It's impossible to work with soldiers, they're so unbusinesslike." And later:—"Why, what d'you think? I wrote an article in the paper here, the best article they ever had, and the soldiers wanted to put me in prison for it!" If Rhodes was a person whom the Governor disdained to consult, Lord Roberts did not share his view. He wired to Mr. Rhodes in Kimberley, rather than to the heads of the military there, when he wanted something big done quickly.

Of the life of the Boers the writer gives a rather lurid picture, not, however, without a touch of relief, such as this:—

Two Boers, father and son, came round inspecting the British prisoners, and the old man felt Busschau's pockets and discovered his pipe. This he was proceeding to appropriate with great satisfaction when his son interfered. "No, father," he said in Dutch, "you mustn't do that; it is unworthy of you. Think of your own feelings if you were in this man's position, and leave him his only friend." The old man shamefacedly shoved the pipe back into Busschau's pocket.

The writer served in Rimington's Scouts, and every man in that excellent corps seems to have been an original. The book is a feast of stories, and the humour of the anecdotes is equalled by

the sound sense of the military criticism. It is refreshing to find an officer recognizing that "the cleverest boys do not go into the Army," and we entirely endorse his demand that the pay should be raised to such a level as to attract ability.

THE JOURNAL OF THE C.I.V. IN SOUTH AFRICA, by Major-General W. H. Mackinnon (Murray, 6s.), is of more value as a document than as a book. It is, in fact, a diary intended for private circulation, consisting of little more than concise formal statements of fact, published at the request of members of the regiment. The statistical appendices are as interesting as anything else in it. Any one, for instance, who is interested in comparing the fighting value of the various religious beliefs will note that $\frac{1126}{1280}$ of the combatants were members of the Church of England, that Baptists were more in evidence than Congregationalists, and that Jews and Roman Catholics each furnished more recruits than all the Protestant Nonconformist denominations put together. It also appears that seventeen non-commissioned officers and privates have been given commissions in regiments of the line, and that the occupations of the Volunteers ranged from banking to pawnbroking, and from dental surgery to the management of perfumery establishments.

In the Antarctic.

The appearance within a few months of two descriptions of an Antarctic winter is a novelty in the literature of discovery. Mr. Borchgrevink's FIRST ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT (Newnes, 10s. 6d. n.), though sometimes tantalizing for its brevity, is not inferior in interest to Dr. Cook's "Through the First Antarctic Night." Dr. Cook, indeed, shows far greater literary power; but there is a breezy optimism about Mr. Borchgrevink, which contrasts favourably with the rather doleful jeremiads of his predecessor. His maps, too, are far superior to Dr. Cook's (although for some unexplained reason they are made puzzling to the novice by reversing the position of north and south). This is especially the case with the map of the course of the *Southern Cross* over the (supposed) Wilkes Land; it illustrates far better than the text the importance of that course as determining the points at issue between Wilkes and Ross. The party established their camp on Cape Adare at the mouth of Robertson Bay, an inlet running north and south about thirty miles long; and their winter sledging was almost entirely restricted to the confines of this bay. The great height of the surrounding mountains and the broken surface of the glaciers made inland exploration very difficult; but some important work was done in delineating the country at the head of the bay. The winter was remarkable for frequent severe gales; and the huts were nearly buried in drift-snow—a fact which may have contributed to maintain them in position.

We expected every moment to see our camp lifted bodily into the air like a balloon. The metal stays by which we had anchored the huts to the ground sang lustily during the fierce squalls of the hurricane . . . had they snapped we would probably have been shaken up like dice in a box. . . . Now and again a jocular suggestion was passed from bunk to bunk as to how we should best be able to steer our hut in case it suddenly became an air-ship.

Mr. Hanson, the zoologist, died on Oct. 14; but the health of the party generally was good, although the commander testifies that the sameness of the long winter night preyed upon the mind "like a sneaking evil spirit." When the *Southern Cross* returned on Jan. 29, 1900, the expedition steamed southward, landing on Possession, Coulman, and Franklin Islands, and also at the foot of Mount Terror, where the commander and captain were nearly swept away by a wave caused by the "calving" of a berg from the ice-barrier. The voyage was continued to the east, until a harbour was found in the barrier, where Mr. Borchgrevink landed, and in a few hours' sledging reached 78 deg. 50 min.—about half a degree further than the "farthest south" of Ross. The narrative is here disappointingly meagre. No hint is given whether this indentation was in the same longitude as that seen by Ross on Feb. 9, 1841, or whether the position of the barrier had altered in the intervening

sixty years. Mr. Borchgrevink also says little of the condition of the inner ice-sheet; but he believes that a great southern latitude may be reached upon it "in the proper longitude." The book is admirably illustrated from nearly 200 photographs, and the observations on bird life are full of interest.

Wanted, a Policy.

IN HIGHLANDS OF ASIATIC TURKEY, Illustrated (Arnold, 14s.) Lord Percy writes in a pleasant style, not without humour, of a journey taken in Armenia and the highlands of Asia Minor during 1899. His "Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey" will probably be familiar to some readers, and this book gives the impression that he is a competent observer and speaks from more than a superficial knowledge of the social and political problems involved in the Eastern Question. The chief importance of the book is political. The geographer, and to a less degree the ethnologist, will be able to glean something from his pages, but that is by the way. Lord Percy notes, for example, the permanence of the ancient Assyrian type amongst certain of the modern villages, and distinguishes other types no less distinct if, perhaps, less interesting. He is not blind to a Greek inscription or Hittite sculpture; he even takes pains to trace the great Roman road. We cannot help feeling regret that he did not take with him some companion trained to understand antiquities, for the hints he gives are tantalizing. There is a fine photograph of one Hittite or Assyrian rock-carved figure, and one or two Greek inscriptions; but we do not feel confident that the inscriptions are correctly copied (p. 27), and the argument that the Hittite hieroglyph may have continued to be used for solemn inscriptions when the people no longer understood it is highly dubious.

But these matters are secondary in Lord Percy's book. He draws a vivid picture of the anarchy and violence which prevail in these regions, of the corruption and the ignorance of the official class, and of the danger of any attempt to keep things as they are. All this we knew before, although, no doubt, it is necessary to convince the average Englishman of them. He is, perhaps, a trifle too willing to believe that the Sultan would be a good ruler if he could, and too forgetful of the systematic atrocity of Turkish rule in the past wherever it met with no adverse champion. But, making all allowance for friendly prejudice, Lord Percy's political suggestions deserve serious consideration. Probably most English people will go with him heartily in condemning the shifty opportunism of all our Governments since Lord Beaconsfield died, and in desiring to avoid the partition of Asiatic Turkey. What this partition could only mean is here clearly shown—viz., that Russia would come down to the Persian Gulf, and thus a deadly blow would be struck at British prestige and power. The choice is offered us, then, of acquiescing in this and supporting Russia, or making a serious effort to bring about the reform of the Turkish Administration. Lord Percy's suggestions are on three lines:—First, as an indispensable preliminary, the finances must be reformed by abolishing sinecures and readjusting the Imperial and provincial revenues; secondly, administrative reform, by the full and punctual payment of all salaries, and promotion by merit; thirdly, judicial reform, by adopting a more suitable code of laws, and nominating the Judges from headquarters. He points out that to effect these reforms we must be prepared to resist Russia, who has shown by her action last year that she wishes to accelerate the decay of Turkey by opposing all who would try to reform her. Germany, on the other hand, eager to grow rich, is all for railways and trade; and we ought to go hand in hand with her, because this is the one thing which will benefit every Turkish subject.

We have no space to deal with other topics raised incidentally, such as the position of missionaries, the assertion of British prestige, the effects of free trade in Europe, Asia, and Africa; but, on all these, and others, Lord Percy has something to say which is always clear and moderate, and sometimes shows a quite unusual political insight. We hope the book will be widely read by members of Parliament. It ought to do something to further an immediate reinforcement of our

Consular representatives in Asiatic Turkey, and a serious attempt to formulate an Eastern policy which will command respect, and will be superior to the tricks of parties.

A City Historian.

THE ALDERMEN OF CRIPPLEGATE WARD, from A.D. 1276 to A.D. 1900, by J. J. Baddeley, is a carefully-compiled work of considerable importance for the historian of London. It is published by the author (Chapel Works, Moor-lane, E.C.), and sold (5s.) for the benefit of the funds of the Metropolitan Dispensary, Fore-street. Very little has been done in the way of utilizing the records of the City for a history of the Aldermen, and Mr. Baddeley's list of authorities will be useful to those who follow in his steps. The book includes notes on the history of the ward, Lives of the Aldermen, with portraits in many cases; an account of the Aldermen's Deputies, and a full history of the City Aldermen generally and of the Common Council. The latter portion of the book is of much importance to the municipal historian, and Mr. Baddeley has done good service in extending his researches beyond a single ward. He has spent much labour in examining the Records, from which he gives many extracts, and has produced a work of real interest and value.

German Life.

Miss Hannah Lynch's book on "French Life in Town and Country" is succeeded in the same series by Mr. William Harbutt Dawson's GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY (Newnes, 3s. 6d. n.). The two books differ as a treatise differs from conversation. Miss Lynch gave us a lively picture, but not very much exact information. Mr. Dawson gives us plenty of exact information, but no very striking picture. It will, however, usefully correct the impression left by G. W. Steevens' articles on Germany, that the Germans devote to the discussion of the intricacies of the railway time tables all the time that they can spare from the labour of signing their names on picture post-cards. The book, in fact, is full of interesting propositions about the different departments of life in Germany. What it wants is that touch of the artist which would enable us to realize what the German is like.

Economics.

ELEMENTS OF STATISTICS, by Arthur L. Bowley (King), is based upon lectures given at the London School of Economics and Political Science. The subject, as one would expect, is treated exhaustively and thoroughly. It is made quite clear what can, and what cannot, be proved by statistics, and what rules must be followed in compiling statistics if they are to be "reliable"—the author's word. Instructions are also given for the preparation of those graphic diagrams by the aid of which it can be demonstrated to the meanest understanding that the price of wheat depends upon the marriage rate or that Bishops have a better expectation of life than prizefighters. Then follow sections on the law of probabilities and the integral calculus, and the author's meaning is lost in the decent obscurity of the higher mathematics.

Mr. Phillips' little monograph upon THE TOKEN COINAGE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, 1797 to 1816 (Effingham Wilson, 2s. 6d.), should prove interesting to two classes of persons. The economist will draw from it many excellent illustrations of what happens to inconvertible paper currencies and regulated coinages; the numismatist will find much that is worth reading about a period which is peculiar in the history of our coinage. Few people now—unless they belong to one of these two classes—are aware that for some twenty years at the beginning of this century England suffered from all the difficulties and dangers of an inconvertible paper currency; yet many of their fathers, as Mr. Phillips points out, must have handled the "tokens" issued both by banks and by private persons to serve instead of the legal currency of which the country was depleted. It is a pity that Mr. Phillips' style and method of writing are not better. Many readers will fail to understand from his book how these difficulties arose, what were their results, and how they were at length solved. But the book is worth possessing, for it is the work of an expert who loves his subject, and it is admirably illustrated.

From the Hakluyt Society.

The Hakluyt Society has gone to the United States for an editor of THE JOURNEY OF WILLIAM OF RUBRUCK TO THE EASTERN PARTS OF THE WORLD, and it may be congratulated upon having found such a learned one as the Hon. W. W. Rockhill. For what the author of "Notes on the Ethnology of Tibet" does not know about China and Mongolia can hardly be much worth knowing, and the bibliographical list of "Titles of Books Cited" which the present publication contains will be in itself of the highest value to those who are concerned with the history of Eastern Asia. Of Friar William of Rubruck it is to be regretted that but little in the way of personal details is known. He was probably a native of the village of Rubruck in old French Flanders, and evidently "an honest, pious, stouthearted, acute, and most intelligent observer." Friar William must have been peculiarly fortunate as to the men with whom he was brought into contact, for St. Louis of France was the patron of his great journey of over ten thousand miles through Asia (1253-55), and Roger Bacon, who knew the good Friar some few years after the latter's return from the East, tells us that he made special use, in writing his geographical description of the northern parts of the world, of the work of William of Rubruck "*quem librum diligenter vidi*." The "Journey" itself is a fascinating narrative, and Mr. Rockhill has furnished his edition of it with copious notes and an admirable index. Both the text and the notes may be said to be indispensable to most ethnologists, and to nearly all folklorists. At the same time the story is better suited than are most of the Hakluyt Society's publications to please the taste for "human interest." This volume should encourage public librarians to obtain the consent of their commissioners to the expense of a subscription to the Hakluyt Society.

The Science of Meaning.

The study of language has fallen on evil times of late years. From the loose happy-go-luckihood to which all consonants were interchangeable, and the vowels did not matter, there was a violent reaction to the extreme of rigidity; phonetic law became the golden calf. The reaction resulted in the discovery of some valuable principles, and the successes of pioneers in this direction caused a wide study of minute things. But new principles did not appear with the same speed and clearness as at first; every *privat-docent* is not a Brugmann, but he feels bound to justify his existence somehow, and this he has done too often by starting airy theories founded on other theories, which some one else then proceeds to demolish, and brings down the whole pack of cards. Philological study during the last ten years has been comparatively barren.

There was one point, however, which was not admitted by all even when "phonetic law" was most devoutly believed to be invariable. A place must be left, some thought, for arbitrary forces, even for the human will. There were large masses of irregularities which could not be accounted for in any reasonable way. This is the subject which we find dealt with in SEMANTICS, Studies in the Science of Meaning, by Michel Bréal. We noticed the book when it first appeared in French, but now that it is translated by Mrs. Henry Cust and published by Mr. Heinemann, with a preface by Mr. J. P. Postgate, we may fitly recur to it. Meaning, its suggestions, associations, and influences, the effects of the mind on language and of language upon the mind, that is M. Bréal's subject. He shows how some words are "specialized" for grammatical purposes, as in French *plus*, originally a comparative, becomes specially the mark of all comparatives; how, when two words meaning the same thing are found in a language, they are "differentiated" to different senses; the influence of the form of a word on the meaning of other words ("irradiation"), as when the Latin *-sco* suffix suggests an inchoative meaning, because of the inherent force of *adolesco* and the like; analogy or metaphor; restriction, improvement, or deterioration of meaning; the relation of the parts in compound words; and many other such matters are treated from the new standpoint. It is all fresh and interesting, and illustrated from a wide range of knowledge. If we feel

inclined to question, it is in matters of detail—as the derivation of *parricidium* from *pater* (p. 120), or the reason why *e* is kept in later compounds of *lego* (143); the principles started and illustrated are right enough. Occasionally, however, the translator seems to have mistaken the original, or used obscure expressions. Thus, “voyage” should be “journey” on p. 141; “intussusception” is not a word we desire to see again (148); the phrase on p. 151 is unhappy—“in the presence of the hearer of some information, it is natural to suppress what is self-evident.” The Sanscrit *y*-sound should never be printed *j* in an English book. What is the meaning of the note on p. 207—“By not referring to Indianists, we have simplified the quotations and suppressed the effects of *sandhi*”? On p. 170 “immaterial” is used for “material.” The Greek is full of misprints—*ἀνδοί* for *ἀνδοί*, *Δωκερος*, *Ἀροειδης* and numbers of wrong accents. We must, however, hold M. Bréal responsible for what appears to be a mistake in the quantity of *signifer*, which he appears to regard as the same as in the genitive *signi*.

Prof. Postgate adds a preface and an appendix, which forcibly put the claims of the new “Science of Meaning” before scholars. We cannot profess to be in love with his technical terms, rhemes, epirhemes, rhematology, semantics, and so on; but they are after all no uglier than the rest of the horrid crew of modern technical terms, since Englishmen will not talk English. The preface insists with much justice on the unity of the sentence, which cannot be picked to pieces like a flower. It is idle to talk of transferred epithets and so forth; we want to know how any one could transfer epithets, to say that a man takes a “kneeling kiss” (*nixa-oscula*) for example. He also breaks a lance for attraction and sense-construction, and altogether his essay should be a good corrective for the pedant.

Some two years ago we pointed out North America is a new field for the student of the origins of language; here as a field even more fruitful, the study of language in its prime and growth, and the strange history of the meanings of words.

FICTION.

Madame Sarah Grand's Book.

For a very readable comedy of manners—occasionally verging towards tragedy and somewhat too often relapsing into farce, *BABS THE IMPOSSIBLE*, by Sarah Grand (Hutchinson, 6s.), may be recommended. The idea it embodies is a serious one—in fact, so serious as by itself to fill a booklet which is given out with the novel. Madame Grand sees an ever-increasing danger in the number of “desolate women left in deserted country places, the pathetic victims of nature's atrophy.” “The men,” she says, “attracted by the glitter of the towns, are going up to enjoy the more genial social conditions without their women folk.” Of course, that is perfectly true, though it is perhaps not put in precisely the right way. It is hardly so much the “glitter” of towns that draws men as the simple fact that there is no work for them in the country. As for the women, the state of things that leaves a country side crowded with girls, eager to live their natural lives and with only a remote prospect of being able to do so, has long been found intolerable—so long, indeed, that we are inclined to think that Madame Grand is spending powder and shot upon lions that are rapidly dying, if not already dead. Is it true that “each succeeding year of the latter end of the century” has seen this particular evil “steadily intensified”? Are not the large hospitals, the Swedish gymnasia, the Horticultural Colleges, the High Schools, the typewriters' offices, the dressmakers', photographers', even dentists' establishments, gradually drawing off “these pathetic victims of nature's atrophy”? The vicar's daughter no longer finds her occupation in decorating the chancel and her emotional outlet in sighing for the curate. She comes up to town and shares two rooms with a girl friend and makes a cheery enough, if rather scanty, living.

However, granted a neighbourhood like Madame Grand's Danehurst, with its cluster of femininity withering on the stem, what happens in the book would probably happen in real life;

the first available male with a turn for artistic flirtation would capture every heart within reach. Mr. Jellybond Tinney is a fantastic creature; his flesh and blood is hardly more convincing than his name; and it is hard to believe that an exclusive county would have taken him to its bosom. However, he is amusing enough, and his view of himself as a joy-giver is quite legitimate. A more serious interest is supplied by Babs herself, she is in many ways Angelica over again. She has life and fascination; but her creator is right in calling her impossible. Such preternatural innocence and such extraordinary shrewdness are difficult to combine. She becomes the pathetic prey of half-understood emotions, but the book ends with a hint that she will find happiness in spite of all the cross-currents. Once or twice, the author seems to have dropped a thread she had taken up. For instance, Cadenhouse's famous tower; what comes of it? How does Lorraine the elder fare? She is almost the most interesting portrait in the book. The cleverest is decidedly Mrs. Kingconstance. It is almost a jar to turn from her capital, vivid presentment to the cruder caricatures of Tinney and his victims. In fact, we regret the farcical element altogether, side by side as it is with a really human interest. But the book is full of attraction and, we may add, all of a wholesome kind.

“Irish as a Peat.”

For a decade and a half now Katharine Tynan has been interesting an ever-widening circle of readers in her stories of Irish life. She is Irish to the bone, “Irish as a peat,” and knows the island which has given her imagination and a style and, above all, a subject, from Derry to Cork and from Dublin to Connemara, from Brian Boru to Mr. Parnell. She takes the conventional life of upper Irish society in *THAT SWEET ENEMY* (Constable, 6s.). We have three pairs of lovers, who are made as happy as lovers need be, a flavouring of “moonlighting,” a race meeting (no Irish novel is complete without a steeplechase), and a delightful group of characters clearly and adequately presented. Aunt Theodosia, with her shrewdness and mock irritability, her lingering feeling for romance, and her blood-feud with the English purchasers of Castle Finn, the O'Doherty estate, is an acquisition to the list of memorable characters in fiction, and Lord Innishowen is the worst of foils. Decima O'Doherty, her sister Sheila, Magdalen Murphy, the American heiress, Shaun and Phelim O'Doherty (a fine “clutch” of Irish names) are all excellent. With the other three male characters Mrs. Tynan has not been quite so successful. Even the most incorrigibly horsey man does not harp with Archdale's persistence on the metaphors of the stable. But the book is much too good to cavil at.

Toto's Tales.

It has been said that the “Yellow Book” continues to be published because the fiction which appeared in it is constantly appearing in book form. The latest volume which suggests this view is Mr. Frederick Baron Corvo's *IN HIS OWN IMAGE* (Lane, 6s.). The “Baron Corvo” of the “Yellow Book,” was one of its most individual writers. And this may be said for his present book which, indeed, contains tales which one first saw in Mr. Harland's quarterly. Mr. Corvo's are in two parts, Spring and Summer, and give the spirit of those seasons with freedom and grace. This queer collection of humour and folly is more for the aesthete than the moralist, and it will entertain the literary man who has wearied a little of both good and bad styles. For Mr. Corvo has a new and eclectic method. He is at once classic and colloquial, early Italian and old English, Cockney and Athenian. Caprice is the *motif* of his work and his figures are admirably chosen for his purpose. The tales deal with the legends and follies of religious houses of all periods and yet do not offend the taste. They do not lack humour, though, with no less than thirty of these whimsical stories, one gets something of a surfeit, and some sink a little below the standard. But such a charming piece of work “About Doing Little, Lavishly,” would alone give the volume distinction. We can cordially recommend the book to all who appreciate the bizarre, the graceful, and the gay. All lovers of literary art will find it entertaining.

Rita.

The author of "Peg the Rake" has long since won her spurs (if a lady novelist may be permitted to do so) and "Rita" keeps up the best of her own established traditions in *THE SIN OF JASPER STANDISH* (Constable, 6s.). Her style is full-blooded as ever. "Their minds embraced the strangeness of unimagined scenes, and revelled in idylls made eloquent by every peasant's face and every mountaineer's call. It was all so new, so beautiful, so strange; and the bruised and broken flowers in the garden of their hearts raised drooping heads once more to the sunshine of hope and the dew of blessed peace." There's a simile for you! and you will be right in surmising from it that "Rita" supplies a properly happy ending, at least in the case of one of her two pairs of lovers. Throughout, indeed, the story never strays far from the ruts of convention. The Irishry of it is according to the best literary tradition; the gossips of Rathfurley colloquy in the most approved loquacious peasant style. Of the characters it may be said that "when they are good they are very good indeed, but when they are bad they are horrid," which is not exactly the way in real life. Yet one would not willingly surrender Jasper Standish, police inspector and murderer; and indeed novel-readers must be grateful for a sensational story that cannot fail to stir even the most jaded.

From the States.

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE (Heinemann, 4s.)—the first number of a new series of American fiction, to be called "The Dollar Library," and to appear monthly—is, at its outset, strongly reminiscent of Mr. Stephen Crane. Book I.—"The Day of War"—might have been written by the author of "The Red Badge of Courage." Book II., however, takes us to the Plains; and thenceforth we are concerned with the rise of a typical railway town in the Far West. Mr. E. Hough writes well, when he is not trying to reproduce Irish dialect, and his picture of Ellisville and its kaleidoscopic changes is convincing. Colonel Battersleigh of the "Rile Irish" (as the author persists in writing it) compels our admiration; but his conversation is singularly unlike that of any Irish gentleman. True, he was something of a cosmopolitan, and travel may have corrupted his native accent. For the rest, there is some good fighting in Mr. Hough's story, a sheriff quite of the Bret Harte school, and the usual admixture of love and lynch law. It makes a good start for "The Dollar Library," which intends to devote itself chiefly to the introduction of writers hitherto unknown on this side.

EBEN HOLDEN, by Irving Bacheller (Grant Richards, 6s.), is one of the books that have come over here with a flourish of trumpets from the United States, where their sales have been such as to make an author's mouth water. Such books will generally be found to have "grit" in them. Americans are fairly acute judges of literature. Above all, their taste is healthy. Few morbid works have the run across the Atlantic that a book like "David Harum" or "Eben Holden" enjoys. The latter is chiefly concerned with the old negro who gives the book its title, though he is not the hero, and the love story that runs through the pages is carried on by white folk. Eben's conversation, if not so racy as David Harum's, is always charming. Eben himself is a pathetic figure. The author runs some risk of making him too pathetic. Mr. Bacheller has a turn for verse. There is a little poem, ascribed to one of the minor characters and beginning

O humble home! Thou hadst a secret door,
that is delightful. "Eben Holden" deserves its popularity and will probably continue it on "this side."

Mrs. Dudeney.

The fact that novelists are sometimes dissatisfied with their reviewers has been impressed upon us once or twice. Are the writers of romance aware of the discredit they sometimes do their critics by stultifying the optimistic forecasts of a too hopeful reviewer? These thoughts are forced upon us by a reperusal of our review of "Folly Corner" before attempting to say what we think of Mrs. Henry Dudeney's new book *THE*

THIRD FLOOR (Methuen, 6s.). Mrs. Dudeney was going to do great things; and now we find her telling the many readers we have helped to provide her with that her heroine has "beautiful eyes dusked by wonderful lashes," that some one has a "dusk of hair," that "the room was quiet and heavy with wallflowers," and a thousand other things which we cannot approve. "The Third Floor" is clever and amusing, but it does not fulfil our expectations. This is, of course, our fault, and we can only readjust the standard and begin again. There is something of the spirit of the brave days when we were twenty-one about this romance *au troisième*; there is youth at the prow and a touch of vulgarity and affectation at the helm. The heroine Valencia, or Mary, is pitchforked by her queer mother into the heart of the bachelor Bohemia world in Great Ormond Street. The mystery of her birth is developed with skill; many of the characters and situations are cleverly treated, and had we not expected a little more from Mrs. Dudeney we should have been grateful for something less. Frankness, candour, vivacity, observation, love of landscape and the homely garden all belong to the author of "The Third Floor." A little more study, a touch of inspiration, and Mrs. Dudeney will yet give us the novel we have the right to expect from her.

The Staffordshire Potter.

THE FROBISHERS (Methuen, 6s.) is emphatically a novel with a purpose. The duty of the public to safeguard the interests of the workmen engaged in dangerous industries and, generally, the mutual dependence of the different classes of society are the main themes of Mr. Baring-Gould's latest book. The Frobishers are the two daughters of a country squire, whose sudden death throws them on their own resources. The interest of the story lies in the development of the elder girl after she has exchanged the luxury of her old home for the lot of an apprentice in the pottery trade. The scenes in the life of a Staffordshire pottery town are well done in the author's best manner, and the cheeriness of the workpeople contrasts effectively with the squalor of their surroundings. Mr. Baring-Gould deliberately subordinates plot to the purpose of the book, and if the reader likes to dispense with the lighter elements of fiction, he will, at any rate, learn a good deal about the processes employed in a modern pottery.

Short Stories.

Nothing remarkable can be claimed on behalf of *A STATE SECRET AND OTHER STORIES*, by B. M. Croker (Methuen 3s. 6d.). There is a lack of invention about the time-worn theme of "Sullivan's Bargain." The incident of an Irishman who bought his own donkey back at a fair at a price far in excess of what he had received has so wide a vogue as to bear about it almost the atmosphere of folk-lore. No less than four of the stories are concerned with Irish life—sympathetically treated, but without the racy torrential narrative, the witty tip-toe dialogue, of Will Carleton, Lover, and Lever. Nor is the lack of invention in plot and dialogue redeemed by any distinction of style, for that, if free from flagrant vices, is commonplace enough. By the way, do tom-toms "hum"? Yet the author shows her grasp of the main principle of short story writing, that of fastening on an incident in life and presenting it framed in its own border. "The Little Blue Jug" and "The Clue" are, perhaps, the best. There is no excuse for allowing a short story to end in such a condition of suspended animation as "An Invitation" does.

An egotistic Colonel, whose absorbing interests are his little property and the weather; his angular, unattractive daughter—a sore disappointment at the outset to Maurice Durant, who had imagined a creature of idyllic beauty; Durant himself, an artist, irritable, humorous, clever, the epitome, indeed, of what has come to be known as "artistic temperament," such are the principals in Miss May Sinclair's first story, "The Cosmopolitan," contained in her volume *TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION* (Constable, 6s.). It is a subtle and capably executed character-study, marred perhaps a little by certain fine-drawn analyses of emotion, and by the author's somewhat exasperating facility for astute paradox. But satire,

humour, imagination, and an excellent well-nourished style atone for minor defects, and if it is not quite clear why Miss Tancred, developed in body and mind by travel—her soul was nothing lacking from the first, and this was just what the half-blind artist couldn't see—could not accept Durant as her lover, we cannot afford to be too exacting in the case of a story so entertaining and well written. The reverse of the question is contained in "Superseded," the other story in the volume—the narrative of a middle-aged schoolmistress's hopeless love for a handsome young doctor. Miss Sinclair has contrived to render infinitely touching a situation which might easily be vulgarized by a broadly comic treatment. This is a book to be grateful for.

As a chronicler of the quaint humours of rural life in the West of England, Mr. Walter Raymond stands high. His latest volume, *GOOD SOULS OF CIDER-LAND* (Grant Richards, 6s.), contains four stories, two of which have been published before in another form, although there is no notification of this in the book. But they are worthy of reproduction; "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," in particular, is one of the writer's most successful tales—a delightful picture of courtship under difficulties in a Somersetshire village. Mr. Raymond is a very keen and sympathetic observer of the old-fashioned rustic world, and his delineation of its moods is vivid and picturesque.

Mrs. Leith-Adams evidently takes a depressing view of the functions of the story-teller. *CRUEL CALUMNY AND OTHER STORIES* (Digby Long, 6s.) are funereal enough to damp the spirits of Mark Tapley. Two murders, a homicide, and a brace of suicides are a liberal allowance of horrors for a single volume. The writer has a vivid appreciation of the pathetic possibilities of the most commonplace incidents, and draws upon them with no consideration for the feelings of her readers. But lachrymose as they are, the stories are well constructed and full of variety.

Mrs. Lyons has written a small volume, which she calls *BLACK COUNTRY SKETCHES* (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.), dealing chiefly with the Wednesbury district at periods varying from a hundred years ago to the present day. The majority of them are short, and the dialect in some is oppressively strong. In books of this kind there is no need to torture the alphabet in a vain attempt to reproduce phonetically the language of the district; it is surely sufficient to indicate the pronunciation here and there. Otherwise, some of the stories and sketches are interesting enough—the sketches more so perhaps than the stories, which are simple to the verge of dullness. A good deal of information may be gleaned here by the curious concerning local legends and the superstitions, sports, and dangers of the collier. The book should enjoy a local fame.

Mr. Cuming Walters' volume of stories, *SNEAPE'S SPIRIT*, and Miss Beatrice Heron-Maxwell's collection, *WHAT MAY HAPPEN* (both Francis Griffiths, 3s. 6d.), contain many interesting tales. Mr. Walters is at his best in those which tell of mystery and magic, but all the fantasies are entertaining. "The Shooting of the Spy" is a vivid incident of the Boer war, and "Sneape's Spirit," a story of dual existence, is a skilful piece of work. Miss Heron-Maxwell deals with the natural as well as the supernatural and is always pleasing and occasionally exciting. Such a little comedy of every-day life as "A Bit of Diplomacy" is charming, and many of the other eleven tales hint neatly that "A Hair perhaps divides the False and True." Both these volumes of collected stories may be relied upon to turn an otherwise dull hour into an agreeable one.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING, by Helen V. Savile (Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.), is fairly entertaining. The writer has not much humour and imagination, but she makes the most of a weak plot and some very conventional incidents, and succeeds in giving her story a general air of liveliness and vivacity.

Mr. J. Macalister's *TALES OF A COLPORTEUR* (Stockwell, 2s. 6d.) are interesting as a monument of Protestant zeal such as we do not often see in these days. His work lay among the Roman Catholics in an Irish district, and the priests are painted very black indeed.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's determination not to die rich is most auspicious to the public libraries. We have had before now to record his generosity in this column, and within the last few weeks several further donations towards public libraries in the United States have been announced. In Pennsylvania three libraries receive a million dollars, and three in other states \$60,000 between them. To St. Louis is offered a library to cost \$200,000 if the city will provide \$30,000 annually to maintain it. Illinois has \$100,000 offered to two cities "on the usual terms," and the town of Siona Falls, in South Dakota, is to have a \$25,000 library. But the most extensive of Mr. Carnegie's schemes aims at a system of public libraries in New York. The amount to be given is five million dollars, and its acceptance entails the opening of some sixty-five libraries. This is a magnificent gift, but the admiration of the New Yorkers seems to have somewhat subsided when they reflected that to obtain sites and maintain the libraries when erected will cost twenty-two million dollars. So that the gift is, to say the least, mainly an inducement to self-help. Many suggestions are forthcoming for the reformer to avail himself of. But three points should be borne in mind. First, housing reform, improved schools, and the rest are matters which must be dealt with by a municipality; secondly, to hand over five millions to an admittedly corrupt municipal Government would lead to dubious results; thirdly, he who pays the piper has a right to call the tune.

The Utopian scheme of a garden city without any manufacturing and of some 40,000 inhabitants near Tottenham is taking shape. The public buildings will be situated in a central ring, from which all the streets will radiate. For this ideal spot only a library was needed, and this Mr. Passmore Edwards has offered to supply as soon as the city is built. As the building, and probably the site, would be free, a sufficient income should be forthcoming to keep the library up.

It was reported that the King had given directions for the late Queen Victoria's library to be catalogued, with a view of distributing the books as gifts to the various libraries in the kingdom. This statement has been authoritatively contradicted. Instead of being dispersed, the library is to be enlarged.

A billiard table would seem to be a somewhat risky innovation in a public library. But an anonymous inhabitant of Colwyn Bay follows up an offer of £250 towards a public library with the suggestion that "the scheme should include one or more billiard tables." Possibly he thinks that his generosity entitles him to have his little joke. If he is serious we hope that the billiard table condition will be withdrawn when the Libraries Acts are adopted, as they probably will be. True, it is almost impossible for many to get a game of billiards without entering a public-house; but we should be sorry to see the public library lay itself out to catch readers by means of extra attractions. The sub-committee of the Free Library of Brighton, in Australia, suggest the purchase of two billiard tables as the best means of popularizing the institution, but this form of colonial progressiveness can scarcely be held up for emulation at home.

The Leyton Public Library sets a good example by issuing a King Alfred bibliography, including novels about the King, in view of the millenium next October. The inspector of schools for the district and the Leyton School Board offer prizes for a knowledge of the subject.

Yet another public library and art gallery is to be opened shortly at Bury, for the maintenance expenses of which a special rate of 3d. in the pound will be levied. A valuable collection of pictures has been presented by Mr. Wrigley. Mr. Archibald Sparke, of the Carlisle Public Library, has been appointed librarian and curator.

By resolution of the Borough Council, all the public libraries in Southwark will be open on Sundays from 6 to 9 p.m.

Lord Acton has succeeded the late Bishop of London as a vice-president of the London Library.

Mr. Henry Bond, librarian of Lincoln, has been elected librarian to the new public libraries for Woolwich.

Travelling libraries are gaining favour abroad, especially in sparsely-settled districts. In Denmark the town centre sends out boxes of books through the surrounding country, each village forming a delivery station. In America the express company of Wells, Fargo, and Co. maintains large libraries at half a dozen centres. Any *employé* may obtain a book upon application, the volume being sent and collected free of charge. Small reference libraries are also formed at terminal points. The Minister of Education for Ontario has asked for a grant from the Legislature to establish travelling libraries throughout the province,

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.—II.

In the *Fortnightly*, the pseudonymous Calchas, who seems as well informed as the pseudonyms Diplomaticus, asks the pointed question :—" Will Germany fail ?" He at least proves that the problems ahead of Germany are not less grave than the problems ahead of Great Britain. Germany, though not the Kaiser, rejects the friendship of England, is regarded with an unfriendly eye by the United States, is bound, some day, to quarrel with Russia, may quarrel at any time with France, and, with Austria in its present condition of unrest, has no allies worth speaking of. Moreover, a financial crisis and labour troubles loom imminently on the near horizon ; while the Empire itself is not a very happy family, but is full of jealousies making for disintegration. This article *donne à penser*. In " Anticipations " Mr. H. G. Wells attempts to prophesy concerning modes of locomotion in the twentieth century. He has a wonderful idea for a rolling platform as a substitute for the underground and the tube. The criticism of " Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army Reform," by the author of " An Absent-minded War," would interest us more if our opportunities of ascertaining this critic's opinions of military matters were not so portentously frequent. M. Emile Verhaeren's article on " French poetry of To-day " ought also to be read. It is mostly about the Symbolists, but brings the subject quite up to date, announcing the appearance of other new schools. " Already are born the ' Romane ' and the ' Naturiste ' schools. The former, alas, has strayed into the blind alley of imitation ; but the second innovates in its turn, and claims to be inspired by liberty and truth, just as much as its forerunners. . . . Its growth should be viewed with hope. It has the priceless advantage of being the newest manifestation of life."

There are no fewer than five military articles in the *Nineteenth Century*. The one to be singled out for mention is Sir Herbert Maxwell's on " Military Training Schools for Lads." By means of these, he thinks, the recruiting problem, which will certainly become urgent when the war is over, might be solved. Historical learning is supplied by Mr. W. H. Wilkins who writes of Sophie Charlotte, the first Queen of Prussia. Mr. Stephen Wheeler sums up the work done by " Lord Curzon in India," and Professor Herbert A. Giles gives an account of the great Chinese Encyclopædia which was " bound up in 11,100 volumes, each half an inch in thickness, so that, were all the volumes laid flat one upon another, the column thus formed would reach a height of 450 feet, or nearly 46 feet higher than the top of St. Paul's." We should have thought that the column would have toppled over long before it reached that height ; but no doubt the Professor knows more about these matters than we do. Other articles are on " Emigration for Gentlewomen," by Arthur Montefiore Brice, on " Company Law Reform," by R. Gervase Elwes, and on " British Communications with East and South Africa," by Mr. Evelyn Cecil, while Sir George Sherston Baker inveighs against the King's " odious " Test Declaration.

There are various good things in the *National Review*. The most actual is Professor Onan's raking criticism of " The Secret Report of the Intelligence Department " which seems to have been as wrong as if the results had been arrived at by guess work. Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller's article on Sir Alfred Milner is one of those articles that do not advance matters very much ; but Mr. H. W. Wilson " The Anti-National Party in England " is vigorous, and makes out a strong case for interfering with the freedom of the Press. Travel is represented by Commander Borchgrevink's article on " Life in the Antarctic," (we review his book elsewhere), and literature by Mr. Leslie Stephen's on " Shakespeare as a Man." Mr. Stephen takes the view of Professor Brandes that we may to a certain extent come to know Shakespeare's character from his writings, and he endeavours to construct it, in a paper which will please even readers who do not agree with the conclusions drawn.

In the *Contemporary* the author of " Drifting," a book which we noticed a few weeks ago, turns his heavy artillery

upon the Prime Minister, on the subject of the Defence of the Empire. He is, as in his book, more concerned with prophecies of the ruin of England than with suggestions how to avert it, and as a pleasant Easter greeting for Lord Salisbury, he writes, " knowing many other countries, I have no hesitation in saying that the English Administration is the most wasteful, the most corrupt, the most stupid, and the most inefficient in any civilized land. . . . My Lord Marquess, I am placing this frank criticism and these suggestions before you with faint hope and with a heavy heart—not because I doubt your ability to provide the necessary reforms, but because I doubt your inclination to do so." Dr. E. J. Dillon has a very interesting character sketch of the Russian Finance Minister, Mr. Witte, and Mr. J. H. Round pleads for the preservation of the Declaration by the Crown against Transubstantiation, while Mr. Havelock Ellis has a rather good article on the character of the French people, who he avers are no more " Latin " than we are, and who possess the inestimable faculty of looking at things from the outside. He once saw a Frenchman run to an omnibus only to find every place occupied, and then merely lift his hat and turn away with a good-humoured " Bon voyage !" That is an impersonal way of looking at things to which Englishmen have certainly not attained.

The best article in the *Monthly Review* is Mr. Henry W. Wolff's on " German Anglophobia." It arises, Mr. Wolff thinks, because the Germans, being unaccustomed to greatness, are cockahoop and quarrelsome, are too proud to make themselves disagreeable to the French and Austrians whom they have beaten, and are not sure of their ground with the Russians. Consequently, they " yap " at us because they must. " yap " at some one. Mr. Wolff thinks that they will grow out of the habit by degrees, as it is to their interest to do so. Captain Young-husband criticizes " Sir Robert Hart on China." Mr. Sidney Hartland considers " The Native Problem in our New Colonies " from both political and anthropological points of view. Mr. Havelock Ellis, in a paper on " The Distribution of British Ability," takes the " Dictionary of National Biography " and calculates with patient labour what soils are most favourable to the growth of the different kinds of genius. We learn that Norfolk, whence came Nelson, Newton, Gresham, Wolsey, Coke, the Walpoles (Robert and Horace) and the Hooks (the Dean and Theodore), leads the van, and that " people of Irish and Welsh stock are better adapted than the Scotch for cross-breeding with the English." But, of course, the Irish cross breed successfully with any race, as witness the examples of the Macmahons in France, the Taafes in Austria, and the O'Donnells in Spain.

The Census Enumerator has wrested many secrets from us this week ; innocent and prosaic gentleman that he is, the completeness and relentlessness of his mission from house to house is only paralleled in Exodus. But Mr. George Bizet, writing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, finds that he is not so inquisitive as he used to be and as he might be. In 1851 an attempt was made towards a census of religions in England and Scotland, and " ardent sociologists " (says Mr. Bizet) " would like the census to be used as a sort of Record of Family—Faculties or Album of Life-History, with statements as to height and weight, colour of hair and eyes, possessions, and principles, and confessions as to religion." The colour of hair and eyes, and what is more, the shape of nose and face and character of coiffure are, as it is, confided by the most reticent travellers to the mayors of Continental towns. Some may resent the question as to infirmities in the present census ; but, on the whole, the authorities seem to have kept as near as possible to the sensible principle that the fewer the questions they ask the fewer the lies they will be told. Whether the unsigned article on " Literature and Democracy " is by Mr. Mowbray Morris himself or not it is certainly outspoken and amusing enough to be from his pen. In speaking of the great Victorian era of literature we are apt, he thinks, to forget that the latter half of the last century was much less productive than the former half. " In fiction and poetry," asks the writer, " what names have we to set against

those which have been cited as belonging to the first years of the reign?" Yet who knows that we have not amongst us authors whom future generations will rank as high as we rank the early Victorians? Mr. J. L. Etty reaches *Henry VIII.* in "Studies in Shakespeare's History." In "The Man in the Ranks," "One Who has Served" is in favour, not of conscription, but of improvement in the position of the soldier. Other interesting articles are "Book Hunting" and "A Day with the Mounted Infantry."

The current *Blackwood* exhibits some of the characteristic excellences of that magazine—notably a most interesting anonymous paper of reminiscence and anecdote entitled "Some editors—and others." The recollections are mainly of the *Saturday Review* under Dutton Cook, *The Times* under Delane, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* under Mr. Greenwood. The "Musings without Method" fling mud in a superior way at the Cambridge "Medieval and Modern Language Tripos," and at the Oxford School of "Literæ Anglicæ." *Mağa* also has one of the best versions that we have seen of the Spion Kop affair. The writer does not mince matters, but says:—

To the onlooker the debt was plain enough, and the whole British Army, as well as the fraction of it which left Spion Kop that night, owes it to Colonel Thorneycroft that the catastrophe, characteristically described by him as "the mop-up in the morning," is only a might-have-been in our military history. The attempt and its execution must stand for ever as that which in a commander is worse than a crime—a blunder. The Army knows well enough who is to blame for that; but it is as well that the rest of the world should remain in ignorance, even if it should mean the prolongation of the pitiable discussion, for the burden of the responsibility for such a tragedy is too heavy for one man to bear in public.

The *Empire Review* continues to be interesting and instructive. Professor Mahaffy's remarks on "The Ebb and Flow in National Literature" are noticed in another column. Sir John Bramston's article on "the Colonial Office from within" is well worth reading, and so are Lady Macdonald's account of her visits to the Dowager Empress of China and Sir Michael Foster's summary of recent discoveries about the causes of malaria.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Karl Blind gives a learned account of the "brochs" or prehistoric towers in the north-east of Scotland, which offer as many puzzles to the antiquarian as the round towers of Ireland. Mr. Harold F. Hills and Georgiana Hill treat two interesting chapters from the by-ways of history—the wanderings of Don Antonio, the unfortunate claimant of the Portuguese Crown in the time of Elizabeth, and the chivalrous support given by Colonel Keith to Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, the sister of George III., on her imprisonment through the treachery of the Dowager Queen Juliana. Mr. Charles C. Osborne's attempt to reverse Dr. Johnson's unfavourable judgment on a now forgotten author of the seventeenth century, Francis Osborne, is not very successful. His "Advice to a Son" was Osborne's most considerable work, and the first part, published in 1656, went through five editions. The epigrams from it here selected are of a platitudinous order. The discovery of the new star has prompted an erudite account of recent advances in astronomy by Mr. J. Ellard Gore.

The *New Liberal Review* has a poem by "Carmen Sylva" on Queen Victoria, and another poem by Mr. George Meredith called "The Hueless Love." The review is much taken up with Imperialism. Dr. Herbert Hart hopes to convert the Liberal party to the views of the Imperial Liberal Council. Mr. H. A. Spender wants a clear decided businesslike Imperialism in the face of the new attitude of the Continental Powers; and Mr. Healy gets in a racy description of the wrongs of Ireland under the heading of "An unimperial race." To artists we can commend Mr. William Sharp's well-informed article on the "Impressionist."

The critico-biographical articles for which *Temple Bar* is justly renowned are this month about John Wesley and Jane Austen; and serials by Mr. Crockett and by Egerton and Agnes Castle are running their course in its pages.

In the *North American Review* Sir Charles Dilke writes a short article on "The King of England," in which he explains the reasons which have led him to abandon his Republican opinions:—

I cannot but feel that, in the last quarter of a century, the growth in the Empire of India and of the Colonies has withdrawn the adoption of Republican institutions from practical politics. The difficulty of the adoption of federal forms in the case of an Empire so dispersed, and representing forms of civilization so diverse, is immense. To bring India within the working of a Parliamentary constitution which

would also include such democratic States as the Australian Commonwealth, is in my mind impossible; and the alternative means of keeping together the Empire is rather an increase than a diminution of the status of the King. Just as the Austro-Hungarian Empire has been kept together by the personality of the Emperor Francis Joseph, so the fabric of the British Empire must be kept together by full use of the sentiment which attaches to the person of the King.

Other articles are calculated to interest readers on the other side; but mention should be made of Mr. Henry James' paper on Matilde Serao.

Who was "Mrs. Ward, of Whittington," of whom Mr. F. D. How writes in the *Sunday Magazine*? Only the wife of a substantial farmer in the parish of Mr. How's father. But as Mr. How's most agreeable paper shows, she deserves to find a place in a series of "Noble Women of Our Time," and his account of her is far more interesting and human than the familiar description of a famous authoress or "Society" Lady "at home." Another good article is on Dr. George Matheson, "the blind poet-preacher of Edinburgh." There are two personal articles in *Good Words* which are worth attention—one on Mrs. Bishop among "Celebrated Lady Travellers," and another on the chequered career of Olympia Morata, the girl student of Ferrara, who celebrated her marriage in 1549 by writing a Greek triumphal ode, and dedicated her works to Queen Elizabeth.

The *Badminton* contains four coloured plates as usual. There are no fewer than three cricket articles. In one of them Mr. Ernest Smith defends the policy of the county captains on the throwing question; in another Mr. P. F. Warner discusses the proposed alteration of the law of leg-before-wicket. Foreign parts are duly represented by papers on "Deer Stalking on the Newfoundland Barrens," by Mr. Arthur P. Silver, and "South American Sporting Reminiscences," by Lieutenant Percival Hall-Thompson, R.N. In the last-named article the Patagonian cavy is the principal wild beast dealt with.

The *Art Journal* besides its usual monthly issue publishes a special Easter number devoted to Sir John Tenniel, with a number of well-selected illustrations and an account of his work by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. The reproduction (in monochrome) of a couple of water-colours by Sir John, who is known to the public almost solely by his work on *Punch*, forms a notable feature. An interesting feature of the *Magazine of Art* is an account of the principal address presented to Mr. Ruskin on February 8, 1899, with reproductions of some of its illuminated pages.

Cassell's Magazine contains a particularly interesting article, by Mr. Beckles Willson, on "Twentieth Century Fur Trading," an account of the present day conditions of the great Hudson's Bay Company. We should like, however, to see an article on the subject written from the point of view of the young man who thinks of adopting fur trading as a profession.

Mr. Wadham Peacock, who knows the subject well, writes in the *Home Counties Magazine* of "The Thames and the Boat Race," and some very interesting old prints are reproduced as illustrations. "The Will of a Plague-stricken Londoner" is a quaint document printed with explanatory notes by Mr. Arthur J. Jewers. "Finchley Parish Church" is dealt with exhaustively by Mr. W. B. Passmore, and Mr. Peter G. Laurie tells us all about the Essex ancestors of General Baden-Powell, beginning with David Powell, of Old Broad-street, London, born in 1695.

Little Folks is retelling the Victoria Cross stories, and the current number contains an allegory by Mrs. Marriott Watson.

We have received the *Century*, in which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner discourses on "Fashions in Literature," the *Universal and Ludgate Magazine*, the *Asiatic Quarterly*, in which Mr. G. B. Barton writes on "The troubles of Australian Federation," the *Reliquary*, the *Antiquary*, the *Genealogical Magazine*, the *Idler*, the *Crisis*, the *Churchman*, the *United Service Magazine*, the *Girls' Realm*, the *Argosy*, the *Italian Review*, *St. Nicholas*, the *School World*, the *Woman at Home*, the *House*.

The picture postcard has not so far taken root here as it has in Germany; but Messrs. Raphael Tuck are determined to show that in this particular industry at any rate we can do as well as the Germans, and their very beautiful productions will stimulate this pretty practice. The coloured photographs of the King and Queen are marvellous; correspondents who want a little more room wherein to express their feelings may prefer the reproductions from the National Gallery. But these are only a few out of a really excellent list of designs. To receive one of these postcards at breakfast would certainly brighten that meal; and the more so that any one who keeps all that he receives may qualify for one of Messrs. Tuck's collector's prizes.

Correspondence.

"PAULINE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It may interest collectors of "Pauline" to know that my father destroyed as many copies of the first edition as he could, which partly accounts for their rarity.

Miss Browning tells me that she herself, at his request, helped him to cut up and destroy the unsold copies which he recovered from the publishers; and they were many, as few copies had been sold. He kept one copy, which I have.

This happened while they were living at Hatcham, and my aunt thinks the reason for their destruction was my father's desire to suppress a work which he considered "immature."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

R. BARRETT BROWNING.

Asolo, March 31.

CHARLOTTE YONGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be permitted a few words in reply to the note upon the work of the late Miss Yonge which appeared in your last issue? I have no desire to enter into a discussion of Miss Yonge's literary merits; perhaps as one of the large number who readily and thankfully acknowledge her influence upon their own lives I can hardly profess to be an unbiased critic, but your note contains certain statements which I am unwilling to let pass unchallenged. In reply to the assertion that "there probably never was a trained critic who ranked Miss Yonge's work very high or derived acute pleasure from its perusal," we have (1) Sir F. Palgrave's assurance of Tennyson's delight in her stories, (2) the criticism, quoted by the Bishop of Winchester, of "a man in the foremost ranks of our literature" that Miss Yonge's power of guiding a character right through a book was absolutely unrivalled, and (3) the list of signatures to the address presented to her on her seventieth birthday. And as regards the inclusion of Miss Yonge among the writers by whom girls "are taught that to continue empty-headed when they have the chance of cultivating their intelligence is not a thing to be ashamed of," we recall the suggestion made to her by Keble that one of her early books contained rather too much Greek.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

April 2.

M. H. D.

BRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I read with interest your remarks in *Literature* of the 2nd on Mr. Dalton's book on Bridge Whist, but was much surprised at the date (1804) assigned for its introduction to England.

I have never had any doubt that Bridge was invented in Constantinople; at all events, I know that we received it from there, so I wrote to a friend in Constantinople, who is no mean player, and here is what he says:—

My experience of this game is that in the year 1876 when I went to England they used to play the "Cayenne," a little later the "Khedive" (whist with sans atout); was introduced, and about the year 1880-1881, if I am not mistaken, they began playing the "bridge" whist; so it must be much older than Mr. Dalton thinks it to be (1804).

I must explain that my friend by "England" means Manchester, and by "they" the Greek society in that City.

When I lived in Varna, before the war 1877-8, we used to play "Short Whist," but when I came here in 1879 I found that most people preferred Cayenne, and so it was the game played; but during the Russian occupation and until 1885, as there were many Russian officers in the place, a great deal of "Wint" was also played. I never learnt Wint myself, but I have watched the play many times; and as "Bridge" was introduced to Roustchouk in the early 80's I was able to see the resemblance.

When it was introduced we used to play it thus:—The dealer declares trumps, or passes, his partner then declares; if he announces "bridge" (without trumps) there is an end of the matter, except for doubling; but if he should chance to announce "spades" then the man on his left may raise the value of the colour and so on round the table from left to dealer. We soon found that if the dummy declared spades and the man on his left a red colour, it was almost necessary for the dealer, if he could do it at all, to declare "bridge"—because he knew his own hand; he knew his partner had declared spades, so presumably that was his best suit, and therefore, supposing he could hope to win, say, five tricks, it was better to lose two points of ten than possibly "schlemm" in hearts or diamonds. Therefore, having discovered that such a system had been abandoned in Constantinople, we decided to follow suit and disallow any changing of the suit and only to allow doubling twice—that is to say, first by an adversary and again by self or partner.

Now, as to the origin of Bridge. Though I may be corrected, I think it was "discovered" by some players in Constantinople having learned "Wint" from the Russians in 1878-9, and, not being always able to find partners, they gradually grafted "Wint" on the older games played, where it was usual to declare the trump—even if the last card was turned; but contented themselves with counting the points according to colour, without going into the further intricacies of declaring round and round the table during a quarter of an hour the number of tricks they could take.

Bridge having been invented in Constantinople naturally first found its way to Manchester through the Greeks and Armenians going there several times a year—it would naturally go slower to London, through Queen's Messengers or Secretaries and Consular officers going on leave.

Yours truly, W. H. DALZIEL.

British Vice-Consulate, Roustchouk, March 29.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Frederick Macmillan, while congratulating the Publishers' Association the other day on the success of its net book scheme, announced the purchase of an interesting memento of the abortive attempt made some forty or fifty years ago to put a similar agreement into force. The memento is a book of autograph letters—all condemning the plan of keeping up prices. The letters were in answer to a circular sent by the late Mr. John W. Parker, a publisher and editor from whose office in West Strand, once described as the cradle of Christian Socialism, issued the teachings of Maurice, Kingsley, and Tom Hughes; and he sought the opinions of authors on the matter, as it affected necessarily their interests as much as those of the manufacturers and sellers of books. The circular puts the case of a retail bookseller applying to a publisher for books with the avowed intention of retailing them at a smaller profit than that provided for between the wholesale rate and the selling price of single copies. "Do you," asked Mr. Parker, "consider the intention to sell at a low rate of profit a good and sufficient reason why a publisher should refuse to sell the books, which such retailer is ready to purchase and to keep in stock at his own risk?"

Dickens' reply was brief, but emphatic—"No, certainly not."

Carlyle wrote—"My answer to this question, for my own interests, and for those of the world, so far as I can see them, is decidedly 'No, it is not a sufficient reason'—and, indeed, I can see no issue, of any permanency, to this controversy that has now arisen, but absolute 'Free-trade' in all branches of Bookselling and Book-publishing."

Darwin, "as an author of some scientific works," replied—"I beg to express strongly my opinion that, both for the advantage of authors and publishers, booksellers, like other dealers, ought to settle, each for himself, the retail price."

Leigh Hunt excuses himself for a delay in answering on account of ill-health. "But," he continued, "I was anxious to make myself better acquainted than I was with the details of the question in order that I might give all the strength I could to my approval of that spirit of free trade and cheapness in literature in which I had already (as I hope you have been aware) expressed my hearty concurrence to Mr. Chapman."

John Stuart Mill wrote—"I think there is no case in which combination to keep up prices is more injurious than in the sale of books, and I wish success to the booksellers in their resistance to the trade regulations which restrict their liberty of selling books at a low figure."

Charles Kingsley sent a long letter on the subject, in the course of which he said—"No intention of a bookseller to sell at a low price ought to be any reason why a publisher should not supply him, but rather the very best reason why he should . . . The gain from the profits of bookselling by the cheap plan will go, first, to the consumer; and I suppose there can be no doubt that if a book be good and right it is good and right that it should be sold as cheap as possible; next, to the producers, in which term I include not only authors, but publishers, as to their skilled labour and talent for speculation the success of any book must be very much indebted."

Herbert Spencer, "believing as he does that every reduction in the cost of distributing books must inevitably extend their sale, and, by so doing, increase their profits, is of opinion that the publisher will best serve authors' interests by giving the underselling retailer every facility."

It was through the action of the authors that the old plan failed, and the association did not long survive its defeat. But, as Mr. Macmillan pointed out at the annual meeting of the present association, the position of the public and the general feeling with regard to co-operative action in those days, when trade unions were illegal combinations, has altered very much in the last fifty years. The new agreement has been successful, too, because it has been run on different lines from the old—no hard and fast law has been laid down; and if any author objects to the system he has only to say so, and his book is published in the ordinary way. The following extract from the council's report for the past year shows that the association is justified in regarding the scheme as a success:—

Reports from the booksellers' associations in all parts of the kingdom assure us that there has been no difficulty in maintaining the prices of net books, and that satisfactory results of the net book system have already made themselves evident in the balance-sheets of most retail booksellers. Many persons, whose opinions on such a subject are entitled to respect, have declared that, notwithstanding the war, which has necessarily had a bad effect on the sale of books, the retail book trade is at the present day on a more solid basis and in a more satisfactory condition than has been the case for many years.

With reference to our paragraph last week as to Miss Charlotte Yonge's connexion with the *Monthly Packet*, Miss Christabel Coleridge writes:—

I edited the *Monthly Packet* for some years, first in concert with Miss Yonge and secondly with Mr. A. D. Innes, but it ceased to exist in June, 1899, and has never been reissued.

The second and third volumes of the complete works of John Gower, edited by G. C. Macaulay, will shortly be ready for publication. They give Gower's English works; the first volume, it will be remembered, gave his French works. The Clarendon Press also have a School History of England nearly ready—the work of several teachers of experience, containing a classified bibliography.

Messrs. Kegan Paul have a new edition in hand of Bacci's "Life of S. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome," translated from the Italian by the late Father Faber. The new edition has been prepared by Father F. I. Antrobus, and is being reprinted from the first edition of 1849, with illustrations after the original engravings. Immediately after Easter the same publishers will issue—as a companion volume to Mr. Paul Woodroffe's edition of "The Little Flowers of S. Francis"—"The Little Flowers of S. Benet: Being Legends of the Life of S. Benedict," the

feature of which will again be the illustrations by Mr. Woodroffe. The next volume of "The Westminster Biographies" will be "John Henry Newman," by A. R. Waller, who edited Montaigne and Jeremy Taylor in the Temple Classics.

Messrs. Dent and Co. will publish immediately after Easter the "Benenden Letters, 1753-1821," edited by Mr. Chas. Fred. Hardy—a series of family papers giving characteristic pictures of the times of King George III.

A new series of literary essays by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, entitled "Wise Men and a Fool"—a companion volume to his "Sorrow and Song"—will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward, Lock. The book opens with a paper on "Robert Louis Stevenson as revealed in his Letters," and includes articles on Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, George Macdonald, Frederick Locker-Lampson, Browning, Tennyson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Emerson.

Miss Rose Graham will publish through Mr. Elliot Stock the volume entitled "St. Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines," a monastic order founded in 1131, which had twenty-six houses in the Midlands and Yorkshire.

In our book list of last week the name of the author of "A Handbook to Old Testament Hebrew" (Religious Tract Society) was printed "S. G. Greer." The author is Mr. S. G. Green.

Books to look out for at once.

- "My Experiences of the Boer War." By Adalbert Count Sternberg. Longmans.
- [Translated from the German. With Preface by Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson.]
- "Yeoman Service; being the Diary of the Wife of an Imperial Officer." By Lady Maud Rolleston. Smith, Elder.
- [Lady Maud Rolleston accompanied her husband, the hon. colonel of the South Notts Hussars Yeomanry Cavalry to South Africa, and held charge of a convalescent hospital at Kimberley before going to the front.]
- "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia." By W. T. Harris. Kegan Paul.
- [An American study in literary criticism—by a member of Congress.]
- "Trusts and the Stage: A Sketch of Competition." By Henry W. Macrosty. Grant Richards. 6s.
- [The first volume of the Fabian Series.]
- "The Day Book of John Stuart Blackie." Selected and Transcribed from the manuscript by his nephew, Dr. Archibald Stodart-Walker. Grant Richards. 6s.
- "The Natives of South Africa. Their Economic and Social Condition." J. Murray. 12s. net.
- [By the South African Native Races Committee. With Maps.]
- "Our Empire, Past and Present." By Earl of Meath and others. Harri-son and Son. 7s. 6d.
- "Newest England. Notes of a Democratic Traveller in New Zealand." By H. D. Lloyd. Gay and Bird. 10s. net.
- "History of the Jesuits in England, 1580—1773." By E. L. Taunton. Methuen. 21s. net.
- "Songs of Erin." A Collection of Fifty Irish Folk Songs. Words by Alfred Perceval Graves. Music arranged by C. V. Stanford. Boosey. 5s.
- [A selection from the unpublished Petrie Collection.]
- Fiction—**
- "Lysbeth." By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans. 6s.
- [A tale of the Dutch.]
- "Once too Often." By Florence Warden. John Long. 6s.
- "Plato's Handmaiden." By Lucas Cleeve. John Long. 6s.
- "A Race with the Sun." By L. T. Meade. Ward, Lock. 6s.
- "Afloat and Afloat." By Frank Stockton. Cassell. 6s.
- [Short stories.]
- "The Dream Woman." By Kythe Wylwynne. Fisher Unwin.
- [A psychological study.]
- "The Gamblers." By W. Le Queux. Hutchinson. 6s.
- "Claudia Pole." A novel. By Carlton Dawe. Hutchinson. 6s.
- "The Mystery of the Clapsed Hands." By Guy Boothby. F. V. White. 5s.
- "Northborough Cross." By L. C. Cornford. G. Allen. 6s.
- "Under the Redwoods." By Bret Harte. Pearson. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

THE BOOK OF THE POSTER. By W. S. ROGERS. 10½×8½. 146 pp. Greening. 7s. 6d.

[The art and history of the poster in all countries, with the conclusion that England is behind her neighbours. Beautifully illustrated.]

BIOGRAPHY.

SOME RECORDS OF THE LATER LIFE OF HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE. By SUSAN H. OLDFIELD. 9×5½. 286 pp. Longmans. 16s. n.

QUEEN VICTORIA OF BLESSED MEMORY. Notes of addresses delivered in the Collegiate Church of S. Mary the Virgin, Port Elizabeth. By A. T. WIGMAN, D.D. 8½×5½. 15 pp. Longmans. 1s. n.

ROGER LUDLOW, THE COLONIAL LAWMAKER. By J. M. TAYLOR. 8½×6. 166 pp. Putnam. 6s.

[Describes the Pilgrim Fathers, and Ludlow's work in framing the Constitution of Connecticut.]

EDUCATIONAL.

- THE STORY OF QUENTIN DURWARD: THE STORY OF THE TALISMAN. (Scott Readers for Young People.) 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 84+82 pp. Black. 6d. n. each.
- VOLTAIRE'S CONTES ET MÉLANGES. (Cours Moyen et Supérieur.) 7x5, 159 pp. Black. 2s.
- LIVY: BOOK XXII. (University Tutorial Series.) Ed. by J. THOMPSON. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 136 pp. Clive. 2s. 6d.
- INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF PHYSICS (Science Series.) By A. F. WALDEN and J. J. MANLEY. 7x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 252 pp. Black. 3s. 6d.

FICTION.

- MONONIA. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 383 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- THE ETERNAL QUEST. By J. A. STEUART. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 377 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- THE HERITAGE. By E. PUGH and G. BURCHETT. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 354 pp. Sands. 6s.
- MOUNTAINS OF NECESSITY. By HESTER WHITE. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 389 pp. Blackwood. 6s.
- HIS OWN FATHER. By W. E. NORRIS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 294 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.
- ANNA LOMBARD. By VICTORIA CROSS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 314 pp. J. Long. 6s.
- THE THREE DAYS' TERROR. By J. S. FLETCHER. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 307 pp. J. Long. 6s.
- A BEAR SQUEEZE. By M. M. BODKIN. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 237 pp. Ward Lock. 2s.
- TANGLED TRINITIES. By D. WOODROFFE. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 274 pp. Heinemann. 6s.
- THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES. By S. C. GRIER. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 327 pp. Blackwood. 6s. [An exciting novel about the Indian frontier.]
- DEVAYTIS. By MARIA RODZIEWICZ. Trans. by Count S. C. de Soissons. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 362 pp. Digby Long. 6s. [By the authoress of "Anima Villis."]
- PARLOUS TIMES. (The Dollar Library of American Fiction.) By D. D. WELLS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 439 pp. Heinemann. 4s. [A novel of modern diplomacy.]
- FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD. SELMA LAGERLÖF. Trans. by Jessie Bröchner. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 348 pp. Heinemann. 6s. [By the Swedish authoress who wrote "The Story of Gösta Berling."]

HISTORY.

- THE SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT BEFORE THE UNION OF THE CROWNS. By R. B. RAIT. 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 121 pp. Blackie. 5s. n.
- THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK. By TIGHE HOPKINS. 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 368 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.
- THE CLASSICAL HERITAGE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By H. O. TAYLOR. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 400 pp. The Macmillan Company. 7s. 6d. n.

LITERARY.

- ITALIAN INFLUENCES. By E. SCHUYLER, Ph.D. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 435 pp. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. n.
- SELECTED ESSAYS OF E. SCHUYLER, with a Memoir by EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHARFFER. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 364 pp. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. n.
- THE PROSE WRITERS OF CANADA. By S. E. DAWSON. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x6, 39 pp. Renouf (Montreal). [An address read before the teachers of Montreal, beginning with Samuel de Champlain (1567).]
- LES GRANDS ECRIVAINS FRANÇAIS.—FRANÇOIS VILLON. By GASTON PARIS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 190 pp. Hachette. Fr.2.50

MILITARY.

- A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 228 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d.
- THE JOURNAL OF THE C.I.V. IN SOUTH AFRICA. By MAJOR-GEN. W. H. MACKINNON. 8x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 218 pp. Murray. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Vol. VI. L—Lap. Ed. by DR. J. A. H. MURRAY. 64 pp. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.
- TWENTIETH CENTURY INVENTIONS. A Forecast by G. SUTHERLAND. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 286 pp. Longmans. 4s. 6d. n.
- A WANDERER. By C. F. KEARY. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4, 186 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. n. [These are delightful sketches and essays by a Bohemian traveller in Sweden, Germany, and Austria. A pleasant vein runs through them: the nature-pictures are good; and they close with a good essay on "The Longest Journey."]
- TRAVELLERS' COLLOQUIAL FRENCH. 8th Ed. By H. SWAN. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 133 pp. Nutt. 1s.
- PAISLEY CHARACTERS, MILITARY AND OTHERWISE. By J. GILROY. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 265 pp. Alex. Gardner. 3s. 6d. n.
- POPULAR STUDIES IN MYTHOLOGY, ROMANCE, AND FOLKLORE. (No. 10.) By JESSIE L. WESTON. Nutt. 6d. n.
- COMMENT LA ROUTE CRÉE LE TYPE SOCIAL. Par E. DEMOLINS. (Les Routes de l'Antiquité.) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 460 pp. Firman-Didot. Fr.3.50.
- THE REALMS OF THE EGYPTIAN DEAD. (The Ancient East, No. 1.) By K. A. WIEDEMANN, Ph.D. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 63 pp. Nutt. 1s.
- "THESE FROM THE LAND OF SINIM." (Essays on the Chinese question.) By SIR R. HART, Bt., G.C.M.G. 9x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 254 pp. Chapman and Hall. 6s. [A defence of the policy of the Chinese Government (who ought to be treated "like any other civilized Power"), of the Boxers, and of Prince Tuan.]

REPRINTS.

- THE GIRLS' LITTLE BOOK. 8th Ed. By CHARLOTTE YONGE. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4, 59 pp. Skeffington. 1s.
- A DIFFICULT MATTER. By MRS. L. CAMERON. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 123 pp. J. Long. 6d.
- UNCLE SILAS. By J. S. LE FANU. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 176 pp. Macmillan. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

- HOW TO WALK BEFORE GOD. By PERE VAUBERT, S.J. Trans. by M. S. DALTON. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 142 pp. Sands. 2s. 6d.
- THE DAY OF THE SUN. By C. NOEL. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 72 pp. Nutt. 1s. [A plea for a freer Sabbath.]
- A NEW HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By F. PROCTER and W. H. FRERE. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 699 pp. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.
- BIBLE STUDIES. DR. G. A. DEISSMANN. Trans. by A. GRIEVE, D.Ph. 9x6, 384 pp. T. and T. Clark. 9s.
- WINGS OF THE MORNING. Sermons. By W. C. ROBERTS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x5, 144 pp. Putman. 5s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

Problems by G. E. CARPENTER, Tarrytown, N.Y.

(From Carpenter's 200 *Problèmes d'Échecs*, lately issued by Preti, Paris.)

PROBLEM No. CULI.

PROBLEM No. CULI.

BLACK. 4 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

BLACK. 8 pieces.



WHITE. 8 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Oxford and Cambridge met on Friday, March 29, and Cambridge won by 5 to 2. The result was somewhat unexpected; but the Light Blues have lately proved superior in the intellectual pastime. The inter-University match, Oxford and Cambridge v. The American Colleges, will be played by cable April 26 and 27. This side is managed by, and played at, the British C.C., Whitehall-court, S.W.

Additions to the already long list of problem tournaments include one in *Tidskrift for Skak*, Denmark, entries closing June 15; *Norwood News* (Surrey County Association); *Leeds Mercury Supplement* (two moves); *Aftonbladet* (Stockholm), and others.

GAME No. LXXIII.—A good contest in Russia:—

WHITE. J. Sybin.	BLACK. M. Tschigorin.	WHITE. J. Sybin.	BLACK. M. Tschigorin.
1. P-K4	P-K4	18. Q-R-Ksq	P-Q3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	19. B-K2	P-KB3
3. B-B4	B-B4	20. Kt-Q5	Q-O5
4. P-B3	Q-K2	21. Kt-P	BxP
5. P-Q4	PxP	22. Kt-B	BxR
6. Castles	Kt-K4	23. R-B	Kt-K5
7. Kt-Kt	QxKt	24. Kt-B7	Kt-Q7
8. P-B4	PxP dis ch	25. QxP	Kt-Bch
9. K-Rsq	Q-Q5	26. PxKt	Q-Kt3
10. Q-Kt3	Kt-R3	27. QxQ	PxQ
11. Kt-P	Castles	28. Kt-Q5	R-Ksq
12. Kt-Q6	Kt-Kt5	29. P-QKt4	K-Bsq
13. P-KR3	Kt-B7ch	30. B-Rt5	P-B4
14. K-R2	QxKtP	31. P-B4	K-B3
15. Kt-B3	P-B6	32. B-B	K-K3
16. Kt-B	QxBPch	33. P-Kt5	K-K4
17. P-Kt3	Q-B6	34. Kt-P and White wins.	

GAME No. LXXIV.—The following from Monte Carlo, with notes by the world's champion, Mr. Lasker, will be of interest to students:—

WHITE. J. H. Blackburne.	BLACK. J. Mieses.	WHITE. J. H. Blackburne.	BLACK. J. Mieses.
1. P-QB4	P-Q4 (a)	17. P-K5	Kt-Ksq
2. PxP	QxP	18. Kt-Kt5!	PxKt
3. Kt-QB3	Q-Qsq	19. QxQ	K Kt x Q
4. P-K Kt3 (b)	P-K4	20. BxQ	K R-Ksq
5. B-Kt2	P-QB3 (c)	21. B-Q6	Q R-Qsq
6. Kt-B3	B-Q3	22. P-R3	B-Q2
7. P-Q4 (d)	PxP	23. Kt-Q4	B-Bsq
8. QxP	B-K2	24. Q R-Bsq	R-Q2
9. Q-QR4	Kt-B3	25. B-Bsq	K R-Qsq
10. Castles	Castles	26. Kt x P	P-K Kt3
11. R-Qsq	Q-Kt3	27. B-K2 (e)	Kt-K3
12. Q-B2	Kt-R3	28. Kt-Q4	Kt-Kt
13. P-QR3	Q-R4	29. R x Kt	Kt-Ksq
14. B-K5	B-KB4	30. B-Kt4	P-B4
15. P-K4	B-K Kt5 (e)	31. PxP	RxB
16. P-Kt4 (f)	Q-B2	32. R x R	And Black resigns

(a) 1. * P-K3, followed by P-Q4, would be the correct way of development. As he plays, Black uselessly loses several moves.

(b) 4. P-Q4 would lead to book variations. The development chosen by the veteran is ingenious. It enables his bishop to exert a very lasting pressure on the centre and the Black queen's side, and seems to be well worth the loss of a move.

BLACK.

MIESES.



WHITE. BLACKBURNE.
White to play his eighteenth move.

- (c) Unresistingly yielding to the pressure of B-Q6, followed by Kt-QB3, and as bold and attacking a game, principally with pieces, as possible, was the proper policy.
- (d) White's strategy is constantly to busy his opponent, without giving him time for development.
- (e) The bishop ought to retire to Kt3. Even then, White might advance his pawn in front of his pieces and damage Black's position. But Black would have had an opportunity for fighting it out. As it is, his game becomes immediately disorganized by the advance of the K P.
- (f) This initiates the final attack—carried through in splendid style. White's eighteenth move is especially brilliant and vigorous.
- (g) White might have safely played 27. Kt x P, but he prefers the more forcing variation of the text, which threatens Kt x Kt, &c.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 182. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1901.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE DAY	279, 280,	PAGE
PERSONAL VIEWS—"Poetry of the Sea," by F. T. Bullen	281	281
WINDOWS, by Ethel Wheeler.....	282	282
OLD GREEK SONG	284	284
AN IMPERIAL PROGRESS—Travels of Nicholas II.	285	285
GEORGE MURRAY SMITH	286	286
A NEW DOCUMENT RELATING TO VINCENZO FOPPA.....	287	287
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	289	289
REVIEWS—		
The Political History of Contemporary Europe	290	290
Little Memoirs of the Eighteenth Century	291	291
Khurasán and Sistán	292	292
The Miracles of Unbelief	293	293
Legislative Methods and Forms.....	293	293
Napoléon Prisonnier—Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brun-		
wick—The Psychology of Jingoism—Princes and Poisoners—		
S. Louis—Lord Rayleigh's Scientific Papers—Italian Influences		
—Selected Essays—Stage Coach and Tavern Days—A Little		
Tour in France—The English Turf—With Christ in Sailor Town		
—The Staffordshire Potter	294, 295,	296
My New Curate—The Ship's Adventure—The Lesser Evil—A		
Woman's Burden—The Golden Wang-Ho—A Traitor in London		
—Shylock of the River—Love and Honour—A Secretary of Lega-		
tion—Her Heart's Desire—Nance—The Outcast of the Family—		
A Syndicate of Sinners—The Leaven of Love—The Minor Canon		
—The Golden Tooth	298,	299
"THE STOLEN DUCHESS"—ART NOTES	296,	297
CORRESPONDENCE—"Misquotation" (The Hon. L. A. Tollemache,		
&c.)—"S. or St.?" (The Rev. W. H. Hutton)	300	
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for...	300,	301
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	301,	302

NOTES OF THE DAY.

So many accounts of the way in which "Recessional" reached *The Times* have been published on "the very best authority" that it may be as well to dispose of them by the publication of the following letter which enclosed the MS.:

Dear —

Enclosed please find my sentiments on things—which I hope are yours. We've been blowing up the Trumpets of the New Moon a little too much for White Men, and it's about time we sobered down.

If you would like it, it's at your service—on the old conditions that I can use it if I want it later in book form. The sooner it's in print the better. I don't want any proof. Couldn't you run it to-night so as to end the week piously?

If it's not your line, please drop me a wire.

Ever yours sincerely,

R. K.

The poem was published the next morning. Mr. Kipling was asked to name his own price, but absolutely declined all payment.

* * *

We shall publish next week (by the courtesy of Mr. William Strang and Mr. R. Gutekunst) a careful reproduction of a new etched portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, by Mr. William Strang. Visitors to Mr. Gutekunst's Gallery at 16, King-street, St. James', will have seen Mr. Strang's new series of etchings in illustration of Mr. Kipling's short stories, of which an edition, limited to 125 copies, is now being issued by Mr. Gutekunst. Vol. VIII. No. 15.

The portrait is the first of the series, and is of unusual interest. It is not only the most recent portrait of Mr. Kipling which Mr. Strang has executed, but is conceived in a wholly different spirit from the large etching by the same artist which is well known. It includes, in a felicitous manner, suggestions of the characters which live in Mr. Kipling's writings, and, as an etching, the picture (which will be reproduced in the same size as the original) is marked by Mr. Strang's well-known vigour of line and characterization.

* * * * *

This is the second of a series of portraits which will appear periodically in *Literature*, as to which announcements will be made in due course. The first, that of Miss Charlotte Yonge, appeared on March 30. We may mention that copies of *Literature* of January 12, 1901, containing the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, reproduced from the picture by Sir Edwin Landseer in the National Portrait Gallery, are still obtainable.

* * * * *

The Society of Authors' Pension Fund has so far succeeded that the trustees are now in a position to award pensions to an amount of nearly £70 a year. Applications, which may be made either personally or through friends, are invited, and must reach the secretary not later than April 20.

* * * * *

A correspondence in *Knowledge*—a paper in which few, perhaps, would look for suggestions in this line—has raised the old question of the description (in *Henry V.*) of Falstaff's last moments. Few passages in the whole of Shakespeare have afforded more opportunities to the commentator. As it stands now in most editions the line is Theobald's emendation:

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled o' green fields.

"We believe Theobald's 'babbled o' green fields,' " says an old number of *Notes and Queries*, "to be one of many instances in which, with reference to some one particular passage, the scholiast has proved himself worthy of and excelling his author." The poetry of this "triumphant suggestion" has been universally acknowledged, but it has not prevented other critics from offering widely different renderings. In the folios the line ran:—

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields—
a comparison not distinguished for its lucidity; and the fact that the last half of the line is omitted in the quarto edition complicates the matter. Pope, or one of the earlier commentators, suggested that this was a stage direction inadvertently copied into the text, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald supported this view in a letter to *Notes and Queries*. For this rendering you have to invent a supposed property man or actor, by name Greenfields, who is to have his "table" handy for the next scene. Mr. Fitzgerald notes that the actor who plays Exeter in the following scene has to present a "table" or pedigree to the French King. Others are content to suppose that an ordinary table is meant, and that the mythical Greenfields was a furniture dealer, or the property man of the theatre. Anyhow, this explanation involves more assumption than most care to exercise. There are no records of the man Greenfields, whether as actor or

purveyor of tables. Collier, or Collier's annotator, adopts the reading

His nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze—
and this has been accepted with modifications by many others. Some have suggested "pin" for "pen," although this is hardly necessary, and another conjecture is "and a talke of green fields," which improves on Theobald's emendation by being something closer to the original. Others have wandered far afield, as the gentleman who proposed

His nose was as sharp as a pen or the bill of a greenfinch.
On the whole, perhaps, for the sake of lucidity no less than poetic feeling, Theobald's line deserves its place in the text as at any rate a happy conception.

It is generally dangerous to criticize other periodicals—for one reason because it opens up an endless prospect of controversy of the *tu quoque* order. But at any rate the critic should read the article he undertakes to criticize. A highly respected monthly, in its last issue, spoke of *Literature* approving of practices such as log-rolling, because they were "human." Had the writer read a little further he would have seen that we did nothing of the kind. Another journal, issued from an office generally remarkable for its intelligence in literary matters, devotes a column to our note on "Language and Provincialism," in which the confusion of thought is so curious that we can only suppose the writer read a line or two at the beginning of the note, a line or two at the end, took a hasty glance at the middle, and jumbled together such ideas as he had gathered in the process. From this article we learn for the first time that we believe "the Irish language to be identical with the Anglo-Irish dialect of the English language, that is to say with broken English"! Our note was mainly on the subject of dialect, and on the fact that its literary use is confined to the production of an artistic effect; a writer does not use it when he has a practical object in view. We added, "If dialect is rejected as 'provincial' when grave matters are under discussion, in spite of the fact that its obscurity is only relative, what chance is there that provincial languages will ever be used for such purposes?" We must really apologize to our readers for explaining so simple a matter, but it is perhaps worth while to call attention to the dangers of hasty journalism.

M. Augustin Filon, who has translated Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" into French, has tried, in the *Gaulois*, to show that "never was there a man of action who read habitually so much as the Emperor did." Once at Dresden, before a circle of kinglets and princes, he said:—"When I was a lieutenant quartered at Valence I devoured the whole library of the town." Later, when he travelled with Josephine his *berline* was filled with new books which Josephine read to him, and during all his campaigns he read steadily *en route*, flinging papers and books out of the window. The story of his "travelling library" is well known. M. Filon unpacked it in 1870, when it finally reached the Tuileries. It consisted of 800 volumes packed in six boxes made expressly for the purpose. The volumes which had apparently been most read were Ossian and Ariosto, the "Orlando Furioso." Opposite the passages the most admired were dirty yellow blotches, which M. Filon thinks due to a tobacco-stained thumb. M. Filon thinks Napoleon the possessor of an imagination equal to that of Alexandre Dumas and Balzac. He was the author and the hero of his own romance—a romance more extraordinary than the "Trois Mousquetaires," more varied than the "Comédie Humaine." It was Napoleon, the dreamer, the artist, the man of letters, who, according to M. Filon, killed Napoleon the Emperor.

With reference to our mention last week of what we called the "verbatim report" of the case, "White v. Constable," Mr. White writes to us to say that no "verbatim report" was published. Our quotation was taken from the full report in the *Publishers' Circular*. A letter from Mr. White disputing the

accuracy of this report was inserted in the *Publishers' Circular* on the same day that our note appeared, and that journal expressed regret for any inaccuracies that had crept into it. Mr. White says that the Judge made no reference to the use of the word "curious" in the book trade, and that with reference to reviewing for the *St. James's Gazette* he did not say "I was there," but "I know all about it."

* * * *

AN EVENSONG FROM THE HIMALAYAS.

Far from the clamour of the tennis court
I steal away—
To watch the sunset o'er the plains on this—
My wedding day.

Here in the quiet of the peaceful eve
I sit and dream—
While, soaring high above my rocky nest,
The eagles scream.

The vultures, circling through the azure, urge
Their tireless flight—
And in the pines the countless crickets hymn
The coming night.

Deep from my heart I breathe my humble prayer
To One above—
That we may ever keep that gift of gifts
His perfect Love.

The Darkness comes apace; but in the West
There shines afar
God's token—as of old He gave the bow,
Love's own bright star.

W. K. H.

It is well worth the collector's while to look through the annotated catalogue of Mr. William Harris Arnold's "Books and Letters," which are to be sold at New York at the beginning of next month. Besides volumes of much interest on account of their association there are some of extreme rarity. The Brownings are represented by a very fine copy of "The Battle of Marathon," 1820 (only five other copies known); Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets" (1847), which formerly belonged to Charles Kingsley, and which has never been sold by auction; "Pauline" (80 copies printed; thirteen known, as recently stated in *Literature*); "Gold Hair," 1804; "Cleon," 1855; "The Statue and the Bust," 1855; a proof copy of "The Ring and the Book," with manuscript revisions made before the publication of the first edition, and "Helen's Tower," privately printed in 1870 on two leaves—perhaps the scarcest trifle of its kind ever credited to a popular author. The sonnet, which recalls Tennyson's poem of the same title, was, like it, intended as a tribute to the memory of Helen, the mother of Lord Dufferin, whose memorial tower is on the Dufferin estate at Clandeboye. Equally interesting is the small octavo edition of "The Deserted Village," 1770, now recognized as a genuine privately printed edition before the first quarto of May in the same year. To this Mr. Arnold has written a long note. One of the three known copies of the first edition of Johnson's "Dictionary" in the original boards will also be offered for sale, as well as the first issue of "Paradise Lost" in its original sheepskin binding, and many scarce pieces of Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson. Many of these books or pamphlets have original letters of their authors' inserted. Mr. Arnold's collection is very strong in "Letters." Among them are the holograph MS. of Washington Irving's "The Knight of Malta," a very lengthy journal-letter of Keats to his brother George's wife, and the complete holograph MS. of the poem which Keats addressed to Charles Cowden Clarke in 1816, of which a complete facsimile is given in the catalogue. Keats' letters are extremely rare, and so, in a minor degree, are Shelley's, and Mr. Arnold has been unusually successful in obtaining fine specimens. The catalogue is most artistically produced, annotated throughout, and illustrated with facsimiles of title-pages and manuscripts.

French and English letters have always stood in so close a connexion that the comparison between them is of perennial interest. It is dealt with in the current

French and Contemporary by Mr. Havelock Ellis, but he *English*. compares and contrasts the two civilizations at so many points that the main current of his remarks is nearly as hard to find and follow as that of a river when it splits itself into a delta. We do not here allude to the political parallel which he draws; and we will also be silent about its ethnological and anthropological aspects. With regard to the two literatures he notes the obvious fact that French excellence is in prose and English excellence in poetry, and he proceeds as follows:—

So fundamental is the bias of the French mind to prose that, so far as I know, the only two French poets who are purely poets, as the Greeks and the English have understood poetry—I refer to Villon and Verlaine—are poets by the breaking up of the whole social personality, by becoming outcasts from society. Only by smashing the whole mould of their civilization, it would seem, can the most intense note of personal emotion be reached; whereas in England it has been possible for the greatest poets to live quietly the lives of respectable middle class citizens.

The most useful criticism to pass upon this contrast is perhaps that if, for the names of Villon and Verlaine, one substitutes the names of Kit Marlowe and Shelley the words French and English might be transposed in it, and the sentence would still read as plausibly as before. The truth is, of course, that, in both countries alike, some poets live decorously and others live tempestuously. Such difference as exists lies in the fact that French public opinion is more tolerant than ours. But this divergence is not particular but general, and it covers the cases of other members of the community besides poets. The real differences that distinguish the French from the English in matters of this kind are principally two; and we have no false shame in admitting that in each case we prefer the line taken by our neighbours. In the first place the French draw, far more clearly and rigidly than we do, the line between the man of letters and the man who manufactures reading matter for the market. The average man here—and the great popular Press which represents the average man—entirely fails to perceive that between a novelist like Mr. George Meredith and the jolly casual gentleman who shouts a novel into a phonograph every morning before breakfast there is, artistically, as much difference as between an Academician and a sign painter. In France there is no such confusion of thought. Except in a publisher's *réclame* no Frenchman ever suggested that Emile Richebourg was a man of letters. That is one point of difference. The second is that, in France, the profession of letters, whether a man grows rich at it or not, is—provided that his work is considered excellent by good judges—a passport, as military or naval rank is with us, to social consideration. Here the social consideration is not for the man who does good work, but for the man who makes a success and gets talked about. One may point the contrast by noting the attitude of the Court towards men of letters in the Victorian era and under the Second Empire. The poet who was honoured in England was Tennyson, middle-aged, prosperous, a courtier. The poet who was honoured in France was Daudet, who was living in a garret in the Latin Quarter. The Empress Eugénie knew nothing of him except that she had heard one of his poems recited and been struck by it; but she told de Morny to find him and give him an appointment in her household; and she did not even insist that the poet should have his hair cut like other people. Few men outside the rank of great writers have done so much for learning as the late Mr. George Smith, who conceived and rendered possible the "Dictionary of National Biography." But he received no public recognition from his country. The French, it must be admitted, take as a nation a higher literary standard than we do, and show a truer national appreciation of its value. And this is a distinction which a writer on the literary characteristics of the two nations has to explain.

Personal Views.

POETRY OF THE SEA.

In precisely the same way, I suppose, as the best journalists—i.e., those who give the most vivid impressions of what they have seen to their readers—are men who have apparently devoted a wonderfully short space of time to their observations, so it would seem that for the writing of real sea poetry an extended acquaintance with maritime conditions is not merely unnecessary but hampering. I come to this conclusion reluctantly but inevitably, for in common with all reading seafarers I have noticed that we may look in vain for sea poetry from sailors. Sailors have written verse, Falconer's "Shipwreck" to wit, but between that peculiar poem and the marvellous majesty, profound insight, and truly amazing knowledge of deep-sea secrets exhibited in the "Ancient Mariner" how great a gulf is fixed!

"Only those who brave its dangers comprehend its mystery" rings true, and yet it is no less true that Longfellow, very little more of a sailor than Coleridge, has also interpreted the mystery of the mighty ocean in a manner (most sailors think) only second in true poetic power to that of Coleridge. To the well-read sailor—and there are far more of him than one would imagine remembering the poverty of his literary output—Coleridge always stands easily highest, Longfellow next, and Byron next as the interpreters of the voices of the sea. The Biblical allusions to the sea in the Old Testament (always in terms of poetry be it remembered, the Inspired writers seeming only able to express themselves rhythmically about the sea) stand on a plane of their own. Their truth, their stupendous power is felt, as the voices of the sea are felt, rather than heard, but it is only seldom that the sailor obtains any enjoyment from them. They are overwhelming. Something of sacrilege seems involved in the attempt to enjoy them as literature, and also, although I have only twice or thrice heard this mooted, there certainly is a feeling that, grand as the passages are, they have lost immeasurably by translation. That could they but be read, with full comprehension, in the original their splendour would be beyond all ordinary thought.

But to return for a moment to the idea in the first paragraph of this article. Is not this clogging of the poetic foot, this hopeless congestion of the mental faculties forbidding their expressing what they feel, rather the rule than the exception everywhere, and not merely at sea? Is the spectacle of the man who knows too much and is consequently unable to make profitable use of his knowledge a rare one? I think not, and yet how sad a sight it is. The faculty of clear expression of thought seems to be one of the rarest, even in prose. Perhaps that is why, as if in despair, certain writers who revel in obscurity, whose meaning or meanings (for there are usually several alternatives) are apparently hidden from even themselves, are elevated to such an exalted plane by critics of eminence. These gentlemen, finding doubtless a mental intellectual exercise of the highest stimulating properties in elucidating the dark sayings of their favourites, proclaim aloud to a wondering world that in these literary mazes are alone to be found the true prophetic and informing messages for mankind.

And yet all the great masterpieces of prose and poetry are distinguished by clarity of expression, simplicity of diction. That is, if by masterpieces we understand those works that have gone down deepest into the hearts of the greatest multitude

of people. Fords that a babe can wade, depths in which a mammoth may disport himself are these massive works of the giants of literature. In them the sailor luxuriates, pointing their beauties out to his shipmates in quaint language, and bemoaning his inability to go and deal likewise with the glories amidst which he lives and moves and has his being.

There is one poet, however, over whose claim to the proud title there is much controversy among experts, who does certainly come nearer to satisfying the primitive needs of the sailor in the matter of adequate sea-expression than either of the three first mentioned. And yet he is placed in a class by himself—he does not appear to claim precedence to the sailor's mind among other poets. Really I think that sailors are apt to claim Rudyard Kipling as one of themselves—I know for a fact that any sailor five minutes in his company will find his tongue wagging freely in familiar nautical jargon and will never dream of stopping to explain. Yet Kipling is no seaman. He has never spent the long, long hours of the night watches on board of a sailing ship in a stark calm, or with all sail furled but the barest scrap of canvas, in the grip of a howling gale, far out of the track of most shipping. And this not for one or two days but for all the best years of a man's life. So that occasionally even he makes mistakes, detected at once by the keen sensitiveness of the sailor, but looked upon most indulgently in his case because of the general accuracy of his knowledge and the intense sympathy with his subject manifested in all he does. That savage, brutal energy so apparent in his verse appeals powerfully to the sailor. It is of the sea, it rings true, as truly as does his much maligned rhyme of the engine-room to the practical, inaudible engineer.

But some may ask, "What about ballad poetry? Do not the stirring lyrics of Dibdin, Russell, Alan Cunningham, and Barry Cornwall appeal to the sailor? Did not the first named touch the sailor's heart in the days when a British Government found it worth their while to subsidize him for the way in which his stirring songs brought men into the Navy?" The best answer to that must be found in the fact that, whether you go into the fore-castle of a merchantman or on to the lower deck of a man-of-war when singing is going on, the songs that you will never hear are the old sea songs. Why is this? Because the sailor being intensely critical of everything he reads cannot away with the false fustian, the utterly unseamanlike jargon that these songs contain, and turns for relief to the latest music-hall inanity, which amuses him, at any rate.

High appreciation of the splendid deeds of a bygone day such as that of Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Admirals All," massive, spirit-stirring, and historically true, can and does appeal to the men in the Navy; but, after all, these fine poems deal with the warlike doings of men almost exclusively, and only by the subtlest of touches is the wide salt atmosphere of the ancient yet ever youthful sea conveyed. Over the heads of the hardly bestead merchant seamen these poems glide forcelessly. A rugged chantey like the "Ballad of the Bolivar," with all its merciless over-emphasis, its savagery, its Berserker bitterness, finds their hearts' core at once. Reading it or hearing it they feel the brine scorching their sea-split hands and feet, they hear the hiss of the curling wave-summit as it threatens to overwhelm their ungainly craft, the broken groans of the tortured engines beneath their feet grind upon their soul-strings, and they see reflected in each other's faces the fundamental fact of the imminence of death. ≡

Therefore it is that in considering sea-poetry I would un-

hesitatingly give the pre-eminent position to such men as can by their primitive, rugged words, full of the elemental power that is characteristic of the ocean, strike more directly at the sailor's heart. What does it matter if occasionally there be to the sensitive ear of the highly-educated critic a jarring note? May it not be that he whose life is being passed in the careful balancing of measured language, who has all the literary artist's delight in the coruscations of faceted words, may not understand the need there is for direct, primitive, forceful expression of so mighty a chorus of voices as those of the immemorial sea? The sailor feels always, although in almost every case he lacks utterly the ability to interpret his feelings by the spoken word, that the strong wine of his life is apt to lose its headiness, its savour, when presented in a chased and jewelled goblet whose very glitter makes him fear to take it in hand; feels, too, if I may use a coarse simile, very much like the dog in the manger because he himself cannot deliver his soul of its depth of experimental knowledge, because, while the innermost chords of his being vibrate fiercely as the song of the sea sweeps against them, he has no power to tune them so that those who are without shall be able to hear and understand; therefore no mere *dilettante* landmen, no petty amateur looking upon the sea from the comfortable height of the promenade deck, ought to be credited with the ability to interpret those sensations which the sailor has insensibly grown to regard as almost too sacred for expression.

The time is fully ripe for the advent of the sailor poet and the marine engineer poet. Whether they write in terms of rhyme or no I care not. A virgin field awaits them, a noble inheritance maturing for ages. They can, if they come, utterly refute the false and foolish prattle of the arm-chair philosophers, and prove triumphantly that, so far from the romance and poetry of the sea being dead, it has hardly yet been given any adequate expression whatever.

F. T. BULLEN.

WINDOWS.

The "machinery" of literature—that is, the artificial means which writers use to develop their creations—shows an entirely opposite tendency to the machinery of science. The latter is multiplying in manifold extensions and in extravagant complexities of parts; the former is putting aside the clumsy mechanisms on which it relied in the past, and working its effects by means of devices so simple as to be almost elemental. In old times there were needed, for the revelation of a soul, termless and devastating wars, the murder of kings, or enormous conflicts between heaven and hell; to-day the tragedies of human destiny rest in the banging of a door or the cracking of the finger-joints. Hence the importance of the trivial, rather injudiciously exploited by Dickens; hence the significance of the commonest objects. The hissing of the kettle is more fraught with fate than the crash of the thunderstorm—the happiness of lovers hangs upon the loss of a snuff-box.

Indications are not wanting that this changed attitude towards "machinery," this rejection of the ancient complicated engines of romance in favour of slighter and defter inventions, will cause a revolution in literary methods. But we are at present in the period of experiment; few as yet consciously try to achieve their results with these simpler tools. To illustrate what has already been done in this direction, and to point to the unexplored prospect that the practice suggests, we may take some examples of the use of the window as "machinery."

The window creates a fixed point in the flux of human life. In the streets we are merged in a multitude; to take up a separate attitude—to assert our personality—demands a strenuous

effort of will. But at a window we are aloof—withdrawn—spectators of a drama that becomes more intense by its continued repetition. In tales that concern themselves with prisoners the window is so vital a factor that it can hardly be included at all in the category of "machinery." In "The Knight's Tale," in the "King's Quhair," the window is the pith, not the frame-work. These windows and their like are the windows of Romance; they become the windows of Tragedy when it is the woman that is captive. The whole Tragedy of Weariness is played out before the casements of the Moated Grange, which day after day look upon the same pale, changeless landscape. The window facing the East in "The Statue and the Bust" knows the Tragedy of Frustration; it is the "Loop of hell whence a damned soul looks upon Paradise." But the best use of the window as a centre where the threads of life congregate is to be found in the story of the "Lady of Shallot." The web of many colours that she weaves signifies the web of human destiny; over her mirror flits without ceasing the many-coloured pageantry of life. The moral of this old legend is the danger of what we may call "Window Philosophy"—the philosophy that regards life remotely, as a spectacle, without daring its trials and its fires. The lady has always lived among shadows of her own creation, and the first breath of vital emotion kills her. But the standpoint of the spectator is not incompatible with the keenest sympathy. This is demonstrated by such writings in poetry as "Casa Guidi Windows," and in prose as "The Window in Thrums." In both the window may be regarded as "machinery" to concentrate into manageable compass, in the one case the infinite and conflicting movements of Italy towards reconstruction, and in the other the myriad motives and characters of an obscure Scotch village.

The window in its more poetic employment belongs to a different class of ideas. Mechanical devices belong to the lower levels of literature; if lifted higher they become spiritualized into something different. The windows from which Keats looks out on the fragile and haunting melancholy of fairyland undergo this exquisite transfiguration:—

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

One of the most delicate idealizations in poetry is Keats' window of stained glass, through which the wintry moon is shining:—

Rose-bloom fell on her hands together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint. . . .

There is more fervour of imagination, though less perfection of workmanship, in Matthew Arnold's great western window in the church of Brou.

The dramatic possibilities of the window are portrayed with marvellous fulness by two modern writers, who in every other respect differ radically—Robert Browning and Maurice Maeterlinck. Not only is the use of the window frequent in both of them, but each has actually written a little tragedy relying for sole machinery upon a window. One of the scenes of Browning's "Pippa Passes" is laid within doors, and the world outside only exists for purposes of contrast. The importance of the window is emphasized at the outset, when Ottima draws Sebald's attention to "This blood-red beam through the shutter's chink." She bids him push the lattice behind the frame, and in her nervous allusions to trivialities we see how even her unscrupulous soul is overwrought:—

Sebald
It shakes the dust down on me. Why, of course
The Side-bolt catches. . . .

The window had been no slight factor in the development of Sebald's passion. "Ever your house was I remember shut till midday," he says, and he tells how, strolling through the valley, he observed

Rough white wood shutters, rusty iron bars,
Silent as death, blind in a flood of light. . . .

and how the peasants laughed, and said, "The old man sleeps with his young wife." The effect of the pure morning landscape upon the guilty pair is carefully delineated. To Sebald it is a night with a sun added. "Where's dew?—Where's freshness?" he asks, until Ottima, in impatience, is constrained to ask him to close the lattice. Yet still the outer world, so carelessly observed by the lovers, helps in the development of the drama. Then we have a novel and pathetic use of the machinery of the window:—

This dusty pane might serve as looking-glass,
Three, four—four grey hairs. . . .

says Ottima. At last the tragedy culminates in the voice of Pippa, brought on a waft of pure air through the closed casement. One other interior of Browning's must be mentioned with its hopelessness of a different dawn upon Paracelsus and Festus. In these instances the window gives the point of view from within; Browning has given us a window from without that serves as frame-work for one of the finest pictures in the gallery of literature:—

There at the window stood
Framed in its black square length with lamp in hand
Pompilia; the same great grave grief-ful air
As stands in the dusk, on altar that I know
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell
Our Lady of all the Sorrows. . . .

The window from without, bright with firelight, glowing with an atmosphere of warmth and comfort, is one of the commonest devices in fiction to point a somewhat obvious contrast, and the lamp in the window is over and over again a symbol of forgiveness, as in the story of Ib and Little Christina. One might have thought that the machinery of the lighted window had exhausted its powers; but Maeterlinck has known how to revive them with a startling originality and pathos, and henceforward we may never look from without upon a happy "Interior" and not feel the pang of his tragedy at our hearts. It is night when the scene opens. Behind the window in the lighted room we see the members of a family employed in their several occupations; an atmosphere of perfect joy and peace encircles the illumined group. Watching them from outside, harrowed by the sight of the happiness they must destroy, are the bearers of dreadful news—the news of a daughter who has drowned herself. Never has the pitifulness of unconsciousness been shown more simply; seldom has the drama surprised so poignant a tragedy in the germ. This is surely the last word in the machinery of the window. But the window in "Pelleas and Melisande" also subserves one of Maeterlinck's most wonderful inventions. Not, however, in the scene between Pelleas and Melisande, where she lets down her hair out of the casement. This scene is charmingly written, but there are many parallels to it, both in fairy tale and folklore; fair ladies have loved to lean out of windows and to bend over balconies from the time of Juliet to the time of Roxane. But when Golaud lifts up his little son to peer through the window at Pelleas and Melisande, then, in the fierce anguish of the man, in the irrelevant and broken prattle of the child, in the supreme necessity for silence, occurs a moment of emotional intensity hardly equalled in literature.

The more we think of the window as "machinery," the more exhaustless its possibilities become. It is not merely the symbol of intercourse in separation—as at a convent grating; it is also used as a hieroglyphic for the most agonizing griefs. In the raising or lowering of a blind, the opening or closing of a shutter, lies the whole difference between life and death. To this significance of the window there are but few allusions in literature. There is opportunity here for both poetry and drama; but allegory has given us its final pronouncement of beauty upon this subject in the words of Ecclesiastes:—

"And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows are darkened."

ETHEL WHEELER.

OLD GREEK SONG.

A feeling of profound melancholy creeps over us as we lay down such a book as *GREEK MELIC POETS*, by Professor Herbert Weir Smyth (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), to think what we have lost. Here are things of imperishable beauty, of incomparable charm; but, with two exceptions, Pindar and Bacchylides, all scraps and fragments preserved by the merest chance, parts it may be of a schoolboy's exercise, or quoted by the old Sophister of Suppers because they contained the name of a fish or a dish; a line, a stanza—one glimpse and the vision vanishes, to leave us thirsting like Tantalus himself. What a rich variety of style and theme, of tone and temper these fragments reveal in the ancient lyrics of Greece! From the exuberant magnificence and moral grandeur of Pindar, to the smooth correctness and even flow of Bacchylides; Alcman, the amiable, beside the fierce uncompromising Alcæus; Stesichorus and his solemn dignity; Anacreon, with his dainty and delicate wit; Simonides bringing the gift of tears, Sappho her consuming flame of passion. And others there are, once famous in their own day, represented for us by an indeterminate scrap or two, which make us think of Ozymandias, King of Kings, alone in the waste and desert sands.

A few echoes of these lost voices may still be heard in Catullus or Horace, but the charm of a Greek lyric is untranslatable. For English poets, the chief debt they owe to the Greeks is inspiration. The glory of a Pindaric ode is unattainable in English; yet a Milton or a Dryden may see there a model which will nerve them to more strenuous efforts, not in direct imitation, but on a parallel line. One exception must be made, however, since there is something more intimate than this between Anacreon, or rather the later imitations of Anacreon, and Herrick. We owe to the pseudo-Anacreon that charming lyric:—

One silent night of late
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.

We owe, perhaps, the hint of many other of Herrick's pieces to a similar source; and the same may be said of some Elizabethan ditties of love and wine, although the greater part of them are clearly native to the soil. Parallels of thought and expression are common enough, and one of the most interesting features in the book before us is the quotation of such parallels. There is a winter scene in Alcæus which is appropriately headed "When Icicles Hang by the Wall,"

ὕει μὲν ὁ Ζεὺς, ἐκ δ' ὀρέων μέγας,
Χείμων, πεπάγασιν δ' ὑδάτων ῥόαι, &c.

It may be roughly rendered thus:—

Down pour the showers: a mighty tempest lowers,
The running rills are frozen. . . .
Then lay the storm: light fires to keep you warm,
Mix honeyed wine, and spare not,
Of softest wool you set a cushion full,
To rest your brow, and care not.

This the editor compares with Campion's "Winter Nights":—

When winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers;
Let now the chimneys blaze,
And cups o'erflow with wine,
And well-tun'd words amaze
With harmony divine.

Sappho's verse on the splendours of the rising moon—

See the bright radiance of the stars, how soon
They hide it at the rising of the moon:
When her round orb is fullest, and the rays
Lighten the world's dark ways

—finds a more distant echo in Wotton's *Elizabeth of Bohemia*, and in Milton, who says of the moon in lines often quoted—

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.

There is something of the simple pathos of the folk-song or ballad in a maiden's lament which survives in a tantalizing scrap of verse:—

Sweet mother mine, my strength is gone,
I can ply the loom no longer;
By Aphrodite I'm undone,
And love has proved the stronger.

So, in the English ballad:—

O mother, put the wheel away,
I cannot spin to-night;
O mother, take the wheel away,
And put it out of sight.

No less close are the parallels between the specimens of the Greek folk-song proper, the Greek nursery rhymes and riddles, and those we learnt in the nursery. One such has a particular interest in having survived into modern Greek. The Rhodian *Swallow-Song* preserved by Athenæus—

The swallow, the swallow—hoot, dinna ye see her,
Black i' the back and white i' the wame!
Blithe days are to follow, blithe weather comes wi' her,

must be regarded as the direct ancestor of a song from Thessaly, of which we give an English version below. The translation of the song in Athenæus is from Mr. W. H. D. Rouse's *ECHO or GREEK SONG* (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.), wherein may be found some hundred and fifty dainty little flowers of verse raised most of them from seeds first sown (in celebration of "the love of man, wine, tears, and laughter," in the garden of the Greek anthology. Mr. Rouse has entered *con amore* into the sentiments of his "sweet singers of an olden day." His scholarship is of a kind which bears pleasant fruit; his versification always grateful and sometimes elegant. To illustrate Mr. Rouse's success in capturing the elusive spirit and the flavour of his originals, take this from "Philodemus":—

Little nut-brown maid,
Curling parsley-head,
Skin as soft as down—
My Philænon!
O the witchery
Of that voice of thee!
Ever kind and fain—
Asking naught again!
Love her, love I will
(Golden Cypris!) still,
Or until I find
One more to my mind.

Placed directly under the heading "Humorous and Convivial" it is rather startling to encounter this:—

Tarsian Dionysius, I
Buried here at sixty lie;
Never a chick or child I got.
Would my father too had not.

The game-rhymes have often quite a modern ring. The game

Torti-tortoise, what are you doing there?

recalls "Baa, baa, black sheep"; there was also a versicle for Blind Man's Buff—

I'll go hunt for a brazen fly;
You'll never catch him, however you try.

The lost lyrics of Greece recall to the mind how the world has also lost an art which was once closely associated with song—the art of dancing. We know that Greek choral odes were inseparable from their own proper music and dance, which were

devised by the poet to suit his subject ; but beyond that we know little indeed. The Greeks were keenly sensitive to this form of art, and carried it to a high perfection. The dance might be symbolic, its chief beauty being its rhythm, which varied, of course, according as the subject of the song was solemn or gay, martial or amatory ; but it might also mimic or interpret a story. Religious dances sometimes showed forth the legends of a god, such as the adventures of Dionysus ; and readers of Xenophon will remember how Niceratus enlivened his banquet with similar scenes. The last was frankly imitative.

Ariadne came in [he says] arrayed as a bride, and sat upon the seat ; before Dionysus appeared, the flötist played the Bacchic rhythm. Then they had cause to admire the man who had trained these dancers ; for no sooner had Ariadne caught the sound, than she so acted that every one saw she was glad to hear it ; meet him she did not, indeed, nor get up, but clear it was she could scarce keep still. And when Dionysus caught sight of her, he danced up in the most loving way that could be, and, falling upon his knees, cast his arms about her, and kissed her. And she appeared to be shy, yet embraced him also lovingly on her part.

So the scene goes on, amid the applause of the company ; it is mimicry, but also it is recognized for a dance. Weddings, too, had their appropriate dances, and, doubtless, funerals, both of which have left their traces in Greek lands. All this should properly be regarded as part of a language of gesture, which was capable of expressing thought as well as of mimicking action. The traveller may still see in Greece plays acted in mimicry, without words, in which conventional gestures are used to express recurring thoughts. Many of these are unintelligible to strangers, but the audience appear to know perfectly what it all means. An attempt was made some little time ago to translate Greek legends into the language of dance by Miss Isadora Duncan, in her performance at the New Gallery. Miss Duncan dramatized the story of Persephone in a dance of great spirit and grace, and afterwards made similar attempts to interpret idylls from Moschus and Theocritus, and Bion's "Lament for Adonis." Great things might be done by a dancer of genius on these lines, though it is perhaps too much to hope that the popular ballet will ever lose its vulgarity.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

(Modern Greek Folk-Song.)

See the swallow, see the swallow !
 Flocks of honey-singers follow !
 She has found a perch to sing,
 Hark, how sweet her twittering !
 March, good March, I call to thee,
 And to horrid February ;
 Roast us, dry us, toast us, fry us—
 Summer's scent is wafted by us :
 All your blowing, all your snowing,
 Cannot keep spring flowers from growing.
 Goodwife, to the larder haste,
 Give us partridge eggs to taste,
 And the birds of lenten fast :
 Bring us forth a tender chicken,
 And a cake from out your kitchen.
 In the village, in the cottage,
 Where we now have made our stoppage,
 Health and wealth and happiness
 Goodman and goodwife shall bless,
 Children all, and parents, too,
 And whoso is kin to you.
 March is in—out fleas, retreat you !
 Foes avaunt—the dogs shall eat you !
 Friends and plenty hither hurry,
 Playing, dancing, making merry !
 All to-day, and all to-morrow,
 And a hundred years to follow.

AN IMPERIAL PROGRESS.

Now that the Russian in China is engaging the attention of the civilized world a good deal of entertainment and some instruction may be derived from the perusal of a very curious work, of which the second volume appeared last winter, called "Travels in the East of Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, when Cesarewitch, 1890-1891" (Constable, £2 12s. 6d. n.). It is "written by order of his Imperial Majesty by Prince E. Oukhtomsky, and translated by Robert Goodlet," and is edited by Sir George Birdwood—an immense and marvellous book, impossible to read, delightful to turn over, exquisitely produced, shockingly edited, belated in its appearance (especially of Vol. II. which follows Vol. I. after four years' interval), and unique in style. Except as a picture-book, we cannot conceive any private person investing in two such ponderous and (*salvâ reverentiâ*) preposterous volumes. The illustrations are incontestably superb. M. Kazagine has done his work with remarkable skill, and the engravers and printers have done full justice to his drawings. From Olympia—where "His Imperial Highness approaches the ruined abode of the supreme heathen divinity," a suitable beginning to the sublime tour of the son of the apotheotized White Tsar—by way of Athens ("the Mayor of the Piræus was there to greet the sons of the Tsar") to Egypt, India, Ceylon, Java, Siam, China, and Japan, these splendid illustrations map out the triumphant course of the Cesarewitch, whether as the "first-born son entrusted to the treacherous element" or the Imperial Grand Duke risking his precious life in an "Imperial equipage." As a picture-book it is superb—worth every rouble of its price.

As a literary composition it is scarcely less noteworthy. To the reader of humorous fancy it will prove a second "Innocents Abroad." The Worthy Prince who was honoured by the Imperial Order—all in capitals—to be the historiographer imperial of this eventful journey seems to live in a perpetual perspiration of loyal enthusiasm. He delights in telling us how their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Dukes condescended to partake of dinner, and how wherever they went the "sons of the White Tsar" were welcomed with the "deafening roar of guns," with "countless salutes," and the "incontrollable rejoicings" of various Oriental crowds who probably had not the faintest idea what they were rejoicing at. "Their Imperial Highnesses honour with their presence the house of a native" at Thebes : "it can be imagined with what rejoicings this great honour was received." We all know Vice-Consul Mustafa's hospitable "Arab Dinner," but we do not usually make this comment : "While awaiting the dinner nothing characteristic calling for notice is to be seen," nor do we find it needful to expatiate in detail on the trite inconveniences of eating with our fingers. But here nothing is too common to be recorded. We are taken to Matariya, where "the Grand Dukes gaze in silence at the withered tree" of the Virgin, and we are borne home, solemnly impressed, when "their Highnesses drive back to the station." Wherever we go the same amazing experiences await us. "The equipage of the Imperial and Royal travellers comes to a stop," as if by some divine decree, and "the crowd bows," "the ladies wave their handkerchiefs." Everything combines to exalt the most trifling incidents to the height of wondrous majesty. Even when "His Holiness the Patriarch offered up the prayer for long life for the Empress, the Khedive despatched a congratulatory telegram"—to the same address, we presume, as the prayer. When the Cesarewitch climbed the Great Pyramid, the effect was stupendous : "Overhead a series of gigantic blocks rise up into the azure sky—one more massive and stately than the other. They all seem to be drawn upwards to that summit which unites the separate points, merges them into a harmonious whole, moulds the structure into a semblance of the cosmic combination of forces, whose sovereign is the highest and most mysterious principle. One's temples throb." They do, indeed—after an attentive perusal of as many pages of this exhausting ecstasy as a mere mortal, who is not a subject of the White

Tsar, may survive. There is no end to this gush of sentiment. Prince Oukhtomsky is everlastingly on the simmer. The wonder and condescension of "their Imperial and Royal Highnesses" in making a very pleasant tour in the East are almost beyond the power of words to describe. The book is one gigantic apostrophe, a colossal, Imperial mark of admiration, from "the awful parting at Gatchina" to the day of return when "the Emperor looks kindly into the windows of the carriages. Near him we see the face of the Empress, full of emotion. The doors open, the journey is done. There are moments which can never, never be forgotten!"

To Englishmen all this sounds absurdly sentimental, and the funkeyism of the perpetual kotow to their Imperial Highnesses is offensive to our taste. But one has to remember that this is a book written in Russian by a Russian for Russians, and this makes all the difference. The almost abject deference of its tone in translation is perfectly sincere and natural in the original. It is the normal attitude of the loyal Russian to his "little father." Regarded as a manifestation of national sentiment the book has an interest of its own. And as a revelation of Russian character it is extremely curious. The naive childlike admiration and astonishment displayed at sights and customs which are commonplace of travel, the delight in novelties which one thought ancient history, the innocent citing of well-worn history or legend as though it were something fresh, the crude platitudinous reflections—all these show the true Russian, the infant Hercules of Europe, whose culture is still in the cradle. But beside this curious childlike outlook upon the East—curious especially because after all the Russian is the elementary Oriental—there is a freshness of fancy, a faculty of associating imagination, and a sympathy with what is dead or dying and in any case wholly unmodern, which are all qualities not to be observed in the usual Western traveller. One may laugh at the many absurdities of the writer, but one must also recognize, across his turgid metaphors and ecstatic "gush," his real gifts. A picture of the East by a Russian impressionist has its value.

It is merely a record of personal impressions, of course. No one would think of referring to the Tsar's "Travels" for pure information. We do not mean to say that the facts are often inaccurate; they are simply obvious and well known—the facts of the guide-book. Prince Oukhtomsky is painstaking and has read up his subjects. Sometimes, of course, he makes slips in trifles. The Khedive Tewfik was not the grandson, as he thinks, of Mohammed Ali, nor are Sekket, Fatimidi, El-Kalaoon, En-Nasr, Hatasoo, Phillipeion correctly spelled; "Yeddah" is not the name of the port of Mekka, and Seti I.'s alabaster sarcophagus was not carried away to Luxor but to London, where it reposes in Sir John Soane's Museum. The respected name of Sir George Birdwood appears on the title-page as editor, but except for some Indian notes we do not trace his skilful hand. In Egypt, for example, it was surely advisable to append some brief notes to warn readers that the remarks on the temple of Deir el-Bahri, or the limits of the Nile railway, are not up to the present date. And since there was an editor, we should like to ask him why there is no table of contents, as well as no index, no descriptive headlines, no names of places in the headings of the diary, and in fact no means (save the illustrations) of telling at a glance whereabouts in the world their Royal and Imperial Highnesses and attendant Princes have got to on any particular page. Considering the magnificent style in which the volumes are produced, such ordinary little apparatus should not have been omitted. The editor would not have been in order in supplying an antidote to the marked Anglophobia of the writer; but he must have been amused at such a statement as this, about Egypt of all places!—"The unfortunate natives were able to soo for themselves how fatal the progress of European influence and civilization might be to them." In India, in the same way, the valuable opinions of "a cultivated Mussulman journalist" on the impoverishment of the N.W.P., owing to "the excess of legality in the distribution of land," are quoted to prove the "sorry wind-up to the century which saw

the triumph of European interference in the destinies of India." Prince Oukhtomsky's humour is generally of this unconscious kind. We have noted only one intentional joke: the story of the peasants who demanded baksheesh from the doctor who had been attending them gratuitously. Why? Because "we have been taking your physic many days!" This is even better than the alleged Chinese method with physicians.

GEORGE MURRAY SMITH.

Few of the guests at the brilliant luncheon which took place at the Mansion-house last June to celebrate the practical completion of the "Dictionary of National Biography" suspected that the proprietor of the great dictionary had less than a year to live. But Mr. George Murray Smith had suffered from a troublesome malady for some years, and, though he underwent a successful operation early in January, he began to sink rapidly after his removal to Weybridge towards the end of March, and died last Saturday in his 78th year. Mr. Smith had latterly taken to authorship, and his series of papers in the *Cornhill*, in which he told the story of his early experiences as a publisher, provided some of the best reading that has appeared in any of the magazines for a long time.

Although Mr. George Smith will be chiefly remembered as the founder of the great Dictionary yet the story of his early life and its record of energy and sagacity is full of interest. Sixty years ago the business of Smith, Elder, and Co. was carried on at 65, Cornhill, and consisted chiefly of an export trade to India and the Colonies, but with a small publishing connexion which occasionally involved a certain amount of enterprise. George Smith was about nineteen years old when he first came in touch with the book world. His father put him in charge of the publishing department, with the modest sum of £1,500 to deal with as he liked. "I stipulated that I was not to be questioned or interfered with in any way as to its use; with this sum I was to make what publishing ventures I pleased. Behold me then, a youth not yet twenty, searching the horizon for authors whose literary bantlings I might introduce to an admiring, and as I fondly hoped, purchasing world." He began well, with books by R. H. Horne ("New Spirit of the Age") and Leigh Hunt ("Imagination and Fancy"), and both proved very successful ventures. The introduction to the author of "Imagination and Fancy" was the foundation of a friendship with Leigh Hunt and the members of his family, which Mr. Smith said was very delightful to him. To win the friendship of an author, one well-known publisher has remarked, is the highest reward a publisher can have, and Mr. Smith had reason to be proud of his record in this respect. "The kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with," wrote Sir John Millais, as he lay on his death-bed, deprived of the power of speech, but asking to see George Smith. Small wonder that such a publisher could win the confidence of so many distinguished men and women. "Authors and publishers," Charlotte Brontë once wrote in good-humoured reference to the very different relations which existed between herself and her publisher—"Authors and publishers are never expected to meet with any other than hostile feelings, and on shy and distant terms. They never ought to have to shake hands; they should just bow to each other and pass by on opposite sides—keeping several yards distance between them. And, besides, if obliged to communicate by post, they should limit what they have to say to concise notes of about three lines apiece." It is well-known how different was the association of author and publisher in the case of George Smith and the Brontës. Mr. Smith has himself told the story of the publication of "Jane Eyre," of the pilgrimage which Charlotte and her sister Anne made to Cornhill in order to prove their separate identity to the publishing firm, and of the deep personal friendship which existed between the Smith family and Charlotte Brontë during the remaining years of the novelist's life.

Mr. Smith to a large extent had taken over the general management of the complicated business of Smith, Elder, and Co. three or four years before "*Jane Eyre*" was published. His father died in 1846; Mr. Elder had already retired, and his successor proved so unsatisfactory that the new partnership had to be dissolved; and to add to his difficulties Mr. Smith had reasons for anxiety as to the financial position of the firm. "The situation," he tells us in his reminiscences, "was one to bring out whatever there was in me, and I worked with all the intensity and zeal of which I was capable." Indomitable energy, resourcefulness, and business instinct won the day, and it was not long before young Smith had placed the affairs of the firm on a safer footing. At that time Mr. Smith Williams became his literary assistant and general manager of the publishing department, and Mr. Williams remained with him until advancing years forced him to retire. It was during the forties that Smith, Elder, and Co. published Ruskin's "*Modern Painters*," "*Seven Lamps of Architecture*," and "*Stones of Venice*," and the firm issued most of Ruskin's works until the early seventies, when Mr. George Allen became his publisher. The founding of the *Cornhill Magazine*, in 1859, was the outcome of Mr. Smith's relations with Thackeray, whose "*Esmond*," "*The Kickleburys on the Rhine*," "*The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*," and "*The Rose and the Ring*" he had previously published. "The existing magazines were few, and when not high-priced were narrow in literary range, and it seemed to me that a shilling magazine which contained, in addition to other first-class literary matter, a serial novel by Thackeray must command a big sale." Thackeray accepted the editorship for a salary of £1,000 a year, but the success of the magazine was so remarkable, so far beyond all expectations, that Mr. Smith, with characteristic generosity, immediately insisted on doubling the payment. The success was well deserved. The publisher's liberality enabled Thackeray to bring together a brilliant band of contributors—artists as well as authors, for the magazine was illustrated—the first year's list including such names as those of Tennyson, Mrs. Gaskell, Matthew Arnold, Lord Lytton, Ruskin, Anthony Trollope, Tom Hood, Charles Lever, Frederick Locker, G. H. Lewes, George Augustus Sala, Herman Merivale, Mrs. Browning, George MacDonald, and Miss Thackeray. Mr. Smith has mentioned that the largest amount expended on the literature of a single number of the magazine was £1,183 3s. 8d. (August, 1862), and that the total expenditure under that head for the first four years was £32,280 11s., the illustrations costing in addition £4,376 11s. The largest payment made for a novel was £7,000 to George Eliot for "*Romola*"; the largest payment for short articles was twelve guineas a page to Thackeray for his "*Roundabout Papers*." The *Cornhill* had not been running many years before Mr. Smith scored another success by starting the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with Mr. Frederick Greenwood as its first editor. This was in 1865, and he remained at the head of affairs until 1880, when he made the paper over to his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson.

The publishing business of Mr. Smith's firm had meantime been removed to its present headquarters in Waterloo-place, and it was here that Mr. Smith began to publish Robert Browning's poems, Matthew Arnold's prose works, and the books written by the late Queen Victoria, or compiled under her Majesty's direction. It was here, too, that he conceived the crowning work of his life, the "*Dictionary of National Biography*." The facts and figures relating to this monumental undertaking—an enterprise which cost Mr. Smith many thousands of pounds but earned for him a nation's thanks—are so familiar that we need not recapitulate them. It was sufficient to Mr. Smith to know that he had done what Mr. Morley described at the Lord Mayor's luncheon as "an act of good citizenship," and supplied a real need in English literature.

During the last few years one of Mr. Smith's sons-in-law, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., has been associated with the firm, and in this connexion it is interesting to recall a paper on "*The Work of a Publisher*," which the younger partner read at the

International Congress of Publishers, held in London in the summer of 1899.

Having only been a publisher for a short time [said Mr. Reginald Smith in the course of his address] I may in all modesty lay claim to two qualifications for saying my say. First, I have been trained in a liberal school of outside thought, sitting for some seven years at the feet of a man, the present Lord Chief Justice of England, with whom the one unpardonable sin was failure to reach the heart of a subject, neglect to probe things to the very bottom, and in whose chambers one not only saw the working of a mind of great calibre, but one also gained a varied experience in the tangled skeins of worldly affairs. Law has been humorously defined to be the poetry of business, and perhaps publishing may be called the business of literature. Secondly, if there be any truth in my words, you will please ascribe it to the counsels of one who has truly fathered me in a new calling, who, after more than half a century of a varied and an honoured career in business, is now the *doyen* of English publishers, having earned if any one has the encomium passed by Dr. Johnson on the man who has enhanced the pecuniary prizes of English literature. To the ripe experience of my father-in-law, Mr. George Smith, and the lessons which I have learned from him are due any possible merit in what I have to say; in the demerits and mistakes he has neither part nor lot.

A NEW DOCUMENT RELATING TO VINCENZO FOPPA.

Two new documents have recently been discovered in the State Archives at Milan which will be of interest to art-historians, as they throw a ray of fresh light upon the history of that important, but little-known, painter, Vincenzo Foppa. Documents of this kind, which, unfortunately, tell us nothing about the master's work, have only a relative value; their interest in this case lies in the fact that they afford further proof of Foppa's connexion with Brescia and serve to disprove some erroneous views respecting his marriage. They also give us one or two fresh clues which, if followed up carefully, might lead to a further elucidation of his history; for there can be no doubt that much still lies buried in Italian archives which would add considerably to our knowledge of his life and work in Lombardy and Liguria.

The first of the two documents is a petition addressed by Foppa to the Duke of Milan, demanding of Bartholomeo de Caylina the conveyance to him of a house which Bartholomeo's mother, Catherine de Bolis, had made over to Foppa. As is usual with petitions of this description, it bears neither date nor signature, but the officer of the Milanese Chancery whose duty it was to hand it in noted upon it the day on which he consigned it—July 19, 1481—and added a memorandum to the effect that it was to be sent on to the Podestà of Pavia. It is as follows:—

O most Illustrious and most Excellent—

Dame Catherine de Bolis of Cremona formerly made a deed of gift, operative during her lifetime, to your most faithful servant Vincentius de Fopa, painter, and citizen of Milan, her son-in-law, of one house lying in the street of St. Agatha in the city of Brescia, charged as follows, to wit, that he should therefore be bound and obliged to maintain the said dame Catherine for the whole term of her life, and also to maintain a certain granddaughter (Ablatica)* of hers until she is of marriageable age, and afterwards to give her in marriage at his own costs; and with the further charge of giving to Bartholomeo de Caylina, son of the said dame Catherine, certain moneys as his inheritance; and, although the said Bartholomeo voluntarily bound himself to the said gift, and has freely had from him certain moneys, as part of

* Feminine of ablatius, a variant of abiatius, a grandson by a son; the Italian form abiatice is applied equally to the child of a son or of a daughter.

his inheritance, and has confirmed and approved the said gift as by public instrument appears; nevertheless he has taken no steps to "contravene" and to carry out the aforesaid alienation of the said house and so (has involved) him (the Petitioner) in dispute and contention, contrary to the effect, provision, and satisfaction made by the said dame Catherine; and (your Petitioner) desiring to avoid disputes to the utmost of his power,

Prays that, after consideration of these circumstances, you will deign to write to the Podestà of Pavia aforesaid and instruct him, on inspection of the instruments abovesaid, to compel the said Bartholomew to the observance and execution of the promise and ratification by him made as above, removing all demurs, as it should be, and he himself (the Petitioner) will acknowledge to the said persons whatsoever he is bound and obliged to do according to the form of the said deed of gift, proceeding simply summarily and plainly, without bustle or form of judgment, and without suit at law, without regard to days. Otherwise he (your Petitioner) will remain defrauded and supplanted (which he does not believe will be the case) although the attempt has been made.*

From the second document we learn that on the same day—July 19, 1481—the Duke wrote to the authorities at Pavia, enclosing the Petition and commanding them to force Bartolommeo to carry out his contract, if it should appear that he did actually consent to the deed of gift as set forth. This document is also in the State Archives at Milan among the Missive Ducali (Registro 154 a Carte 105, Busta 90).

The late Don Pietro Moiraghi, one of the most recent, though he can scarcely be called one of the most trustworthy writers on Foppa, asserted that the painter married in 1465 a lady of Pavia (1). He produced no document in support of this statement, but quoted Fenaroli and Calvi as his authorities; they, in turn, appear to have derived their information from Zamboni, who affirmed that in 1490 Foppa, who was then living at Brescia, had been obliged to return to Pavia on account of a lawsuit about a house there which had come to him as "the dowry or inheritance of his wife" (2). The latter statement seems, however, to have been a pure invention on the part of Zamboni; for, in the "Provisione del Consiglio Speciale" of the city of Brescia (August 30, 1491) (3), by which Foppa was granted leave of absence for one month to look after his affairs at Pavia, the allusion is merely to a house which he owned there. This house was probably the one bought by Foppa between 1467-68. On June 22, 1467, he writes to his patron at

The Latin original of the petition translated above is as follows:—

* *Illustrissime et excellentissime! Alias domina caterina de Bolis de cremona donationem inter vivos fecit fidelissimo servitori domino Vincentio de foppa pictori et civi Mediolani eius genero de domo una iacente in contrata Sancte Agate civitatis Brixie titulo oneroso, videlicet, Quapropter teneatur et debeat eam dominam caterinam alimentare toto tempore vite sue et etiam alimentare quandam eius ablatam usque ad eius aetatem nubilem et postea ipsam matrimonio copulare suis propriis expensis et cum onere dandi Bartholameo de caylina eius domine catarine filio certas pecunias pro eius legitima et licet dictus Bartholomeus voluntarie constrinxerit dicte donationi habueritque ab eo ex ponte certas pecunias pro parte dicte sue legitime confirmaveritque et aprobaverit eiusmodi donationem ut publico constat instrumento tamen non curavit et contravenire et de ipsa domo antedictam alienacionem facere, et sic Ipsum in litigium et contentionem contra debitum et provisionem ac satisfactionem per eam ut supra factam et cupiens pro posse litigia evitare. Supplicat ut his attentis digneritis potestati dicto papie scribere et committere quatenus constante sibi de predictis per Ius portionem Instrumentorum de quibus supra compellat Ipsum Bartholomeum ad observantiam et executionem promissionis et ratificationis per eum ut supra facte omni exceptioni rimota, ut debitum est, et Ipse fatiet erga predictos quicquid facere tenetur et debet iuxta formam dicte donationis procedens summarie simpliciter, et de plano sine strepitu et figura Iudicii, ac ulla sine lite, non obstantibus feriis. Aliter fraudatus et supplantatus remaneret quod non credit fiat autem Intantum.*

Archivio di Stato in Milano, Sezione Storica—Pittori; Autografi, B., IIIa. The memorandum added by another hand at the moment of consigning the petition is:—

19 Julij 1481 ad potestatem papie.

(1) *Memorie e Documenti per la storia di Pavia*, Vol. II., Fasc. iv., p. 100; (2) *Pubbl. Fab. di Brescia*, p. 32; (3) *Commentari dell' Ateneo di Brescia*, 1873, p. 473 and foll.

Milan, Pigello Portinari (4), asking for his help in obtaining from the Duchess Bianca Maria permission to buy a house in Pavia, "as though he were a Pavian citizen." For though Foppa had for some time been living at Pavia, he had not acquired citizenship, and no strangers were permitted to buy property in the city (5). In the case of Foppa, the favoured painter of the late Duke Francesco Sforza, an exception was made, and six days after the receipt of the letter his request was granted (6). Having decided to make Pavia his home, he then sought to obtain the rights of citizenship, and this time applied directly to the Duke of Milan for a recommendation to the Podestà of Pavia. The Duke's letter, dated October 14, 1468, to the authorities at Pavia, in which he speaks in the highest terms of Foppa, was published by Moiraghi in 1897 (7). It seems incredible that this writer should, in 1898, again have repeated, and this time with great decision, the story of Foppa's marriage at Pavia in 1465, for the Duke's letter opens with these words:—"We have been informed that for the past twelve years Maestro Vincenzo da Foppa, painter, has resided continuously in this our city with his wife and children."

We must infer from this that in 1456 Foppa was living at Pavia with his wife and family, and from the document, now published we believe for the first time, it seems clear that she came of a Cremonese-Brescian family and had nothing to do with Pavia. We learn also that her mother, Caterina de Bolis, of Cremona, gave to Foppa, her son-in-law, a house in the Contrada S. Agata at Brescia, under conditions which he faithfully fulfilled, though his rights to it were disputed in later years by Bartolommeo de Caylina, the son of Caterina. Here then we have the name of Foppa's wife, a name frequently met with in Brescian documents of this date.

In the letter already referred to from Foppa to his patron, Pigello Portinari, the painter says, "I am sending this to you by Bartolommeo my brother-in-law." Moiraghi conjectured (8) that this brother-in-law was the Pavian Bartolommeo della Canonica who was employed with his brother Bertolino in the Certosa in 1465 the same year in which Foppa was also working there.* We have now ample proof that the said brother-in-law was Bartolommeo de Caylina. With regard to this family, we know that in 1471 Paolo de Caylina, a painter, received payment for works executed in the Loggetta of the Piazza Maggiore at Brescia (9). Was he identical with the painter Paolo, son of Pietro Calino, who in 1458 appears with Foppa in the house of Giacomo di Tibalderis of Mortara at Pavia (10)? If so, it is possible that in this Paolo we have another brother-in-law of Foppa, and in his father, Pietro, the husband of Caterina de Bolis. In the Turin Gallery there is a picture, signed Paulus Brixensis, and known to have been painted in 1458 for the church of S. Albino at Mortara. According to the catalogue of the Turin Gallery (11), this painter "is evidently the same as Paolo Calino" (12). This may be so, but it is absurd to imagine, as Azeglio, Fenaroli (13), and Moiraghi (14) have done (because of the similarity of the signature—Paulus Brixensis—with that of Foppa Vincencius Brixensis, in his signed work at Bergamo) that they could detect in it the style and even the hand of Foppa. Whether the two men were related or not, artistically there was no connexion between them. Paolo da Brescia's feeble picture at Turin has some affinity with early Venetian art, but shows not a trace of the influence of Foppa.

The question whether Foppa came originally from Brescia or from the neighbourhood of Pavia still remains unanswered. Moiraghi's assertion (15) that he came from the village of Foppa,

* For notices of Foppa's connexion with Bartolommeo and Bertolino della Canonica in Liguria see Alizieri, Vol. I., pp. 353, 366-68, 372, &c., and Al. Sac., pp. 350-52.

(4) *Mem. e Doc.*, p. 86; (5) *Almanacco Sacro di Pavia*, p. 338; (6) *id.*, p. 340; (7) *id.*, p. 343; (8) *Mem. e Doc.*, p. 100; (9) *Esposizione della Pittura Bresciana a cura dell' Ateneo*, 1878, p. 2; (10) *Arch. Not. di Pavia*, Cassa 121, a. 1458 (publ. Al. Sac. p. 333 note); (11) *Catalogo della R. Pinacoteca di Torino*, 1899, a. Num. 141; (12) *D'Azeglio La R. Gall. di Torino*, Vol. IV., p. 195; (13) *Dizionario degli artisti Bresciani*, p. 74; (14) *Al. Sac.*, p. 330; (15) *id.*, p. 326, and *Mem. e Doc.*, p. 90.

which lies near Bascapè, halfway between Pavia and Melegnano, cannot be accepted as final. Moiraghi was for many years the parish priest of Bascapè, and had every opportunity of discovering all that was to be known of the painter at his supposed birthplace. But the records preserved there certainly furnished him with no proofs, for they date back no earlier than 1570—more than 100 years too late for the purpose of elucidating the history of Foppa's early life. The idea that he came from a place of the name of Foppa was first put forward by Campori (16), who published two documents relating to an otherwise unknown painter, Bartolommeo, the son of Giovanni da Foppa. Campori was followed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle (17) and by Moiraghi, both of whom positively affirmed that Vincenzo was born at Foppa. We know that his father was named Giovanni, but so far we have no proof that our painter, who in documents is variously called "Vincentius de Bressia," "de Fopa de Brisia," or simply "de Fopa," was of the same family as Bartolommeo "del fu Giovanni da Foppa del territorio di Milano," who is mentioned in Campori's documents. All that can be said is that the claims of Brescia are at least as strong as those of the village of Foppa.

THE DRAMA.

"NICANDRA."

In *Nicandra*, a "mystic farce" produced at the Avenue, Mr. Russell Vaun has had an ingenious idea, but has failed to develop it ingeniously. It is not in essence a new idea. In the playhouse there is no such thing as a new idea, and stories, like this one, of magic metamorphosis have always been popular there. But it starts, at any rate, as a good variant of an old idea. The old idea is the disruption of a peaceful household by a female visitor supernaturally introduced. (See Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, Mr. Paulton's *Niobe*, &c., &c.) The novelty here is in the mode of introduction. A traveller returning from Egypt leaves his luggage at his brother's house in Lowndes-square. In the luggage is a snake, and the snake is no more a real snake than Artemus Ward's mongoose was a real mongoose. It is, in fact, a Priestess of Isis who, for an offence against the goddess, was condemned to assume her present form. In the Lowndes-square drawing-room the snake becomes a woman again, and straightway proceeds to set the household at sixes and sevens. Her procedure is very simple. She lures all the men to her feet and makes all the women (save one, a maiden protected by innocence against such spells) throw themselves at the heads of the (wrong) men. A staid matron ogles the butler, a young widow pursues the master of the house, whose nephew is adored by the housemaid, and so *ad infinitum*. All is riot and confusion, caresses bestowed where they are not wanted, jealousy rampant. The traveller returns, employs the counter-spell needed to turn the woman into a snake again, domestic peace once more reigns in Lowndes-square, and the farce is over. But it is not over quite so soon as one wishes. Before the fall of the curtain it begins to pall. Why?

In the first place, I suggest, because the author has not been at the pains to extract from the idea of the Egyptian snake-woman all that, as Sarecy would have said, it "comports." (1) She is not Ptolemaic. I mean that the incongruity between her ancient self and her modern surroundings is not exhibited. Import an Egyptian of 3,000 years ago (say) in a British middle-class household of to-day, and you ought to get at least some satiric criticism—out of her failure to comprehend. The classic examples of this *truc* in literature are the attitudes of Voltaire's *Huron*, Montesquieu's *Persian*, Goldsmith's *Chinaman*. Mr. Gilbert has "worked it for all it is worth" in the naïve surprise and shy questions of his *Galatea*. Mr. Vaun's *Nicandra*, it is true, calls the housemaid a "slave." Otherwise she gives no trace of her Egyptian origin, and accommodates

herself to her new surroundings as though she were a contemporary Englishwoman. This is to throw away a chance. (2) For a creature of magic she is not weird enough. The people have only to open the window to escape from her power, for it seems that fresh air disarms her. If you bring supernatural "machinery" into your "fable" you ought to produce something more imposing than this. But her chief drawback is that (3) she is deficient in resource. The only mischief she can think of is that of Shakespeare's Puck—making the wrong couple fall in love. Now the amorous *chassé-croisé* of Helena and Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius, is pleasing because its scheme is poetry and beauty, and after all there is much more in the play. The similar business in *Nicandra* soon ceases to please because its scheme is prose and ugliness, and, moreover, it is all the play. It does at one moment seem to occur to *Nicandra* that she might complicate her mischief. She suggests forgery to one man, rash speculation to another—but the suggestions come to nothing, and we hark back to the old tune of love-madness.

Perhaps an even more serious defect than the meagreness of the snake-woman *motif* is the absence of anything like dramatic conflict. A struggle of wills is as necessary to farce as to any other species of the genus drama. Evidently there was an opening for such a struggle between *Nicandra* and the innocent maiden, the one member of the household immune against her spells. The author just suggests this and once more fails to work out his suggestion. . . . But why, it may be asked, pull a mere farce to pieces? Well, because farce-writing is an art like any other, and it is because so many people regard it merely as an industry that our farce-writers are tempted to scamp their work. Mr. Vaun is a new author, and apparently a young man. There is considerable promise in his *Nicandra*, and I therefore desire to pay him the compliment of taking him seriously. Apparently the present is a revised version of his work, which was originally produced a year or two ago at some suburban theatre. Miss Alma Stanley then played the snake-woman, I am told, and I can only say I wonder (respectfully) how she did it. Mrs. Brown-Potter now takes the part, a beautiful woman of the flamboyant, exotic type, as all playgoers know, but not an actress for all tastes. She glides stealthily, monotonously murmuring, through her part, in the fashion of a hypnotized "subject." The effect is certainly curious, but scarcely impressive. Whatever else a snake-woman does, she ought, I apprehend, to "make your flesh creep," but this one, somehow, doesn't.

A. B. WALKLEY.

A great sale of rare books, richly or quaintly bound, has just taken place in Paris—that of the collection of the late M. Guyot de Villeneuve, son-in-law of Count Montalivet—which attracted connoisseurs from all quarters of Europe. A set of Molière's works of the 1682 edition, one of the four known copies printed before the suppressions, fetched 13,700f.; a copy of "Les Sentiments de l'Académie Française sur la Tragi-Comédie du Cid," 1638, in 8vo., bound in red morocco by Le Gascon for Cardinal Richelieu, who is said to have inspired the work, which was directed by jealousy against Corneille, was knocked down at 9,420f.; a copy of the original edition of "Esther," with a dedication on the fly-leaf by Racine to Madame de Maintenon, bound in red morocco, with her arms, brought 7,500f.; a folio copy of Cervantes, the first edition published in French, with the arms of Louis XIV., 5,100f.; Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules," three 12mo. vols., 1660, 5,100f.; the poetical works of Louyse Labé, Lyonnaise, 1535, in antique binding, formerly in the Sunderland Library, 5,000f.; Ronsard's works, 1567, six quarto vols., 3,515f.; a copy of La Fontaine, 1665, bound in white vellum, 3,400f.; Rabelais' works, edition of 1556, bound in lemon-coloured morocco, with mosaics in blue morocco, by Curzin, 3,200f.; a unique copy of "Rymes de gentille et vertueuse dame D. Pernelle du Guillet," Lyonnaise, 1532, 3,000f.; Molière's "Sganarelle," 12mo., edition of 1660, bound by Curzin, 3,000f.; "La Nouvelle Héloïse," supposed to have been Rousseau's copy, which formerly belonged successively to the Duke of Marlborough and Bishop Reginald Heber, 1,780f.; "Le Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois," Paris, 1551, an 8vo. volume, said to have the widest margin known, nearly seven inches, 1,160f. The total proceeds of the sale were 390,947 francs.

(16) Campori Gli Artisti, &c., p. 209, and 499 note; (17) Cr. and Cav., N. Italy, II., p. 2.

Reviews.

M. SEIGNOBOS ON MODERN EUROPE.

Of all historical periods the age in which we live is that which it most concerns us to know. Unfortunately, there is none of which the world in general knows less, or which presents greater difficulties to the historian. The chief cause of this provoking dilemma, according to M. Seignobos, a translation from whose *POLITICAL HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE SINCE 1814* is published by Mr. Heinemann (20s. n.), is the overwhelming abundance of material.

The rigorous historical method demands the direct study of the sources. Now the life of one man would not be long enough, I do not say to study or to criticize, but to read the official documents of even a single country of Europe. It is therefore impossible, in the nature of things, to write a contemporary history of Europe which shall conform to scientific principles. So the professional historians, judging their method to be inapplicable to the study of the 19th century, have abstained from dealing with this period. And so the reading public is ignorant of contemporary history because the learned have too copious means of learning it.

Glancing through M. Seignobos' lists of authorities, which indicate a formidable array of authors who have aspired to treat contemporary history in its various departments and special aspects, we are at some loss to know what class of writers he intends by "professional historians." As he expressly disclaims the title for himself, we conclude that he is only indulging in a dry jest at the expense of that fatiguing class of persons who insist that only those are entitled to be heard on any historical subject who have hopelessly muddled themselves, during many years, over "the original documents." In the same vein, M. Seignobos explains that his readers must not expect from him anything in the nature of erudite research or copious narrative, any discussion of particular facts subject to controversy, any descriptions, sketches of character, or anecdotes. They must understand that he is neither an eloquent historian nor a learned historian. Least of all is he an enthusiastic historian. Most historical writers are fired with a certain ardour, inspired partly by the supposed dignity and importance of the function they have assumed, partly by the political and social causes which have gained their sympathy, or provoke their indignation. Not so M. Seignobos. As for history, that has about as much claim, in its present state, to rank as a science as chemistry had in the days when all things were resolved into the "four elements," earth, air, fire, and water.

History is still so rudimentary a science—if a science it may be called—that it has no vocabulary of technical terms. To designate political phenomena, the historians have borrowed from the vocabulary of jurists and philosophers abstract terms which have now become part of the language of history. These terms have but vague notions to rest on, owing to our ignorance of the real nature of political phenomena; but they give the vagueness an appearance of technical precision.

In these depressing circumstances it is clearly impossible to work oneself up to any great degree of enthusiasm about history for its own sake. But the subject-matter of history—the struggles of classes for political enfranchisement and equal rights, of nations for independence, of secular interests to throw off the clerical yoke—all this is apt to inspire a degree of sympathy, and even fervour, which the historian, conscious that it disturbs the mental balance, may strive to suppress, but cannot wholly conceal. M. Seignobos confesses that he has a private leaning to certain principles. He prefers limited monarchy to despotism, has great faith in democracy, and is for resistance to clerical pretensions. But he has a conscience also, and believes that it has saved him from the temptation to distort or ignore anything because he finds it personally distasteful.

The object which M. Seignobos has aimed at, in his own modest phrase, is to write simply an explanatory history; to make his readers understand the essential phenomena of European political life in the 19th century by explaining the organization of nations, governments, and parties, the political questions which have from time to time arisen, and the solutions they have received. Especially, he has endeavoured to make as clear as possible the formation, tactics, and policies of parties, these being the capital facts determining the fate of institutions, and to show how local administration, the army, the Church, the schools, the Press, finance, political theories, and economic systems have been affected by political life and have reacted on it. But how are these multitudinous details to be intelligibly grouped in a single picture? After thinking the matter out, M. Seignobos found that there were three distinct ways of going to work. A writer may adopt the logical order, which consists in regarding Europe as a whole, and taking abstract national institutions—central government, defence, finance, justice, and so forth—separately and successively. Or he may choose the chronological order, dividing the century into periods, each leading up to the next, and marked by some predominant character of its own. Or, lastly, he may adopt the geographical order, dealing with each nation in turn. All these methods have their advantages, and M. Seignobos therefore decides to use them all in succession. In the first and longest section of the work he follows the geographical order, first giving a short description of the Continent as reconstituted by the territorial restorations of 1814. He then proceeds to the internal history of each State, beginning with the United Kingdom, which furnishes a model for political organization to all Europe. Next in order follows France, with her most advanced neighbours, the Netherlands and Switzerland; then Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Austria, and the Scandinavian countries; finally he deals with Russia and the Ottoman group of States, which have retained longer than any others the political forms of the 18th century.

The twenty-one chapters including this first and most important part of the work occupy 670 closely-printed pages, or about four-fifths of the whole. M. Seignobos has executed this part of his task, which must have cost him immense labour, with admirable judgment and ability; and he has furnished us with a most valuable summary of the domestic history of each European State. It is difficult to single out any chapter; but the reader will naturally turn to the three which relate to France, and are entitled "The Monarchy of the Property (should it not be 'Propertied'?) Class" (1814-1848), "The Republic and the Democratic Empire" (1848-1871), and "The Parliamentary Republic." English people, who, with few exceptions, decline the trouble of understanding the political conditions of a country so near to their own, but so differently circumstanced, ought to read these chapters. M. Seignobos admits that at first sight the story of France during the past century seems an incoherent series of revolutions; "hence," he continues, "the general opinion of other countries that the French are capricious, and do not know what they want. Precisely the same was said of the English at the end of the 17th century." The comparison is a fair one; and in certain departments of national policy the same thing might have been truly said of the English not very many years before the end of the 19th century. Nothing is more exasperating to foreigners than a nation that does not know what it wants. Now that we have made up our minds, and that other nations know it, probably we shall all get on better together. In the second part of the work M. Seignobos treats of certain elements of progress and change which are common to all or most of the nations of Europe. He groups these under three heads—(1) transformation in the material conditions of political life through industrial inventions, new means of destruction in war, new methods of communication, increase in wealth and population, and changes of an economic nature; (2) the altered relation of the Churches, especially the Roman Church, to the State; (3) the growth and influence of international revolutionary parties, from the humble Carbonari of 1820 to the

immense Socialist international organizations of our own day. The third and final section of the work gives a rapid but very able sketch of recent changes in the balance of power, and in the aims of national policy, and of the international controversies which have disturbed, or threatened to disturb, the peace of the European world. This subject M. Seignobos treats in four sections—"Europe under the Metternich system" (1815-1830); "rivalry between Russia and England" (1830-1854); "French preponderance and the Nationalist wars" (1854-1870); "German ascendancy and the armed peace," which has lasted to the present time. From the concluding page we take the following extract as a specimen of the keen insight which marks the whole work:—

A natural tendency to attribute great effects to great causes leads us to explain political evolution, like geological evolution, by deep and continuous forces, more far-reaching than individual actions. The history of the 19th century accords ill with this idea. . . . The revolution of 1830 was the work of a group of obscure Republicans, aided by the blunders of Charles X. The revolution of 1848 was the work of certain Democratic and Socialist agitators, aided by Louis Philippe's sudden lack of nerve. The war of 1870 was the personal work of Bismarck, prepared by Napoleon III.'s personal policy. For these three unforeseen facts no general cause can be discerned in the intellectual, economic, or political condition of the continent of Europe.

These three accidents, he contends, have completely changed the face of Europe—the first by destroying the alliance of Sovereigns against revolution, establishing the Parliamentary system, and thus preparing a firm hold for the Catholic and Socialist parties; the second by bringing about universal suffrage, and paving the way, in certain countries, for national unity; the third by creating the German empire, destroying the Pope's temporal power, transforming the art of war, and establishing the system of armed peace. M. Seignobos admits that in this last instance the mine was prepared, and nothing was wanted but the lighted match. Was not this the case also in 1830 and 1848?

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MEMOIRS.

The eighteenth century has its admirers and its detractors. From a literary point of view, however, there can be no doubt that it was an extremely picturesque period. Johnson, for instance, and Addison are a hundred times more interesting than any of the barons who slaughtered each other during the Wars of the Roses. So also with the less important people who are the subjects of an entertaining book before us—*LITTLE MEMOIRS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY*, by George Paston (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.). They are distant enough to be historical, but are not so far from us as to make it difficult to sympathize with them. The author has written short and lively biographies of "two grandes dames of the second George's Court, a playwright who dabbled in diplomacy, an aristocratic *declassée* who died in the odour of royalty, an ex-shoemaker turned bookseller, a Highland lady with literary proclivities, and a distinguished scholar who was chiefly remarkable for his misfortunes." The lives are of Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret, Richard Cumberland, Lady Craven, James Lackington, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and John Tweddell, all of whom have just this much in common, that they left behind them either their letters or their autobiographies. Perhaps the best memoir of all is that of James Lackington, if only because he belonged, not to the great world, but to the world of trade, which one's studies of the eighteenth century are apt to leave a little in the background. Our author, indeed, points out the want of documents treating at first hand of the labouring and trading classes of the period. As he says, we hear often enough of the aristocracy and the mob, but have less information as to the intermediate classes. Lackington, however,

tells the story of his struggles and successes in his candid and unreserved memoirs, which were published in 1792. He was born in 1746 at Wellington, in Somerset, the son of a drunken father and a hardworking mother, and was brought up to his father's trade of shoemaking. He was studious and religious; he fell under the influence of the Methodists; he read every book on which he could lay his hands. He married young, and soon afterwards came to London, where he opened a little shop for the sale of books and boots, his entire stock being worth about £5. The business prospered, but his wife died in the following year "in enthusiastic rant on November 9th, surrounded by Methodist preachers." He married again very shortly afterwards, the business still prospering until at last it became a very extensive concern. The author says that many of the best-known booksellers of the nineteenth century are said to have received their training at the famous house which he founded.

Even after unexpected prosperity had blessed his basket and his store, Mr. Lackington continued for some years his careful and frugal mode of life, taking down his own shutters, pricing his own books, and writing his own catalogues. At first, to use his own words, "I welcomed a friend with a shake of the hand, but a year later I beckoned across the way for a pot of good porter. A few years after that, I sometimes invited my friends to dinner, and provided them with a roasted fillet of veal; in a progressive course the ham was introduced, and a pudding made the next addition to the feast. For some time a glass of brandy and water was a luxury; raisin wines succeeded; and as soon as two-thirds of my profits allowed me to afford good red port, it appeared on my table, nor was sherry long behind." In the same gradual fashion a stage-coach was transformed into a chariot, and a suburban lodging into a country house.

In short, with his business instincts and his passion for books, Lackington had a remarkable career.

Lady Craven's life was more brilliant, but less edifying. She was Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, born in 1750, and was married at the age of 17 to Mr., afterwards Lord, Craven. She was beautiful; Reynolds and Romney painted her portrait; but her beauty and her wit became the subject of scandal, and at the end of 1782 she and her husband parted for ever. It is difficult to discover the rights of the story; perhaps they do not much signify. The result was that for some years Lady Craven led a wandering life, half in and half out of society, like an aristocratic Becky Sharp. At Vienna she saw the Emperor Joseph; at St. Petersburg she was received by the Empress Catherine; there she saw also the old Princess Romanzof, the Empress's first maid-of-honour, who was 90 years old. "I am so old," she told her visitor, "that I have seen your great Duke of Marlborough and his Duchess at The Hague. He was so stingy that when his black stockings had holes in them they were darned with white thread. As to his beautiful Duchess, she used to get tipsy on rum-punch."

Lady Craven was also invited to dine with Prince Potemkin in an immense palace that he was building. The only room finished was 300 feet long, and she came home quite ill with the cold and bored into the bargain; for she says that she never heard the sound of her host's voice except when he asked what she would take to eat.

This adventurous lady had friends as well as enemies. Among the former was the Margrave of Anspach, the nephew of Frederick the Great, whom she married almost immediately on the death of her husband in 1791, Horace Walpole remarking that she "received the news of her husband's death on a Friday, went into woods on Saturday, and into white satin and many diamonds on Sunday." The Margrave withdrew from Anspach, and settled with his wife at Brandenburg-house, Hammersmith, where they gave a magnificent house-warming, and theatricals, of which several curious accounts have been given. The Margravine, however, was not altogether well received in England; her daughters "with due deference to the Margravine of

Anspach informed her that out of respect to their father they could not wait upon her." Queen Charlotte refused to receive her at Court as Margravine of Anspach. The Margrave died in 1806, and his wife says of him "a better man never existed . . . he was so perfectly genteel and princely in his air that even with his great coat and round hat the Sovereign was perceived." The Margravine lived on till 1828, to the end of her days under the delusion that she was a genius, a beauty, and a pattern.

As love-letters are in fashion just now, our final reference shall be to the chapter on the Romance of John Tweddell, a distinguished scholar, and the unfortunate lover of Miss Isabel Gunning, a cousin of the three famous sisters. Tweddell was the son of a gentleman in Northumberland, and was born in 1769. At Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of Trinity, he won a Members' Prize, and all the three Browne Medals in one year. When he was twenty-five years old, his unlucky fate made him acquainted with Miss Gunning, to whose family his slender means and liberal opinions did not recommend him. The lady, however, was attached to him, and for some years they carried on a more or less clandestine correspondence, part of which has lately come to light in the shape of some of Tweddell's letters. We should not have described them as ardent, but the author warns us that in an age of sober common-sense love becomes "regard," passion "sentiment," and charm "propriety of conduct." Still, one must suppose it possible to make love, and to be jilted, in the most decorous eighteenth century English, for this is what happened to poor John Tweddell. There is nothing to show clearly why he was jilted. Perhaps he bored the lady with too much philosophy and morality, subjects on which, to say the least of it, he wrote with considerable fluency. At any rate, she saw, and preferred, and married some one else, which, as the author truly observes, is the most practical of all adverse comments on a lover. Tweddell bore his disappointment like a man, and there is dignity as well as pathos in his acknowledgment of the letter which put an end to the correspondence. An "Englishwoman" of to-day might learn a lesson from an Englishman of a hundred years ago. He concludes:—

I would not willingly tease you if you are forearmed against all I may say, and that my reasoning is all to no purpose. As for seeing you for a few hours, this would in my present state only agitate without relieving. I have too much to say to you to say it in one breath, scattered as are all my ideas, and confused and tumultuous as are all my feelings. I could observe upon your letter at great length. But the time is passed away when I found happiness in lengthening my letters to you! Be not angry at anything I may have said—I hardly know what I have said—*ce pauvre cœur a tant aimé*. God bless you. May you be happy.

For the next few years he travelled, and, having plenty of good introductions, visited a great many well-known people. He studied for a long time at Athens, and made a number of valuable drawings of all kinds of antiquities, a work for which he was well qualified; but here, unhappily, he was seized with a malignant fever, and died soon after he had passed his thirtieth birthday. He was buried at his own request in the Temple of Theseus. An ill-starred man—even his drawings and other collections were pursued by a species of posthumous bad luck. The ship in which they were being taken to the Embassy at Constantinople was wrecked. They were recovered from the wreck, and were deposited in the cellars of the Embassy, and then, to the scandal of literary and diplomatic circles, they disappeared for ever.

We cannot refer in detail to the other lives in this amusing and well-written book; we can only recommend them cordially to our readers. In their variety they present a picture gallery worthy of a century that is too often spoken of contemptuously by those who pride themselves on their unconventionality. We doubt if a hundred years hence a future Mr. Paston could amass better material—true and at the same time amusing—from our own times.

IN PERSIA.

Colonel C. E. Yate was Consul-General for Khurāsān and Sistān from 1893 to 1894, returning thither in 1896 and remaining till March, 1898. His headquarters were at the sacred city of pilgrimage, Mashhad, but he travelled a great deal about the two provinces, and in KHURĀSĀN AND SISTĀN (Blackwood, 16s.) he describes with painstaking accuracy what he saw there and also on his journey through Afghanistan. As a road book for a little known part of north-east Persia his volume may be commended to future travellers, who will find many useful topographical notes and hints on accommodation, provisions, roads, climate, inhabitants, &c. The account of trade and industries and of the general condition of the population, whether Persians or Turcomans, is also valuable, and the more so since Colonel Yate writes as a matter-of-fact observer, keen-eyed and practical, who has no theories to prove and not the faintest tendency to enthusiasm on any subject—except, perhaps, sport. The book makes no effort to be interesting; the style is bald and colloquial. Nor is there any attempt at antiquarian or historical research. Colonel Yate describes such monuments as he came across, but in the spirit of a surveyor not of an archaeologist, and he evidently knows very little of the history of Persia. Some of his blunders are ludicrous, but when we find that his chief authority is a book by a recent Persian Secretary of State we are not so much astonished. This Secretary was responsible, among other things, for a Persian version of Yākūt's Arabic geographical dictionary, and he accomplished it by turning into Persian M. Barbier de Meynard's French translation of part of the Arabic text! One might as well translate Dante into French by way of somebody's English selection.

Setting aside the question of literary or historical merit, Colonel Yate's volume is not to be despised, especially in view of the coming political problem connected with Persia. There is a good deal of useful geographical data concerning places which have been very imperfectly explored; there are here and there curious examples of local customs; and there are queer descriptions of the ways of those troublesome gentry the Turcomans on the Russian border. A special value attaches to the author's professional criticism of Asiatic soldiers, and his opinion of the Persian troops is as low as his approval of the Afghans (whom he found increasingly friendly towards England) is marked. But when he quotes an absurd Afghan prophecy that the Armageddon between England and Russia will be fought on the Dasht-i-Bakwa, where 12,000 riderless horses will wander after the battle, he should not trace it, with perfect gravity, to a Persian author of the fifteenth century. One would like to hear the ideas of a Persian of 1430 about the Russia and England of his day! One of Colonel Yate's journeys took him to the celebrated turquoise mines of Khurāsān. They are invisible to the unpractised eye of the ordinary traveller, and no one riding by would suspect any workings. "The mines are worked in the roughest manner possible. The only implements used by the miners are short iron jumpers about eighteen inches in length, and a small hammer with which they drive holes into the rock, which is then blasted out with common country gunpowder." The mines seem to be in a neglected state now, and there is a vast amount of leakage; everybody in Colonel Yate's camp invested in turquoises, which had probably been stolen. Unfortunately these turquoises when purchased by the inexpert have a curious trick of losing their colour in a week. Indeed, the dyed turquoises of Khurāsān demand as careful a scrutiny as the glass sapphires of Colombo. Though the importance of this volume lies mainly in its commercial and political observations, we must confess we found most pleasure in its descriptions of nature. Persia has often been praised in song—by its own poets—but one is apt to think of it chiefly as a deserted land, where long journeys over bad roads, with no decent inns, are unrelieved by any special beauty of scenery. The mountain country in the north, however, is remarkably fine, and our quick-eyed traveller found plenty to interest him in

nature, not merely in game, though of that he had fair sport, but in "smale fowle."

Spring at Mashhad [he says] is a charming time, and the whole country seems to blossom out. Birds of all sorts appear to breed. The blue jay or Indian roller—the Kulagh-i-Sabz or green crow, as it is called by the Persians—comes in hundreds and takes possession of almost every nullah bank, closely followed by that gay bird, the European bee-eater, which similarly lays its eggs in a hole in some bank. Almost every Kanat well has its pair of pied wagtails, the sky is full of swallows and swifts, and the Persian nightingale sings and breeds in the gardens. At one time I had two nightingales' nests and six or seven nests of a little tree-warbler in my garden, all within a few yards of the front-door steps. Soon after the middle of April the quail appear, and the cock birds are netted in large numbers, by means of calls, in the young wheat crops, and sold in the bazar at the rate of six for a kran. They breed around the town, and towards the end of July, after the corn is cut, young quails are to be found in the grain-fields, and are excellent eating. Another bird that breeds in Khurāsān in large numbers is the rose-coloured starling, the Sār, as the Persians call it. The Koh-i-Sangi is a favourite resort of these birds; large flocks gather there and breed among the tumbled mass of rocks and boulders that forms the western end of the hill. In June, when the young birds are fledged, men and boys go out from the town with baskets and catch them in numbers. It is a curious sight hunting about the rocks for the nests. The old birds sit around, jabbering away as hard as they can, almost every one of them with either a grasshopper or a white mulberry in its mouth for the benefit of the young birds that, alas for them! are being ruthlessly carried off.

THE AGNOSTIC'S DIFFICULTIES.

The aim of *THE MIRACLES OF UNBELIEF*, by Mr. Frank Ballard (T. and T. Clark, 6s.), is a simple one. Impressed by the way in which religious difficulties are made an excuse for indifferentism, he has set himself to show that the difficulties of irreligion are far greater than those which meet the orthodox Christian. It is an attractive and, in some respects, an easy task to play the Socrates to other men's dogmas; in the case of the somewhat insolent assertions of that militant agnosticism which is now become old-fashioned, it has the charm of poetic justice. Undoubtedly, in the first flush of their triumphs over the very defective theology of their day, the agnostic scientists were unduly fond of ascending the papal chair. To-day their mantle has fallen upon lesser men; the discoveries of one generation's pioneers become the prejudices of common men a generation later. This is why Mr. Ballard is so impressed by the dangers of materialism; and, if he rather exaggerates the danger, it is because he evidently works in that portion of society which is some way behind the University standard. The man in the street who wishes to shelve the deeper problems of existence is a large devourer of cheap heresies; and with him are plenty of cultured men who do not happen to have spared any of their time for the study of religious questions. To them Mr. Ballard. A little provincial—for him Lord Grimthorpe is a serious authority on biological questions, for him Mr. Le Gallienne's theology is worth confuting, for him "Turner and Tadema" represent art, "Wesley and Whitefield" devotion, "Dorner and Fairbairn" represent theology, and are classed with Plato and Shakespeare; yet in his own department, that of a scientific Christian apologist, he is exceedingly acute and forcible.

Trenchant a critic as he is, the book would be far less useful were it merely negative and destructive; as a matter of fact it supplies abundant material for a sane belief, and is not confined to the "miracles of unbelief" which put so severe a strain upon the credulity of the agnostic. For instance, he retorts upon those who are dismayed by the mystery of pain that the mystery of painlessness is far greater and is all on the other side, yet, at

the same time, he gives us a very good explanation of pain, and returns again to its defence in the last chapter. Or again, after an able analysis of the chance theory of creation, he proceeds to defend the argument from design, and claims that Paley was far more in the right than those who hastily assumed that he was out of date. He is out of date, Mr. Ballard argues, only in that the later discoveries of science have enormously increased the evidence of design. Here is an example of Mr. Ballard's method, a fragment taken from a long criticism of a passage from Mr. Clodd's "Plain account of Evolution"—:

Then again, somehow, being next to nothing themselves, and having nothing to work with, they endowed themselves with all those potentialities—"their inherent forces and energies"—out of which all the infinite possibilities of worlds to come should be evolved. Then, further, through no power at all outside themselves, these self-differentiated atoms began to move. They were "not evenly distributed"—i.e., they distributed themselves unevenly, and manifestly with a purpose, namely, so that "Force," which came from nowhere, might not draw them around one common centre, which was everywhere, and "energy awakened by collision of atom with atom"—which collision in every case awakened itself—might not be "profitlessly" lost to a universe in which there was nowhere any mind whatever to appreciate, or anticipate, either profit or loss.

Mr. Ballard passes on to the realm of history, pressing home the well-known arguments as to the difficulty of accounting either for Judaism or Christendom except on a supernatural hypothesis. Next he explains to the agnostic his difficulties in psychological and ethical matters; then he gives a chapter to the great dilemma in the character and the claims of Christ. A short essay on comparative religion, a concluding chapter, an appendix on Haeckel, and a list of authorities complete the volume, to which, unfortunately, there is no index. Mr. Ballard has certainly produced a book that is just what is wanted for the average young man who makes easy assumptions; it is distinctly worth the study of wiser men who have not read the first-hand authorities; it will be extremely useful to ministers of religion. Personally, we should have preferred a writer who did not speak of "the human yearn for immortality" and "the high and quenchless yearn of humanity." Some day we may hope to see the work better done by some one who will unite to Mr. Ballard's high qualifications others which are not his. Till then "The Miracles of Unbelief" will hold the field.

STATUTE LAW BEHIND THE SCENES.

LEGISLATIVE METHODS AND FORMS, by Sir C. Ilbert, K.C.S.I. (Clarendon Press, 16s.), is a title which fails to indicate the varied character of the contents of Sir Courtenay Ilbert's new book. This will appear from a brief survey of its scope. We have first an attempt to trace in historical outline the relations between the Common Law of a nation and its Statute Law. The example both of England and of other European countries shows how—as civilization develops and a country shakes down, or rises up, from barbarism to a fixed form of Government—its customs become settled law, or, as we generally call it, Common Law; whilst changes in the Common Law, either by expansion or contraction, are made by fresh legislation—whether it be the result of the deliberations of a legislative assembly or the fiat of an autocrat is a mere matter of detail. All this is here worked out admirably, although Sir Courtenay only devotes nineteen pages to the subject. Within that compass he brings the story down to the French codes issued under Napoleon and to the still more recent codes of the German empire. The author then turns to the English Statute Book and addresses himself to the following questions:—"What is the English Statute Book? What are its contents? Where are they to be found? How are they arranged? What facilities are there for ascertaining the enactments which have been made on a given subject and the extent to which they are in force?" These are questions of

every day interest and importance which every cultivated Englishman ought not only to wish to ask but to know how to answer.

Probably, unless we except Lord Thring, there is no living lawyer who could answer them so fully and so clearly as Sir Courtenay Ilbert. He describes the origin and development of our "Statute Book" (though such a "Book" does not really exist), showing when, where, and by whom the Statutes have been framed, edited, and printed, and how they are now issued to the public. Much has been done during the last half century—and it is here fully explained—to bring about improvements of an editorial character, so to speak, in the outward appearance of the Statutes as they reach the hands of the public at a penny a sheet. The older Acts of Parliament have been taken in hand of late years by the Statute Law Revision Committee, whose labours Sir C. Ilbert summarizes. The scheme for the systematic improvement of the Statute Law, begun by Lord Westbury and specially developed by Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, involved the four-fold task of indexing, purging, re-publishing, and consolidating. The first three points are now fairly carried to completion up to date, but the very important matter of consolidation has come to a standstill by obstruction, systematic and unsystematic, in Parliament and out of it. The importance of consolidation, both to the practitioner in Court and in Chambers and to the officials of local authorities, is not, we often think, sufficiently appreciated, or more earnest efforts would be made to deal with it. To take an instance; the "Public Health Act, 1875," is now after a quarter of a century very much out of date and urgently needs treatment on the consolidation principle. Yet those who can look back as far as 1872 when the Public Health Service of the country was re-organized by Statute will remember the terrible confusion which the new sanitary authorities had to face in discovering their legal powers and duties. These were scattered over more than thirty Acts of Parliament which were admirably brought to a focus by Lord Norton's Royal Commission. The Draft Consolidation Bill, drawn up by that Commission, was, by the way, a far better arranged scheme than the Bill eventually brought in and carried in 1875 by Mr. Selater Booth. Incoherent as this was, however, it introduced a great deal of order into the previous chaos. The "Municipal Corporations Act, 1882," and "The Merchant Shipping Act, 1894," were also types of great legislative successes in the way of consolidation, and we believe that the credit of the former rests with the author of the present book. From consolidation, codification is a not distant step, and one which ought long ago to have been taken more frequently. No better justification of this remark need be looked for than the success from a publisher's point of view of Sir J. Stephen's Criminal Code Book. It is now a recognized text-book of the highest authority, yet it is nothing but the Draft Code which was prepared some years ago as an intended Act of Parliament, but which the Government of the day had not courage or perseverance enough to carry through. Not the least interesting portions of Sir C. Ilbert's book are his chapters on Indian and Colonial Legislation and his practical hints for the guidance of Members of Parliament and others as to what to do and what not to do in drafting Bills. A careful study of his suggestions would save us from much of that slovenly drafting which too frequently characterizes the condition of Bills in Parliament after they have emerged from the ordeal of Committee. It is perhaps inevitable that they should at this stage be in an unsatisfactory condition considering the tinkering by inexperienced amateurs to which they have been subjected. It is quite time that every Bill approaching its final or third reading stage should be reviewed from a literary and editorial standpoint by some tribunal such as a standing joint-committee of both Houses which would make sure that the new Statute would read grammatically, that it was not arrant nonsense—a condition of things by no means unknown—and that it did not, as is often the case, conflict with previous legislation. Sir C. Ilbert's book is not only a useful legal treatise for the student and practitioner, but a book which the layman can read with interest and profit.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

"Napoléon Prisonnier."

One would have supposed it impossible to find any more unpublished diaries and memoirs relating to Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena. M. Paul Frémeaux, however, has obtained possession of those by Dr. John Stokoe, surgeon of the *Conqueror*, and one of the ex-Emperor's medical attendants; but, instead of printing them textually as *matériaux pour servir*, he has woven them into a book of his own, *NAPOLÉON PRISONNIER* (Flammarion, 3f.50c.). There is a good deal, if not a great deal, in the book that is new; but the nature of the additions to our knowledge is such as to appeal more powerfully to persons interested in Stokoe than to persons interested in Napoleon, and they, of course, are a minority. Still the subject is one on which anything new, however trifling, is welcome; and one can read the statement of Stokoe's grievances with sympathy. He was tried by Court-martial and dismissed the service for offences which really amounted to little more than an inability to get on with Sir Hudson Lowe and Sir Robert Plampin. Joseph and Louis Bonaparte and Madame Mère did what they could for him. He acted as guardian to Joseph's daughters on their voyages across the Atlantic, and he lived till 1852. There was not much to be made out of the scanty materials of his journal; but M. Frémeaux has done as well with them as could have been expected.

A Study in the War of the Revolution.

In CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, A HISTORICAL STUDY, 1735-1806 (Longmans, 6s. net), Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has written a really valuable monograph on one of those enigmatic characters which perplex the historian. In the Duke's case the problem is complicated by the sharp contrast between his military reputation in life and after his death. It sounds almost like romance that the commander-in-chief of the Allies who signed the manifesto against France which precipitated the War of the Revolution should only six months before have been offered the command of the French army. This fact alone is sufficient testimony to the Duke's fame as a general; but it illustrates also that inveterate habit of "sitting on the fence" which was the great defect of his character. The French leaders who made the offer were, perhaps, influenced by his enlightened rule of his own duchy no less than by his strategic renown. But political liberalism did not prevent him from continuing to be the obsequious henchman of the absolute Prussian King. This want of consistent action rather than of settled principle was fatal to his success as a statesman. Lord Edmond credits the Duke with some skill in diplomacy in connexion with the battle of Valmy. According to some historians the French generals after the battle prolonged the negotiations for their own purposes. Lord Edmond adopts the contrary view—that it was the Duke who amused them with negotiations while he was gaining time for a masterly retreat. The misfortunes of his later career are here shown to have been due not to military incompetence, for he was quick to discern the right move in a campaign, but rather to his readiness to be overruled in council. In recording how Brunswick took the field against Napoleon in 1805 Lord Edmond cites Lucan's contrast between Pompey and Cæsar before Pharsalia. On one point, however, his parallel fails; it is absurd to ascribe Cæsar's "dash" and audacity to his "youth," for he was almost as much a veteran as his antagonist. Before the Duke of Brunswick actually encountered Bonaparte he was mortally wounded at Auerstädt; and the loss of his guiding hand at a crisis in the battle changed a probable victory into an irretrievable reverse. Those who are inclined to commiserate the captive Emperor during his "Last Phase" may here find how truculent he could himself be towards a vanquished and dying foe. Lord Edmond's book is illustrated by a map and by two excellent portraits; he might have added with advantage to his readers a pedigree explaining the relationship of the various Dukes of Brunswick to each other and to the English Royal House.

Jingoism.

Mr. J. A. Hobson's *PSYCHOLOGY OF JINGOISM* (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.) would be more effective if its author were a little calmer. He starts off by describing jingoism as "the hatred of another nation," which seems to us to show a want of careful discrimination. With all the faults of Englishmen and of English jingoism, it may be doubted whether we take the trouble to "hate" anybody, at any rate in the way in which some Germans and Frenchmen hate us. When we read that it is "the cold steel and the twist of the British bayonet in the body of the now defenceless foe that brings the keenest thrill of exultation" to the minds of "mild and aged clergymen, gently-bred, refined English ladies," we feel that Mr. Hobson is a little overstating his case. This is a pity, because he has, on such subjects as the methods by which "jingoism" is worked up and on "Christianity in Khaki," a good deal to say that is worth attention by unprejudiced persons.

Some Poison Mysteries.

M. Funck-Brentano, the writer who solved the mystery of the man with the iron mask, continues his criminological researches in *PRINCES AND POISONERS* (Duckworth, 6s.), translated by George Maidment. It is not to be accepted, as the title might suggest, as a collection of sensational stories, but as a real contribution to history. One of the chapters deals with the sudden death of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., Duchess of Orleans, which inspired one of Bossuet's most eloquent orations. It was generally believed that she had been poisoned. M. Funck-Brentano, aided by two eminent French physicians, examines the evidence from the point of view of medical jurisprudence, and proves that "she succumbed to an acute peritonitis, the immediate and inevitable result of the perforation of the stomach by an ulcer." Another case considered is that of Racine. He was reported to have poisoned his mistress, Du Parc. M. Funck-Brentano establishes the strong probability that she died as the result of a surgical operation improperly performed. His most interesting pages, however, are those which relate the marvellous story of Marie Madeleine de Brinvilliers. Her name, of course, is sufficiently familiar to every student of the reign of Louis XIV., as well as to every student of toxicological affairs, and indeed to every student of French literature; but the story of her iniquities has never been accurately and completely told. M. Funck-Brentano's monograph is a masterly performance, and embodies the results of research among documents not previously used. It should be added that the book is not one for young people, but only for adults.

S. Louis.

Mr. Frederick Perry's *Life of S. Louis* (Putnam, 5s.), in the "Heroes of the Nations Series," claims no more, we should say, than to be a popular life of the best of the French Kings, written with the knowledge of the modern historian; and as a popular book it could hardly be better than it is. It is written with fluency and brightness, and with a sound knowledge of mediæval life. It avoids the too common fault of judging saints of the Middle Ages by modern standards, and it is utterly without the curious assumption of superiority which Milman, for instance, cannot avoid when he speaks of Saint Louis or of the *Imitatio Christi*. It is therefore a delightful book to read—simple, sympathetic, and vivid. While Mr. Perry has evidently a clear grasp of the political importance of the work of Louis IX. and his mother, and does not fail to set it clearly before his readers, he is at his best in narration of stirring incident, and his chapters on the Crusades of "the most Christian King" are as good as anything of the kind we have read. The book is one to be very warmly commended. We cannot but regret, however, that Mr. Perry did not in a preface or appendices give the ordinary reader some guide as to the authorities for the life of his hero. Everybody has heard of Joinville, but it may be doubted if any other French chronicler of the time is known except to specialists in England. Mr. Perry seems to have determined simply to tell his tale and leave any one who cared

to investigate it; and though this may result, as in this case, in a good popular book, it is by no means the best method. Points of considerable interest in controversy are thus passed over with a rapidly sketched conclusion where some details would have been of value. The illustrations are well chosen and a great improvement on most of those in the series; but does Mr. Perry really believe in Viollet-le-Duc?

Lord Rayleigh's Papers.

The second volume of Lord Rayleigh's *SCIENTIFIC PAPERS* (Cambridge University Press, 15s. n.) covers the years 1881-1887, barely half that dealt with in the first series. Moreover, the number of separate communications is only 63, as compared with 78; yet the total quantity of printed matter is greater by some 40 pages. Electricity, and not acoustics, is now the principal theme, and much space is devoted to the author's arduous labours, in conjunction with Mrs. H. Sidgwick and Dr. Schuster, on the determination of the ohm. The British Association Committee on Electrical Standards made its first report so far back as 1863, but it was not till some time afterwards that the first approximation to the ohm—the resistance of a column of mercury less than 105 centimetres in length, and 1 square millimetre in section, at the temperature of melting ice—was arrived at. By degrees it became evident that this value was fully 1 per cent. too small, and various investigators, from Weber and Zöllner (whose work was taken up by Wiedemann) to Foster and Lippmann, Lorenz, and Rayleigh, have arrived at numbers averaging about 106.25 instead of that quoted above. Later experiments have added slightly to this figure, and in the *London Gazette* of August 24, 1894, it was officially set forth that the ohm was the resistance of a column of mercury 100.3cm. long, and of a uniform section such that the weight of the column should be 14.4521 grammes—thereby avoiding an explicit statement of the cross section—at the temperature of melting ice. Lord Rayleigh's work, however, is not impugned thereby, and still remains as a standard of reference. Hardly less important are his papers on the electrochemical equivalent of silver, and the Clark cell, which have served as the basis upon which the Board of Trade values of equivalents and electromotive force are reckoned. Other subjects dealt with, to name only a few, are liquid jets, the crispations of a body resting on a vibrating support, the constant of magnetic rotation of light in bisulphide of carbon, and the soaring of birds, the latter of which was subsequently expanded into the Wilde lecture delivered before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society last year. Lord Rayleigh's style is faultlessly correct, but cold and academic, even in the article "Optics" written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the presidential address to the British Association at Montreal in 1884. The thoroughness and conscientiousness of his methods are shown in the carefully-worded sentences, each having a logical relation to the context and incapable of being construed in any other sense than that which they were meant to bear. Yet, in spite of the absence of the personal element, traces of the zeal which has accomplished so much are apparent in the background, and happily there is every indication of its continuance for years to come.

Eugene Schuyler.

Eugene Schuyler was a typical example of the cultivated American diplomatist who does not think it necessary to cease to write for the newspapers because he has been sent to "lie abroad" for his country's honour. He served in Russia, Turkey, the Balkan Provinces, and Italy; did good work in helping to make the truth known concerning the Bulgarian atrocities; and he sent many letters home to New York, where they were printed in the *Nation*. These are now reprinted under the title *ITALIAN INFLUENCES* (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d. net). Most of them are reviews of books. Few of the reviews really add anything to the contents of the books, but they seldom fail to summarize their contents in an interesting and instructive manner. They would be model "Book of the Week" articles for the Sunday papers. Uniform with this volume appears *SELECTED ESSAYS*, with a memoir by Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer.

The essays are old *Scribner* articles. One of them, an account of a visit paid by the writer to Count Tolstoy in 1860, has a certain topical interest now. It is interesting to find Mr. Schuyler expressing the opinion that "judging from the past there has never seemed to me any reason to believe that the present phase of mystical religious enthusiasm through which Count Tolstoy is now passing would last for the whole of his life, or that he is permanently lost to literature." Some of the novelist's table talk is also reproduced with the skill of the practical interviewer.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has not quite so good a subject for her social and domestic researches into American history in *STAGE COACH AND TAVERN DAYS* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) as she had in her previous books on child-life in colonial days, but still she makes a volume which will, at least, be widely popular in America, where the youth of the nation inclines it to hold by all that bears a semblance of antiquity. Mrs. Earle's chapter on "The Puritan Ordinary" is full of curious research; her accounts of the "Tavern in War" and the "Romance of the Road" are interesting and often amusing by reason of the author's own pleasant humour and style. The illustrations which crowd every chapter are, mainly, from photographs, but many are reproductions of old drawings of the time of which Mrs. Earle writes or of the signs of inns used in the stage-coach days. The volume is a mine of anecdote and a magazine of out-of-the-way knowledge, but to the English reader it is slightly exotic and unimportant.

Mr. Henry James calls his pleasant book, *A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), "sketches on 'drawing paper' and nothing more," but, of course, the articles are something more. Literature and archaeology, acute impressionism, unconscious personality, and a thousand other subjects and moods go to make up his delightful essays—on Poitiers and Nîmes, Tarascon, Arles, Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, Tours, Blois, Chambord, Chenonceaux, Bourges, Beaume, and Dijon, to mention only a few of the places of which he writes. Mr. Joseph Pennell is equal to the difficult task of adding attraction to Mr. James' book. His ninety-four illustrations are instinct with the spirit of beauty. To those who know the places visited it is a book of charmed reminiscences.

In *THE ENGLISH TURF* (Methuen, 15s.) Mr. Charles Richardson discusses the subjects which absorb that large class of the community which attends race meetings and aspires to back the winner. "Doping" is duly dealt with, and so are the manoeuvres of Tod Sloan. The principal seats of the horse-racing industry are accorded separate chapters, and there are also exhaustive discussions of such themes as "training," "breeding," and "lines of blood." The sticky, smudgy photographs which serve as illustrations are, however, a poor substitute for the drawings which adorned the sporting literature of an earlier epoch.

Mr. F. T. Bullen, who contributes to our columns this week an article on "The Poetry of the Sea," has already shown his keen desire to advance the highest interests of seamen, and his little book *WITH CHRIST IN SAILOR TOWN* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. 6d.), is an account of the Seamen's Mission in East London. It stands apart from books of a similar kind not only because of the writer's unique experience of the sailor's life, but because of the high literary gifts which he can bring to his task; and it will help the public to know more than they do of an excellent work which appeals, above all, to Englishmen.

Mr. Baring-Gould's "Frobishers," just published, has given us a picture of the life of those who are engaged in the Staffordshire pottery industry. The history of this industry—one of great interest to economists—is given in a very readable form by Mr. H. Owen in *THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERS* (Grant Richards, 6s.), which describes the conditions under which the workers labour and the point at which their efforts to improve those conditions now stands. The book includes a careful account by the Duchess of Sutherland of what is exactly meant by "Dangerous Trades."

ART.

'THE STOLEN DUCHESS.'

Once more Messrs. Agnew are in possession of the world-renowned picture which fell to their bid of 10,100 guineas on May 6, 1876. By whom it was cut from its frame on the night of May 26, 1876; how the thief gained entrance to the Old Bond-street galleries, then undergoing structural repairs; what have been its wanderings, who its custodians, during the last quarter of a century, till a few days ago it was handed over in Chicago to Mr. Morland Agnew—of these interesting matters we as yet know little or nothing. Eleven times newspaper correspondents have reported its discovery; in the summer of 1893 the *Pall Mall Gazette* published the "Confession of the theft of the vanished Gainsborough," but the mystery remained unsolved. No wonder, then, that when what proved to be authentic news reached England on Sunday it was received with incredulity. Now that no doubt remains as to the identity of the recovered picture, connoisseurs are again eagerly discussing, prior to its exhibition early in May, whether or not it be a Gainsborough, and who "the stolen Duchess" actually is. Again, the recovery of the picture may make Gainsborough hats a temporary vogue, and it is by no means improbable that a detective story on the subject will appear before the month is out.

According to some authorities, the portrait is that exhibited as a full-length at the Royal Academy, then located at New Somerset House, in 1783, the year preceding Gainsborough's request that a work by him should be hung on the line, low down, near the floor—a request the refusal of which caused the artist to refrain from exhibiting here during the three or four remaining years of his life. Apparently, it has been in the possession of but five persons, including the thief. From the Academy it was bought by Mrs. Magennis; in 1839 Bentley, the picture-restorer, gave her £56 for it; some years thereafter Mr. Wynn Ellis purchased it of Bentley for 60 guineas. Mr. Bentley's grandson has related in *The Times* how the lady from whom his grandfather purchased the picture admitted that she had cut it shorter at the foot so as to fit it into the space over her chimney-piece, and that she had burnt the piece she had cut off. When the Wynn Ellis collection came up for sale at Christie's in May, 1876, "any one passing the neighbourhood of St. James's-square might well have supposed that some great lady was holding a reception." All the fashionable world went to see "a beautiful Duchess created by Gainsborough"; they came, saw, "and were conquered by her fascinating beauty." The bidding began at a thousand guineas, then came an offer of 3,000 guineas, and, by leaps of 500 or 1,000 at a time, of 10,000 guineas, this last on behalf of the then Earl of Dudley. Mr. Agnew, however, adventured 100 guineas more, and the "lot" fell to him. As will be seen from the accompanying table, wherein particulars are given of the six highest-priced pictures sold by auction in this country, this sum remained a record until 1894, the Delmé group being in turn relegated to a second place by the pair of Peel Van Dycks.

Artist.	Subject.	Sale.	Price.
Van Dyck .. .	Genoese Senator and Wife	Peel, 1900 .. .	£34,350
Reynolds .. .	Lady Betty Delmé and Children .. .	Delmé, 1894 .. .	11,000gs.
Romney .. .	Viscountess Clifden and Lady Spencer .. .	Clifden, 1896 .. .	10,500gs.
Gainsborough .. .	"The Stolen Duchess" .. .	Wynn Ellis, 1876 .. .	10,100gs.
Gainsborough .. .	Lady Mulgrave .. .	Price, 1895 .. .	10,000gs.

It will be observed that 10,100 guineas remains as a record for Gainsborough, although the Lady Mulgrave, which changed hands in the eighties at 1,070 guineas, and for which Mr. Price refused 7,000 guineas when the picture was exhibited at Burlington House in 1885, is but a "short neck" behind.

If the portrait be indeed that exhibited at the 1783 Academy, this disposes of the theory that Gainsborough was at work upon it at the time of his fatal illness, and that Lawrence added some finishing touches. Allan Cunningham tells us that

"amongst those who sat to him (Gainsborough) was the Duchess of Devonshire, then in the bloom of youth, at once the loveliest and the gayest of the gay. But her dazzling beauty and the sense which he entertained of the charms of her looks, and her conversation, took away that readiness of hand and hasty happiness of touch which belonged to him in his ordinary moments. The portrait was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth. Drawing his wet pencil across a mouth which all who saw it thought exquisite lovely, he said, 'Her Grace is too hard for me.' The picture was, I believe, destroyed." Cunningham adds that among Gainsborough's papers were found two sketches of the Duchess, "both exquisitely graceful," the one a side, the other a full face; "she seems to move and breathe among the groves of Chatsworth." Those who have made a special study of Gainsborough's technique, however, will soon have an opportunity to discuss afresh the question as to whether or not we here have an example by this "immortal painter," as Ruskin called him. Sir J. E. Millais always expressed doubt as to the genuineness of the portrait. Millais was of opinion that this was not Gainsborough's view of a woman, and it differs somewhat from the best authentic Gainsboroughs. This may be accounted for by the fact that Lady Elizabeth Foster was a bad sitter. There is, however, an admirable full length of this beautiful woman by Sir Thomas Lawrence at Chatsworth.

As to the identity of the sitter, little doubt remains that she is not the celebrated and beautiful genius of the Whig party, of whom Walpole says "her youthful figure, flowing good nature, sense and lively modesty, and modest familiarity make her a phenomenon." In the National Portrait Gallery is a presentment of Georgiana as a child, and, if we mistake not, at Chatsworth and Althorp are portraits of her in later life, all by Reynolds. The famous belle died in 1806, and thereafter the fifth Duke married Lady Elizabeth Foster, *née* Hervey, daughter of the Earl of Bristol. She is probably "the stolen Duchess." If, unlike her predecessor, she never "supplanted a vote" for Fox, nor was addressed as "Devon's fair, arrayed in matchless beauty," she was hardly, if at all, less lovely, and, with her sister Lady Duncannon, was for some years the ruler of London society. She outlived the fifth Duke of Devonshire by 13 years, much of this time being spent in Italy. To her, it is said, is attributable the discovery and preservation of the column of Phocas in the Forum. One question remains. What is the money value of the picture to-day? If in truth an American millionaire is prepared to give £40,000 for it, Messrs. Agnew will not, to say the least, be losers financially. On the other hand, if the work be as excellent as is asserted, then its fitting home is in our National Gallery.

Among those who this year send pictures to the Royal Academy inspired by or associated with literature is the President, Sir E. J. Poynter. His "Helena and Hermia" aims to translate into form and colour the lines of Shakespeare:—

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needle created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key.

But, instead of being in a wood, they are on a marble seat, shadowed by a laurel hedge. As title for his picture of Wolsey refusing audience to three foreign Ambassadors in the garden of Hampton Court Palace, Mr. Seymour Lucas takes Wordsworth's line "The Clouds that gather round the setting Sun." Mr. Byam Shaw, who has forsworn "Love the Conqueror" and the passing strange ways of men, will be represented by a subject landscape, whose title, "Last Summer green things were greener," is from Christina Rossetti's "A Bird Song." There is, again, Mr. Herbert Draper, for whose "Tristram and Iseult" the beautiful frame, of Celtic design, is reproduced from the "Book of Kells," A.D. 650-90, preserved in Dublin. Mr. Draper's intention has been pictorially to interpret this beautiful passage from Malory: "Then did King Mark's bride, and then did Tristram, drink of the cup, all unwitting; so that a

great love entered into them; the which love departed not from them all the days of their life, neither for weal nor for woe."

Amongst the most interesting things shown in London on Studio Sunday was an important decorative panel which Mr. E. A. Walton has completed for the new municipal buildings at Glasgow. Mr. Walton has certainly achieved a very striking panel, choosing for his subject a great horse fair in the fifteenth century, drawing it all in the broadest spirit and with a rich colour scheme. Mr. Walton's panel is the last of the four which have been commissioned by the Glasgow municipality, the others, from the hands of Mr. Roche, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Lavery, being already in place.

The Fine Art Society has been very busy of late; Mr. Mortimer Menpes' war pictures gave place to an interesting exhibition of early drawings by Sir John Millais, for the most part done in his Pre-Raphaelite period, and including at least one drawing which shows young Millais' skill at an age when most children are content with the slate-pencil. Many of Millais' early drawings have disappeared, since they were drawn on the wood for the engraver, and not many of those now exhibited were done for illustration. They display precocious ability and a charm which his more mature pictures do not always retain. The studies for pictures are possibly misnamed, as Millais always asserted that he did not find it necessary to make preliminary studies for his pictures. They are rather in the nature of notes for pictures, but are none the less interesting for that. The early drawings, by reason of the sentiment which Millais seldom failed at that time to engraft upon a masterly technique, appeal to us more surely than those popular canvases of his middle period, and the bold but unsympathetic commonplaces of his later years. It is impossible not to regret that so fine a picture as "Sir Isumbras at the Ford" has been spoiled for most of us by the extremely clever paraphrase of it by Frederick Sandys. In the same gallery Mr. Samuel J. Hodson, of the old water-colour school, places before us subjects from some of the picturesque towns on the Loire, and shows a more than usual facility for drawing architecture; while Mr. Eyre Walker has a series of paintings of considerable ability and many methods.

The Doré Gallery in Bond-street has at last made an important change from the pictures which have so long been associated with the great French illustrator. Not that the Doré pictures have been removed, but they have been rearranged so as to permit of a collection of some 15 important pictures by Jan Ten-Katé forming a central collection in the galleries. These pictures have been painted by the famous Dutch artist for an object, and accordingly should not be judged entirely from a technical standpoint. They are for the most part allegorical, and have been designed to portray the horrors of war and the blessings of peace. His painting is greatly superior to that which is generally associated with canvases designed to convey a set impression.

M. Monet, after a lengthy visit to London, has returned to Paris. He has taken with him a large number of studies of the Thames made from his room at the Hotel Cecil and from a balcony at St. Thomas's Hospital.

The Whitechapel Art Gallery has at all events succeeded in rousing the curiosity of the East-end, though no doubt it will be long before what is at present a means of recreation may become a source of real artistic pleasure. No less than 10,000 visitors entered the building on each day during the first week after the opening. After that there was naturally a slight falling off in the numbers, but the Gallery was full to overflowing during the Easter holidays. Next Monday the first exhibition closes, and its success offers every encouragement for the future.

The *Daily Chronicle* records an amusing and ingenious treatment now being undergone by Mr. Sargent, R.A., for a slight affection of the voice. The only remedy is silence, and so Mr. Sargent, who, we are told, cannot speak a word of Dutch, has been sent to Holland. It will be interesting to see what influence this sojourn in the land of Rembrandt will have upon him.

FICTION.

Good Writing.

We have received from Messrs. Eason and Son, of Dublin—who disclaim the soft impeachment that they are publishers—a copy of *MY NEW CURATE*, which is issued by them, and of which they say that “although it has been out some time it is only now coming into notice.” The book, indeed, appears to have reached its twenty-second thousand in America, where it first appeared as a serial in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. This circumstance certainly says a good deal for the literary taste of America; for though the story bears obvious traces of being written as a serial, it makes a remarkable book. Father Sheehan, the author, is by no means unknown as a writer, and he knows Ireland, where the scene of the story lies, well. A writer in these columns last May deplored the absence in modern fiction of a truthful picture of the Irish peasant. Father Sheehan gives a picture which is at any rate less misleading than that of most Irish writers. But the reason why we call special attention to the book is its prose style. How delightful are those rare occasions on which one happens unexpectedly on a passage of fine, cultured, lucid, rhythmical English—on a writer who rises above obscurity, who is not self-conscious, who has no tricks or conceits, who never strains after brilliance, and only writes well because he cannot help it. We make no apology for giving our readers two passages in support of what we say:—

I often spent a pleasant hour in his surgery over his microscope, where I saw wonderful things; but what has haunted me most is the recollection of a human brain, which the doctor had preserved in spirits, and on which he has given me several lectures. I remember well my sensations when I first held the soft, dark, pulpy mass in my hand. All that I had ever read in psychology and metaphysics came back to me. This is the instrument of God's masterpiece—the human soul. Over these nodes and fissures it floated, like the spirit of God over the face of the deep. Here, as on a beautiful instrument, the spirit touched the keys, and thought, like music, came forth; and here were impressed indelibly ideas of the vast universe without, of time and eternity; yea, even of the Infinite and Transcendent—of God. Hushed in the silence of prayer, here the soul brooded as a dove above its nest; and here in moments of temptation and repentance, it argued, reasoned, prayed, implored the inferior powers that rebelled or recanted beneath. With what sublime majesty it ruled and swayed the subjects that owned its imperial dominion; and how it touched heaven on the one hand for pity, and earth on the other in power! And when the turbulent passions raged and stormed, it soothed and quelled their rebellion; and then, in recompense to itself, it went out and up towards the celestials, and joined its emancipated sisters before the great white throne, and drank in peace and the blessedness of calm from the silences and worship of Heaven. Where is that soul now? Whither has it gone? Silent is the instrument, just crumbling to inevitable decay. But where in the boundless ocean of space is the deathless spirit that once ruled it in majesty, and drew from it music whose echoes roll through eternity? And how has science mapped and parcelled it, like a dead planet. Here is the “island of Reil,” here the “pons Varolii”; here is the “arbor vitæ”; and here is the “subarachnoid space”; and here that wonderful contrivance of the great Designer that regulates the arterial supplies. I lift my hat reverentially and whisper, *Laudate!*

Our second extract is on a subject more familiar, and may be entitled “My Books”:—

No, dear silent friends, I should be the meanest, most ungrateful of mortals if I could be ashamed of you. For forty years you have been my companions in solitude; to you I owe whatever inspirations I have ever felt; from you have descended in copious stream the ideas that raised my poor life above the commonplace, and the sentiments that have animated every good thing and every holy purpose that I have

accomplished. Friends that never obtruded on my loneliness by idle chatter and gossip, but always spoke wise, inspiring things when most I needed them; friends that never replied in irritation to my own disturbed imaginings, but always uttered your calm wisdom like voices from eternity, to soothe, to control, or to elevate; friends that never tired and never complained; that went back to your recesses without a murmur; and never resented by stubborn silence my neglect—treasures of thought and fountains of inspiration, you are the last things on earth on which my eyes shall rest in love, and like the orphans of my flock your future shall be my care. True, like your authors, you look sometimes disreputable enough. Your clothes, more to my shame, hang loose and tattered around you, and some of your faces are ink-stained or thumb-worn from contact with the years and my own carelessness. I would dress you in purple and fine linen if I may, yet you would reproach me and think I was weary of your homely faces. Like the beggar-maid you would entreat to be allowed to go back from queenly glory and pomp to the tatters and contentment of your years. So shall it be! but between you and me there must be no divorce, so long as time shall last for me. Other friends will come and go, but nothing shall dissolve our union based upon gratitude and such love as man's heart may have for the ideal and insensible.

The manner is of course suited to the individuality of the old Roman Priest whose experiences with an enthusiastic young curate are related in the book. It is to some extent his simplicity that gives the writing its charm. But that only makes it a better object-lesson for the modern stylist in the supreme virtue of simplicity.

The Wonders of the Deep.

In Mr. Clark Russell's continuous succession of sea stories there is a surprising variety of incident. From the same theme he extracts a wonderful number of different melodies—and if one is sometimes reminiscent of another it is tuneful enough to bear repetition. Here is his latest—labelled *THE SHIP'S ADVENTURE* (Constable, 6s.)—and it shows no falling off, though Mr. Russell has used the main feature before, if we remember right, in “My Danish Sweetheart.” But the mad captain who drugs the whole of his crew, officers included, is novel enough to satisfy the most captious. Indeed, as the author grows older he seems also to grow more daring. With each successive book his incidents grow more astonishing to the mere landsman. We have no particular objection to this, but it is curious to notice Mr. Russell's consciousness of his increasing temerity, and his half apologetic manner of introducing some surprising coincidence. “And now happened,” says he, “something which I fear the reader will think more incredible than any other incident in this volume.” His command of metaphor leads him astray sometimes. And he can never resist dealing a sly thrust at steamships, and the modern spirit, and unbelief in general. But the adventures of the full-rigged ship *York*, lost, found, and steered home again by a man, a girl, and a dog, are at any rate uncommon enough to furnish an afternoon's amusement to lovers of the sea.

More Blackmail.

When a novel begins with the appearance of a doubtful stranger demanding a private interview with the bridegroom on his wedding morning, the least experienced of readers will say to herself “Blackmail!” This ill-omened word is the mainspring once more of Miss Iza Duffus Hardy's story *THE LESSER EVIL* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), and where there is blackmail there is not infrequently—experience teaches us—sudden death meted out to the villain who demands it, and an array of circumstantial evidence pointing to the innocent hero as the murderer. These things, sure enough, come to pass in “*The Lesser Evil*,” and the agony is piled up towards the end in a manner that betrays the practised hand of the novel writer. Miss Hardy believes in giving the public good value for their money, lots of incident, plenty of love-making, and an effective climax. There is not much trouble about analyzing character, but the book is read-

able for all that—perhaps, because of that. It is a survival from the time when plots were everything, and writers labelled their wooden puppets "hero" or "villain" without shame. In the hands of an expert constructor these stories have still a fascination.

Mr. Fergus Hume.

The most conscientious reviewer can hardly keep pace with Mr. Fergus Hume, who can hardly have taken a holiday since he first discovered a mystery in a Hansom cab. Of his four latest novels, which are now before us, *A WOMAN'S BURDEN* (Jarrold and Sons, 6s.) and *THE GOLDEN WANG-HO* (John Long, 6s.) are the best. In the former the criminal classes figure largely, especially a couple of cleverly-sketched gaol-birds who might have stepped out of the *Newgate Chronicle*. Mr. Hume is not strong in portraying feminine character, and his heroine, who is dragged down to poverty by the burden of a worthless brother, does not move us. But in point of style the book marks a distinct improvement on Mr. Hume's previous work. "*The Golden Wang-Ho*" works round a mysterious Chinese idol imported to England and tracked by Chinamen, and the reader plunges with zest into the game of discovering its whereabouts. It is a familiar device of fiction, but the story is a very brisk and clever one and would do excellently for a railway journey. The other two novels are *A TRAITOR IN LONDON* (John Long, 6s.), a very conventional story written up to the Boer war; and *SHYLOCK OF THE RIVER* (Digby, Long, 6s.), which begins with a murder, and a lady who has "eyes of a deep-sea ultramarine and golden hair in fluffy little curls." All ends with a double wedding, and speeches from the happy couples that could not have been improved upon if the speakers had known Mr. Fergus Hume was taking notes for the last page of a novel.

Military Society of Yesterday.

"You know courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues, because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other," Mrs. M. E. Carr quotes in her novel, *LOVE AND HONOUR* (Smith, Elder, 6s.). But she forgets the value of courage in a novelist. A little more of it would have made her book a better one. But, as it is, the picture of the then newly-made Westphalian Kingdom, with Jérôme at its head, and the adventures in love and war of Heinz von Ostenburg are capably set forth. The historical touches are admirably blended with the story; the atmosphere of the end of the eighteenth century is preserved, the "costume" and the staging are all excellent. It is only when we come to the heart of a man's desire that Mrs. Carr loses our sympathy. Her characters are drawn with care, but they do not touch us. "*Love and Honour*" is an excellent object lesson in writing a popular semi-historical novel; it is clear, conventional, complete, but it lacks the psychic force that makes the difference between a work of art and an imitation.

Diplomatic Society of To-day.

The British Legation at Zafra is evidently a place round which a good deal of scandal may circulate. In Mr. Hope Dawlish's book, *A SECRETARY OF LEGATION* (Methuen, 6s.), we learn all there is to know about its members and their often rather petty concerns. Mr. Dawlish gives us some real men and women, and he knows the world of which he writes; but he lets his own immense interest in his hero, Dale, and his lady with a past, Mrs. George Trehearne, and his little girl Eileen, run away with him. He would write well were he not verbose. Words, words, words. An eclectic spirit, directness, and the art of cutting down are the trifling gifts that he needs to make him an entertaining writer. He is capable and widely experienced—a little artificial too, but that will doubtless pass with the exercise of writing.

Mr. Charles Garvice.

There is at the moment no lack of opportunity for making the literary acquaintance of Mr. Charles Garvice. Three novels from his hand are before us:—*HER HEART'S DESIRE*; *NANCE*; and *THE OUTCAST OF THE FAMILY* (Sands, 3s. 6d. each). To those who appreciate Meredith and Hardy, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs.

Ward, not to say Mr. Barrie and Mr. Zangwill, such books as Mr. Garvice offers must seem obvious and dull. To those who have read little and like a fluent story of the domestic emotions they should be welcome enough. They contain suggestions of Anthony Trollope without his humour, and hints of Miss Yonge without her sincerity; there are portraits of children which do not suggest any previous writer but are none the better on that account. Substitute a few more aristocrats for commoners and add some extra pleasantries of the pantry pattern, and Mr. Garvice's book might well bear the title of "*The Outcast of the Family Herald*." Yet the characters are carefully enough depicted, there is a wealth of words and a great elaboration of scenes, and things generally end up very nicely.

Melodrama.

The eyes of John Van Hemelryck "shone with the feline yellowish light of the man-eating tiger." He also possessed the hand of a mesmerist—and these two facts, taken in conjunction with the name, go a long way to show that Mr. Van Hemelryck was a very thorough-paced villain indeed. He is, in fact, the chief figure in Miss Gertrude Warden's gallery of rogues, which she has chosen to call *A SYNDICATE OF SINNERS* (Digby, Long, 6s.), and his special form of vice is to pose as a philanthropist while extorting blackmail from any unfortunate gentlemen whose lapses in the past happen to be known to him. His adventures, and those of his numerous colleagues in crime, are told with spirit, and the plot of Miss Warden's story is complicated and original. Her book has also the crowning merit of a happy ending—except for the numerous villains, who are routed, dispersed, or destroyed in the handsomest manner. In short, this is a bright, lively tale, as full of coincidences, plots, and counterplots as any we have read for some time. It can be read with very little trouble, and the reader is introduced to several ladies and gentlemen of rank and title.

THE LEAVEN OF LOVE, by Beryl Goldie (Routledge, 6s.), has a frontispiece that promises melodrama. Below it is written "Before Grant could interfere, he had struck her brutally on the face and flung her into the snow-covered path." The striker is shown vanishing into a lonely house on a snowy night, leaving "her" prostrate and beautiful at its doorstep, and "Grant" hurrying to the rescue with a clenched fist eloquent of chivalry. The villain is the hypnotist of fiction whom we had rather thought exploded by this time. Here, however, he appears in full swing, and there is a diamond two inches square to complicate matters. The style is not so startling as the plot, and is, in fact, natural and pleasing. We should like to read a story of every-day life by this author.

When a book has a title connected with a clergyman, one usually finds that it is concerned with some indiscretion of his early youth. Novelists have always found this a fascinating subject. Mr. Beresford Fitzgerald's *THE MINOR CANON* (Digby, Long, 6s.) is no exception. His past returns to confront him at a peculiarly inopportune moment. Part of the *dénouement* (his engagement, for instance, to his own daughter) would be very unpleasant if he were a shade more lifelike than he is. As things turn out, he becomes "heir to the ancient Barony of FitzHerbert" and to a moated house with two Tudor towers. This may not be strictly in the interests of morality; but if the reader is not frightened by what we have said of the book he will find it an average readable novel.

Mr. Townshend bears the leading rôle in *THE GOLDEN TOOTH* (Digby, Long, 6s.), Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban's latest addition to tales of mystery. Townshend is a little too clever for a real detective, but then the gods work for him. Will Lomas, as pretty a lad as ever served his King and Country, has a row with Squire Kesteven, as bad a villain as ever was killed in an early chapter of a novel of mystery, and Will is, of course, suspect, and his sweetheart believes in him and things go badly and come right in the end. And it is all owing to the cleverness of Mr. Townshend and Mr. Cobban. There is a large demand for such books; well-written but commonplace, story-telling, with "no offence in't," and not much wit or wisdom.

Correspondence.

"MISQUOTATION."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—After reading Mr. H. Cohen's very interesting essay on "Misquotation," I am tempted to offer one or two comments. The author gives "*cacoethes scribendi*" as the only habitual misquotation from the classics which he can remember. I have not a book of reference at hand; but may not the hackneyed "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*" also serve as an example? Once more, Mr. Cohen thinks that Don Quixote is "laid under contribution to express the impartiality of physical nature, when 'the sun of Heaven' is said 'to shine on the just and the unjust.'" Need I remark that this phrase and the phrase of Cervantes are alike derived from a passage in the Sermon on the Mount?

In the first edition of a popular book an able writer had the couplet referring to the Bible:—

*Liber hic est in quo quaerit sua dogmata quisque;
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.*

I ventured to remind him that the "*Liber hic*" contained two false quantities, and that the words should be transposed. He told me that in no one of the numerous reviews of his book had this error been pointed out.

The popular use of the Shakespearean line about "One touch of nature" is a good instance, not indeed of a misquotation, but of an unconscious improvement on the sense of the original—of what might be termed a misapplication for the better.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

48, Albemarle-street, W., April 8.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I have read with great interest Mr. Cohen's paper on Misquotation, but cannot agree with him that general familiarity with the English Bible causes it to be quoted accurately. Not only writers in newspapers and periodicals but preachers—who should be well acquainted with the text—constantly quote the Bible incorrectly. In the Sermons of Cardinal Manning, published when he was an English Archdeacon, a large proportion of the texts cited contain verbal errors.

Is it in consequence of this familiarity that Mr. Cohen goes to Cervantes for: "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust" (St. Matt., v. 45)?

Yours obediently,

W. SPENCER JACKSON.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Mr. Cohen is no doubt by this time aware that he has himself produced the gem of the collection in attributing to Don Quixote the great saying on "the impartiality of physical nature." It is further curious that he has misquoted Don Quixote, and that Don Quixote misquoted Scripture. Christ's words (as Cervantes knew them) are "*Solem suum oriri facit super bonos et malos, et pluit super justos et injustos.*" Don Quixote inverts the order of the final words:—"*Hace salir su sol sobre los buenos y malos, y llueve sobre los injustos y justos.*" "Shine" for "rise" is almost universal. I may add that the Vulgate, as given above, misquotes the Greek which has "the evil and the good."

April 5.

I am yours faithfully, D. P.

"S. OR ST.?"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed a brief comment on the sentences in one of the reviews in your yesterday's issue?

"We suppose it is hopeless to protest against the fashion here adopted of writing the letter 'S.' instead of 'St.' before

the name of a saint. To the average carnal man 'S. Valentine' suggests the omission of 'Esq.' at the end."

My brief comment would be this. To the average carnal man "St." suggests the word for which it is the invariable abbreviation—viz., street. And "S." is the ordinary old English abbreviation for "Saint." It is very common indeed, for instance, if not universal, in the XVII. century. Moreover it is used by one of the most exact and accurate of living writers, the author of our greatest Constitutional History, the Bishop of Oxford.

Your obedient servant,

W. H. HUTTON.

The Great House, Burford, Oxon, April 7.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The spring publishing season is beginning in earnest, and this year there is some talk of extending the season well into the summer. Mr. Heinemann has again chosen August for the publication of Hall Caine's new novel. Booksellers are anticipating a brisk market until at least the end of June. The trade, so far, has been rather dull as a whole. "We want the Americans over to wake us up," remarked a West-end bookseller to us the other day, for Americans, it seems, are large book-buyers when they come to London. It was a little surprising to learn further that the sale of Lenten devotional books, which used to form an important branch of the booksellers' business in the early spring, has dwindled so much that the trade now regards it as hardly worth taking into serious account. One feature of the season is the enormous output in sixpenny reprints of popular novels. Publishers have been selling these paper-covered editions literally by hundreds of thousands. Messrs. Cassell, for instance, have calculated that with thirteen of their sixpenny editions they have sold 1,250,000 copies, the secret of the success being that the popularity of each book has previously been tested in its more expensive form. Among the new books which have recently run into second editions are Mr. Churton Collins' "*Ephemera Critica*"; Lady Hodgson's "*Siege of Kumassi*"; Mr. Frank Bullen's "*Sack of Shakings*"; and Mr. Barry Pain's "*Another Englishwoman's Love Letters*." In fiction Mr. Charles Marriott's first novel, "*The Column*," has had a large sale; and it is also going well in the United States. An American novel which is having an unusual run in this country—where it is being published both by Mr. Fisher Unwin and Mr. Grant Richards—is Mr. Irving Bacheller's "*Eben Holden*," Mr. Unwin alone having reached a third edition of the book. In America this novel ran through 175,000 copies in three months. Messrs. Methuen's most successful novel of the year, so far, is Mary Findlater's "*A Narrow Way*," which will shortly reach its third edition. Mrs. Croker's "*A State Secret*" and Mrs. Dudeney's "*The Third Floor*," also published by Methuen, are in their second editions. "*Babs the Impossible*," Sarah Grand's new book, is the latest success on the market, and Mr. Frankfort Moore's "*According to Plato*"—another of Messrs. Hutchinson's publications—has also sold well. Mr. Frank Mathew's new historical romance (John Long), after hanging fire for some time, has now exhausted its first edition.

We have already referred to Captain Dreyfus' book, of which an English translation entitled "*Five Years of My Life*" will be published on May 1st by Messrs. George Newnes at the price of 6s. net. The book, which will contain some illustrations by the author, will be issued simultaneously in France, Germany, and the United States. Some extracts from the diary kept on Devil's Island will be given in an article in the May number of the *Strand Magazine*.

Messrs. Archibald and Co., Limited, write as to the "*Paston Letters*":—

In *Literature* of April 6 your reviewer says:—"It would be only fair, we think, that the volume with introduction and supplement should be issued alone to purchasers of

the earlier edition. The rest of the world are not likely to let the 'Paston Letters' remain on the publisher's hands."

We beg to point out that the volume containing the introduction and supplement is issued separately, and this fact is generally mentioned in our advertisements. The published price of the volume is 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Constable will publish Mr. George Meredith's new volume of verse, "A Reading of Life, and Other Poems," early in May, and they announce that Volume XII. of the new edition of Smollett—"Miscellanies"—completing the work, will also be ready shortly. This month they are publishing Mr. T. F. Dale's book on "The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt." In fiction they will shortly issue, besides the tales included in our list of "Books to look out for," a new novel by H. and E. Prichard—joint authors of "A Modern Mercenary"—entitled "Karadac"; and for May they promise "The White Cottage," by Zack; "Ensign Knightley, and Other Stories," by A. E. W. Mason; "Marr'd in Making," by Baroness von Hutten, and "Retaliation," by Herbert Flowerdew.

Next month Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish Mr. George Gissing's new book of travel, "By the Ionian Sea," in which he describes his rambles across the mountains of Calabria and other less known parts of Southern Italy. Messrs. Chapman and Hall are also publishing Mr. Gissing's new novel, "The Charlatan." The series of battle sketches left by Stephen Crane, entitled "Great Battles of the World," will be issued by them during May. The operations dealt with are "Vittoria," "The Siege of Plevna," "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Storming of Burkersdorf Heights," "Leipzig and Lutzen," "The Storming of Badajos," "The Brief Campaigns against New Orleans," and "The Battle of Solferino." Mr. John Sloan has illustrated the book.

The first volume of Professor William Ridgeway's work on "The Early Age of Greece" will be published almost immediately by the Cambridge University Press. In it Professor Ridgeway attempts to solve the problem which Dr. Schliemann raised by his excavations at Mycenæ in 1876, when he "lifted the veil which so long enshrouded the elder age of Hellas." He compares the results of later discoveries with the antiquities preserved elsewhere of certain peoples who lived and reigned at Mycenæ, in order to see whether they can be identified as belonging to any race previously known. Professor Ridgeway has examined the literary as well as the monumental data, and tested the trustworthiness of each class with the other.

Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's "Short History of Greece from the Earliest Times to B.C. 146" in the Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges is also nearly ready. The last chapter is devoted to Greek literary and artistic movements. Another forthcoming addition to the same series is "An Outline History of the British Empire from 1500 to 1870," by Mr. W. H. Woodward, the general editor of the series.

Mr. Justice Kekewich was rash enough last week to say that there was no room for an original remark on any of the best-known plays of Shakespeare. That the thing is still possible would seem to be proved by a forthcoming book called "The Messiah-ship of Shakespeare, sung and expounded by Clelia" (Charles Downing), to be published by Messrs. Greening. The author maintains that Shakespeare creates artistically the religion that Professor Seeley sketched speculatively in "Ecce Homo" and "Natural Religion"; that *The Tempest* is the artistic counterpart of "Ecce Homo," and "The Sonnets" the artistic counterpart of "Natural Religion"; that Shakespeare, in these two works, presents himself as the exemplar of the ideas which he symbolically teaches.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has been obliged to postpone Captain H. H. P. Deasy's record of his three years' exploration "In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan" in consequence of the great demand for the book from America, but it will be ready shortly. Another important work to be published by Mr. Unwin during the spring is Mr. W. S. Lilly's "Renaissance Types." Touching first upon the genesis of the Renaissance, Mr. Lilly deals with various aspects of the movement as exhibited by Erasmus, the Man of Letters; Luther, the Revolutionist; Sir Thomas More, the Saint; Reuchlin, the Savant; and Michael Angelo, the Artist. The book closes with a chapter on "The Results of the Renaissance."

The next "Temple Classic" (Dent) will be Gilbert White's "Selborne," edited by Mr. C. Weekes and containing reproductions of Bewick's old bird drawings.

The second volume of Captain Phillip Hore's "History of the County of Wexford" will deal with the districts of Tintern

Abbey, Rosegarland, and Clonmines, and is compiled from ancient records and State papers, notably at Canterbury and Cambridge, with views and facsimiles, &c. It will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Books to look out for at once.

"The Siege of the Peking Legations." By the Rev. Roland Allen. Smith and Elder. 7s. 6d.

[A diary kept by one of the missionaries. With map and plans.]

"South Africa a Century Ago." By Lady Anne Barnard. Smith and Elder. 7s. 6d.

[Lady Anne Barnard, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," went to the Cape towards the end of the eighteenth century, her husband being appointed Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney.]

"A Manual of South African History." By the Hon. Alexander Wilmot, M.L.A. Kegan Paul. 5s.

[A defence of our present policy.]

"The Last of the Great Scouts ('Buffalo Bill')." By his sister, Helen Cody Wetmore. Methuen. 6s.

Fiction—

"The Silver Skull." By S. R. Crockett. Smith and Elder. 6s.

"Work." By Emile Zola. Translated and edited by E. H. Vizetelly. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

"Told by the Taffrail." By "Sundowner." Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. [Short stories.]

"The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell." By J. N. McIlwraith. Constable. 6s.

"The Fate of Endiloe." By S. K. Hocking. Warne. 3s. 6d.

"A Daughter of Mystery." By R. N. Silver. Jarrold. 6s.

"Another Woman's Territory." By "Alien." Constable. 6s.

"Cricket and Golf." (The Haddon Hall Library.) By the Hon. Robert H. Lytton.

[Illustrated with reproductions from old prints, &c.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

PINTURICCHIO. By EVELYN M. PHILLIPS. (Great Masters' Series.) 8×5¼, 170 pp. Beil. 5s. n.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. By A. MEX. (New Century Leaders.) 7¼×5, 160 pp. Partridge. 1s. 6d. n.

QUEEN VICTORIA, 1819-1901. New Edition. By R. R. HOLMES, F.R.S. 7¼×5¼, 330 pp. Longmans. 5s. n.

[This is a reprint, brought up to date, of the well-known book in Messrs. Goupil's series.]

EDUCATIONAL.

CAESAR. The Gallic War, Book V. (Illustrated Latin Series.) Ed. by J. BROWN. 7×4¼, 182 pp. Blackie. 2s.

GERMAN UNSEENS. (Modern Language Series.) Ed. by W. G. ETHERIDGE. 7¼×5, 98 pp. Blackie. 2s.

DISCERNENDA LATINA. Phrases and Idioms in Latin. By J. S. HOWELL. 6¼×4¼, 38 pp. Blackie. 6d.

A PRIMER OF FRENCH LITERATURE. By E. WEEKLEY. 7¼×4¼, 124 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

THE MENO OF PLATO. Ed. by S. THOMPSON. 6¼×4¼, 329 pp. Macmillan. 5s.

CONTES FRANÇAIS. (Modern Language Series.) Ed. by E. B. LE FRANÇOIS. 6¼×4¼, 79 pp. Blackie. 1s.

LIVY: BOOK I. (Illustrated Latin Series.) Ed. by J. BROWN. 7×4¼, 182 pp. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

THE AENEID OF VERGIL. Book II. (Illustrated Latin Series.) Ed. by P. SANDFORD. 7×4¼, 128 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

JULIUS CAESAR. (The Picture Shakespeare.) 7¼×5, 160 pp. Blackie. 1s.

FICTION.

LYSBETH. A Tale of the Dutch. By RIDER HAGGARD. 7¼×5¼, 496 pp. Longmans. 6s. [The time of William the Silent.]

NORTHBOROUGH CROSS. By L. C. CORNFORD. 7¼×5¼, 300 pp. Allen. 6s.

BY COMMAND OF THE PRINCE. By J. L. LAMBE. 7¼×5, 493 pp. Unwin. 6s. [A novel of the Serbian invasion of Bulgaria, mainly based on facts.]

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF MR. VERSCHOYLE. By T. W. SPEIGHT. 7¼×5¼, 238 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

PRINCE RUPERT THE BUCCANEER. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ. 7¼×5¼, 287 pp. Methuen. 6s.

BUNTER'S CRUISE. By C. GLEIG. 7¼×5¼, 269 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCESS SYLVIA. By MRS. C. R. WILLIAMSON. 7¼×5¼, 262 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. By J. H. FINDLATER. (Methuen's Sixpenny Library.) 9×6, 128 pp. Methuen.

LE FLOT QUI PASSE. Par A. GRÉBAUVAL. 7¼×4¼, 353 pp. Paris, Flammarion. Fr. 3.50.

THE GAMBLERS. By W. LE QUÉUX. 7¼×5, 337 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

A WILD PROXY (6d. Edition). By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD. 8×6, 126 pp. Newnes.

THAIS. Translated from the French of Anatole France. 9¼×6, 304 pp. Carrington.

CLAUDIA POLE. By CARLTON DAWK. 7¼×5¼, 335 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

AFIELD AND AFLOAT. By F. R. STOCKTON. 8×5¼, 422 pp. Cassell. 6s.

[Short stories.]

MAUDIT SOIT L'AMOUR. By the author of "Amitié Amoureuse." 7¼×4¼, 322 pp. Paris, Calmann-Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.

- THE HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION 1775-1780.** By E. McCRADY, LL.D. 8½×5½, 899 pp. The Macmillan Company. 14s. n.
- THE HISTORY OF THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND 1580-1773.** By ETHELRED L. TAUNTON. 9×6, 513 pp. Methuen. 21s. n.
- TREASON AND PLOT.** Struggles for Catholic supremacy in the last years of Queen Elizabeth. By MARTIN S. MUMF. 9×6½, 519 pp. Nisbet. 18s.
- BOLINGBROKE AND HIS TIMES.** By W. SICHEL. 9×6, 550 pp. Nisbet. 12s. 6d. n.
- ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL.** Vol. XXII., 1591-1592. Ed. by J. R. DABENT, C.B. 10½×6½, 648 pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode.
- THE REFORMATION.** A Religious and Historical Sketch. By the Rev. J. A. BABINGTON. 8×5¼, 362 pp. Murray. 12s. n.
- CASSELL'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** Part XI. 6d.
- L'ILE DE FRANCE SOUS DECAEN, 1803-1810.** Essai sur la Politique Coloniale du Premier Empire, et la Rivalité de la France et de l'Angleterre dans les Indes Orientales. By HENRI PRETOUT. 10×6½, 688 pp. Paris, Hachette. Fr.10.
- NAPOLEON PRISONNIER.** Memoires d'un Médecin de l'Empereur à Sainte-Hélène. By PAUL FRÉMEAUX. 7½×4½, 259 pp. Paris, Flammarion. Fr.3.50.

LAW.

- HANDBOOK ON THE LAW AND PRACTICE OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.** By M. ROBERTS-JONES and E. OWEN. 6½×4½, 65 pp. Cardiff "Western Mail." 1s. 6d.

LITERARY.

- A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By E. J. MATHEW. 7×4½, 534 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.
- WISE MEN AND A FOOL.** By C. KERNAHAN. 7½×5, 264 pp. Ward Lock. [Papers on Stevenson, Charlotte Brontë, Emerson, &c.]
- VICTOR HUGO ET LA GRANDE POÉSIE SATIRIQUE EN FRANCE.** By PAUL STAFFER, Professeur à l'Université de Bordeaux. 4¼×7½, 350 pp. Paris, Ollendorf. Fr.3.50.

MILITARY.

- MY EXPERIENCES OF THE BOER WAR.** By COUNT STERNBERG. Trans. by Lt.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson. 7¼×5¼, 268 pp. Longmans. 5s. n. [Count Sternberg has fought on both sides, and is, therefore, an impartial critic. The book is a useful corrective of the rather pedantic foreign criticisms of English strategy. Colonel Henderson writes an interesting preface on Continental military tactics.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM.** How to Embark Upon It, &c. By B. TOZER. 7×4½, 166 pp. Sykes. 2s.
- INTER AMICOS.** Letters between James Martineau and William Knight, 1869-72. 7¼×5¼, 152 pp. Murray. 5s. [Including the address presented to Dr. Martineau on his 83rd birthday.]

NATURAL HISTORY.

- DISEASE IN PLANTS.** (Nature Series.) By H. M. WARD, Sc.D. 7½×5, 309 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

- THE PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.** By A. E. TAYLOR. 9×6, 501 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n. [Practically identical with the work that won the Green Moral Philosophy Prize in 1899. Based on Mr. F. H. Bradley's writings.]

POETRY.

- LAYS OF ANCIENT GREECE.** 2nd Edition. By ENDYMUS. 7×4½, 96 pp. Andrews. 6d. n.
- LAUREATA.** Ed. by R. WILSON. 7¼×5, 233 pp. Arnold. 1s. 6d.
- THE SOUL OF OSIRIS.** By A. CROWLEY. 9×5½, 129 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s. n.

POLITICAL.

- BLACKS AND WHITES IN WEST AFRICA.** By H. R. FOX BOURNE. 9¼×6, 88 pp. King. 1s.
- THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA.** Their Economic and Social Condition. Ed. by the South African Native Races Committee. 9×5¼, 360 pp. Murray. 12s. n. [Based on the inquiries of the committee, which was formed in 1899.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- THE DEATH SHIP.** By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 7¼×5¼, 520 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- LA VENGEANCE.** By GEORGE BOURROW. (The Little Library.) 2 Vols. 6×4, 400+437 pp. Methuen. 3s. n.
- ADAM BEDE.** By GEORGE ELIOT. (Warwick Edition.) 6¼×4, 817 pp. Blackwood. 2s. [The first volume of the edition; the rest are to appear monthly. The print is, for a handy reprint, exceptionally clear and large on thin but opaque paper. The book strikes us as exceptionally well bound. The pages lie open easily and do not want cutting. There are no introductions or notes.]
- A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS.** 3rd Edition. By W. W. R. BALL. 7¼×5, 527 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n.

SCIENCE.

- EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.** Vol. I. By E. B. TITCHENER. 8½×6, 214 pp. The Macmillan Company. 8s. 6d.
- A TEXT-BOOK OF SOCIOGRAPHY.** By J. H. A. MINTYRE, M.L.M.E. 10½×7, 51 pp. Blackie. 3s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

- THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.** By J. A. HOBSON. 9×6, 295 pp. Nisbet. 7s. 6d. n. [Rewritten from articles in the "Ethical World."]
- PRÉCIS DE SOCIOLOGIE.** By G. PALANTE. 7¼×4¼, 188 pp. Paris, Alcan. Fr.2.50
- ASSISTANCE PUBLIQUE ET BIENFAISANCE PRIVÉE.** By Le Comte d'Haussonville. 7½×4½, 114 pp. Fr.1.00.

THEOLOGY.

- RECONSTRUCTION IN THEOLOGY.** By H. C. KINO. 8×5¼, 257 pp. The Macmillan Company. 6s.
- THE LIVING LORD AND THE OPENED GRAVE.** By T. A. GUNNEY, LL.B. 8×5¼, 320 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
- THE LIFE AND LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS.** By L. ABBOTT. 8×5¼, 408 pp. J. Clarke. 6s.
- [On the lines of lectures delivered at Brooklyn, New York, and before the Lowell Institute at Boston by the author, who accepts the teaching of the New Criticism.]

TRAVEL.

- A YEAR IN CHINA, 1899-1900.** By C. BISHAM, C.M.G. 9×6, 234 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

Problems Nos. 153-5, competing in *La Stratégie*, Paris.

"POUR ENCOURAGER LES AUTRES."

"REGULUS."

BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

BLACK. 8 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.

White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 155. White (3 pieces)—K at Q Kt 6; rook at Q R 2; B at Q B 4. Black (5 pieces)—K at Q 7; pawns at Q 5, Q B 3, Q Kt 7, Q R 5. White to play and win.

In next week's cable match, England v. America, the American team is expected to be:—J. F. Barry (Boston); H. N. Pillsbury, S. W. Bampton, H. G. Voigt and C. J. Newman (Philadelphia); J. W. Showalter (Kentucky); A. B. Hodges and E. Hymes (New York); F. J. Marshall (Brooklyn) and another.

GAME No. LXXV.—The following won the chief prize for best played game in a tournament of some importance in New Orleans. The notes, which may be studied with much profit, are by the Chess Editor, New Orleans *Times Democrat* (Centre Counter Gambit):—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
F. Dameron.	J. McConnell, Jr.	P. M. McConnell.	J. McConnell, Jr.
1. P-K4	P-Q4	34. R-Kt2	K-B-Q
2. P×P	Kt-K B3	35. R×P	K-K sq
3. P-Q4	Kt×P	36. R-Q8 ch	R×R
4. P-Q B4	Kt-Kt5 (a)	37. P×R (Q) ch	R×Q
5. P-Q R3	K Kt-B3	38. R×P	R-Q2
6. Kt-K B3	B-Kt5	39. R-Kt3	P-B4
7. B-K2	P-K3	40. K-R2	K-K2
8. Castles	Kt-K2	41. K-Kt3	P-Kt4
9. Kt-K5 (b)	B×B	42. P-R4	P-B3!
10. Q×B	Kt-Kt3	43. P×P	P×P
11. P-Q5	Kt×Kt	44. K-B3	R-Q5
12. Q×Kt	Kt-Q2	45. R-Kt7 ch	K-K3
13. Q-K2	P-K4	46. R-Kt6 ch	K-K4
14. P-K B4	B-R4 ch	47. R-Kt5 ch	B-Q4
15. K-R sq	B-Q5?	48. R-Kt8	R-Q6 ch
16. P×P!	B×K P	49. K-K2	R-Q R6
17. B-B4	Castles	50. R-Kt5 ch	K-B5
18. B×B	R-K sq	51. K-B2	R-R7 ch
19. B×B P!	C×R (c)	52. R-Kt	P-Kt5
20. Q-Q B2	Kt-B3	53. R-Kt4 ch	K-K6
21. Q-Q3	Kt-Kt5	54. R-Kt3 ch	K-B5
22. P-Q8	Kt-K4? (d)	55. R-Kt4	P-B5! (k)
23. P×Q (e)	Kt×Q	56. R×P	R-Kt6
24. Kt-B3 (f)	Kt×P	57. R-B sq	P×P ch
25. K-R-K sq	K-B sq	58. K-B sq	B-Q R7
26. Kt-Kt5	K-R-Q B sq (g)	59. R-Q B	K-B7
27. R-K2 (h)	Kt×P	60. R-Kt sq (l)	R-R sq
28. R-Q B sq	P-Q R3	61. R-Kt2 ch	K-B6
29. B×Q B sq	P×Kt	62. K-Kt sq (m)	P-Kt6
30. R-Q B sq (i)	R×R P	63. K-R sq	R-R8 ch
31. P-K R3	P-Kt5 (j)	64. R-Kt sq	R×R ch
32. R-Q sq	Q-R sq	65. K×R	P-Kt7 and wins
33. R-Q7	R-K sq		

(a) All up to this point is, of course, pure "book play." The text-move, however, initiates a very ingenious and, we believe, quite original variation invented by Mr. McConnell himself. It invites 6. Q-R5 ch, Q Kt-B3! when if 6. P-Q5, B-B4! and White must stop to play 7. Q Kt-B3, for if, instead, 7. P×Kt, B-Q B7; 8. P×P dia, ch, B×Q; 9. P×R (Q), Q×Q, and Black has won Q and P for R and Kt.

(b) While we think Jones initiative by this move, 9. Kt-Q B3, at once seems far better, for, if then, e.g. 8. * Q Kt-B3, White might play 10. B-Kt5! for if 10. * B×K Kt, then might occur 11. B×B, Kt×Q P; 12. B×Kt, P-R-Q Kt; 13. Q-R4 ch, P-Q B3 (best); 14. B×P ch! Q Kt×B; 15. B×Kt, B×B; 16. Q×Kt ch, and should win.

(c) Best. 19. * R×Q; 20. B×Q, Q R×B; 21. P-Q Kt4, R-Q B7; 22. P-Q B5, &c., would be distinctly inferior.

(d) 22. * Q-Q2 seems his only sound response.

(e) 23. Q×R P (ch) was, we believe, a far stronger, if not a winning move for White, for best, 23. * K×Q; 24. P×Q, Q-R-Q B; 25. Kt-Q2, R×P; 26. Q-R-Q B, &c., with a P ahead and equal, if not better, game.

BLACK. MCCONNELL.



WHITE. DAMERON.

White to play his twenty-third move.

(f) 24. P-Q Kt3 was, we think, much better.

(g) Best. 26. * Kt×P, now, would be answered by 27. Kt×R P! Kt-Kt3; 28. R×K ch, K×R; 29. B-Q B, &c.

(h) A vain attempt to save his P at B7 by sacrificing that at Q B4. Seemingly 27. B-Q B was in order.

(i) Not 30. R-Q B3, for then 30. * P-Kt6 and wins!

(j) Black has now a distinct superiority in force and position, but still a terribly hard game to win. The end-game is very interesting and well played on both sides.

(k) His best move to try for a possible win.

(l) Very inferior. 60. R-K B ch looks best, as, of course, the Black K cannot take, and White gains a move.

(m) And this directly throws away the game, which, we believe, might, almost surely, have been drawn by 62. * K-R2, instead.



Reproduced and printed by Crowdy & Loud.

Rudyard Kipling.

From the original etching by Wm. Strang.

(By permission of Mr. R. Gutkunst.)

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 183. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
NOTES OF THE DAY	303, 304, 305
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Technical Element in Fiction," by Morley Roberts	306
IN DEFENCE OF IZAAK WALTON, by R. B. Marston	307
THE VOICE OF OLD LONDON.....	308
JUNIUS AND THE FRANCIS LETTERS	309
FOREIGN LETTER—Danish Literature	310
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	312
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
The History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773	313
Books on China—	
These from the Land of Sinim—A Year in China, 1899-1900—The Siege of the Peking Legations	314, 315
Shakespeare's Family.....	315
Philosophy—	
Francis Hutcheson—Problems of Evolution—The Foundations of Knowledge—Knowledge, Belief, and Certitude—The Neo- Platonists—The Philosophy of Religion in England and America	315, 316
Treason and Plot—The Reformation—My Experiences of the Boer War—The Natives of South Africa—South Africa a Century Ago—The German People at the Close of the Middle Ages —Joseph Chamberlain—Cities and Citizens—Free Lance Journalism	317, 318, 319
Piero della Francesca	319
Mononia—The Eternal Quest—His Own Father—A Soldier of the King—This Body of Death—Love has no Pity	321, 322
ART NOTES.....	320, 321
LIBRARY NOTES	322
CORRESPONDENCE—"Misquotation"—"S. or St.?"—John Wesley —Victorian Women Writers	323
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	323, 324, 325
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	325, 326

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We understand that Mr. Justin McCarthy intends before very long to bring the "History of Our Own Times" down to the close of Queen Victoria's reign. At present he is engaged at the other end of his historical task in telling the story of Queen Anne's reign, to precede the "History of the Four Georges and William the Fourth."

Recently we quoted Mr. Gosse's vigorous denunciation of the Widow as the "triumph of the unfittest" in the matter of biography. A remarkable illustration of the Widow as literary executrix is supplied by a recent incident in Paris. It recalls the motive of one of the most striking of the tales in Mr. Henry James' "The Soft Side"—namely, the story which he called "The Abasement of the Northmores," but which might have been entitled "Save us from our Widows."

What has happened is this. M. Jules Claretie recently published in the *Temps* the results of his examination of Michelet's papers at the Library of the Carnavalet Museum. He extracted a number of passages from Michelet's *Journal Intime* and his *Journal des Idées*. These were instantly recognized by every one but himself as having already appeared in the volume published in 1888 by Madame Michelet under the title *Mon Journal*. But between M. Claretie's text and that published Vol. VIII. No. 16.

by Michelet's widow there were numerous and important variations. They were, indeed, so great as to cause a shock of surprise and regret to all those who had never questioned the claim of Madame Michelet to the halo of esteem and even of admiration with which her husband had surrounded her. A painful suspicion discrediting all Michelet's posthumous works as published by his wife, Adèle Mialaret, was at once created by this revelation. Madame Michelet seemed to have submitted all his manuscripts to positive profanation. Yet she had passed as the model of literary executors. For twenty-five years she had exercised control over his published and unpublished works, and she may have dealt with them in other cases as cavalierly as she is shown to have done in this.

These revelations have evoked from M. Descaves, in the *Echo de Paris*, a protest against the "monstrous regiment" of Widows in the matter of their husbands' literary remains. We quote M. Descaves in the full flow of his indignation:—

French contemporary literature abounds in widows comfortably installed in their husbands' work as in a cheese which they scoop out up to the crust. It is their means of subsistence, their occupation for their old age. It would be far better for them—and for us—if they did crochet and tapestry work instead of patching up manuscripts. But they are persuaded that they have a mission to fulfil. Rising betimes, *en négligé*, with *échenilloir* [caterpillar destroyer] and pruning shears in hand, they scour, in every sense of the word, the domain of intelligence and work of which the management and preservation has been so imprudently left to them. No gardener ever did his trimming with so good a courage. And so—I prune you, I give you air, I make "cuttings," *allez donc!* The results of this method of cultivation are heart-breaking; the poor plants, tied up and stunted, produce little of the fine crop of former days, when enlightened care stimulated their growth.

But the widow, established for all time as universal *collaboratrice*, is well satisfied, and walks triumphantly, not only, alas! in the paths, but over the devastated flower borders. She will have, so they say, her revenge—her revenge for the inferior rôle of copyist to which the writer has reduced her—violating his thought, now that he is no longer there to defend and preserve it from contamination. It is the hour watched and waited for, the hour of revenge and of pillage. The widow hurls herself on the manuscripts, as on her lawful prey, to destroy them. This is what she describes as "to gather together with religious care all that contributes to the completeness of his resurrection." I have often heard the wish expressed that an artist or writer might have a cultivated companion like Madame Michelet. Thanks for the gift! In preference to such a woman, erudite and self-willed, how much sooner would I, for my part, choose you, ye wives obscure, ignorant, and devout; widows truly loyal who preserve your beloved heritage intact, and do not think it necessary, after performing the toilet of the dead for burial, to subject to the same process those dusty manuscripts which you carry to an editor.

We have often thought that novelists might sometimes with advantage do what Mr. R. S. Warren Bell does in his "Love the Laggard." He gives us a list of *dramatis personæ* at the beginning. Of course there is not the same reason for giving them in a novel as there is in a theatre programme from which

we want to learn the names of the actors. And it might be urged that we do not want a guide to a novel as we do to a play. The list of characters, too, might give a reader quite the wrong idea of the book. Still such a list might often encourage one to go a little further. And the practice might assist a definiteness in characterization which is often much to seek. At any rate editors of reprints might bear the suggestion in mind. What a help it would be if one might take up a volume of Dickens as one can a volume of Shakespeare, and know at once which of the familiar characters belong to the particular book in hand !

* * * *

General Sir H. E. Colville is engaged upon a book describing "The Work of the Ninth Division," which will be published by Mr. Edward Arnold next month. It includes a brief account of the operations under Lord Methuen for the relief of Kimberley, in which General Colville was engaged prior to the formation of the Ninth Division, of the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg, Sanna's Post, the Lindley affair, and numerous other engagements.

* * * *

The recent revival in the artistic crafts has long called for a standard series of technical handbooks. Mr. W. R. Lethaby, a director of the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts—who has just been appointed Professor of Design at South Kensington—is editing such a series, and it is to be published by Mr. John Hogg, of Paternoster-row, at a price which brings it within everybody's reach. A start will shortly be made with a volume by Mr. Douglas Cockerell on "The Craft of Bookbinding and the Preservation of Books." Mr. Cockerell is himself designing the cover as well as writing the letterpress, and for type we understand that he has chosen a Caslon fount. Mr. Cockerell will have something to say on the subject of the Society of Arts Committee on Leathers for Bookbinding, of which he is a member. Other books in the series are to be "Gold and Silver Smiths' Work" and "Cabinet Making and Designing," by Mr. H. Wilson and Mr. C. Spooner respectively—both experts who are qualified to speak on the subjects and both, like Mr. Cockerell, officially connected with the Arts and Crafts School.

* * * *

Mysteries have always been popular—however the word may be understood—from the days of mystery plays to that of mystery novels. But despite the success of "Junius," the commercial value of a mysterious author is only just beginning to be recognized. The success of the so far anonymous "Love Letters" is rapidly bearing fruit. Mr. Lane announces a novel, "The Aristocrats," by "the most beautiful woman in London." This is a mystery it would be rash to try to solve. Another secret is guarded in the case of "Colloquies of Criticism," as to which Mr. Fisher Unwin announces that he is not allowed to know anything of his author "save that he is a famous man of letters !" Where is this new method of stimulating the sales of anonymous books likely to end ?

* * * *

The curiosity of one may almost say the whole of France centred last Thursday round the French Academy when M. Emile Faguet was admitted to the seat left vacant by Cherbuliez. The interest taken in the ceremony is not due to M. Faguet only, despite his high position as a critic and the wide range of his criticism—as shown once again by his latest book entitled "Problèmes Politiques du Temps Présent" (Colin). What has excited the public is the fact that M. Faguet was officially received by M. Emile Ollivier, the unfortunate Minister of Napoleon III. Rightly or wrongly, he has been held responsible by an entire nation for the supposed frivolity of the phrase he uttered in the Chamber of Deputies in defence of the war policy of the Empire. The notorious "cœur léger" has rung in his ears for more than a quarter of a century. Until last Thursday, poor M. Emile Ollivier had never been allowed to appear on any stage, political

or academic, without insult. True, in 1892, he read the report on the Monthyon Prize ; but, until then, his associates had seized every possible pretext to deprive him of his rights. At Thiers' death, as also when Henri Martin died, he, as temporary Director of the Academy, should have delivered the panegyric, but the same political reasons were found to deprive him of the honour. At last he is allowed to step forth from his enforced seclusion, and he has had the good taste to deliver an address devoid of political allusions. In his discussion, which was purely literary, there are remarkable portraits of Balzac and Comte.

* * * *

The Greek Legislature is engaged upon a new law of copyright ; but there seems to be no immediate prospect that Greece will adhere to the Berne Convention. The wares of Autolyceus are still appreciated in the immediate vicinity of Parnassus.

* * * * THE TABERNACLE. * * *

Crag upon crag and the dark lough below—

Only my heart climbs ever unto thee !

Here, where the mountain rears its sunlit snow

Comes like a wraith, thine image unto me.

Gleam of far waters (silver braids of light

On Day's fair garment) makes my world divine—

O, that thy face could keep this heaven bright !

O, that thy lidded eyes could once more shine !

Some lilt of motion in the risen grass,

Some stir of incense when the bloom is sweet,

Some flow'r-smile o'er which thy face did pass,

Tells of the soil that once detained thy feet !

I, climbing, halt by many a heather-hill,

God's earth upon my hand, the bread of thought ;

There, league on league, the waters lie—and still

Comes thy remembrance all the land athwart !

Till, at the last, the wind blows strong and cold—

Care, like a kestrel, pauses in the air :

Dear soul ! with thy lost love my heart unfold—

The spirit reach, the tabernacle share !

FRED. G. BOWLES.

* * * *

A little time ago we mentioned a curious mistake made by Browning, to which Mr. Roger Fry called attention when he was lecturing at the Albert Hall. Browning makes Filippo Lippi allude to Masaccio as a "youngster" who "comes to our convent, studies what I do." Masaccio was, in fact, Lippi's senior by about five years, and died many years before him. A correspondent has sent us a very interesting letter from Browning himself on the point. It deals also, as will be seen, with another error to which Browning pleaded guilty, and subsequently altered. Our correspondent writes :—

In 1866, when I was 23 years old, I was very familiar with the three-volume edition of Browning's Poetical Works, and I noticed what appeared to be two errors :—(1) In the poem "Transcendentalism" Browning called Boehme "Swedish." The lines are :—

As Swedish Boehme never cared for plants

Until it happened, a-walking in the fields,

He noticed all at once that plants could speak,

Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him.

He changed "Swedish," I think, to "German." My own belief is that Browning was thinking of Swedenborg. In his letter to me he speaks of an "Autobiography" by Boehme. Was he thinking of Swedenborg's Spiritual Diary ? This is Browning's letter :—

19, Warwick-crescent, Upper Westbourne-terrace,
London, Oct. 13, '66.

My dear Sir,—I was out of reach when your very kind and welcome letter arrived here—you guessed this, I will believe—hence these very tardy thanks for it. The first blunder you point

out is enormous—only explicable to myself, and hardly that, from the circumstances under which I well remember having written the poem "Transcendentalism." I was three parts thro' it, when called to assist a servant to whom a strange accident, partly serious, partly ludicrous, had suddenly happened, and after a quarter of an hour's agitation, of a varied kind, I went back to my room and finished what I had begun. I have never touched the piece since—and really suppose that the putting "Swedish" for "German," or "Goerlitzish" is attributable just to that, for I knew something of Boehme, and his autobiography, and how he lived mainly, and died in the Goerlitz where he was born. But the thought in my head was of that revelation he describes—not of his nationality—hence, I hope, my blunder and such excuse as it may admit of. Depend on it, I will alter the word in the next edition—ay, and look more warily after what may be other slips of the kind.

But—here I get up from my knee and assure you there is no slip in the other case—at least, I was wide awake when I made Fra Lippo the elder practitioner of art, if not—as I believe—the earlier born. I looked into the matter carefully long ago, and long before I thought of my own poem, from my interest in the Brancacci frescoes—indeed, in all early Florentine art. I believe the strange confusions and mistakes of Vasari are set tolerably right now; you may know, he took Lippino the son, for Lippo the father. I suppose Lippo to have been born—as Baldinucci says—about 1400; he entered the Carmine aged eight years, and immediately "in cambio di studiare, non faceva altro che imbrattare con fantocci i libri"; let us assume even, with the last editors of Vasari, that he was born in 1412, and that this entrance took place in 1420—still, since it is certain that Masaccio did not begin the paintings in the Brancacci before 1440—you see there was a good score of years wherein Lippo might well work and Masaccio watch him working. The editor sums up "Se le pitture del Chiostrò e della Chiesa del Carmine furono fatte da Lippo quando vestiva l'abito Carmelitano, bisognerebbe conghietture con ragione che le pitture sue furono poi e studiate e imitate da Masaccio"—which is my own reasonable conjecture. Masaccio was born in 1402, and, as Vasari writes in his life, "lavorava nel Carmine seguitando sempre le vestigie di Filippo." But all that Life is a tissue of errors. I could never have had these facts shaken out of my head, even by the crying and laughing of poor W., my servant, aforementioned.

But—thank you just as heartily in this case as in the former. I don't deserve such kind care about my works—but am very grateful for it, all the same; and shall ever be,

My dear Sir, yours most truly,

ROBERT BROWNING.

On the second point he admits no error. I am no authority, but I was wholly unconvinced by his defence, and (leaving the decision to others) I still think that he erred.

The thought may have occurred to some readers of Mr. Herman Cohen's article on "Misquotation" which we published a fortnight ago, and as to which another

Quotations. correspondent writes to us to-day, that the standard of accuracy there laid down was rather exacting.

The phrase which popular usage appropriates for its own purposes often becomes transformed—it is no longer a quotation but a familiar idiom retaining a very loose connexion with its original. Of course, if it continues to shelter itself under the prestige of its inventor, it must not play him false. But, even so, perhaps an inch or two of licence may be conceded. We do not do Juvenal much wrong if we say "Cacoethes scribendi," despite the fact that the exigencies of hexameter verse made him say "Scribendi cacoethes." But accuracy always has its value, if only as a principle; and slovenly quoting not only betokens a slovenly mind, but often does gross injustice to a fine line, as in "They kept the even tenor of their way"—a

mere travesty of Gray's "They kept the noiseless tenor of their way." The *Saturday Review* of last week, however, in an interesting article on "Quotability" hints an apology for misquotation which would in certain circumstances make the practice respectable. It defends, at any rate, the misquotations of Lamb as "the mark of a good memory and a well-stored mind." There may be, in fact, higher and lower forms of the art of misquotation, and it may sometimes be a proof not of ignorance but of knowledge. Another instance might be given of a writer who had not "just enough of learning to misquote," but so much learning that misquotation became pardonable—viz., Isaak Walton, who seems to have found pleasure in drawing upon a richly-stored memory, and would not mar that "contemplative man's recreation" by anything so businesslike and prosaic as "verification." But these are examples to be condoned rather than followed, and for "us others" it were better not to quote at all than to misquote. Why, indeed, should we quote at all? It is a question which should be asked much more frequently than seems to be thought necessary. The fact that nothing gives more pain to a properly-constituted mind than the use of a hackneyed quotation proves that there is a virtue in quotation, and that it is not simply an instrument of language fitted for rough wear and common daily use. Selden gives his reasons for quoting with great candour. He quotes authors mostly as witnesses, for matters of fact; but also "sometimes for a free expression, and then I give the author his due and gain myself praise by reading him." This desire to "gain myself praise" is responsible for many errors, not only of quotation, but of style. Selden does not show a right understanding of quotation. Its true intent is for the delight of the reader by granting him a momentary glimpse into a world of fine ideas, by lifting him for a moment into the higher atmosphere of "style," by linking his train of thought to those universal truths which have been carved once for all into beautiful shapes. Or it may achieve its purpose by an unexpected or humorous aptness, as when Elia contemplates his roast pig snatched away from "the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood":—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care.

As a literary embellishment it should not be too utilitarian. "Quoting of authors for matter of fact" is a work of science, not of art; and even the higher use of quotation as a means of tersely uttering sage and appropriate reflections does not put it on its true basis. The *Saturday Reviewer*, who, however, is discussing rather the origin of quotations than their use, is too much inclined, we think, to require of a quotation that it should embody a sentiment or a judgment, and to find its popularity in the fact that the thought it conveys is one universally approved. A list of the most familiar quotations would not, like a list of familiar proverbs, reveal any large body of common thought. It is a matter chiefly of expression only; many of them taken by themselves are mere phrases without matter—"Uno avulso non deficit alter aureus"; "For this relief much thanks"; "Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa"; and a thousand others—the bearing of them lies in the application. Nor is the origin of quotations due simply to the familiarity of the source from which they are derived. It is often due to a mere accident. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" wins its position because it is the first line of a poem, though the poem is certainly familiar. Few read Addison's *Cato*; but a single line of it—"Tis not in mortals to command success," &c.—has attained immortality. Nothing is more interesting in a good Dictionary of Quotations than to find from what obscure sources so many of them are derived. Some happy chance at the moment of its birth has often wrested a phrase from its context and launched it down the ages. Quotations are full of old and dim memories, and that is one secret of the strange magic they possess in the hands of those who have the cunning to use them as they ought to be used.

Personal Views.

THE TECHNICAL ELEMENT IN FICTION.

There is a great and growing body of fiction, especially in the United States, which is written, by men who have worked, about the very work on which they have been engaged. It possesses all that actuality which comes from the most intimate personal acquaintance with railroads or telegraphs or mining or the work of logging camps; and though it is classed as fiction it is in reality that transcribed experience which has an attraction very seldom given to the made fiction of the ordinary novelist. It sometimes happens that it is a trifle difficult to follow by reason of its technicalities, but, nevertheless, the reader who does not know a "drawhead" from a "patent injector" must delight in the knowledge that he is face to face with real things at only one remove. This constitutes the value of the new "plein air" school of fiction. It is as different from the studio novels of most English writers as Constable is from Sir Peter Lely. It is, in fact, a return to nature.

The Americans have returned to reality more easily than their English fellows. They have had less to contend with in the nature of tradition. And in the United States the critic, for many reasons, is of less account than his European *confrère* as the repository of that body of doctrine. In England it is very difficult for a man to write fiction without knowing it. In the Western States much good work has been done by men who knew nothing of writing as an art. Their estate is somewhat the more gracious, as they have not been dominated by the dead. And I do not doubt that they have exerted, and will continue to exert, a strong influence of a healthy naturalistic kind. For they deal very largely with the actual struggles of real men face to face with nature, while the greater portion of the old European school still remains contented with mere re-combinations of worn-out themes and motives, whereby style is exalted and the story is nothing, not even new.

This actual knowledge of the affairs of real men (in which it may be noted women play a naturally small part) has a great attraction for the newer writers even in England. But owing to the generally inferior education of Englishmen the manual worker is not yet gifted with a voice. He is not even capable of writing for a newspaper. As a result, work of this kind has been written rather by the better class of "scallywag," who is only casually acquainted with the trade he deals with, than by the trained man. The success which such work has attained has led better writers to attempt this kind of fiction at second-hand, and, though a second-hand knowledge of reality is better than no knowledge at all, the result is often incommensurate with the toil involved. It is certainly inferior to knowledge learnt naturally, digested, assimilated, and turned into "work" by a true physiological process. And it is a process curiously fertile in technical errors.

It is possibly a misuse of the term "technical error" to say that the greatest error of this kind is the forcing of one's knowledge on the reader. It is a fault often to be found in the best men of the modern school. It perhaps matters nothing when a fertile writer without knowledge writes seriously of a Colonel rushing into the firing line in a general engagement and there seizing a rifle and "potting away"; but when a novelist of reputation loads his pages with undigested drill-book, it is not only wearisome but absurd. If a man really knows a thing his knowledge becomes artistic of itself, and is easily borne. As

a great physician said:—"We do that best which we do easiest," and nothing is truer than this in fiction, although writers are naturally inclined to plume themselves on those works of theirs which cost them the most conscious labour. If a writer desires to write about things which he does not know he must choose one of two methods. He must either pretend to know or must adopt the attitude of the observer who is learning. But for him to play the rôle of the man who knows is peculiarly difficult. Knowledge is no more immediately translatable into work than is food. It has to be digested. To listen to a smart sailorman telling a story to his mates may not always teach the way to tell a sea story, but it will go near to it. For the storyteller knows what he is talking about, and everything essential is easily suggested to those who know with him. And though the public may not know what is right or wrong in technique, it should be treated as if it did, or else the workshop is obtruded and the due effect is spoiled. For instance, Marryat never explains his sea work, and only goes into details when treating of something which even few sailors comprehend, such as "club-hauling" a ship, and then he carries his explanation of the manoeuvre no further than to make it easily comprehensible to seamen.

It is true that genius may sometimes construct a story which is wrong in every technical detail and is yet wonderful. Oliver Madox Browne in the "Black Swan" made a ship which never sailed on any sea but that of romance. She had, so far as one can gather, neither cargo nor ballast in her; yet even so his toy ship was a marvel, though she "rocked" instead of rolling. But there is no doubt that technical accuracy in the story would have improved it. For such accuracy is a witness to knowledge and a means of ease. It is this ease which is really artistic. Mere strength in the athlete is nothing without ease. And even if the "man who knows" can find no fault with a story he is often or always conscious when knowledge has been "got up" rather than absorbed. I remember handing a well-known sea poem by a better known writer to a sailor for his opinion. His judgment was that it contained no particular error, but that it was, nevertheless, "all wrong."

The endeavour to be accurate is one of the signs of the advance towards naturalism in fiction. And the writer who is conscientious will always improve in this matter, since one real error may easily destroy the whole apparatus of illusion. It would be difficult to say what the feelings of a sailor are when he comes across such an extraordinary error as that of Robert Louis Stevenson in "Treasure Island," when he wrote "'Luff,' said he, and I put the helm up." However great the power of a writer he cannot afford to make many such mistakes when dealing with a public whose general knowledge increases. Stevenson, however, made fewer errors as time went by, and his later sea stories contain no such blemishes as the one mentioned, or as that other in the same book where he puts down a compass bearing in absurd and contradictory notation.

The very general desire among writers to work in some new field is responsible for many of these errors. And in a book which deals with any great portion of life there is a not unnatural tendency to display intimacy with all branches of the subject. For instance, a writer who is essentially middle-class by training and education (as most writers are) finds it necessary to be acquainted with the upper classes. Having made a fair attempt at this pretence he ends in believing he really knows what he does not know, and becomes ridiculous. Or another has some medical knowledge of the slightest kind and turns it into material by means of a handy text-book. He

either makes mistakes or exhibits the source of his knowledge. It is probable that the latter is the most fatal blunder, for a novelist need not know medicine, and it is not necessary to criticize him when he talks of "brain fever." But when he writes of "cerebritis" or "meningitis" he usually confuses the two, or is so fearfully accurate as to suggest a weary hour with a note-book over Professor Clifford Allbutt. In the old days a man died very successfully of "brain fever" or "heart disease" and no one was disturbed, even if a physician smiled when he discovered that in fiction acute inflammatory diseases of the brain were rarely fatal.

Mr. Kipling has been the great apostle of technical accuracy, and there is no doubt that he usually is accurate. Nevertheless, he is most fascinating when the reader knows he is dealing with matters that he absorbed rather than "got up." And even he makes errors now and again. What, for instance, is a "patent truss" in bridge building? Can a truss be patented any more than a cantilever? Such errors—and there are very few, I acknowledge—would have no importance were it not that a certain class of story depends entirely on the assumption that the writer knows absolutely. In such cases a single error vitiates the underlying, unseen, major premiss of the artistic syllogism. In more than one instance of late years a writer has founded a story very largely on a supposed knowledge of Mahomedans, when it is obvious to the least instructed Orientalist that Moslems have never even been observed by the story-teller. The very attitude of the Oriental mind has been misinterpreted. I can recall one very notorious instance in which certain Arab Mollahs are cousins-german to the Covenanters masquerading in flowing robes. It may be said that such a lack of knowledge makes little difference to the tale. It makes all the difference from a literary point of view if literature be interpreted, as I imagine it must be, as a witness to the truth of the subjective writer or the objective world.

This, indeed, is the highest form of technical accuracy, and to treat of it would be to treat of the very basis of art, or of its two bases, things seen and the seer of things. And here accuracy becomes sincerity, without which art does not exist, since sincerity alone produces true illusion. The search for knowledge to be used merely as the apparatus of illusion is almost necessarily insincere. It smacks of the theatre and of the pay-box. The artist works on what he has assimilated, and if he becomes great it is because he grows. To put down to-day what was learnt yesterday is to work for to-morrow only.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

IN DEFENCE OF IZAAK WALTON.*

[By Mr. R. B. MARSTON.]

In his "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun," two handsome and most attractive volumes, "Thormanby" has produced a work really worthy of the praise which is so often unworthily bestowed on a book on sport—viz., that it "deserves a place in every sportsman's library." A critic in the *Athenæum* suggests that from remarks here and there throughout the volumes the impression is conveyed that the author is "more conversant with the mysteries of book-making than with those of sport"; but it would have been impossible for one who was not a practical sportsman—and a most experienced one at that—to write with the spirit and knowledge and genuine love of sport which is displayed by "Thormanby." One of the charms of

sport with rod and gun is its infinite variety and the wide range in views which it allows equally good sportsmen to hold on the same subject. In support of his insinuation the critic in question says that "'Thormanby' makes merry over John Younger's opinion that a salmon fly represents a shrimp, and seems to think that the modern practical angler believes that trout flies alight on the top of the water, rather than rise from the bottom." But the question as to what salmon think salmon flies represent is not settled and never will be, and what "Thormanby" is merry over is honest John's idea that "shrimps are as varied in their colours as a flock of fancy pigeons," and he asks "had John ever seen a shrimp in its native state? I trow not. He was thinking, no doubt, of boiled shrimps as Victor Hugo was of boiled lobsters, when he described that crustacean as 'the cardinal of the sea.'" The paragraph about the trout flies is too long to quote, but there is not a word in it to show that "Thormanby" thinks differently from the modern practical angler; in fact, if he had not corrected Younger's dogmatic half-truths he would have laid himself open to the imputation of being as ignorant of the higher branches of fly-fishing, especially dry fly-fishing, and trout fly entomology, as Younger was himself.

What an angler may fall out with "Thormanby" about is that while he puts the "rod" first in his title, he gives the gun and the rifle nearly three times as much space in his book. What the angler who loves the "Compleat Angler" and its author must fall out with him about is the, in some respects, unfair and untrue picture which he gives of Walton and his work. I say in some respects, for nothing could be handsomer than many of the compliments he pays Izaak; but to shake a man by the one hand and then knock him down with the other is not grateful or comforting, and I heartily wish Walton were with us to reply for himself; I question if "Thormanby" would find him quite so "meek" or wanting in "devil" as he imagines.

To begin with the compliments. In noticing Sir Humphry Davy's work "Thormanby" says:—"But as a piece of literature, eloquent and poetical as 'Salmonia' often is, it cannot bear comparison with 'The Compleat Angler.'" The subtle charm, the sweet simplicity, the living, breathing freshness, the racy redolence of Nature, which have made the London linen-draper's homely volume a joy for ever to all who love true literature—all these are lacking in Sir Humphry Davy's pages." This is all very nice and true, but why add that "as a treatise on angling 'Salmonia' is so immeasurably superior to old Izaak's immortal classic that to compare the two is ridiculous"? Why not say at once that one was written nearly two hundred years before the other? According to "Thormanby," "The Compleat Angler" is a perfect "Cyclopædia of errors," and he gives some specimens, and then adds:—"All these things and a thousand others equally ludicrous to the well-informed person of the nineteenth century Master Izaak Walton believed in." The italics in the passage just quoted are mine. Let us see how far the charge of credulity against Walton and of making thousands of errors can be substantiated by the specimens.

"Thormanby" alleges that Walton believed "that pike are generated from the pickerel weed." Walton mentions the old idea that some pikes are bred of pickerel weed and other glutinous matter, "or are brought into some ponds from such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies." But it is hardly fair not to add that Walton's account is qualified by saying "unless Gesner be much mistaken," especially as he gives a perfectly true account a little farther on of exactly how pike are bred—evidently from his own observation. "Thormanby" says Walton believed "that frogs settle on the heads of carp and ride the fish to death." Walton gives this story as told him by a gentleman who had it happen to carp in his own pond, and Walton says he believed him, and so do I, for it is a known fact and was fully described in the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung* some years ago; it is also referred to in the *Standard* of May 14, 1870. That eels are bred "either of dew or out of the corruption of the earth" is not asserted by Walton; he merely mentions that "some say" it is, so, he

* "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun," by "Thormanby," with 32 portraits and illustrations. 2 vols., royal 8vo. London: Hutchinson and Co.

giving a much more rational account of the matter. And of the other wonderful things that "Thormanby" says Walton "believed," all he does is to quote them as being asserted by writers who were then considered learned authorities. He does not say that "the marrow of the thigh bone of a heron is a great temptation to any fish" on his own authority, but that "an old angler" told him it was—a very different matter. I have never tried it, but see no reason to doubt it; fish, like other animals, are strongly affected by some scents. "Thormanby" wishes Walton had exercised his own powers of observation a little more and trusted less to learned writers, and thinks that in this respect he was infinitely inferior to Gilbert White; and yet White, writing a hundred years after Walton, says, "It is strange that the matter with regard to the venom of toads has not yet been settled;" gives a very erroneous account of the May fly, for which he is complimented on his observation by Pennant; and leaves us somewhat in doubt as to whether he believed the story of the swallows hibernating "under water." This is what he says, and if Walton had said it we should have been told he believed it. White, after describing how swallows roost in the osier beds at Sunbury, &c., goes on:—

Now this resorting towards that element, at that season of the year, seems to give some countenance to the Northern opinion (strange as it is) of their retiring under water. A Swedish naturalist is so much persuaded of that fact that he talks, in his calendar of "Flora," as familiarly of the swallow's going under water in the beginning of September as he would of his poultry going to roost a little before sunset.

And on the next page he tells Pennant:—

I acquiesce entirely in your opinion—that, though most of the swallow kind may migrate, yet that some do stay behind and hide with us during the winter.

I wonder what Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe will have to say to this and other of White's observations in the new edition he is editing of "The Natural History of Selborne." As the *Athenæum* critic says, when referring to "Thormanby's" severity on Walton's "credulity," "It may be that some present beliefs, if examined, would stand the test no better than old Izaak's."

I took my first theoretical lessons in angling from Walton nearly forty years ago, and the longer I live the more admiration I have for him, not only as a writer, but as an exponent of the delightful art of angling. To say, as "Thormanby" does, that Walton knew nothing about the habits of trout and salmon and how to fish for them is to ignore all that he wrote on the subject. His account of the life-history of the salmon and trout is, for the period, wonderfully accurate—especially of the trout—and as to his not being a trout angler, we have Charles Cotton's testimony that Walton was "undoubtedly the best angler with a minnow for trout in England," and that he used both the natural and artificial. Cotton's repeated and hearty testimony to Walton's skill as an angler demolishes the sneers of Franck or any subsequent writer—"He understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living"; in another place he refers to him as the "great master in the art of angling, for so in truth he is."

To say, as "Thormanby" does, that Walton was "not a fighting man" may be true, but it does not warrant the inference that "he was the very embodiment of the prudent and pacific bourgeois to whom the thought of risking his skin is abhorrent." Walton was fifty years old when the Civil War broke out, and yet nearly ten years later we find him not only risking his skin but his life. After the battle of Worcester (Sept. 3rd, 1651) Walton performed a service for his King of the peril of which there can be no doubt. Cromwell and his Parliament had declared "that whoever shall assist the King with Horse, Arms, Plate, or Money against them, are Traytors"—and they had a short "sharp way of dealing with traytors." And yet we find that one Royalist prisoner at Stafford, Robert Milward, selects "the trusty hands" of Mr. Izaak Walton to convey the King's "lesser George" jewel to another Royalist

prisoner—Colonel Blague, in the Tower of London, who, escaping soon after, had the gratification of restoring the George to the King. We know from his writings that Walton was a staunch Royalist, but this incident proves that he was recognized and trusted as such by his party at a time when their prospects were darkest.

Of the other "Kings of the Rod and Gun" I may, with the Editor's permission, have something to say later on. "Thormanby's" account of them is by a long way the most fascinating and interesting book on sport and sportsmen that has been published for many years.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have heard from Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe that while White certainly never believed swallows passed the winter under water, "the theory of hibernation of swallows was the ordinary one of his day. White gave his evidence *pro* and *con* with his usual judgment, but never committed himself."

This is exactly the position from which Walton should be judged. I have the greatest admiration for Gilbert White, and agree with Mr. Sharpe that he is "the best ideal of an exact field naturalist, and the father of all the British school;" but even Homer nods.

R. B. M.

THE VOICE OF OLD LONDON.

At last the voice of Old London has become, so to say, officially articulate. For years the pickaxe of the utilitarian has struck at the heart of "the flower of cities all"; but, save for the protest of a few so-called sentimentalists—echoed occasionally by the Press during Parliamentary vacation and when no sensational murder trial is in progress—there has been silence. Old London, to regard it as a personality, has been patient over-long; stoicism may become a crime. Wherein consists the appeal of London, that appeal which differentiates it from the cities of the new world? Do the thoughtful find paramount pleasure in great shops, vast warehouses, unlovely blocks of flats; or, rather, do they not discern the spirit of London dwelling in the Abbey Church of Westminster, standing on what once was the island of Thorney, in St. Paul's Cathedral and the ancient City churches, in Staple Inn, and in a hundred other relics of a richly-dowered past? The truth is that the atmosphere of London, of England, of Europe—and art and literature no less than life, whence art and literature issue, depend on atmosphere—is indissolubly bound up with a hundred thousand yesterdays; destroy the architectural children of those yesterdays and we lose a measure of our heritage. The public hardly recognize that it is folly to give with the right hand money for children to be educated, with the other to pull down a fine old seventeenth century palace to make way for a Board school. Book learning can be imparted anywhere; a Jacobean mansion in a parish must ever conduce to enlightenment, to a more living interest in the history, in the arts and crafts of the past. The structure razed, this source of truest education is lost for ever.

It is for these reasons, among many others, that all who are genuinely interested in literature, art, science, or history will welcome the publication, under the auspices of the London County Council, of "The Survey of London," the first of a number of volumes wherein authentic information will, it is hoped, be given of buildings which, by reason either of historic associations or architectural significance, are worthy of preservation. Some five years ago, on the motion of Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, the Council resolved to pay heed when practicable to the contemplated destruction of any important monument. But in the absence of trustworthy registers it not seldom happens that effective action is impossible. A conference of various societies was held in December, 1897, when it was determined, as an initial step, to aim at the compilation of such a register; moreover, in 1898 the County Council obtained Parliamentary powers to purchase and, if need be, preserve valuable

historical landmarks. Even to the inexperienced it is apparent that to survey London systematically, with a view to gathering up threads of the past, is a gigantic undertaking. Fortunately it chanced—although the word is hardly applicable to a work at that time so thankless and so difficult—that the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London had already collected a large amount of material, and this they generously offered to hand over to the Council, stipulating that it should be printed. On this committee Mr. C. R. Ashbee was, and still is, an active and enthusiastic worker, and to him we are in large part indebted for the new volume.

At first it was hoped to deal with ten parishes in the initial work, but, even with utmost condensation, it has been found possible to treat one only—Bromley-by-Bow. We must express regret that no mention is made of the derivation of the place-name. Bromley is generally traced to A.S. *brom-leag*, a field or heath where broom grows, and Bow serves to remind us that the Consort of Henry I., in order the more easily to make her pilgrimages, caused a fine arched bridge to be thrown over the Lea hereabouts, thus superseding the crossing at Old Ford. Mr. Ashbee contributes a concise and able preface: he appeals to the historical conscience, points out the unstatesmanlike folly of not, when practicable, saving from destruction monuments of a vanishing past, and pleads for the establishment of museums, not “hugger-mugger” in character, but such as shall contain objects of direct local interest. The love of humanity is reached by stages of the family, the village community, the country; and it is no less true that a thirst for larger knowledge is born of knowledge and interest in one's immediate surroundings. We commend to all thoughtful folk Mr. Ashbee's introduction.

One of the tables in the volume is at once useful as a signal of warning and deplorably long as a record of fact. It gives details of the buildings destroyed during the last six years within the Administrative County of London. The Old Bell Inn, Holborn, last of the galleried coaching hostels on the Middlesex side; Wren's churches of St. Michael, Wood-street, beneath whose floor, according to tradition, the head of James II. of Scotland was thrown by a master glazier, *temp.* Elizabeth, and St. Michael, Bassishaw, its name reminiscent of the powerful family of Basing; Dick's Coffee-house, often alluded to in eighteenth century literature; the Rolls Chapel, containing Torrignano's monument of Dr. Young; the last fragment of the old Priory in Mitre-square, Aldgate—these are a few only of the voices of Old London stilled during the past six years. Subsequent lists indicate buildings swept away outside the Administrative County of London, but within the confines of the Greater London Survey, and those threatened in the two areas to which attention has been given.

But to come to the Survey proper. Accounts, descriptive, historical, bibliographical, are given of sixteen buildings or blocks of buildings in Bromley-by-Bow, each of genuine interest. Of these no less than six have been destroyed during the compilation of the work, while at least two others were threatened. Nothing has remained for long of the old church of St. Mary, originally the chapel of that of St. Leonard's Convent, where Chaucer's Prioress spake French—

. . . . full fayre and fetisly,

After the scole of Stratforde-atté-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to hir unknow.

But inscriptions from the more noteworthy monuments have been transcribed, and the history of the church has been traced. On the tomb of William Ferrers, who died in 1625, beneath the figure of a sleeping child, is the facetious epitaph:—

As nurses strue theire Babes in bed to lay
When they too ly-berally the wantons play.
Soe to preuente his farther growinge crimes,
Nature his nurse, gott him to bed betimes.

Ferrers was thirty-five when he died. The most lamentable loss recorded is that of the so-called Old Palace, pulled down to make way for a Board school. James I. is supposed to have founded a settlement at Bromley early in the seventeenth century, and to have

built this “Palace” as an occasional residence or hunting box for himself. A considerable part of it dated from 1606, and the carved timbers, the panelling, the richly-moulded plaster ceilings—in the centre of that in the state room was the shield of James I., with the initials I.R.—were in excellent condition. Deplorable to relate, the structure was sold to housebreakers for £250; but upon protest being made by the Survey Committee and other interested societies the fireplace of the state room, again bearing the Royal shield, was repurchased for £150. Subsequently, the South Kensington authorities acquired, for a sum not stated, the panelling and ceiling of this state room, which, as far as possible, has been temporarily reconstructed at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Other buildings in Bromley that have disappeared, and of which details are given, include the Seven Stars publichouse, whose old moulded beams, mullions, &c., were of the same character as those in the Old Palace—it was constructed about the same time; and Tudor House, *temp.* Elizabeth, in the garden of which, now under the control of the County Council, stands one of the gateways of Northumberland House. But the Survey does not confine itself to recording what has been swept away; it also directs attention to buildings which it is desirable to preserve; and herein lies at least half the value of the volume. Besides a reduced Ordnance map, whereon buildings of æsthetic or historical interest are marked in red, there are thirty-six illustrations—ground-plans, exterior views, details of this or that decoration or ornament. In a word, the book is a singular instance of what can be accomplished when knowledge, patience, enthusiasm, are wisely directed towards a laudable end. In subsequent volumes we would suggest the addition of a general account, however brief, of the parish or parishes concerned, and in every case where allusion is made to a work of reference the volume and page should be stated.

JUNIUS AND THE FRANCIS LETTERS.

But for the mystery attaching to the authorship of the Junius Letters the name of Junius would probably long ago have been forgotten, except by the historian. But for the suspicion that Philip Francis hid behind the pseudonym, little fame as a writer would have attached to Junius, the qualities of whose method of writing are thus well summarized by Professor Saintsbury:—

An affectation of exaggerated moral indignation, claptrap rhetorical interrogations, the use, clever enough if it were not so constant, of balanced antitheses, a very good ear for some, though by no means many, cadences and rhythms, some ingenuity in trope and metaphor, and a cunning adaptation of the trick of specializing with proper names with which Lord Macaulay has surfeited readers for the last half-century.

The publication of “The Francis Letters” (Hutchinson, 24s. n.) will certainly help those who do not find Francis in “Junius,” and this in spite of a prefatory note on the controversy by Mr. C. F. Keary, in which he proves to his own satisfaction the identity of the two men. These “Francis Letters” throw naturally no light on the person of Junius, but they go some way to prove, negatively, that Philip Francis was not Junius.

Whatever the similarity of the handwriting of Francis to the “disguised hand” of Junius; whatever the opinions of graphological experts—the Dreyfus case has shown us the value of such expert opinion—whatever the silent admissions of Francis himself in his vain and frivolous old age, it is difficult, after seeing him drawn by himself and his family in this correspondence, to credit for one moment his identity with Junius. His whole character and mode of life, his opinions, his ambitions, his ideals, are a strong contradiction to the theory of his being the author of the celebrated Letters; and although a man may successfully disguise his handwriting on specific occasions; although he may for years successfully conceal his authorship of certain works, he cannot at all times disguise

himself, he cannot hide his real character. Every movement he takes, every word he speaks or pens is a direct revelation. Francis, in these volumes, shows himself, unconsciously, of course, as a person whose chief idea in life is to get on in the world, to make money, to win position. He loves to mix in the refined society which then haunted Brighthelmston, to be known as a boon companion of the Regent. No elevated ideal, no altruistic sentiment, no love for freedom, no recognition of the public welfare, no criticism of the powers that be, ever falls from his pen—whether he writes as a lad of eighteen in 1758, when the correspondence begins, as a clerk in the War Office in 1769 (in which year the first letter from Junius appeared in the *Public Advertiser*), or as an old man of seventy-three in 1814, when inditing love-epistles to the lady who became his second wife. To assume that he is Junius is either to assume that he adopted a character entirely foreign to his own during the production of the Letters, or that he, on this occasion only, displayed his real character and sentiments, and managed to disguise them completely during sixty years of private life. Such essential discrepancy of character appears to us more convincing than the discrepancy of style, although the voluminous correspondence of Francis never recalls for one instant the vigorous style of Junius.

To tell the truth, the letters of Philip Francis are dull reading, because his personality was in no wise an interesting one. A third-rate politician, something of a fribble, vain and irritable, loving to eat well, to drink much, and to lie soft, his character had its redeeming points in his home life in his affection for his wife and children and his adoration for cats. His terms of endearment for his daughters are, "My own dear Grimalkin, my dearest fat Cat," and, when away, he never fails to inquire after the reigning real cat of the moment. But even a share in his estimation for the feline race did not suffice to carry us through these six hundred pages of small beer with much pleasure. His children, who inherited his love for writing and preserving letters, inherited also his want of personality. His daughter Mary, aged twenty-two, and married to a certain Mr. Johnson, is at Brighton in 1802, and has the felicity of being received at the Pavilion. What an amusing, what a valuable account of the Prince and his associates might have been given by a clever girl with the seeing eye! But Mary Johnson, hypnotized by Royalty, sees it only in conventional aspects:—"We have passed every evening," she writes, "(till near three o'clock in the morning), at the Pavilion this last week. I cannot do justice, by all that I can say, to the charming Prince's gracious kindness and goodness to us. . . . His amiable qualities, fascinating manners, and uncommon accomplishments—his talents for conversation and powers of entertainment are truly extraordinary and delightful. . . . the excellences of his heart are equal to his incomparable understanding, &c." A discriminating account this of the man known to history as George IV.!

In the season of 1805 she is at Brighton again and always equally charmed with the dear Prince. A true daughter of Francis, society and amusement are the chief aims in life to her. She records with pride that—"the gaiety of the last week was almost too much for me, I was out every night and three times at the Pavilion." On the third occasion she went on the Prince's special invitation with her two little girls, as H.R.H. was giving "a little Ball to the children, it being Minny's birthday." "Minny" was Mary Seymour, a child living under the guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the daughter of Lady Horatia Seymour. Minny was a great favourite with the Prince, and she figures with Mrs. Fitzherbert in many contemporary caricatures. Strangely enough, it was through her kindness to this child that Mrs. Fitzherbert lost her hold over the Regent a few years later—but that is another story. The little Misses Johnson, aged about ten and eleven, were delighted on hearing of the Prince's invitation. "They were dressed the same as at Mrs. Thomson's," and their Mamma "thought they looked very pretty." They appear to have overeaten themselves at supper, since their grandfather Francis writes the next day:—"Mary is now doctoring the children, who were at the Ball last

night, where one of them danced with Lord Clare, the other with Mr. Fitzgibbon." The editor informs us in a note that this was the third Earl of Clare, and that Mr. Fitzgibbon was his brother, who became fourth earl; but the really interesting point is that Lord Clare was Byron's Clare, of whom he wrote, "I have always loved him better than any male thing in the world," and "I never hear the name *Clare* without a beating of the heart even now (1821)." In the November of 1805, when Lord Clare, aged thirteen, was dancing with little nobodies at the Pavilion, Byron, aged seventeen, was up for his first term at Trinity College, Cambridge.

There are some correspondents of the Francis sisters, two Misses Gunn, said to be Irish girls in society, whose letters read just like the conversations of Lucy Steele and her sister in "Sense and Sensibility." The Misses Gunn might have sat to the incomparable Jane for their portraits, so well has she painted them in this novel with their illiterate minds and their craving for admiration and beaux. These ladies, like the Misses Francis, adore Brighton and are enraptured with the Prince. They had made his acquaintance in London at Lord Barrymore's Masquerade. This was "Cripplegate" Barrymore, who, like Byron, was club-footed. His brother, who held the title before him, was known as Hellgate Barrymore, in compliment to his manners and language. Another clerical brother was known as "Newgate," the locality in which he usually found himself, and the fourth member of this charming family, a sister, was nicknamed "Billingsgate," from her habit of swearing. The Misses Gunn see the Prince next at a Brighton review:—"I did not think he would remember us in our Sables, but he did us the Honour to give us three of his bows. . . . I long, I must say, to see him once more, as his manners are quite enchanting." The girls go to regimental festivities where the Royal Dukes are guests—"We were the *only Ladies* present, of course had them all to ourselves." The following might really have fallen straight from the lips of Anne Steele:—"As all our Beaux are gone, and the Ladies going, we shall now get snug over our firesides, for I will not go to *Petticoat Parties*. We have been, as usual, *spoiled* this season, as nothing could be done without us. Our Beaux were chiefly Irish and very agreeable, most of them too poor to think of Hymen, who has been shamefully idle amongst so many fair Ladies." "Lord, Anne!" cried Lucy Steele on one occasion, she having a shade more discernment than her sister, "you can talk of nothing but Beaux! You will make Miss Dashwood believe you think of nothing else!" Certainly Miss Matilda Gunn and her sister inoculate the bored reader with this belief. The best letters in the book are a batch by Eliza Johnson, a stepdaughter of Mary's, who afterwards became the wife of Philip Francis, junior. These are sprightly and show a sense of humour. But for the rest, the chief entertainment the reader will find in the volume is the entertainment which he himself takes there.

Foreign Letter.

MODERN DANISH LITERATURE.

The literature of Denmark, which, after undergoing the influence of German writers, passed, mainly at the initiative of Dr. Georg Brandes, under that of French, is at the present day beginning to show signs of inspiration derived from English sources. When a German dynasty was established on the throne of Denmark in the fifteenth century, the German tongue and German thought obtained predominance in the little kingdom. The language used by the Court and the upper classes was German; the poet Klopstock, subsidized by Christian VII. to reside in Copenhagen, became the leader of the literary movement. It was a literature of giants, which could boast a Oehlenschläger, a Madvig, a Kjerkegaard, a Heiberg, a Paludan-Müller, and many another writer of genius almost, if not quite, their equals.

But with Dr. Georg Brandes (b. 1842) a reaction, the importance of which it is impossible to overestimate, and which owes its inception exclusively to him, set in. A critic of singular acumen, and having the faculty of his race (he is a Jew) for assimilation rather than for creation, he succeeded in awakening a burning enthusiasm for literature in the youth of Denmark, and in founding a school of writers who derive their inspiration from French sources. Brandes hoped at one time to become Professor of *Æsthetics* at the University of Copenhagen, but his well-known atheistic and revolutionary tendencies stood in the way, and he retired in 1877, disappointed, to Berlin, where—for he speaks and writes German as fluently as he does his parent tongue—he lectured on literary subjects to crowded audiences. In 1883 he returned to Copenhagen, and his friends and admirers there united their efforts to secure him an income of 4,000 crowns per annum.

It is too soon to form a definite appreciation of Brandes' work. His last word has not yet been spoken, and he is still in the prime of a life spent in the midst of fierce and heated controversies. So far the greatest result of his labours is this—he has taught people to think for themselves rather than accept the *dictum* of others, and he has aroused a new and ever-increasing enthusiasm for literature in his native country. Nevertheless, he has shared the common fate of reformers, who are often carried against their own will further than they originally intended to go. He tried to remove the accumulated dust of ages by rudely breaking the windows of the chamber. The strong blast of fresh air which he thus let in has perhaps only whirled the dust up to let it settle again. In his zeal for reform he has acted like the servant who, in arranging a study, throws away all the loose papers she finds, and thus destroys, perchance, her master's best treasures—his records of his memories, his thoughts, and his dreams. Such was assuredly not Brandes' intention, but in the excitement he aroused it was inevitable. He is a voluminous writer. Besides his well-known work on Shakespeare may be mentioned "French *Æsthetics* in Our Times," "The Principal Sources of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century," "Danish Poets" (a *chef-d'œuvre* of psychological analysis), "A History of Scandinavian Literature," many books of travel, and several biographies, including that of Lord Beaconsfield.

The most powerful, and at the present day the most admired, of the prose writers who owe their inspiration to the teaching of Brandes is J. P. Jacobsen (b. 1847, d. 1885), a novelist whose genius Brandes himself was the first to discover. He wrote little, and wrote, like Heine, while suffering from an incurable malady; but that little is still unsurpassed in the department of literature to which it belongs. A disciple and translator of Darwin, he sought in vain a suitable form for the expression of his genius, till, encouraged by Brandes, he invented the psychological novel. He is, above all, a stylist. In the words of Mr. Edmund Gosse, one of the few English men of letters who has made a study of Danish literature, "The English reader must be kind enough to take our word for it, that all competent Danish critics agree in saying that no artificer in prose ever used the Danish language so subtly as did in his brief career this brilliant 'inheritor of unfulfilled renown.'" "Marie Grubbe," Jacobsen's first and greatest work, was followed by "Niels Lyhne," which has been translated into English under the title of "Siren Voices," and by "Mogens and Other Stories." "Mogens" has been called "the quintessence of Jacobsen's wonderful style"; yet the strong feeling for nature, originality, and capacity for subtle dissection of delicate psychological emotions, as well as the minute and infinitely refined descriptions of accessories which it contained, came, like his other works, as a shock to a public educated to consider the subject and plot of a novel as its only essential qualities. To subject and plot Jacobsen and the new school which he represents attach but little importance. He sought before all things to penetrate the psychological motives of actions, the moral causes of events, and their effect upon the personages involved. Though he died young, and in spite of a

limited literary output always interrupted by illness, Jacobsen nevertheless created in Denmark the modern psychological romance, the new and more artistic novel; he ranks as master among the novel-writers of Denmark, as Holger Drachmann, another follower of Brandes, does among its poets. Many authors, both Danish and Norwegian, have fallen under Jacobsen's influence—an influence subtle, refined, pervading, and often dangerous.

A good illustration of the present literary taste of the Danes may be found in the works of Amalie Skram. Laura Marholm Hanssen, in her book on "Modern Women," says:—"In the whole of Europe there are only two genuine and honest naturalists, and they are Émile Zola and Amalie Skram." Though born in Norway, Amalie Skram claims the right of being called a Dane, because she has married a novelist of that nationality, writes in Danish, and lives in Copenhagen. In the preface to the only book by her yet rendered into English, the translators remark:—"Like Zola, Fru Skram chooses primitive themes, and her men and women are human beings in close touch with nature, with the stern, rugged nature of the North." "She paints work-a-day people," says Björnson, "and the work-a-day side of human nature, never the Sunday man. By the first I mean our everyday life under the influence of passions and conditions of struggle more or less fruitless." The great Norwegian critic describes her "Professor Hieronimus" as "an epoch-making work." "It is," he says, "the first time that a great author in full possession of her mental powers has had the opportunity of making such a study. Seeking quiet and treatment for a nervous affection, Fru Skram of her own free will became the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Thus she had a chance of studying one of those specialists in mental disease who are too apt to mistake rebelliousness for a sign of mental derangement. Of this doctor, of the patients, the nurses, her whole environment, she gives a picture so vivid, of such absorbing interest, that it can vie with the most thrilling romance." Though far from the equal of Jacobsen in ultimate psychological analysis, she is yet a profound observer of mental phenomena, and surrounds her personages with an atmosphere, less refined indeed, but quite as realistic. No wonder her works are extremely popular in Denmark; in fact, the writings of these two authors may be taken as typical of modern Danish novels, novels which are very much what Brandes, inspired by French writers, and especially by Flaubert, has made them. The future alone can tell whether, under fresh and different influence, a literature of equal excellence will result.

The sudden revolt of Danish intellect against German influence was no doubt principally due to race hatred engendered by the unhappy Slesvig-Holstein war. The new tendency towards England and things English is following a more normal and gradual course. It is conspicuous in much besides literature—for example, in the craze for cricket, golf, tennis, and other sports particularly English which has lately seized the inhabitants of Copenhagen. Holger Drachmann, the greatest of living Danish poets, speaking at the banquet given in his honour during his recent visit to London, indicated the direction of the current. "I have," he said, "read and studied your literature considerably—a literature which so greatly influenced me in my hot youth." "Come over and visit us," he continued, "Come to Denmark and try to speak to us in our language. You will find us patient enough and anxious to meet you half-way. For the languages of the two countries are very much related to one another, and, like lovers, they stretch their hands across the North Sea."

Drachmann is one of the most striking personalities of Denmark. Beginning life as a marine painter, he has lived for years among the sailors and fishermen of Skagen, that desolate point of land where the North Sea, the Skager Rak, and the Cattegat meet. Novels, dramas, essays, and some of the finest lyrics ever written in the Danish tongue—and the Danes are past masters of lyric poetry—testify to the genius of Drachmann; but the best illustration of the present English tendency is the fact that he has rendered "Don Juan" into his native language with

such aptitude and vigour that it is almost impossible to believe the poem a translation. It is significant, too, that the poems of Carl Gjellerup closely resemble (though without the same erudition) the poems of his favourite English author—Swinburne. Edgard Høyer is the only living Danish author who has had the good fortune to attain popularity in countries other than his own, his play *The Jensen Family* having been produced in many cities, especially those of America, with great success. Other followers of Brandes are his own brother Edvard; Schandorf, a novelist of great power; Peder Nansen, Carl Ewald, Sven Lange, and Rode.

It is singular that the French should be so much better acquainted with Scandinavian literature than we are, though to a cognate race like ourselves it should prove of far greater interest than to the alien Gaul. The Americans also have devoted more attention to the subject than we have so far done. Most of our authors are translated into Danish, the two languages lending themselves to transference with unusual facility. All our classics are, I believe, accessible to the Danes in their own tongue; they know their Shakespeare much better than the average Englishman does. They particularly appreciate Dickens and Kipling, and I was surprised to find them familiar also with the latest productions of Ouida and Marie Corelli; while we remain in crass ignorance of the whole of a literature of which Mr. Gosse justly remarks, "There is not another of the minor countries of Europe that can point to names so illustrious in their different spheres as Oersted, Oehlenschläger, Madvig, and H. C. Andersen." Of these four, the name best known to us in England is that of the writer who has peopled our nurseries with elves and fairies and filled our schoolrooms with romance, forging an everlasting link of sympathy between the children of the two countries—Hans Christian Andersen. He was the darling of his own countrymen; in the streets of Copenhagen every one who knew his appearance touched his hat and said "God bless you!" Mrs. Browning's last lines were written to him, as he never tired of telling his friends:—

Now give us men from the sunless plain,
Cried the South to the North.
By deed of work in the snow and rain
Made strong and brave by familiar pain,
Cried the South to the North.

As far as journalism is concerned, Danish newspapers and magazines are conducted much on English lines. Copenhagen is well supplied with periodicals, and every shade of opinion is represented. Most of them indulge in a *feuilleton* in imitation of the French, but it is often a translation from the English. The *Berlinske Tidende* is the organ of the Government—cold, correct, and impartial. The *National Tidende* is a journal of the Right or Government party, as is also the *Dannebrog*, the latter being distinguished by its vigorous onslaughts on *Politiken*, which supports the Left or Opposition party, employing the most advanced writers of the day, and enjoying what is for Denmark the large circulation of 20,000 copies daily. The Socialists have an organ to themselves, *Socialdemokraten*, and woman's cause is voiced by *Kvindernes Blad* and *Damernes Blad*. A weekly illustrated paper, *Illustreret Tidende*, also appears, and is not unworthy to be classed with our own illustrated weeklies. There is, of course, a large number of journals of a lower class.

MARGARET THOMAS.

THE DRAMA.

"THE WILDERNESS."

Among our younger playwrights there is none more promising than Mr. H. V. Esmond. The epithet "promising" may seem to ignore the substantial achievements already standing to his credit, and yet I think it is the right one. For he seems not yet completely to have realized himself, to be still in the experimentalizing stage, a little uncertain in touch, without

the confidence to let himself go. He has tried, in *One Summer's Day*, pure sentiment, "favour and prettiness." In *Grierson's Way* he has tried stern, unflinching realism. In *The Divided Way* he has tried passion, hot and strong. None of these attempts was a failure; yet some of us are still looking for a work from him which shall be the expression of his real and absolutely unimitative self. Perhaps we begin to get a glimpse of that self in *The Wilderness*, his new comedy at the St. James's. This play is a curious blend of contradictory qualities—stage-convention and alert "modernity," sentiment and cynicism, sincerity and artifice. Mr. Esmond is an actor as well as a playwright, and he has not always resisted the actor's temptation to reproduce stage types, instead of studying direct from life. Thus his old women in this play, the respective mothers of his hero and heroine, strike one as distinctly stogy. One is the scheming, worldly mother, intent upon "good marriages" for her girls, and absolutely incapable of comprehending the life of the affections. The other is the lively dowager who lacks the courage to be old; rouged and dyed, cynical, incurably frivolous. They are both conventional figures. And there is a good deal of convention, too, I think, in the whole idea of the "marriage market" which is as it were the background of the play. It is one of the commonplaces of fiction. No doubt in real life some mothers are willing to sell their daughters, and rich young men are pursued by designing maidens; but this feature of life is grossly exaggerated by novelist and playwright. Again, I find convention in the hero's diatribe against London, as a sink of the politer iniquities, an orgie of dinners and balls, a "wilderness" of artificiality. He beseeches the heroine "to come out of the wilderness into the light," meaning apparently that she should leave the heartless chatter of a Bond-street tea-shop for the simple, natural life of the country. Ever since Thackeray our writers of fiction have been pleased to present London in this way; but I submit that the picture is absurdly over-drawn.

Where, then, do I find the glimpse of what I take to be the playwright's true self, of the artist deserting the beaten track of art for the satisfaction and revelation of his own temperament? Well, I think I find it in his woodland scene, wherein the hero flings himself down in the bracken to recapture the first fine careless rapture of his boyhood in the same spot. There is the same fairy ring that he knew of old, there the rabbit-hole whose occupant he used to be on intimate terms with, and in recklessly boyish mood he renews his early sensations even in the discouraging presence of a prosaic old gentleman, his uncle. To chime in with his mood, some actual children come on the scene, and prattle to one another about the fairies, for whom they have brought food in the shape of a dried fish and some old bones rescued from the dust-bin. The author dwells with complacency upon this scene, even keeping the action perceptibly waiting for it and giving undue importance to what is only an episode. That is why I think I get a glimpse of Mr. Esmond's self here. Depend upon it, if you want to detect the most intimate moods of a playwright watch him over his episodes and over all those passages which are excrescences in his play. This is notably the case with Shakespeare, as I have tried to show in these pages in speaking of *Hamlet* and of *Richard II.* When you get a detail which is not essential to the action or to the character then you may be sure that the dramatist put it there because he could not help it, because the need for self-expression overcame just there his strict attention to the business of the scene. From the point of view of that proper business of the playwright many people at the St. James's must have felt that they were getting a little too much talk about the fairies, a little too much dried haddock and bones. I had that feeling, I know, myself; and yet, regarding the play as a "document," as evidence of the real, native qualities in Mr. Esmond, this incident is the most valuable in all the three acts. Evidently Mr. Esmond has the gift of fancy; he can appeal to the tender, whimsical, childlike mood in us in a quite peculiar way. This is a rare gift, and I look forward to

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

The want of such a book as *THE HISTORY OF THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND, 1580-1773* (Methuen, 21s. n.), by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton, the author of "The English Black Monks of Saint Benedict," has long been felt. Mr. Taunton, without doubt, has set himself no mean task, and one which would have been beyond the reach of any writer not qualified to rank as an authority on this particular subject. No complete record of the English members of the Society of Jesus has hitherto been published that can lay claim to stand as independent and impartial testimony, free from either theological or political prejudice. To compile such a work, founded on original research, has been, so the author asserts, his high ambition; and, although his style is not faultless, and his judgment on certain controversial points, such, for instance, as to whether Father Garnett was an accessory before the fact to the Gunpowder Plot, is often slightly obscure, there can be no doubt but that he has, from the first page to the last, proved himself to be eminently open-minded and impartial. Granted this, therefore, his readers, Roman Catholic or Protestant, may rest assured that they are not being presented with a mere *ex parte* theological treatise, but with a history of permanent value, which covers ground never properly investigated before, and is replete with the results of original research.

Mr. Taunton relates the history of the English Jesuits from about the date of Edmund Campion's conversion to Roman Catholicism down to the time of the formal suppression of the Society by the Pope. In this eventful period the two great landmarks are the years which embrace the respective labours of Fathers Parsons and Petre—that is to say, the reign of Elizabeth with a portion of James I., and the entire reign of James II. In both instances it seems clear that Parsons and Petre worked principally on behalf of the private interests of their Society, without heed to the harm that their impetuosity and selfishness were causing their secular brethren in particular and the English Catholic laity in general.

Mr. Taunton's account of Robert Parsons makes one wonder that no authentic biography of this wonderful man has yet been given to the world. The prolonged silence of members of his own Society is, we fear, significant. In one of Foley's volumes, it is true, there is a biography of him, but it simply supplies a piece of special pleading that is of no value to the student of history. Of Parsons the priest we have read much by Jesuit or other Roman Catholic writers, but of Parsons the politician, the agent of Philip of Spain, the political director of Cardinal Allen, we have read next to nothing. The late Father Morris, S.J., we believe, once essayed the task of writing a life of Parsons, but abandoned it at an early stage, since he found, by his own confession, that he was, as a faithful servant of his Order, treading on very slippery ground. That historians have, generally speaking, failed to recognize the vast importance of the position occupied by Parsons as a statesman, as the ablest rival of Burghley and Walsingham, there can be but little doubt. He was, moreover, it must be allowed, the typical Jesuit of Protestant tradition. His whole life, from the day that he left Oxford—and here we think Mr. Taunton has represented the exact cause of his departure, or rather expulsion, from the University in far too complimentary terms—illustrated the practice of rendering the means absolutely subservient to the end, as can be seen in his political pamphlets. Yet, with all his genius, his energy, as these pages amply demonstrate, spelled total failure. In his campaign, undertaken to restore England to Roman Catholicism by the aid of Spanish arms and Spanish gold, he only dealt a blow to his own co-religionists, which served to exile them (except during what our author terms the "golden day" of James II.) from English public life for a space of some 200 years. For the ordinary reader Mr. Taunton's most interesting information will probably be forthcoming in his criticism of

its full and free exercise some day—that is to say, in a play where it provides *motif* and atmosphere, instead of, as here, figuring episodically. I will admit, however, that even here it is something more than episodic. The author designs it, no doubt, to bring out the simplicity, sincerity, and general unworldliness of his hero's character, which has to be contrasted with the worldliness and pretence of his match-making, husband-hunting *entourage*. Perhaps the simplicity of his hero is a little overdone; a husband who, after living happily with his wife for several months, jumps to the conclusion that her love was all make-believe merely because of the discovery that she had flirted with another man before her marriage verges on the fool. It is, however, necessary that he shall make this mistake in order that Mr. Esmond may have his final scene between the pair, which would lose its effect of joyous reconciliation were it not prefaced by mutual misunderstanding. In such detail as this one sees that Mr. Esmond's touch is still a little uncertain. He will learn by-and-by to get his critical scenes without recourse to the artifices of the stage.

Am I wrong in feeling more uncertainty in his handling of the heroine's character? He aims at showing us the awakening of conscience and sincere affection in a girl whose young mind has been temporarily warped by the lessons of a fortune-hunting, vulgar-souled mother. There are two women in Mabel, the real and the artificial, but during the first half of the play it is only the artificial woman that we see, and I think we ought to have had at the outset some adumbration of the other. As it is, the hare-brained, chattering little minx of the first act gives no sign of the true and deep-natured woman of the last. The part, it is right to say, is admirably played throughout by Miss Eva Moore; and Mr. Alexander is evidently in complete sympathy with his author in the whimsical episode of the second act. This play not only serves as a pleasant departure from a groove in which the St. James's management threatened to become fixed, but marks an interesting phase in the development of a young writer who bids fair to take a very high place among contemporary English dramatists.

A. B. WALKLEY.

In *Coriolanus* Sir Henry Irving attempts a task in which more than one well-known actor of the past has failed. At the time of Kemble's historic revival (1789), with Mrs. Siddons as Volumnia, the play was sufficiently unpopular to allow of the introduction of two acts from James Thomson's *Coriolanus*. Macready confessed that he acted only parts of the play well, and Kean's robust rendering dissatisfied critics who adhered to the "sublime" traditions of Kemble. Phelps was more successful at Sadler's Wells in 1848. Sir Henry Irving's realistic "crowd" was more than paralleled by the ambitious "supers" who then assisted. Mr. Clement Scott has an amusing reminiscence of their achievement in his "Drama of Yesterday and To-day."

The supers, instructed by Phelps, were little short of actors, and, in the scene where the mob banishes the proud General, acted with such intensity that, on the fall of the act-drop, after the usual compliment had been paid to the great actor, a cry went up from the audience which at first nobody could understand, but which soon resolved itself into "Supers!" "By God!" said Phelps, "they are calling for the supers; and damme! they deserve it—I never saw better acting in my life!" The act-drop was then raised, disclosing the unusual spectacle of the supers "taking a call," loudly cheered by the spectators.

Coriolanus has found its way to Scotland and America. We do not know of any performance of it in France, but there is a French dramatic version of the story written in the seventeenth century by Chapoton. It has its historical interest; the influence of Shakespeare's example being strong enough for Chapoton to introduce a murder upon the stage in spite of the French traditions.

Parsons' political system as compared with that of Oliver Cromwell. It seems strange, but it is, according to the extensive evidence adduced by Mr. Taunton, a fact that the Commonwealth, as directed by Cromwell, followed closely on the lines of the policy laid down by Parsons for the deposition of Princes; whilst, at a later date, Petre, in his interference with the government of England, never deviated from the doctrines of Parsons, so far, at all events, as his contempt of the powers of Parliament was concerned—with the result that, once again, the leaders of the loyal English Catholic gentry were sacrificed to the treasonable methods of Jesuit politicians.

Next to the careers of Parsons and Petre the most valuable part of the book is that which deals with the Gunpowder Plot, and this, in our opinion, represents, on the whole, our author's happiest effort. Here the tone is calm and judicial, the tendency to repetition restrained, and a lucid and clever summary of the entire mystery ends the matter. Mr. Taunton, we note, thinks that a brief passage in *Macbeth* contains an allusion to the Plot, and the evidence brought forward by him in substantiation is certainly strong, as a reference to the passage itself makes clear, viz. :—

"Here's a knocking indeed. . . . Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. . . . Knock, knock! Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales, in either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: O, come in, equivocator!"

By "farmer," Garnett (whose favourite alias was "Farmer") is, Mr. Taunton thinks, undoubtedly referred to; and, by "equivocator," Father Oldcorne, or some other Jesuit. This is worth comment, because, although Mr. Taunton apparently does not know it, one of the chief arguments recently employed by Father Gerard in order to demolish "the traditional story" was that no reference to the Plot is ever made in the plays of Shakespeare. Of the peculiar superstitions relating to Garnett's so-called "miraculous straw" Mr. Taunton merrily makes very short work, as well he may.

To sum up, the chief items of historical value to be gathered from this volume are, we consider, the connexion existing between the politics of the early Jesuits and the Puritans; the ceaseless jealousy among the Jesuits of the English secular priests; the impotence of Cardinal Allen in the hands of Parsons; the attempt made by the Jesuits to exclude James VI. from the English throne; and the wonderful power usurped by the Society all over England under James II. So much for Jesuit politicians; but the same chronicle that reveals the mundane ambitions of such as Parsons, Henry Garnett, the extravagant Heywood, the superstitious Weston, proclaims the courage, the devotion, the self-denial, the piety of "martyrs" such as Campion, Briant, Walpole, Arrowsmith, and Southwell the poet; although we are by no means too sure that Briant was ever formally received into the Society, a doubt in which Mr. Taunton evidently shares. Portraits of the most famous of these Jesuits are included in the dozen illustrations that adorn the book. Of these portraits that of Parsons, printed from a very rare engraving, is striking in the extreme, and shows a face of exceptional ability and power, if not also of craft. The features of Parsons depict a very different type of character to that of his fellow-missionary, the ascetic Campion, of whom, too, a good portrait is given. We must not omit to mention that this most interesting and careful book is furnished with an unusually exhaustive index, which, having tested it again and again, we have found correct.

The Roman Church in England is the subject of several notable works this season. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress," in two volumes (Fisher Unwin), appears next week, and Messrs. Longmans have two further works in the press, one of these being a series of letters from converts, edited by J. Godfrey Raupert, and entitled "Roads to Rome." The other volume is by Lady Lovat—"The Catholic Church from Within"—and contains a preface by Cardinal Vaughan.

BOOKS ON CHINA.

One seeks counsel on the Chinese question from Sir Robert Hart as from the man who knows. If he does not know, then no one knows. But when one has read *THESE FROM THE LAND OF SINIM* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) one finds that Sir Robert Hart professes to know very little, and seldom sees his way to go beyond the balancing of the *pros* and *cons*. His doubts, it is true, are more instructive than the cock-sure prescriptions of writers like Mr. Alexander Krausse and Mr. Archibald Little; but to a statesman in search of a policy, like Lord Salisbury, the warnings will be more valuable than any positive hints. And even the value of the warnings is impaired by the fact that Sir Robert Hart not only contradicts the other experts but also contradicts himself. As regards the proposed partition of China, for example, we read on page 49 that "it could never be expected to be a final settlement, and unrest and unhappiness and uncertainty would run through all succeeding generations." But, no further on than page 53, we read :—

If the Powers could agree among themselves and partition China at once, and thereafter, with a common understanding, give fullest effect to the old Chinese idea and discourage militarism—make it a law that none of their new subjects could drill, enlist, or carry arms; prohibit their own and other nationals from there engaging in any kind of trade in arms—and employ only their own race for military and police work there, it is possible that the peace-loving, law-abiding, industrious Chinaman might be kept in leading strings until the lapse of centuries had given other civilizing influences time to work through successive generations, and so change the composition and tendency of the national thought and feeling of the future as to carry it into that sphere of international life where friendly relations, common interests, and international comity take the place of dictation, jealousy, and race hatred, and thus blot out the "Yellow Peril" from the future of humanity.

These rival sentiments cannot easily be reconciled; but their simultaneous appearance in the works of so great an authority is eloquent of the difficulty of the problem. Probably the link between them lies in the tacit assumption that, though partition may be tried, partition of this thorough-going character is outside the range of practical politics. In that case the former sentiment is the one that matters; and it is properly supplemented by a warning that the plan, so popular with arm-chair experts, of setting up a new dynasty, will not work :—

The plan would plunge the country into years of anarchy, and for a dynasty to be established by a Concert of foreign Powers would be an ear-mark of weakness and disgrace for ever after. Remains then the third plan—to accept the existing dynasty as a going concern and make the best of it.

But how to make the best of it? On this point Sir Robert Hart is not so helpful as his admirers must have hoped; and he is least helpful when he is most definite. His one clear proposal is that the Powers should abandon the principle of extra-territoriality. "Could we but give up this and relations would at once right themselves, rancour disappear, and friendliness rule instead." So far as practical politics are concerned he might as well propose to sink the Chinese Empire beneath the level of the sea. It is just the policy that no European or American statesman would dare to adopt, even if he wished to; and so long as Chinese prisons and Chinese punishments are what they are, its adoption would not solve the problem. We should be sure to have a Jenkins' ears case on our hands before very long; and we know what is the effect of cases of that sort upon the comity of nations. Sir Robert Hart, indeed, feels driven to try to make his suggestion palatable by pointing out that the appearance of foreigners in Court would be of rare occurrence; but one such appearance, resulting in the application of some picturesque Chinese torture to, say, a German missionary, would be quite enough to make the Kaiser prescribe the regimen of "mailed fist as before."

A YEAR IN CHINA, 1899-1900 (Macmillan, 8s.6d. n.), is Mr. Clive Bigham's straightforward and agreeably-written account of his wanderings and adventures. Mr. Bigham took a journey far into the interior, was with Admiral Seymour on his attempt to relieve the Legations, saw something of the campaign on the Amur, and came home by way of Siberia. He tells his story in a high-spirited, unaffected style, not without an occasional touch of humour, and he is much too modest to set up as a solver of problems. His criticisms of our allies are rather interesting. The Americans struck him as "about the best practical and intelligent fighters it is possible to imagine." Everything that the Germans did "they did as one would expect from the best modern machine of the day." The Russians, for five days, "lived on half a ration of biscuit and filthy river water, and were never sick or sorry." There is humour in the story of the Chinese servant who, finding that both wages and expenses were high in Vladivostok, proceeded to propound the principles of political economy in pigeon English:—

Suppose common Chinese man comes this side, catch a good pay, must large expense, no can profit. Suppose no get a work at all, must die. More better Shanghai side, small pay, small expense. Chinese belong man, no belong dog.

The book is very entertaining, and really more instructive than many books with more ostentation of profundity.

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.) is by the Rev. Roland Allen, acting chaplain to the British Legation in Peking. He covers the ground, not unsatisfactorily, though less picturesquely than Mr. Bigham. On the question of looting Mr. Allen does not seem quite to have made up his mind what to think. The conduct of the Russians who looted individually "made an honest man feel cross"; but there is no condemnation of the British policy under which "foraging parties went out under the command of an officer and brought in quantities of silks, furs, china, silver plate, and ornaments of all kinds, and these were sold by public auction." The use of the word "foraging" in this connexion is a delightful euphemism; and we doubt whether the Chinese whose property was brought to the hammer will understand why honest men should feel more kindly towards British than towards Russian methods. Nor is it altogether unamusing to read, immediately after this account of wholesale pillaging, that "the supernatural overwatching care of God ordering events for His good purpose is commonly revealed through the natural care of men for themselves." Finally we miss, what we should have liked to find, a definite and authoritative statement from Mr. Allen on the grave allegation that for a good deal of the looting missionaries and their converts were responsible.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY TREE.

The world has long agreed to take an interest in the smallest fact respecting Shakespeare, and many good wits have burrowed amongst the driest of genealogical details in the faint hope of expounding the pedigree of an obscure Warwickshire lad with that minute and painful accuracy which as a rule is devoted only to the house of a Cecil or a Russell. Probably the greatest contribution to the discussion, at least since the days of Malone, was made by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the results of whose unwearied researches are summed up in the successive editions of his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." On this work, as well as on Hunter's earlier "Illustrations of Shakespeare" and Mr. George Russell French's "Shakespeareana Genealogica," recent biographers, such as Mr. Sidney Lee, Dr. Georg Brandes, and Mr. Hamilton Mabie, have freely drawn. Some new material was published in Mr. Pym Yeatman's eccentric and much controverted "The Gentle Shakespeare." But Mr. Yeatman was perhaps more interested in establishing the religious belief of the Shakespeare household than in tracing its family tree, and on this somewhat will-o'-the-wisp enterprise

he has been followed by the Protestant Mr. Carter with his "Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant," and the Catholic Father Bowden with his "The Religion of Shakespeare."

Now comes Mrs. C. C. Stopes to call the matter back to the genealogical plane, and to treat the poet, not as a poet, but as "an interesting Warwickshire gentleman." The subject-matter of SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net) really goes far beyond the promise of its title. Mrs. Stopes has practically made it her object to collect notices of all persons bearing the name of Shakespeare, and of a very large number bearing the name of Arden, from the first appearance of those designations in English nomenclature to the present day. She has accomplished her task with no little industry in amassing facts and, on the whole, with reasonable modesty in drawing inferences from them. If occasionally she ventures a conjecture which rather gives the reader pause, at least she supplies the *data* upon which he may reject it.

We must say at once that the net outcome of solidly-established information with regard to the family relationships of Shakespeare, before his own generation, is as small as it can be. The name was of the commonest in Warwickshire during the sixteenth century, and it is next to impossible to determine the one out of a score of villages from which the Bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon and his son sprang. Like Mr. Yeatman, Mrs. Stopes has a romantic affection for the idea of a "gentle Shakespeare":—

By the Spear-side his family was at least respectable, and by the Spindle-side his pedigree can be traced back to Guy of Warwick and the good King Alfred. There is something in fallen fortune that lends a subtler romance to the consciousness of a noble ancestry, and we may be sure this played no small part in the making of the poet.

Mrs. Stopes does not actually demonstrate nearly as much as this. On the Spear-side—it was really a Mattock-side—Shakespeare can claim a father with certainty, and a grandfather, in a small tenant-farmer at Snitterfield, with fair probability. Beyond that it is impossible to go, and in particular the claim made by the father and son, when applying for a grant of arms from Heralds' College of an ancestor "advantaged and rewarded with landes and tenementes" by Henry VII., cannot be verified, and may be mere heraldic magniloquence. On the Spindle-side there was a great-grandfather, one Thomas Arden, whom Mrs. Stopes connects with the well-known family of Arden of Park-hall, and so with the glories of Guy of Warwick and the good King Alfred, by argumentative processes which we cannot approve. Perhaps our scepticism in the matter is assisted by the fact that we do not agree with Mrs. Stopes in finding "the consciousness of a noble ancestry" amongst the stuff of Shakespeare's poetry.

PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. W. R. Scott's monograph on FRANCIS HUTCHESON (Cambridge University Press, 8s.) deserves to be counted as a permanent addition to our philosophical literature. Hutcheson's life was not more eventful than that of most successful professors, but Mr. Scott has disinterred some interesting family documents which throw fresh light upon his philosopher's pursuits, friendships, and character, and gives us a clear picture of the state of learning and thought in Scotland at the time. Hutcheson led the reform party at Glasgow, and by founding the noble line of Scottish thinkers exercised a vast influence on the intellectual and moral development of the country. A principal merit in Mr. Scott's book is that he does not try to melt down all Hutcheson's writings into one consistent body of doctrine, but recognizes that his mind passed through several stages. In his earlier work the influence of Shaftesbury is predominant; in the later we trace that of Butler, Aristotle, and the Stoics. But with all this learned and skilful disentangling of the elements of Hutcheson's thought, Mr. Scott cannot be acquitted of a fault which is not very common in works of this kind—viz., a defective appreciation of the value of his author's contribution

to philosophy. Mr. Scott himself is fully aware of this, and remarks in his conclusion "that the account of Hutcheson's position in the previous pages must seem very iconoclastic." As a teacher Hutcheson's merits are amply recognized. He was, like T. H. Green, a preaching professor in the best sense of the term; one who, with the sincerest devotion to the intellectual side of his subject, never lost view of its bearing on practice. But to Hutcheson's distinctive ethical doctrine of the Moral Sense Mr. Scott does not do justice. That doctrine created a real epoch in the development of ethical theory, and, when compared with either the German intellectualism or the English utilitarianism that succeeded it, it contained a much greater core of truth than is generally admitted. After being developed by Hume and Butler it languished in the schools, though rooted in the favour of common-sense. The state of knowledge in the eighteenth century did not permit of its systematic completion. Perhaps the task of ethics in the immediate future will be the rehabilitation of the Moral Sense in the light of modern progress in philosophy and evolutionary science.

Mr. F. W. Headley's *PROBLEMS OF EVOLUTION* (Duckworth, 8s. n.) is an interesting study by one who is not only an accomplished biologist and naturalist, but has also thought much on questions of human progress and degeneration. In the first part, which deals with organic evolution in general, Mr. Headley shows himself a very strong champion of Darwin and Weissmann and a determined opponent of Lamarck. In many places the thought suggests itself that the polemic against Lamarckianism goes too far. Mr. Headley is almost theological in his insistence on scientific orthodoxy as he understands it. Some of the doctrines he denounces as dangerous heresies seem to differ merely in form of words from what he holds to be the true rule of faith. In the treatment of Human Evolution in his second part Mr. Headley is always suggestive but often depressing. The great agent in human improvement, he argues, is the elimination of the unfit which is mainly effected by hardship, vice, and disease. Every national improvement in bodily comfort, virtue, and sanitation makes the people softer and allows more of the unfit to survive. It would seem, then, that instead of extirpating social evils, such as drunkenness, we ought to be thankful for their persistence as the means of killing off our black sheep. Private vices become public benefits in a sense which Bernard Mandeville never thought of. So with diseases. The modern warfare against pathological germs such as the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis recommends, could not gain Mr. Headley's approval. We even appear to be driven to the conclusion that the disappearance of, say, the mediæval bubonic plague from Europe was really a curse in disguise and weakened our national stamina. No doubt there is a certain element of truth in all this, but not nearly so much as Mr. Headley seems to think. It is risky to apply these simple formulæ of natural selection to so complex and spiritual an organism as human society.

In Professor A. T. Ormond's *FOUNDATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. n.) we have a serious attempt on the part of a well-trained and well-read student to grapple with some of the fundamental problems of metaphysics and the theory of knowledge. Much of the general spirit of the work may be gathered from the fact that it is dedicated with expressions of the deepest respect to the memory of James McCosh, Professor Ormond's teacher and predecessor at Princeton. The author's standpoint is frankly empirical; not in a bad sense, but as taking experience for the *datum* to be explained, and regarding reason as falling within experience, not outside it. This brings the author ultimately into conflict with the view of metaphysics represented by Mr. F. H. Bradley. Here he is on strong ground. He argues forcibly and, one may fairly say, unanswerably against the formless and structureless Absolute to which, in spite of his protestations, Mr. Bradley's metaphysics must in consistency lead him. At the close of his work Professor Ormond discusses the bearing of his views upon religion and

ethics. As we might anticipate, he is strong in his rejection of pantheism in its various forms. In his discussion of the transcendental ground of ethics he shows that morality is based on the relation of the individual to society, but adds that "it is necessary, in order to render its principles adequate and stable, that they be ultimately grounded in the concept of an absolute experience."

Mr. F. S. Turner's *KNOWLEDGE, BELIEF, AND CERTITUDE* (Sonnenstein, 7s. 6d. n.) belongs to that rather puzzling class of books which are too amateurish and diffuse in form to hold the attention of professional students, and yet are not sufficiently lucid and popular to be read by a wider circle. This is a pity; for a great deal that Mr. Turner says is true, and he has evidently read and thought much about epistemological questions. One point for which he claims high credit is really a serious blemish. He says in the preface, "When years ago I wrote the first part of this book I had no foresight of the conclusions which afterwards emerged." This may be satisfactory to the writer, but it is highly unsatisfactory to the reader, who wants to know reasonably early in a book which way the argument is tending. As for Mr. Turner's final result, it is a kind of faith-philosophy, which does not seem to differ seriously from others of the same kind now in vogue. And, altogether, his conclusions do not strike one as having that transcendent importance which he boldly claims for them.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker's *NEO-PLATONISTS* (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.) is, on the whole, a meritorious piece of research in a field which has been almost entirely neglected by English writers. In fact, the only work worth mentioning in our language dealing directly with Neo-Platonism for its own sake, and apart from its connexion with Christianity, is to be found in Mr. Benn's long and admirable chapter on the Spiritualism of Plotinus in his "Greek Philosophers." With Mr. Benn's work this volume of Mr. Whittaker's will naturally be compared. The verdict will probably be that, though the book is notably inferior in vigour and literary skill, Mr. Whittaker holds his own in philosophic breadth and careful exposition. Both writers agree in rejecting the notion which is all the average man knows about Plotinus' thinking, that it was a mere mysticism largely influenced by Oriental superstitions. They show that the mystical element is comparatively unimportant, and that Plotinus, who was the only original mind of the school, was, though Egyptian by birth, intellectually a pure Hellenist. Mr. Whittaker's standpoint on this vital question is indicated by the sub-title of his book, "A Study in the History of Hellenism." The same sub-title indicates another view, very clearly discernible in the book and one which explains what appears to be the disproportionate space assigned to the Neo-Platonist polemic against Christianity. In this polemic Mr. Whittaker is plainly on the pagan side. He conveys the impression that Neo-Platonism was the last rally of the old culture against the growing power of the "fanatical monk and domineering ecclesiastic," by whom it was ultimately crushed. There is, of course, something to be said for this point of view. We are not sure that we should not have liked Mr. Whittaker, simply for the sake of a clear issue, to have risked unpopularity, and put it in a sharper and more emphatic form.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, by Dr. Alfred Caldecott (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), has a misleading title. One expects a volume of the same type as Principal Caird's lectures on the philosophy of religion. Dr. Caldecott, however, confines himself to an elaborate classification of different types of Theistic belief, and then gives a detailed criticism of different writers on Theism in Britain or America. His survey is wide enough; it includes Chalmers and George Eliot, T. H. Green and Mr. Balfour, Archbishop Temple and John Ruskin. Dr. Caldecott defends his method by the suggestion that "a survey of the past, and a comparison of the methods which compete for our acceptance in the present, may be the remedy needed by the tendency to agnosticism on the one hand, and the apparently chaotic advocacy of incompatible systems on

the other." He does not attempt to exhibit the close connexion of British or American with Continental thought, but this might have enlarged his book to unwieldy limits. There is a good deal of interesting criticism in the book, which attempts also to do justice to some minor thinkers whose fame is not perhaps equal to their merits. It is, in fact, a conscientious classification of writers and systems, including some well-stated judgments on living writers, one of which may be quoted as a specimen :—

Tulloch called the work of the Cambridge Platonists "the first attempt to wed Christianity and philosophy made by any Protestant school." He did not live to see the issue of the *Lux Mundi* essays, or it can hardly be doubted that he would have given cordial recognition to this as the second combined attempt of a group of sympathetic friends to articulate philosophy and history with theology. The temper of this later group is not a whit less attractive than that of the older; while their work is in form so superior, in style so much more literary, as a whole, that their prospect of permanent influence is much greater.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON THE REFORMATION.

TREASON AND PLOT, by Martin A. S. Hume (Nisbet, 16s.), is the latest contribution to historical learning of the extraordinarily prolific writer who, not content with editing the "Calendar of Spanish State Papers" in the Record Office and with visits to Simancas for the purpose of illustration of the English material, is constantly producing well-written monographs on subjects connected with the history of Spain and England in the sixteenth century. His latest book is, in some respects, the best he has written. It is close-packed with the results of minute investigation, yet it is never overloaded. The style is clear, without any of the doubtful picturesqueness in which the author formerly indulged. The subject—or subjects, for, indeed, there are several not too tightly linked together—with which he deals is of great interest and has been hitherto almost neglected. When we have said this we must hasten to add that a great deal of minute work had already been done before Mr. Hume at the last years of Elizabeth's reign, especially in its ecclesiastical aspect, and that the publications of the Camden Society have made us familiar, for example, with the dissensions among Romanists in England and with the clever policy of Cecil in regard to the Succession question. But none the less it is undeniable that Mr. Hume has worked for himself, and, like every one who thus works, he has found out not a little that is both novel and interesting.

The main lines of interest in "Treason and Plot" converge on Spain, Ireland, and the Jesuits. A brief note must suffice us for each of these subjects. Much as Mr. Hume has already told us about Philip II., he has in this book more to tell, and it is full of interest. Not only do the general lines of his policy stand out clearly, but we learn much of the details of the ineffectual attempts on Ireland and on England. The negotiations of Father Cecil, who was, indeed, as Mr. Hume calls him, an "extraordinary man," are full of interest, and little less so the plots of Father Ogilvie; so are the changes and counter-changes of the Irish and Scottish alliances. But stranger still are the new proofs of Philip's almost insane love of secrecy and obstinacy. The destination of the expedition of 1596 was kept secret up to the very last. "Some conjecture," it was said, "that Africa will be the object, but common opinion points to Ireland or England; . . . but nothing certain can be known at present, as all orders are sent to the Adelantado under the King's own hand." Its destination, indeed, was kept secret even from the high officers on board the fleet. When it sailed, as we all know, it was shattered by storm and pestilence, and, as Mr. Hume says in his picturesque way :—"Out of the welter of misery one fact stood clearly—that for this year, at least, England had no cause for fear of any attack from Spain; and the watchers by the

beacons, who had stood, like links of a chain, on every headland along the southern British shore, slept sound of nights in their beds, for the second Armada had shared the fate of the first, and the Power that ruled the tempest fought still on the side of England." The mention of the Armada reminds us of a curious story which has never been noticed before—that of the eight Spanish sailors, cast ashore in Ireland from the Armada, whose letter Mr. Hume has discovered at Simancas. The changes and chances of the later expeditions and attempts were almost equally curious, but for them we must refer our readers to Mr. Hume's book.

Much of the Irish history is, if not quite new, told with much fresh additional detail. The adventures of Essex, for instance, stand out very vividly in Mr. Hume's story. The Jesuits, again, lead us to the plots against Elizabeth's life, and it is to be observed that, while Mr. Hume rightly emphasizes the results of their disputes with their co-religionists in England as fatal to the prospects of a restoration of Romanism, he has little belief in many of the alleged schemes of assassination. He points out that Philip certainly did not consent to them, and he concludes that the stories of "widespread and numerous plots" are "to a large extent unsupported by serious evidence." The famous Lopez plot has been examined before by many who are interested in the history of Jews in England, by Mr. Sidney Lee among others, but Mr. Hume tells it extremely well, and we think with additional detail. The story of Yorke and Williams, which follows, is characteristic of the troublous times, and by the side of it may be placed those of Stanley (1598), Walpole, Squire, and the rest.

On the ecclesiastical aspect of the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign Mr. Hume does not dwell at any length; he disclaims making any contribution to "religious controversy." None the less his book is of great value to the Church historian, because it shows how utterly un-English the Romanists had become in those critical years. We observe, *en passant*, that Mr. Hume thinks that "vestments, lights, incense, and images" were included in the practice of the Elizabethan Church.

In so large a book it would hardly be possible to avoid some slips. We have noticed very few. Two may be mentioned. By "Winchester College, Oxford," Mr. Hume doubtless means New College; and for "Eylescliffe, Durham," he should write Eglescliffe.

Mr. Hume's book bristles with references to original authority. THE REFORMATION, A RELIGIOUS AND HISTORICAL SKETCH, by the Rev. J. A. Babington (John Murray, 12s.), is a book of another stamp. It is almost pathetic to read a work of such evident pains, the labour, as its author tells us, of twenty-five years, which has, by the omission of footnotes, been deprived of practically all value to the student. When Mr. Babington epitomizes books or laws, of Luther, or Calvin, or Knox, or Languet, he is clear and useful. But for the whole of his extended survey he vouchsafes us no means of checking his statements. He writes *ex cathedra*, and we are bound to say that when we begin to test his judgments we do not feel disposed to accept him as infallible. He writes, he tells us, "not as a member of any particular Church, but as one who can sympathize deeply with all the Evangelical Churches," which may perhaps account for some lack of differentiation and discrimination. We do not, however, feel much concern about his theology. It is his facts that we find defective. Bishop Creighton could have taught him to modify his judgment of Wolsey, Mr. Andrew Lang to look deeper into the work of John Knox. Mr. Brewer would have warned him that the satires of the sixteenth century are hardly convincing evidence against the clergy. The Utopia, we may note, can hardly be said to "testify eloquently to the corruption of the Papacy." The Reformers can hardly be massed together as objecting to clerical dominance in politics as Mr. Babington masses them on pp. 77-83; nor is it quite fair to saddle them with transferring "at one blow the ultimate decision and jurisdiction" in questions of marriage and divorce to the temporal power. The comparison between the Tridentine and the Protestant doctrines of justification is hardly just, since

it is ignored that the Council of Trent was admittedly writing exactly and for trained theologians. Beza's appearance at the Conference of Poissy was hardly so startling to "his courtly audience" as Mr. Babington states, for his assumption of the "character of a Huguenot minister" was hardly a thing of yesterday. Philip II. was certainly not thought by Elizabeth to be "little better than a fool." The conference between the Marian Bishops and the advocates of Reform, on Elizabeth's accession, had none of the equality and freedom which Mr. Babington attributes to it. Had Mr. Babington given references throughout, his book would be one which an intelligent reader might use with advantage; as it is we fear that it cannot have an extended usefulness.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

An Austrian Officer on the War.

MY EXPERIENCES OF THE BOER WAR, by Count Sternberg (Longmans, 5s. n.), is entertaining, and the notes and introduction added by Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, who was Director of Intelligence on Lord Roberts' staff, make it also instructive. Count Sternberg is, on the whole, a friendly critic, though very ill-informed. His desire to take part in the war was so great that he did not care on which side he fought. Ultimately, his services having been declined with thanks by both combatants, he went out as a war correspondent attached to the Boer forces, and was captured at Paardeberg Drift. His references to the conduct of our soldiers, if not to the genius of our generals, are always complimentary. He is quite clear that "no Continental army would have done better than the English with the same or even somewhat greater numbers," and he doubts whether, "as regards practical equipment, technical smartness and readiness, a Continental army would have done so well." Nor has he any doubts as to the righteousness of our cause, in spite of his willingness to fight against us. The Transvaal is "the Hanover of Africa, which cuts into English territory just as Hanover cut into Prussia"; that is enough for him. Most of his criticisms, however, are very casual, and for real criticism it is necessary to turn to Colonel Henderson's introduction. Colonel Henderson considers that the lessons of the war are as follows:—

1. Infantry, attacking over open ground, must move in successive lines of skirmishers extended at wide intervals.
2. Cavalry, armed, trained, and equipped as the cavalry of the Continent, is as obsolete as the Crusaders.
3. Reconnaissance, even more important than heretofore, is far more difficult.

To the first of these propositions, at all events, the Continental theorists are diametrically opposed. At the last Continental manoeuvres the old system of thick firing lines supported by closed bodies was still adhered to. But Colonel Henderson gives very good reasons for his view that they will have to change their methods when the cartridges cease to be blank. He does not believe in "bludgeon work":—

Numbers thrown in after the same reckless fashion as they were thrown in by Napoleon at Wagram, or by Grant at Spotsylvania, or by Steinmetz at Gravelotte, may win once; but even the best disciplined army will not readily respond to a second call of the like nature.

When Count Sternberg is not relating his military adventures, he criticizes the toilet and personal appearance of Mr. Kruger in a light and entertaining style.

Native Races.

The South African Native Races Committee pours out its stream of facts in *THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA* (Murray, 12s. n.). As is proper at this stage, information is provided more abundantly than argument. There is much less indiscreet enthusiasm than might have been expected, and the general tone

is singularly sober. Occasionally, too, there is a welcome touch of humour:—

Much is said about the necessity of teaching him [the native] "the dignity of labour." This lesson is not for him only; it appears that no inconsiderable part of the white population, especially in the Transvaal, have hitherto failed to appreciate it. There is proneness to dwell on the indisposition of the natives to engage in hard, continuous work. Such indisposition is not confined to the natives.

Not the least useful part of the book is the appendix in which are printed the answers of various South African correspondents to specific questions as to the proper treatment of the natives put to them by the Committee. In the Cape Colony, and even to a certain extent in Natal, there is a considerable body of opinion in favour of treating the Bantu as a man and a brother, but he is only regarded as a Gibeonite by the dwellers north of the Limpopo. Mr. W. E. Thomas declares that black men should be flogged by white men, and he does "not approve of freehold or any other personal proprietorship in land by natives" of the country exploited by the Chartered Company. The views of the missionaries are worth special notice. Mr. David Carnegie expresses "the united opinion of the members of the district committee meeting of the mission" on the subject of compulsory labour thus:—

We would suggest that every able-bodied man that cannot show a certificate of three months' work done for some employer, during one year, that an extra tax be imposed upon him.

He does not apparently recognize the possibility of an able-bodied man wishing, and being able, to work for himself and his family.

The Boers in 1801.

Lady Anne Lindsay, principally famous as the author of "Auld Robin Gray," married, at the age of forty-three, Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and, through her influence with Lord Melville, then Secretary for War in Pitt's first Administration, procured her husband, who was fifteen years her junior, the appointment of Secretary of Cape Colony, under Lord Macartney, in 1797. She lived five years at the Cape, returning to England, after the Peace of Amiens, in 1802. During the whole of her stay there she was in correspondence with Lord Melville, and her letters, which were preserved, are now published, with a memoir and brief notes by Mr. W. H. Wilkins, under the title *SOUTH AFRICA A CENTURY AGO* (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Wilkins has done his part of the work with his usual taste and discretion; but the letters themselves are rather disappointing. There are commonplace accounts of ordinary up-country journeys, and there is a certain amount of personal gossip that has long since lost whatever interest it may once have had. Beyond this there is not very much, though it is interesting to see how old and inveterate are the animosities of English and Boers. The Boer women are the favourite objects of Lady Anne Barnard's criticism:—

They remind me very much of the women one might find at an assize ball in a county town. What they want most is shoulders and manners. I know now what is meant by a "Dutch doll"; their make is exactly like them. But the most exceptional things about them are their teeth and the size of their feet. A tradesman in London hearing their feet were so large, sent a box of shoes on speculation, which almost put the Colony in a blaze, so angry were the "Beauties." But day by day a pair was sent for by a slave in the dark, until at last all the shoes vanished.

There is also an interesting and vivacious account of the Cape Association—the earliest of the Cape Town Volunteer Corps.

Mediæval Germany.

Whoever desires to know all that can be said against Luther and the German Reformers should consult *THE HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES* (Vols. III. and IV.), by Johannes Janssen, translated by A. M. Christie

(Kegan Paul, 25s. n.) The work has run through many editions in Germany, and has evoked much criticism. These volumes begin with two chapters on Erasmus and the German humanists, and then deal with the rise of Luther and his doctrines to the end of the Peasants' insurrection of 1525. The ghastly tale of this revolt is told at great length, and the author tries to fasten the responsibility for it upon the leaders of the Reformation. Indirectly, no doubt, it was occasioned by their vehement attacks upon the old order of things; but the real causes lay deeper. Dr. Janssen's method of writing history is peculiar. He lacks the power of condensation; and he is deficient in that luminous treatment which gives the reader a firm grasp of the connexion of events. For many chapters together his work is not a narrative at all, but rather a "catena" of citations from, or analyses of, contemporary writings; and, in the case of men with whose aims he is not in sympathy, these citations are not always fair. Sir James Stephen has remarked that no writer can be less fairly judged than Luther by isolated passages, and that he is only really intelligible to those who are impartial as well as laborious. Dr. Janssen seems anxious to produce all the choicest flowers of Luther's vituperative vocabulary; and this is certainly no light task. No disputant ever flooded the world with such a torrent of abuse; but it was the controversial fashion of the day, and we are wrong if we allow our judgment of the man to be warped by it. There are several passages in which Dr. Janssen speaks strongly against some of the abuses in the Church that aroused Luther's wrath; but he seems unwilling to allow the same privilege to the Reformer using the coarser language of his day. His estimates of Erasmus and Hutten strike us as peculiarly one-sided. How could any one who often quotes the "Manual of a Christian Soldier" describe the former as "devoid of all moral seriousness"? Although the work of a partisan, the book is interesting and a mine of information upon a great subject.

Mr. Arthur Mee's *JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN* (1s. 6d. n.) in the New Century Leaders Series (Partridge) is, without being very good, rather better than most books of the kind. Mr. Mee, at all events, is not afraid of criticizing, and sees in Mr. Chamberlain not only the great Imperialist, but also the man who "has not been too keenly sensitive of the necessity for raising the public life of England above all possibility of suspicion." There is, after all, not much value in these little biographies if they provide, as they so often do, nothing but eulogy.

CITIES AND CITIZENS, OR BRITAIN'S NEXT CAMPAIGN (H. Marshall, 6s.), is a plea for the principle of brotherhood and for the establishment of a "National League of Help" in order to better the condition of the poor, especially as regards housing. It is written by Miss Sutter, the author of "A Colony of Mercy." It is frankly socialistic and does not enter very deeply into economic problems, but it is written with great enthusiasm and in an attractive style, and its most important contribution to the question is its description of the most remarkable work done in Leipzig and Elberfeld, towns which have carried out successfully a comprehensive scheme for interesting the well-to-do in their poorer neighbours.

FREE LANCE JOURNALISM: HOW TO EMBARK UPON IT AND HOW TO MAKE IT PAY, by Basil Tozer (Arthur Sykes, 2s.), gives a good many practical hints that beginners will find useful, though it hardly grapples with the subject so thoroughly as did a volume in the "How To" Series, which we recently reviewed. As we find the author gravely protesting that a University education is of doubtful utility to a journalist, we presume that it is with the lower branches of the calling that he is best acquainted. A "double first" very likely would not interview a chorus girl about her art as satisfactorily as a good many thoroughly uneducated men; but on the best papers the Universities do more than hold their own. Even Steevens, the most successful of all the new journalists, was once "the Balliol prodigy."

ART.

Piero della Francesca.

Mr. W. G. Waters contributes a very carefully-compiled and well-written volume to Messrs. Bell's series of Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture in *PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA* (5s. n.). On first opening the book we must confess we were surprised to find the well-known profile portrait in the Poldi-Pezzoli Gallery at Milan given as a frontispiece, for no critic now ascribes this picture to the Umbrian master, and Mr. Waters expressly states that in his opinion it is not Piero's work. This is a little confusing to the reader, but with this exception we have nothing but praise for the volume. The author disposes of Vasari's fables and inaccuracies and gives us the few facts and dates regarding the artist which modern research has discovered.

Piero, whose family name appears in contemporary records alternately as dei Franceschi and della Francesca, was a native of the Umbrian city of Borgo San Sepolero, in the upper valley of the Tiber. Vasari places his birth as 1406, a date which Mr. Waters accepts; but if Milanese is correct in saying that his father, Benedetto dei Franceschi, was married to his mother, Romana di Perino, in 1416, the painter must have been born some ten or twelve years later. This would make him about twenty when we first hear of him as the pupil of the Florentine artist, Domenico Veneziano, who decorated the Casa Baglioni at Perugia in 1438. It is certain that Piero accompanied his master to Florence in the following year, for he is mentioned in the accounts of the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova as the assistant of Messer Domenico, who was engaged in painting the adjoining chapel of Sant' Egidio from 1439 to 1445. Mr. Waters, by the way, often refers to Sant' Egidio as being a chapel of Santa Maria Novella, the great Dominican church in another quarter of the town, instead of being attached to the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. Unfortunately, the frescoes with which Domenico Veneziano and his two scholars, Piero della Francesca and Alessio Baldovinetti, decorated this chapel have been totally destroyed. The loss is the more to be regretted since these paintings represented an important phase in the development of Florentine art and would have supplied many links which are wanting in the history of its evolution.

The earliest of Piero della Francesca's works now in existence are the altar-piece of the Madonna and Saints in the chapel of the Misericordia in his native city, which he painted soon after 1445, and "The Baptism of Christ," formerly in another church of Borgo San Sepolero, which was acquired by the National Gallery forty years ago. The well-known "Nativity" in the same collection, with the choir of angels singing and playing musical instruments, belongs to a somewhat later date, but has suffered terribly from ill-judged restoration. Mr. Waters draws attention to the obviously Flemish type of the Virgin's face, which shows the influence exerted on contemporary Italian art by Northern masters, and especially by Hugo van der Goes, whose great "Adoration" had been lately placed in the Portinari chapel of Santa Maria Nuova. Borgo San Sepolero is fortunate in retaining one of Piero's undoubted masterpieces, the magnificent "Resurrection," which "is unquestionably the strongest manifestation of his power, the creation upon which rests his most valid title to immortal fame." The Umbrian master's conception is wholly unlike any other "Resurrection" in the world, both in its sense of irresistible force and in the majestic dignity and structural beauty of the rising Christ who soars upward from the tomb. The same consummate rendering of the nude, the same splendid and robust display of muscular strength strikes us in the fresco of Hercules which has lately been discovered in a private house of Borgo San Sepolero and now hangs in the Villa Cattani. This last-named work was probably executed about the same period as the frescoes which Piero painted in the church of S. Francesco in Arezzo between 1460 and 1466. The legend of the Discovery of the Holy Cross, as set forth in the "Golden Legend" of the monastic writer Jacopo

di Voragine, is the subject of this great series, and it is interesting to compare Piero's conception of the story with the version of an earlier master, the Giottesque painter Agnolo Gaddi, who had already illustrated this theme on the walls of Santa Croce of Florence. The contrast between the methods and aims of the two artists is strongly marked, but, full of charm as is Gaddi's manner of telling his story, Piero's superiority in the matter of artistic representation is manifest at every turn. In our author's words—

We have here for the first time a serious endeavour to represent, by a hand and an intelligence scientifically trained, certain great secular scenes of historic significance. . . . Never before had energetic action been so skilfully portrayed; never had the sense of motion been so vividly realized as in the floundering horse of Maxentius and the waving banners in "The Battle of Constantine"; and in the same fresco the consideration of scenic effect shown by the sharp division of the two groups of the composition stamps the picture as a triumph of artistic arrangement. In the "Vision" Piero reaches his highest point as a master of light and dark; no finer achievements can be ascribed to him in anatomical study than those in the "Burial of Adam"; and in the "Meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" he makes manifest how complete was his knowledge and how correct his eye as to the relative value of colours and of the due arrangement of the same.

Another interesting group of pictures belonging to a later period is connected with the visit paid by Piero della Francesca to Urbino in 1469, when he was invited to paint a picture for the Guild of Corpus Christi and stayed in the house of Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi. Only one of these is still at Urbino, a small picture of the "Scourging of Christ," with a number of striking contemporary portraits and a rich background of the Renaissance architecture which the painter loved to introduce. The fine altar-piece of the Madonna, with the Child asleep on her lap, and Duke Federigo, in black armour, kneeling in the foreground, is now in the Brera, while every visitor to the Uffizi is familiar with the splendid portraits of the Duke and Duchess Federigo, with his strong face, short crisp locks, and broken nose, and Battista in her rich brocades and quaint frilled head-dress. These portraits have little in common either in technique or colouring with the much-discussed profiles of the Poldi-Pezzoli and Berlin Galleries, which are plainly the work of a Florentine master, Andrea Verrocchio or, as others hold, Piero Pollaiuolo. Neither can we recognize any trace of his hand in the so-called "Isotta da Rimini" (585) of the National Gallery, or in the other profile (758) which goes by the name of the "Contessa Palma of Urbin." The one is by some inferior imitator, the other was formerly attributed to Paolo Uccello by Signor Frizzoni, and has been ascribed by Mr. Roger Fry in a recent lecture to Alessio Baldovinetti.

Mr. Waters dwells with good reason on the technical excellencies of Piero's art, on his mastery of perspective, his skill in the use of oil-varnishes, dexterity in the distribution of light and shade, the noble simplicity of his composition and stately pose of his figures. He might have said even more in praise of his beautiful and harmonious colouring, which in its gaiety and delicacy is so distinctly of Umbrian and not Florentine origin. The chapter which discusses the influence of Piero's paintings in the Vatican on the mind of Raphael is both interesting and suggestive. When Mr. Waters says that up to the time when the great Urbinate left Florence he had only painted one picture which was not religious in subject, "The Three Graces" at Chantilly, does he not forget that lovely little painting, "The Vision of a Knight," which belongs to Raphael's early days at Urbino? The illustrations of the book are remarkably well executed and include the Rimini fresco of Sigismondo Malatesta kneeling with his greyhounds before St. Sigismund, and many excellent reproductions of the Arezzo frescoes, as well as the Hercules of Borgo San Sepolcro, a figure which, in its noble proportions and admirable modelling, recalls the finest works of Greek sculpture.

Mr. Strang's Kipling Illustrations.

We publish this week a reproduction of Mr. W. Strang's new portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It belongs to the series of thirty etchings by W. Strang, illustrating Rudyard Kipling's Short Stories. These etchings, recently exhibited, and now published by Mr. Gutekunst in King-street, St. James', can be judged merely as etchings, without regard to the subject-matter; and they can be criticized as illustrations of familiar stories. They are more likely to receive unqualified approval when regarded from the former standpoint, for it is notoriously as difficult to satisfy pictorially a mentally preconceived type as it is to correct an obviously incorrect but widespread misconception. As etchings, it will be readily apparent that Mr. Strang has lost nothing of that vigour of line or that firm, healthy use of strong contrasts which have so long made his work noteworthy. He is a fearless draughtsman, and the rugged, direct incisiveness of his method should pre-eminently fit him as an illustrator of the unconventional prose of the author of "Plain Tales" and "Black and White." This much may be accepted as a somewhat certain result of the attempt of a powerful artist to recreate by line and tone impressions that have taken root in our minds through the power of a strikingly individual narrator.

When we come to ask the question, how far does the etcher as illustrator appear to us to represent the type already mentally created? the reply is so much a question of temperament and individual inclination that it is difficult to arrive at a mutual basis for criticism. It would seem certain, however, that the subjects in which the elephant—as in No. 5, "Toomai of the Elephants," and No. 18, "My Lord the Elephant"—rather than the man is the central idea are the more satisfactory. An elephant well drawn is an elephant always; but a man, however well drawn, is, as an actor in a word-drama, capable of acquiring so many and various forms that to fix a type is extremely difficult. The conception of the writer dominates the mind and has the advantage of being anterior to the illustrator's attempts, to the newly-tried efforts of Mr. Strang. Nos. 15 and 16, "The Man who would be King," for example, hardly convince us; No. 14, "Without Benefit of Clergy," appears inconsequential, and No. 23, "The Undertakers," is as gruesome as the story, but lacks its fascination. On the other hand, No. 30, "A Disturber of Traffic," realizes for us what the writer has hardly conveyed with so much certainty. It has the power and the imagination of a Boyd Houghton. If we take a somewhat analogous case, the connexion between Dickens and his first illustrators, our point may be more easily be understood. If ten intelligent readers of Dickens, who had made their acquaintance with the works of this writer for the first time through the medium of an illustrated edition, were to set down descriptions of the appearance of the characters depicted to them simultaneously by writer and artist, we should probably find that the majority of the readers would describe the types as drawn rather than the characters as described. Thus the drawings by Cruikshank and "Phiz" are an inseparable part of the popular conception of Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, Mr. Micawber, Jingle, and Barnaby Rudge; and later illustrators who depart from these types find it as difficult to arrest and retain the affections of the reader as any illustrator would who attempted to create a Don Quixote differing in any material characteristic from the creation of Gustave Doré. Mr. W. Nicholson has tacitly acknowledged this in his recent "Characters of Romance." It is difficult, therefore, we repeat, to decide with any degree of confidence whether Mr. Strang has succeeded in illustrating Rudyard Kipling. In the "Frontispiece," however, which we reproduce by permission of Mr. R. Gutekunst, he gives us a pictorial allegory and portrait, concerning the excellence of which there can be but little question. As to the rest of the series, the combination of the thought of two artists of so much individuality and power could not fail to have been of the greatest interest, and no one of the etchings, however much or little our ideas or ideals may differ from Mr. Strang's representation, is unworthy of a great occasion.

So many painters, who made the first exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Marlborough Gallery in Pall Mall famous, have found their *remedium amoris* in a decent retreat within the fold of the Royal Academy that the Club—but for its French predilections—is in some danger of becoming more English than New. It is true that Mr. Wilson Steer remains to keep alive the jibe that the “broad” school is adapted to hide inefficiency behind self-sufficiency, but he has but few to keep him company this year. Of these the most typical are Mr. H. Walker, Mr. C. W. Furse, W. W. Russell, and A. S. Haynes. It only remains for these gentlemen to master the “sweet convincingness” of drawing to remove from the exhibitions of the Club what used to be the chief characteristics of their middle period. For it is apparent that we are arriving at a new phase in the history of the Club. The pictures that stand out from the walls of the present exhibition are not the ambitious “slapdash” polychromatic problems of yore, but those which are distinguished by an appearance of high finish. Here, for example, is a picture by Mr. William Orpen with a catalogue title “A mere fracture, in the Newcomes, Fitzroy-street.” The description is open to as many interpretations as the fancy of the casual observer may dictate, but the work is Dutch in finish if somewhat *bourgeois* in conception. It serves to show that Mr. Orpen is a still-life painter of great skill, and we need only call attention to the group on the table to demonstrate this. Then there is Mr. Francis Dodd’s quite unrecognizable portrait of “W. E. Henley, Esq.,” Mr. C. T. Stabb’s “Miss Marion Powers,” a thinly luminous “Interior” in the style of “the Master,” by Mr. Will Rothenstein, another carefully-finished “Interior” by David Muirhead, and a portrait of “A Lady in Black” against a grey background—a well-worn and generally effective studio treatment—by Mr. Orpen. These highly-finished pictures are sufficient to give an unaccustomed tone to the collection and they deserve to rank with the works of Moffat Lindner, Murray-Smith, W. S. Stacey, H. Watson, James Henry, and S. J. Douglas, as the successes of the exhibition. The characteristics of many former collections, the archaic mannerisms of C. Conder, Alfred Thornton, Roger Fry, H. Bellingham Smith, C. J. Holmes, and A. S. Hartrick, are less numerous than usual, and they leave the eye sufficiently attuned to admire the colour scheme of Mr. Wilson Steer’s “Hydrangea,” however much his inability to draw a cat may be deplored. Then there is the pearly “Rye” by L. C. Powles, the very breezy “Breakers” by W. S. Stacey, the brilliant—if somewhat scattered—“Brentford” by Bernhard Sickert, and the bold, rich, and successful “Bridget” by S. J. Douglas. Mr. W. G. von Glehn with his solidly-painted, semi-classical “Swan,” shows that strength can be obtained with luscious colour no less than with the powerful low tones that Mr. Hugh Carter has employed in his “Green Old Age.” Much that is shown is in violation of the gospel of the rampant days of the Club.

The silver statuette to be presented to Lord Roberts when he visits Bath will not (by his special request, we believe) be exhibited at the Royal Academy or elsewhere. One or two friends of Mr. Onslow Ford, its designer, have, however, seen it in the Acacia-road studio. It is an equestrian figure of Lieutenant Roberts, whose gallantry in attempting to rescue the guns at Colenso won for him the Victoria Cross, but led, unfortunately, to his death almost ere he heard of the distinction. It is a fine piece of work. Though on a small scale, it is dignified, and conveys a sense of mass; the lines, from whatever standpoint viewed, are rhythmically beautiful, and horse and rider are knit into a genuine whole. It were well could all swords of honour take a form as æsthetically welcome.

Never has there been so much done as now to raise the standard of taste by cheap reproductions of good pictures, and the *Review of Reviews* helps the work by issuing large collotypes (about 1ft. 6in. in height) of Rossetti’s “Proserpine” and Mr. Henry Wood’s “Cupid’s Spell”—a good shilling’s worth—in its Masterpiece Portfolios.

Mr. Whistler is at present in Algiers, and we may hope that he is painting some of the unusually attractive impressions of this brilliant country.

FICTION.

Young Ireland.

“Who fears to speak of ’98?” is hardly a question which can appositely be asked of that other Irish movement which, sharing in the general European enthusiasm for revolutionary ideas, reached its not very glorious consummation in 1848. To be quite candid, this latter attempt to throw off English supremacy proved pretty much of a fiasco. In his story *MONONIA* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), Mr. Justin McCarthy does not betray any desire to gloze over the real facts. Yet the angle of observation is necessarily that of the sympathetic Irish politician who, while participating in his fellow-countrymen’s sense of grievance, has always favoured constitutional remedies; only “Mononia” is redolent of Young Ireland and the days when the young manhood of Munster and Connaught was aflame for freedom, discussed “the rights of man” in its debating societies, and raved over Béranger and brotherhood. Mr. McCarthy gives just the right impression of those emancipatory times, and apart from its political interest the story is strong and pre-eminently readable. The narrative is never dull, flowing on smoothly and cleverly, with a hundred happy touches of characterization, to an end which is agreeable to the general reader and truthful enough for the artistic. One pair of lovers are allowed to be happy, but another pair are separated. “Mononia” is essentially a novel of character and “atmosphere,” and not of plot. A critic agog for the dramatic might accuse the author of having “missed chances,” as the cricketers say, especially in connexion with the quiet description of the unsuccessful upshot of the secret confederation and its plottings. But that is not Mr. McCarthy’s way. He keeps the story circling about the Munster homestead which, by the time we have finished the book, we know very well indeed, because we have lived at leisure in it and intimately shared the thoughts of the dwellers. While he might have given us a stagey Phil Colston, rampant on the hustings and victorious in tussles with the constabulary, he renders us a strenuous young barrister, who relinquishes his rich uncle’s favour for the sake of “the movement,” and comes to the front through enthusiasm and ability rather than pushfulness. Moreover, Colston is a failure, albeit a splendid one. Maurice Desmond, too, less of a leader but not less enthusiastic, is finely drawn, and the affection between him and his sister Kathleen beautifully presented. This is certainly one of the most admirable characteristics of the story; the world does not outgrow brotherly and sisterly affection however assiduously modern novelists may leave it rusting on the shelf. “The head of the house of Desmond,” who lives on the imagined echo of a great past, is very happily portrayed as the harmless sensualist for whom anything but the agreeable is too troublesome. When he died there was on his face “the smile of grateful acknowledgment for the recognition given to the ancestral claims of the house of Desmond.”

Another War Story.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say what is the main subject of *THE ETERNAL QUEST* (Hutchinson, 6s.). In novels, at any rate, the eternal quest is Love, and Mr. J. A. Steuart here gives us plenty of the right sort. Two gallant and spirited young men, two charming girls—and the rest a fine medley of war in many climes, winding up, of course, with the present campaign in South Africa. It is too late now, perhaps, to enter a protest against the habit of dealing in novels with events of so recent occurrence as Maghersfontein (as Mr. Steuart prefers to spell it). Here we have again the story of the Highland Brigade at that disastrous attack, and the unfortunate brigadier in command falls back into Ivor Malcolm’s arms, using a form of words that has been too often repeated and too often disputed. We do not want this kind of realism in fiction, and Mr. Steuart’s inventive faculty and charm of narration should make him independent of any such tricks. Otherwise “The Eternal Quest” deserves all praise. The characters are drawn with an affectionate insight; old General Malcolm and his life-long

friend and comrade Carmichael are as pleasant a pair as we have met for a long time, and the ladies, old and young, are worthy of their company. It is a good, healthy, spirited story, not easy to lay down, and written better than most novels of the day.

Genteel Comedy.

In *HIS OWN FATHER* (Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.) Mr. W. E. Norris gives us his usual indefinable flavour of good breeding. The characters move in good society, and their conversations (reported at considerable length) approximate closely to what you might hear any day in a London drawing room if something of importance were being discussed. Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter, and their confidant, Captain Clough, all behave with remarkable discretion and converse in the politest phrases. The Austrian count and his son act after the manner of foreign gentlemen of title. Mrs. Perkins and her amiable family supply the necessary contrast of pushing but well-intentioned vulgarity. It is all dexterously done, and most readers will excuse the tenuity of the plot for the sake of the dialogue. For the story is extremely slight, and could have been told satisfactorily in a dozen pages, but Mr. Norris no longer wastes his material in writing short stories.

"Evangelist."

A *SOLDIER OF THE KING*, by Dora M. Jones (Cassell and Co., 6s.), deals with a subject of great interest, in the career of that John Gifford, one of the wildest of Royalist soldiers and conspirators, who, after conversion, became an earnest minister of "Christ's people" and is immortalized as Bunyan's "Evangelist." It traces Gifford's plots on behalf of Charles I., his share in the Kentish rising of 1648, his base and fruitless schemes against the innocence of Grace Wilson, daughter of Thomas Wilson the well-known preacher at Maidstone, and closes with his almost miraculous escape from Maidstone gaol after the failure of the Royalist plans. Unfortunately, the story hardly gives more than a glimpse of the soul conflict which must have been fought before such a man was transformed into the penitent, evangelist, and saint. The novel is well constructed, the sombre drama of Gifford's life being balanced by the romance of his sister and the Puritan captain, and written with fairness and skill. The writer also knows the period, and the characters are life-like, if not always actually living. We miss, however, some final insight and intensity in the study of Gifford, and the depth of light and shadow suggested by such a career. The beautiful cover-design tells the story powerfully in its own fashion.

Miss Adeline Sergeant.

Miss Adeline Sergeant appears to grow more and more prolific. Perhaps this is a mere accident of publication. It is difficult to tell whether Miss Sergeant wrote *THIS BODY OF DEATH* (Hurst, 6s.) when she was new to the art or in the fulness of her experience; for she is always fluent, correct, and clever. The story of a Russian lady, deeply involved in secret societies, whose English husband betrays the cause to save the lives of his nearest and dearest; the up-bringing of the son of such a union after the father's death; the remorseless conduct of the secret societies—these are topics with a sadly familiar ring. But "*This Body of Death*" restates a somewhat worn case with ease and finish. It is a novel of mediocrity written as if it were extraordinary.

Mr. Frederick Langbridge, the author of *LOVE HAS NO PITY* (Digby, Long, 6s.), describes his book fairly accurately in a dedication:—

It's half a web of the dreams that flatter,
It's half a clod of the earth we know,
It's all a bungle—but what's the matter?
Like it for sake of the years ago.

It has some imagination; it is occasionally true to life; and it is all rather incoherent. Violent actions follow one another bewilderingly and for doubtful reasons. There is humour of a mild kind ("In three days, the canal bore well enough to drown a boy" is a fair specimen), and there are human touches,

especially about the character of Julia, the "man-eater." A little more, and "*Love has no Pity*" would have been what it has somehow just missed being—a clever, well-written novel.

Every detail in *HIS LORDSHIP'S WHIM*, by Gordon Cuming Whadcoat (Effingham Wilson, 6s.), strikes us as laboured and insincere. The leading idea of a maiden who is allowed to grow to maturity without seeing a man of any kind is not a new one, but lends itself to effective treatment. Mr. Whadcoat's heroine is an ill-realized and unconvincing being, in spite of her "satin lips" and "reginal dignity." The pathos of the book is maudlin. Let any one who has ever seen a newspaper boy compare him with Wally. The author has plenty to say, but he does not know how to say it; and it is doubtful whether it is quite worth saying.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Cardiff is well known as a library centre. Nevertheless, the last meeting of the Library Association held at that town drew attention to the dearth of libraries in the thickly-populated colliery districts of South Wales. This is not the fault of the workmen, who have in many instances agreed to deductions from their pay for the support of reading-rooms. It is the apathy of the District Councils that is complained of. If they would only see the benefits which a public library confers, they have the power to support reading-rooms and establish adequate collections of books. At the meeting Mr. F. J. Burgoyne, Librarian of Lambeth, read a paper on the choice of books for small libraries. He maintained that the proper selection of books is the most important duty of a librarian. Few will dispute this, unless it may be those members of library boards who like to see their officers occupied with technical matters which might be entrusted to junior clerks. Mr. Burgoyne's bibliographical lists are good, and his paper is a useful guide in the formation of a library.

From Chicago comes the complaint that the books in public libraries are capable of communicating disease. This traverses a widely-quoted medical opinion given at last year's meeting of the Library Association as the result of bacteriological investigation. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? The Chicago Committee advise dry sterilization, to which a contributor to the *Globe* adds a recommendation that the hands should be washed after reading. May we suggest as an improvement the washing of hands *before* reading?

From a bibliographical standpoint the most valuable "loot" acquired by any of the allied forces in China is the library established at Mukden when the Manchu dynasty asserted itself over the older régime. It is scarcely possible that this collection contains any early European MSS. It is more than possible, however, that the Tartar race had enough of the collector's spirit to acquire many important documents of Chinese and Oriental origin. The result of expert investigation will be awaited with curiosity. St. Petersburg takes much literary interest in the "capture." As to its moral aspect opinions may differ.

It is a useful plea that Mr. James Duff Brown makes in the new number of the *Library* for descriptive cataloguing. Every one must have experienced the desire to know something more of the contents of a book than is revealed by its curt, often misleading, title. Our readers will have noticed that we now give some guidance of this sort either under our Book List or list of "Books to look out for." A Library Catalogue could, of course, do it far more completely than is possible in a weekly journal. The old-fashioned title-page was frankly descriptive; the modern one, as Mr. Duff Brown says, is a mere "motto or trade mark." The explanatory note is wanted not only to explain, for instance, that "*Oils and Water-colours*" is a volume of verse, but in fiction to help readers who do not want sensation, who do not want stories of foreign countries, or who read nothing but historical novels.

On either side of Ardnamurehan Point, in Argyllshire, is a small village—Kilmory on one side and Kilchoan on the other. The library movement has reached to both sides of this remote headland and small libraries are being formed in Kilmory and Kilchoan. The proprietor—this sounds sufficiently primitive—has sent 100 volumes to be interchangeable between the two institutions. "The formation of these libraries," says the *Oban Times*, "is hailed with much enthusiasm by the youth of the parish, the great majority of whom are eager readers."

Correspondence.

"MISQUOTATION."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—On reading Mr. Cohen's interesting paper on "Misquotation," I am reminded of an example of what he calls "the minor or negative form of the peccadillo." Who has not at one time or another heard that "Money is the root of all evil"? There is also a curious example of the reverse form in the misuse of the words "anathema maranatha." This has the high authority of the authorized version of the Bible itself where we read (1 Cor. 16, 22) "Let him be Anathema Maran-atha." What St. Paul wrote was, of course, "ἄνω δαδθεμα", the "ἡμῶν δαδ" following being a separate phrase signifying "the Lord cometh."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

April 14.

ALFRED MICHELSON.

"ST. OR S.?"

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I remind your correspondent Mr. Hutton—

(1) that when St. means *street* it always comes after a proper name not before it,

(2) That the analogy of Mr. and Dr. is entirely in favour of St. ? (By the way, Dr. stands for *debtor* as well as for *doctor*, but that is no reason why doctor should be abbreviated into D.)

In our language the rule seems to be that when two or more words have to be abbreviated initial letters only are given (e.g., Q.C., M.P., B.A.), but that when one word only has to be abbreviated either the first and last letters are given (e.g., Dr., Kt.) or the first syllable (e.g., Rev., Prof.). If S. is to take the place of St., why should not M. take the place of Mr. ?

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

OXONIAN.

JOHN WESLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In an article on John Wesley in *Temple Bar* the writer credits even that wonderfully energetic nature with powers beyond those of mortal men. She affirms that Wesley preached four hundred thousand sermons. The mind feminine has in many cases a delightful disregard for the value of figures, and it must be so in this instance if there be no misprint. For this appalling computation of four hundred thousand implies that without one day's rest, without one hour's illness, Wesley preached eighteen sermons every day for sixty years! One is at a loss which to pity most in such a case, preacher or hearers. But Wesley himself speaks of eighteen exhortations a week, and if he had continued at this rate without a break for sixty years there would then have been a sum of over fifty-six thousand sermons, sufficient one would have thought to conjure with. The number of hymns he wrote is so great as to tragically depress the student of poetry, and suggests that the tap of devout rhyme is not difficult to set flowing; and when to these already overwhelming figures are added the miles he travelled, and the volumes he prepared for the "Christian Library," then, like the inquiring Queen of Sheba, there is no more spirit in one!

Yours faithfully,

Lowlands, Bungay, April 12.

ARTHUR HOOD.

VICTORIAN WOMEN WRITERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you allow a foreigner to point out a need greatly felt by lovers of literature ?

England may boast of having a large number of lady writers who are in no way inferior to their Continental sisters, and whose names are familiar to all. How does it happen that writers and publishers do not produce a work special to the Literary Women of the Victorian era—by which I mean not a mere biography

with a few extracts of their books, but a full study of their character, style, and influence, if any, over the people's minds during the last two generations ?

Unlike the eighteenth, the nineteenth century has not, as far as I know, produced any women's memoirs of mark, whether by way of letters like Mme. de Sévigné, or "Histoire de ma vie" like George Sand.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALF. HAMONET.

85, St. Helen's-gardens, North Kensington, W., April 15.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. (St. Dunstan's-house, Fetter-lane) write :—

To the Editor.

Sir,—We are preparing to publish Volume VI. of the "English Catalogue of Books," 1898-1900, which completes the list of works produced during the century. As we wish to make it as complete as possible, may we ask those of your readers who have published books between January 1st, 1898, and December 31st, 1900, for the full titles, sizes, prices, month and year of publication, and author's and publisher's names, to be sent as soon as possible, addressed to Editor, "English Catalogue of Books."

P.S.—Particulars of books which have already appeared in the *Publishers' Circular* or in the Annual Volumes of the "English Catalogue of Books" are, of course, not required.

Mr. Strang's series of Kipling etchings at Mr. Gutekunst's Gallery in King-street, St. James'—including the new portrait which appears in this week's *Literature*—will be reproduced in the autumn in a five-guinea book to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan. Meantime, Mr. Kipling's publishers have printed a list of his works, giving the sales of each book up to the end of last year. The arithmetical method of judging books is, no doubt, misleading, but the figures in this case are interesting as showing the varying successes of a popular author's works. Here is the list in order of numerical merit :—

- "The Day's Work," 56,000.
- "The Jungle Book," 55,000.
- "A Fleet in Being," 55,000.
- "Plain Tales from the Hills," 48,000.
- "The Light that Failed," 44,000.
- "Life's Handicap," 39,000.
- "The Second Jungle Book," 38,000.
- "Many Inventions," 36,000.
- "Stalky and Co.," 33,000.
- "Captains Courageous," 27,000.
- "Soldiers' Three, and other Stories," 20,000.
- "Wee Willie Winkie, and other Stories," 17,000.
- "From Sea to Sea," 14,000.
- "Soldier Tales," 10,000.

Making a total circulation, including that of "The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, which Messrs. Macmillan took over from Mr. Heinemann, of about half-a-million copies.

The sales of the early Kiplings, in the original editions, are even more interesting. Last year the market value dropped disastrously for collectors who had bought their copies in 1899, when the rise in prices had been equally rapid. "Schoolboy Lyrics"—as recorded in "Book-Prices Current"—fell from £135 to £3 5s.; "Echoes, by Two Writers," from £29 to £18 10s.; "Quartette," from £10 5s. to £3 12s.; "The United Service College Chronicle," from £101 (19 numbers only) to £5 7s. 6d.; "Black Canyon," from £13 to £2 6s.; the two leaves on light blue paper, known as "The Marguerite," Davoz-Platz, 1882, from £4 to £2; and so on. But it is only fair to add, as we pointed out at the time, that the record price of £135 given for "Schoolboy Lyrics," in 1899, was for a

perfect copy with a MS. title and design on the cover done by the author's father, whereas the copy sold for £3 5s. last year was a soiled copy which was further disfigured by having a former owner's name written on the title. The general depression caused by the war probably affected the fall in prices, but the more plausible explanation is that the remarkable sales of 1899 led to the discovery of other copies hitherto unsuspected. The early Stevensons suffered in the same way.

Messrs. Sands will shortly publish "The Ashanti Campaign of 1900," by Captain C. H. Armitage, Acting Resident at Kumasi, and Lieut.-Colonel (then Major) Montanaro, of Colonel Willcock's General Staff.

There are several new war books to announce this week. Perhaps the most interesting is "A Doctor in Khaki" (Murray), by Mr. Francis Fremantle, a son of the Dean of Ripon, who went out in 1899 on the staff of the first General Hospital in the South African War. The author was in Bloemfontein at the time of Mr. Burdett-Coutts' report; was with General Hamilton in the march to Pretoria, his experiences during that period including a day with a Boer commando. He is said to be strongly in favour of reforming the Army Medical Corps. Another war book from Mr. Murray is by an American named Mr. H. F. Mackern, who accompanied the march to Pretoria as journalist and photographer. It is entitled "Side-Lights on the March," and is illustrated by photographs. A third khaki book, printed for private circulation, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low, is entitled "The Green Horse in Ladysmith"—an illustrated record of the 5th Dragoon Guards during the siege, edited by Lieut.-Colonel St. John Gore, who commanded the regiment during the absence of Colonel Baden-Powell, then commanding at Mafeking. A similar regimental record was made by Major-General Temple Godman when the 5th Dragoon Guards were in the Crimea, but that, unfortunately, was destroyed in the fire at Scutari. One account of Elandslaagte is written by Lieutenant Norwood, who was subsequently awarded the Victoria Cross. Further accounts are contributed by other officers and non-commissioned officers of the regiment.

Mr. Heinemann announces a work on "The New South African Colonies: their Value and Development" by Mr. W. Bleloch, who has lived ten years in South Africa, and knows the Boers and their language. He believes in the capacity of the new colonies to provide revenue and pay a share of the war debt.

Mr. Fred. T. Jane's Naval Annual, "All the World's Fighting Ships," is to be enlarged, and, besides 23,000 illustrations, will include articles by the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Marquess de Balincourt, Admiral Cervera, &c. Submarine boats are dealt with by the heads of the Italian, Norwegian, and French navies. Messrs. Sampson Low publish the volume on May 1.

Mr. Jane has invented a new coast game of which Messrs. Sampson Low are the English publishers. It is a sort of addendum to Mr. Jane's naval war game, which has been taken up by most of the foreign navies, as well as by our own. Every possible kind of coast warfare is assimilated, from submarine boat operations to landing parties and high-angle fire. It is said to have been already adopted by the French and American navies.

Orientalists everywhere will be glad to learn that the first part of Vol. I. of the "Repertoire d'Epigraphie Sémitique," by the Commission of the Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum, has just appeared from the National Printing Office in Paris, and is on sale at M. Klincksieck's bookshop. The president of this commission, which has long been doing for Semitic monuments what the founders of the Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum have done for Roman monuments, is the Marquis de Vogüé. He explains the need of founding a periodical review to place the newly-discovered texts rapidly at the disposal of scholars. This

will admit of critical work upon the texts before they take their definitive place in the Corpus.

The renowned Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough is the subject of a biography by Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy which Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish under the title of "The Queen's Comrade."

Messrs. Harpers are shortly publishing "Understudies," by Mary E. Wilkins (the author of "Jerome"), in which the author takes certain animals and flowers and uses their characteristics as material for short love stories.

Students of our naval history will be curious to see "The Diary of Captain Hoffman, R.N.," which Mr. Murray announces. Captain Hoffman fought at Trafalgar and in many other engagements; and he kept a diary which has hitherto remained unpublished. The work has been edited by Mr. A. Bedford Bevan and the Rev. H. B. Wolryche-Whitmore. "The Commonwealth of Australia" is another interesting addition to Mr. Murray's list; the author is Professor Harrison Moore, and his book is intended to be a sort of guide to the new Commonwealth, somewhat after the manner of Mr. Bryce's book on "The American Commonwealth," published in 1888.

The third volume of Dr. Beattie Crozier's "History of Intellectual Development" (Longmans) is nearly ready. The first volume, dealing with Greek and Hindoo Thought, Græco-Roman Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity down to the closing of the Schools of Athens by Justinian, appeared in 1897, and Dr. Crozier hopes to have the second volume ready in about a year. Volume III. deals with "Practical Statesmanship," and contains detailed schemes of political reconstruction, for England, France, and America respectively, for the twentieth century. Several further additions have been made to Messrs. Longmans' list of announcements. Mr. Andrew Lang has returned to a favourite study in a book which is now in the press—"Magic and Early Religion"; Professor Shaylor Mathews, of Chicago University, has written a sketch of the French Revolution, which will appear shortly, with a portrait of Mirabeau; and Major-General G. Allgood, C.B., is publishing his "Letters and Journals of the China War, 1860."

Mr. Grant Richards is preparing under the editorship of Mr. A. R. Waller a new series, "The French Novelists of the Nineteenth Century." The first two volumes,—*"The Latin Quarter,"* *"La Vie de Bohème"* by Henri Murger, and *"Salambo"* by Gustave Flaubert—are to be translated by Miss Ellen Marriage and Mr. A. W. Matthews respectively, and both will contain introductions by Mr. A. Symons, with photogravure portraits of their authors.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish a pamphlet by Edmund Kell Blyth on "The Last Step to Religious Equality," stating the historical side of the Disestablishment question which hitherto seems to have been little touched upon. Mr. Unwin has a volume of essays by young Cambridge men—among them Mr. G. P. Trevelyan—dealing with the problems of modern city life in England. It is entitled "The Heart of the Empire," and most of the writers claim from actual residence in the poorer quarters to possess a first-hand knowledge of the facts and the possible lines of reform.

The nineteenth century has already had many judgments passed upon it, and an American volume on the subject is to be published by Messrs. Putnam. Several English writers have contributed. Mr. Edmund Gosse gives a review of "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century"; Mr. Leslie Stephen deals with "Evolution and Religious Conception"; Mr. Arthur Sidgwick with "English Political Developments," and there is a chapter on physics by Professor Lodge. There are many other well-known contributors, American and English, and the story of the development of steel manufacture in the United States is told by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

The Rev. R. M. Benson's devotional commentary on the Psalter, which Mr. Murray has in preparation, is entitled "The War-Songs of the Prince of Peace." Two of the three volumes are in the press; the first deals with the construction of the Psalter, the second contains a translation of the Psalter from the Hebrew, with notes explanatory and spiritual. Another theological announcement in Mr. Murray's new list is a volume on "Sunday and the Sabbath"—the "Golden Lectures" for 1900-1901—by the Rev. H. R. Gamble, Rector of St. Botolph's,

Bishopsgate. One of the next volumes in the Progressive Science Series will be by Professor Newcomb on "The Fixed Stars."

The Syriac lexicon to which the late Dr. Payne Smith devoted the best part of the last thirty-six years of his life has been completed, and the concluding volume will be published almost immediately. When he died in 1895 he had published all but the last part of the ten fasciculi of the dictionary. Only 350 copies were deemed sufficient for each fasciculus when the early divisions of the lexicon were printed, but this was increased to 750 after the sixth number had gone through the press, and additional copies of the earlier fasciculi were produced by photography. Mrs. Margoliouth, who assisted Dr. Smith in the later stages of his work, is one of his daughters, and is compiling the "Compendious Syriac Dictionary," founded upon her father's lexicon, which the Oxford Press is bringing out in four parts. Two have appeared, and the third part is now announced. Another Syriac dictionary which the Oxford University Press announces as nearly ready is Canon Maclean's "Dictionary of Vernacular Syriac."

The second volume of Messrs. Putnam's Knickerbocker Literature Series will be Noah Brooks' "Abraham Lincoln." The same publishers announce another new book by Horatio W. Dresser, entitled "The Christ Ideal," uniform with "Living by the Spirit," by the same author. "The Improvement of Towns and Cities; or, The Practical Basis of Civil Aesthetics," by Charles Mulford Robinson, member of the Agricultural League of America's Committee on Architectural Improvements, is also announced. Messrs. Putnam, by the way, have just taken up the London agency for Messrs. Small, Maynard, and Co., of Boston, U.S.A., whose publications include books formerly issued by Messrs. Copeland and Day.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a new novel by Mr. Neil Wynn Williams entitled "Lady Haife."

The Letters of Abelard and Héloïse are to be included in Messrs. Dent's Temple Classics, edited by Miss Honnor Morten.

Antiquarians and genealogists will be interested in Messrs. Constable's announcement of a series of reproductions made by Mr. St. John Hope of the enamelled and painted gilt metal stall-plates of the Knights of the Garter, covering the period between 1348 and 1485. The stall-plates are of full size and in colours, and are accompanied by letterpress, and reproductions (in many cases) of the seals of the Knights, reproduced from casts taken for this work.

The first edition of "The King's Printers' Memorial Prayer-book" is out of print. It contained the Victorian edition of the Prayer-book, the Memorial Service used at the Queen's funeral, and the prayers as amended since the accession of Edward VII. A new and sumptuously-bound edition of 500 copies is being prepared, with a special title-page in colours and a portrait of her late Majesty.

The second April number of the *Revue de Paris*, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish in a few days, contains an article by André Le Breton on "The Origins of the Popular Novel."

The title of Mr. Douglas Sladen's new novel which Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. are bringing out has at the last moment, owing to Mr. Beckles Willson's prior claim to the title, been changed from "The Great Company" to "My Son Richard; or, The Great Company; A Romance of the River between Maidenhead and Marlow."

A new recruit to the ranks of literary agents is Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, of 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C. Mr. Sprigg was the founder and first editor of the *Windsor Magazine*.

Books to look out for at once.

- "The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt." By T. F. Dale. Constable. 21s. Illustrated.
- "The Autobiography of a Journalist." By W. J. Stillman. 2 vols. Richards. 24s. net.
[Includes reminiscences of Cavour, Pius XI., Crispi, Emerson, Longfellow, &c., and much about Mr. Stillman's life in Italy, where he acted as correspondent for *The Times*.]
- "Mrs. Lynn Linton." By George Somes Layard. Methuen. 12s. 6d. With Portraits.
- "Notes from a Diary." By Sir M. C. G. Duff. 1889-1891. 2 vols. J. Murray. 18s.
- "Constable." By C. J. Holmes. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d. net.
["Artists' Library." Illustrated.]
- "A Reading of Life and Other Poems." By G. Meredith. Constable. 6s. net.
- "Italy To-day." By Bolton King and W. Okey. Nisbet. 12s. net.
[A study of Italy's politics, society, and letters. Illust.]
- "In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan." By Captain H. H. P. Deasy. Unwin. 21s. net.
[With maps and illustrations. The author explored and surveyed

- some 40,700 miles of country in Western Tibet and Chinese Turkestan, and as a result existing maps were considerably altered.]
- "Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Social Progress." 2 vols. By P. Fitzgerald. Unwin. 21s.
- "Colloquies of Criticism, or Literature and Democratic Patronage." Unwin. 5s. net.
[Alleged to be the work of "a well-known man of letters." It discusses such questions as why novels of village and lower life are popular; the popularity of Scott and Dickens; Jane Austen; minor poets, their minds and manners; and many kindred subjects.]
- "The Gospel of Wealth and other Timely Essays." By Andrew Carnegie. Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d. net.
- "Cricket and Golf." By the Hon. H. R. Lyttelton. "Haddon Hall Library." Dent. 7s. 6d. net.

Novels.

- "In Bad Company, and Other Stories." By Rolf Boldrewood. Macmillan. 6s.
- "Her Ladyship's Secret." By William Westall. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[A Lancashire tale.]
- "The Second Dandy Chater." By Tom Gallon. Hutchinson. 6s.
- "The Sea Hath its Pearls." By Nellie K. Blissett. Hutchinson. 6s.
- "Pastorals of Dorset." Illustrated. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans. 6s.
- "Monsieur Beaucaire." By B. Tarkington. J. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
[A tale of Bath in the days of Beau Nash—by an American author.]
- "The Eternal Conflict." By W. R. Paterson. Heinemann. 6s.
- "Voysey." By R. O. Prowse. Heinemann. 6s.
- "Karadoc, Count of Gerzy." A Romance. By K. and Hesketh Prichard. Constable. 6s.
- "In the Shadow of Guilt." By Mr. and Mrs. R. Leighton. Richards. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- PREMIÈRES ANNÉES. Par JULES SIMON. 7¼×4¼. 435 pp. Paris, Flammarion. Fr. 3.50.
- THE LOVE LETTERS OF PRINCE BISMARCK. 2 Vols. Edited by PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK. 8×6, 224+197 pp. Heinemann.

EDUCATIONAL.

- EURIPIDES: BACCHAE. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by G. M. GWYTHER. 8¼×4, 164 pp. Bell. 1s.
- OVID: ELEGIAC SELECTIONS. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by F. C. SMITH. 6¼×4, 88 pp. Bell. 1s.
- LATIN COURSE. Part II. Ed. by E. C. MARCHANT and J. G. SPENCER. 7½×5, 135 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d.
- KEY TO WEST'S GRAMMARS. By A. S. WEST. 6¼×4¼. 112 pp. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. n.
- A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HEBREW TENSES. By the REV. R. H. KENNETT. 7¼×5¼, 104 pp. Cambridge University Press. 3s. n.
- OVID: METAMORPHOSES III. 1-30. Ed. by W. P. SHKIN and J. HAYES. (University Tutorial Series.) 7×5, 40 pp. Clive. 1s. 6d.

FICTION.

- UNDER THE REDWOODS. By BRETT HARTE. 7¼×5¼. 347 pp. Pearson. 6s.
- THE SILVER SKULL. By S. R. CROCKETT. 7¼×5¼. 299 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.
[Tells how General Richard Church brought to an end the "Red Terror of Apulia," with the story of Ciro, the Priest, "the Man of Seventeen Murders." Founded largely on journals, &c., supplied by General Church's niece.]
- THE SUPREM CRIME. By DOROTHEA GERARD. 7¼×5¼. 300 pp. Methuen. 6s.
[A story of Ruthenian life in Austria, where the Greek Church (united to Rome) has a married clergy.]
- ON PETER'S ISLAND. By ARTHUR and MARY ROPES. 7¼×5¼. 423 pp. Murray. 6s.
[A story of Russian life in the early years of Alexander III., which gives prominence to the Terrorist Secret Societies.]
- DINAH KELLOW. By C. HARE. 8×5¼. 314 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.
- LOVE THE LAGGARD. By R. S. WARREN BELL. 8×5¼. 364 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
- THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL. By JEAN McILWRAITH. 7¼×5¼. 360 pp. Constable. 6s.
- ANOTHER WOMAN'S TERRITORY. By "ALIEN." 7¼×5¼. 310 pp. Constable. 6s.
- A PATCHED-UP AFFAIR. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7¼×5¼. 320 pp. Pearson. 6s.
- THE FATE OF ENDILLOE. By S. K. HOCKING. 8×5¼. 334 pp. Warne. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

- THE RELATIONS OF GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. By the REV. H. B. GEORGE. 7¼×5¼. 298 pp. Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.
- SOUTH AFRICA A CENTURY AGO (1797-1801). Letters written by the LADY A. BARNARD. Ed. by W. H. WILKINS. 8¼×5¼. 316 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.
- THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS. By the REV. R. ALLEN. 8¼×5¼. 304 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE SWORD AND THE CENTURIES. By A. HUTTON, F.S.A. 9¼×6, 367 pp. Grant Richards. 15s.
[Traces the changes in swords and their accessories since the days of chivalry, and describes combats fought with them.]
- ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE. Vol. XXVIII. Part I. 9¼×7, 578 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.
- THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Vol. 39. November-April. 9¼×6¼. 960 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
- THOMPSON'S GARDENER'S ASSISTANT. Vol. III. Revised and enlarged by W. WATSON. 11×7¼. Gresham Publishing Company. 8s.
- SCIENCE AND MEDIEVAL THOUGHT. (The Harveian Oration.) By T. C. ALLBUTT. 7¼×5¼. 116 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. n.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

- ZEPHYRS.** By M. L. DAWSON. 5½×4¼, 147 pp. Partridge.
POEMS. By W. B. YEATS. 8×5¼, 304 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
 [Contains "The Countess Cathleen."]
BALLADS OF THE WAR. New Edition. By H. D. RAWNSLEY. 7¼×5¼, 219 pp.
 Dent. 3s. 6d. n.
SONGS OF THE SWORD AND THE SOLDIER. Edited by A. EGOAR. 7¼×5¼.
 281 pp. Fanda. 3s. 6d.
PHOEBE'S FAILURE. By BROTHERFORD-FREER. 8×4¼, 88 pp. Hammersmith
 Publishing Co. 1s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- ESSAYS, REVIEWS, &c. CONTRIBUTIONS TO PUNCH.** &c. By W. M.
 THACKERAY. (New Century Library.) 6¼×4¼, 616+639 pp. Nelson. 2s. n. each.
THE JOURNAL OF LADY BEATRIX GRAHAM. 3rd Edition. By MRS. SMITH-
 DAMPIER. 7¼×5, 242 pp. Bell. 5s.
 [This delightful diary of the sister of Great Montrose first appeared, with a preface
 by Miss Charlotte Yonge, in 1870. In the second edition (1875) Mrs. Smith-Dampier
 acknowledged that she was the author of it, not the editor.]
IN MEMORIAM. Edited by A. W. ROBINSON. B.D. 7×4¼, 272 pp. Cambridge Uni-
 versity Press. 2s. 6d.
 [Summarizes each section, and utilizes the "Life" and other material now avail-
 able to explain what the poet means.]
A COLONY OF MERCY. By JULIE SUTTER. 7×4¼, 238 pp. H. Marshall. 1s.
DODO. By E. F. BENSON. (The Novelist. No. XX.) 9×6, 124 pp. Methuen. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

- TRUSTS AND THE STATE.** (The Fabian Series.) By W. H. MACROTTY. 7¼×5,
 318 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.
STUDIES OF FRENCH CRIMINALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By
 H. B. IRVING. 9×6, 356 pp. Heinemann. 10s. n.

THEOLOGY.

- HOLY COMMUNION.** With Prayers from Living Liturgies. Edited by F. CAMPBELL.
 LL.D. 5¼×3¼, 67 pp. Skeffington. 1s.
THE APOSTLES' CREED. By A. HARNACK. Trans. by Rev. S. Means. 7×5½, 88 pp.
 Black. 1s. 6d. n.
THE AFTER-GLOW OF A GREAT REIGN. Four addresses delivered in St. Paul's
 Cathedral. By the RIGHT REV. A. F. W. INGHAM, D.D. 6¼×4¼, 64 pp. Wells
 Gardner. 1s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

- THE SURVEY OF LONDON.** Vol. I. The Parish of Bromley-by-Bow. Ed. by C. R.
 ANNEKE. 11¼×9, 53 pp. King.
 [See article in another column on "The Voice of Old London."]

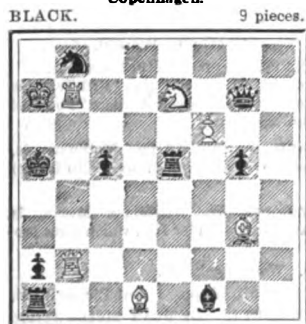
TRAVEL.

- GUIDE BOOK TO JERUSALEM.** By E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S. 6¼×4¼,
 230 pp. Black. 2s. 6d.
THE CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY. (Grant Allen's Historical Guides.) By G. C.
 WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. 6¼×4¼, 273 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 154. by F. AMUNDSEN, Copenhagen.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
 White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 157. by Dr. T. SCHAAD, Zurich.



WHITE. 8 pieces.
 White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 158, competing in *La Stratégie*.—White (4 pieces) K at K6; R at K R5; pawns at K R6, K B2. Black (5 pieces) K at K B3; B at K2; Kt at K sq; pawns at K R6 and Q3. White to play and win.

M. Numa Preti (Paris) has for many years rendered splendid service to the game. Lately he has started his great problem tourney in *La Stratégie*, and issued Carpenter's "Two Hundred Problems," which is a most valuable addition to the literature of the game. "American Chess Nuts," a collection of 2,000 problems by American authors, appeared in 1808, and there Carpenter's name figures largely. After 33 years the veteran issues this splendid collection.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem 140, Nield (2), B-K4. No. 141, Holst (3), 1 P-K5, followed by Q-B6 ch., &c. No. 142, Schwes, White wins by Kt-B6, ch., &c. No. 143, Wheeler (2), Kt-R2. No. 144, Patterson (2), Q-R7. No. 145 (Omega) (3), 1 R-QB7, B-R; 2 Q-B8, Any; 3 Q mates. If 1-, P-Kt5, &c.; 2 Q×P ch., &c. No. 146, Troitzky, 1 Kt-Q7, B-Q3;

2 P-B8=Q, B×Q; 3 Kt-K5 and draws. No. 147, Teed (3), 1 Q-Kt5, Kt×Q ch; 2, K-Kt4, Q×P ch; 3, Kt-B4, mate. No. 148, Varains (2), Q-R8. No. 149, Hallström (3), 1 Kt-Kt4, threatening 2 P×P ch, K×Kt; 3 Kt mates. No. 150, Troitzky, 1 B-B3, K-Kt7; 2, K-Kt4, K-B7; 3, K-B4, K-Q7; 4, K-K8, K-K3, and draws. Correct solvers are:—S. L. Snellgrove, 137, 140, 148; T. A. Moser, 138, 139, 148; L. R. N., 138, 148; W. Newsom, 144, 150; J. W. Tucker, 143 to 145, 148, 149; W. S. Manley, 140; Otto Würzburg (Michigan), 125, 126, 129 to 131, 134, 135, 137, 138; White pawn (Kensington), 140, 148.

Notes by A. C. W.—"No. 145 is one of the few three-move problems with no threat first move. No. 146 is one of Troitzky's most charming endings. At the start the White Kt appears to be quite out of play, and the Black Q ready to take possession of the board. In three moves the Black Q is shut in, and the White Kt dominates everything. The point of my contention as to Problem 122 and others really comes to this:—That the form, as well as the idea of the problem, is made for criticism. As an illustration compare Problems 74 and 76 in the number for Oct. 20, 1900. Both are two-move problems, and the idea is the same in each. But 74 is beautiful, and 76 is, as certainly, clumsy. I think that a direct threat of mate has no right to be any part of the 'idea' in a two-move problem: if it does come in, it is a defect of form. Given the idea of No. 122, and one of those Bohemian composers, and I am confident the result would be a 'lyric' in chess, instead of a dull bit of prose. So far as my lights go, I think I distinguish between problems that are creations and problems that are manufactures. I can pay no higher tribute to the Chess Column in 'Literature' than to point out how seldom I am able to find fault with a problem. But no—I can 'go one better' than that—I have found it necessary to make a little collection of the end-games, to get them in a convenient form for reference."

GAME No. LXXVI.—Consultation game played in Russia. White, M. Janowski; Black, Messrs. Bartolitsch, Helbach, Velichov, and Lotze:—

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K4	P-K4	24. P-KR4	K-Rsq
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	25. Q-B3	K-Kt2
3. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	26. K-R2	P-KB3
4. B-Kt5	B-Kt5	27. P-R5	P-KKt4
5. Castles	Castles	28. R-B5	Q-K3
6. P-Q3	P-Q3	29. K-R3	K-Ktsq
7. B-Kt5	B-Kt5	30. K-B2	K-Kt2
8. P-B	Kt-K2	31. K-Kt2	K-Ktsq
9. Kt-KR4	Kt-Kt3	32. K-Bsq	K-Kt2
10. Kt×Kt	B×Kt	33. K-K2	P-QR3
11. B-B4ch	K-Rsq	34. K-Q3	R-Qsq
12. P-KB4	P×P	35. R-Q5	R(Qsq)-Q2
13. R×P	Q-Ksq	36. P-QKt4	K-Bsq
14. Q-B3	Q-K4	37. R-QR2	R-QR2
15. B-Kt	P×B	38. Q-Kt3	R(B2)-Q2
16. P-Q4	Q-K2	39. K-KB2	K-Kt2
17. P-Rsq	K(Q3)-B5	40. K-Q3-B5	R-KB2
18. Q-K	K-K3	41. Kt×P	Q×P
19. B-Kt3	B×B	42. P-Q5	R(R2)-Q2
20. R×B	R-B2	43. P-K5	Q-Ksq
21. P-KKt4	QR-KBsq	44. R×P	P-QKt4
22. P-B4	P-QB4		
23. P-B3	P-QKt3	45. Q-B3 and wins.	

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY. With a Map and 10 Text Plans, large crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS.

Being the Diary of the Rev. ROLAND ALLEN, M.A., Chaplain to the Right Rev. C. P. Scott, D.D., Lord Bishop in North China; for five years Acting-Chaplain to H.M.'s Legation in Peking. "Of the many books relating either directly or indirectly to the Boxer rising, Mr. Roland Allen's diary seems to us by far the most interesting, as well as being full of information. Both in conception and execution the work is admirable, and entitled to the most unqualified praise."—World.

JUST PUBLISHED. With a Portrait Frontispiece, demy 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SOUTH AFRICA A CENTURY AGO.

Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope, 1797-1801.

By the Lady ANNE BARNARD.

Edited, with a Memoir and Brief Notes, by W. H. WILKINS, F.S.A. Standard.—"These fresh and pleasantly written letters, apart altogether from the value of the picture which they give of a phase in our colonial expansion, have the very great attraction that they make us acquainted with a singularly charming woman.....Briefly told scenes of social life alternate with vivid thumb-nail sketches of odd figures, male and female."

NEW NOVEL BY S. R. CROCKETT.

NOW READY, with 12 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 6s.

THE SILVER SKULL.

By S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "Cleg Kelly," "The Red Axe," "Little Anna Mark," &c.

BRITISH POWER AND THOUGHT:

a Historical Enquiry. By the Hon. ALBERT S. G. CANNING, Author of "British Rule and Modern Politics," "History in Fact and Fiction," &c. Crown 8vo., 6s.

Glasgow Herald.—"In every way worthy of study."

Outlook.—"Thoughtful, careful, and judicious."

A NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.

JUST PUBLISHED. Crown 8vo., 6s.

A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

By GRAHAM HOPE.

British Weekly.—"It is no exaggeration to say that this novel is fully equal to the best of Mr. Stanley Weyman's."

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 15, Waterloo-place, S.W.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 184. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
NOTES OF THE DAY	327, 328, 329
WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD, by the Rev. W. H. Hutton	330
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Progress of the Signature," by Tighe Hopkins	331
JOACHIM	333
KINGS OF THE ROD, RIFLE, AND GUN.—II., by R. B. Marston	334
BOOK-PLATES OLD AND NEW	335
THE DRAMA— <i>Coriolanus</i> , by A. B. Walkley	338
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
The Four Georges and William IV.	337
French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century	338
Mr. Childers	339
Astronomy—	
Modern Astronomy—Lectures on the Lunar Theory—The Romance of the Heavens.	340
The Body of Christ—What is Christianity?—The Soothsayer Balaam—Huldreich Zwingli—The Journal of Mrs. Fenton—The Later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville—The Gordon Highlanders—Disease in Plants—Cities of Northern Italy—Play and Politics in Malaya—Handbook of Jamaica—Reprints. . .	341, 342, 343
Under the Redwoods—From a Swedish Homestead—Three Days' Terror—My Indian Queen—Madame Marie, Singer—His Familiar—Foe—Ballast—Edward Blake—The Banner of St. George—The Gamblers—Pro Patria—Among the Syringas—The Mayor of Littlejoy—The Shadow of Gilsland—Mary Bray, Her Mark—Daddy's Girl—Miss Spinney.	344, 345, 346
ART—The New Gallery	343
AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.	347
CORRESPONDENCE—The Late Bishop of Oxford (Dr. J. E. Sandys)—Shakespeare's "Excrescences"—Adapted Quotations (Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache)—Shakespeare and the Gunpowder Plot (Father Gerard, S.J.)—"St. or S.?"—John Wesley	348, 349, 350
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	350, 351
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	351, 352

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We publish in another column an account and appreciation of the work of the late Bishop of Oxford by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, the well-known ecclesiastical historian. In our correspondence column will be found a letter from Dr. Sandys, of Cambridge, containing two interesting unpublished letters about the late Bishop written by Mr. E. A. Freeman.

Complete light will shortly be shed on one of the most mysterious transactions of the Commonwealth. The negotiations between the Jews and Oliver Cromwell, which resulted in the foundation of the present Anglo-Jewish community, have hitherto been only imperfectly known. Indeed, until some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Lucien Wolf published the first results of his investigations, it was generally believed, on the authority of Tovey, that the negotiations were abortive, and that the first permission to the Jews to resettle in England was accorded by Charles II. Mr. Wolf has now written the story at length in a volume entitled "*Menasseh ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell*," which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The volume contains a reprint in facsimile of the three tracts published by Menasseh, and Mr. Wolf has supplied an introduction in seven chapters, together with elaborate notes. Three portraits of the famous Jew, two by Rembrandt and the third by Salom Italia, accompany the letterpress. Mr. Wolf shows that the Jew question in 1655-1656 was of much

VOL. VIII. No. 17.

greater importance than is generally supposed, and that it played a considerable part in Cromwell's schemes of Imperial expansion. Mr. Wolf has long been known as the chief authority, in this country, on Jewish history.

Pending the publication of the biography of Disraeli, of which so much has been said with so little result, Englishmen may find some interest in a French life of the statesman which is just announced as forthcoming. It is by M. Courcelle, and forms one of M. Alcan's series of Ministers and Statesmen.

A curious point in the ethics of biography—a topic on which we have had something to say lately—is raised by the statement that Mr. Sidney Colvin intends eventually to write a separate memoir of Stevenson. When Stevenson was ill in 1888 he gave Mr. Lloyd Osbourne a sealed packet for Mr. Colvin. When this was opened after Stevenson's death in 1894 it was found to contain an expression of his wish that Mr. Colvin should prepare a selection of his letters and a sketch of his life. The first fruit of the request was the publication the following year of "*The Vailima Letters*," the journal letters written from Samoa to Mr. Colvin himself. Four years later followed Mr. Colvin's edition of the general correspondence (which Mr. Churton Collins opines ought never to have been published) connected by a thread of biographical notes. In the introduction to that book Mr. Colvin explained that he had not found, and was not likely to find, leisure enough to write the "authoritative" biography, and that accordingly that task had by the wish of the family been taken over by Mr. Graham Balfour, Stevenson's cousin. This biography by Mr. Balfour now approaches completion; and meanwhile Mr. Colvin, finding himself in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, seems at last to see his way to writing a memoir himself too.

Those who took upon themselves to reprimand Mr. Colvin for publishing Stevenson's Letters neglected even to give him credit for his moderation. For every letter printed in his edition, Mr. Colvin has told us, half-a-dozen at least had to be rejected. There remain, therefore, enough unprinted Stevenson letters to fill another dozen volumes, and it seems unlikely that so much matter will for ever remain unutilized in a day when time and paper are the only things wasted by an industrious literary generation.

We learn with sincere regret of the loss suffered by Mr. William Canton in the death of his daughter after a three days' illness. There is no better note in modern letters than that which tells us of the mind of children; and of the few writers who draw their inspiration from the true source none write of it with more insight and sympathy than Mr. Canton. The sympathy and gratitude of the thousands of readers of "*W. V. Her Book*," will, we would fain hope, do something to lighten his sorrow.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who is eighty-one to-day, has fairly earned the homage of the whole intellectual world by his long

life of self-devotion. It was certainly not by virtue of his physical strength that Mr. Spencer has come to four-score years ; but only by the careful husbanding of health and the jealous exclusion of activities alien to the chosen purpose of his life. His biography may almost be said to be contained in the list of "Works" which Messrs. Williams and Norgate published in this journal last week. It is no mean testimony to Mr. Spencer's character that not even the newest editor or publisher seems to have attempted to exploit the philosopher's reminiscences of George Eliot.

There is a touch of the humour of Rip Van Winkle in the case of the retired medical man, who, having had no time to read novels while in practice, writes to ask the editor of the *Lancet*, of all people, to recommend him some. Alas for the immense circulations, the pages of advertisements of the newest fiction, the columns on columns of reviews ! The case would be parallel if a retired man of letters were to write to us to say that he had never yet taken drugs, but had now time to take them, and would be glad if we would tell him what to take. The *Lancet* does not undertake to solve the problem proposed by its correspondent, but, with a noble disregard of the efforts of contemporary writers, anticipates that he will spend some of the pleasantest hours he has ever spent in making the acquaintance of "Lever's and Ouida's guardsmen, Marryat's post-captains, Braddon's and Collins' villains, Austen's nubile heroines, and Trollope's troubled clergy." We might, if we chose, criticize our contemporary's suggestion in the same genial temper in which the *Lancet* would doubtless criticize us, if we told our imaginary retired man of letters of the pleasure he would derive from a mixed regimen of phenacetin and syrup of the hypophosphates. But we strongly suspect that *ne sutor ultra* would be the missile maxim that would be hurled at us in such a case.

Last week one of London's historical houses was sold—No. 4, Whitehall-gardens, once the home of the great Sir Robert Peel, who formed there the fine collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings which now form part of the National Collection. It was in the dining room facing the river that Sir Robert died on July 2nd, 1850. Time has wrought many changes in Whitehall-gardens—or Privy-gardens, as the present row of houses used to be called. Here it was that Pepys on May 21, 1662, "Saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw ; and did me good to look at them." In Sir Robert Peel's time No. 4 had steps leading down to the river, and the third Sir Robert, in the action which he brought in 1870 to obtain compensation for damages caused by the construction of the Thames Embankment, said he remembered "that on one occasion, when a boy, preparations were made to remove the family and valuables by boats on occasion of a threatened attack by a riotous mob on his father's house." Messrs. Constable, the publishers, are now established at No. 2.

The *Critic* gives some extracts from a book auction catalogue issued at Wyoming, which show how the ingenious American auctioneer labours to amuse :—

Grand. "The Heavenly Twins." (Not to be had separate.)
Gray Maxwell. "The Silence of Dean Maitland." (Broken.)
Haggard, H. R. "She." (Unique.)
Holmes, O. W. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
(Plates missing.)
"How to be Happy Though Married. (Rare in this state.)"
Phelps. "The Gates Ajar." (Unopened.)

Mr. Eugene Didier, in the *Literary Era*, of Philadelphia, devotes an article, under the title of "An Illustrious Plagiarist," to Tennyson's "Literary Dishonesty," as shown by the fact

that Adelaide Anne Procter wrote a poem with the same plot as "Enoch Arden." He suggests that Tennyson, though he wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1862, waited to publish it until Miss Procter died (in 1864). Mr. Didier should surely, before writing this article, have looked into Tennyson's Life by his son. He ignores altogether the statement of the present Lord Tennyson that "Adelaide Procter wrote a poem on a similar subject, but this my father did not know until after 'Enoch Arden' had been published."

Apropos of the Cowper celebrations at Olney last Thursday—the anniversary of the poet's death—a correspondent has been inspired by "The Nightingale and the Glow-worm" to send us the following :—

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF : A DIALOGUE.

The Leaf.

"There's love that lasts all seasons through,"
Said the evergreen leaf—"and love less true,"
She added, turning to the flower,
"Love that scatters before the shower."

The Flower.

"Think not, proud Leaf of evergreen,
I'd change my cloak of varied sheen
For thine monotonous and sad—
I, like a star in summer clad."

The Leaf.

"Green is the livery of the trees
That scorn the storm cloud, kiss the breeze,
And if I might I would not choose
Your dress, and live among the dew.
"Blind prey of every wandering foot,
Thin stalk that slender hands uproot,
See now where yonder clouds uprise,
And in your bosom close your eyes !"

The Flower.

"What though the wanton storm should tear
And far away my beauty bear,
My heart another home shall find,
Whereto 'tis carried by the wind.

"And if the rain should pierce my soul,
The sun shall shine to make me whole.
Another fate awaiteth thee—
A lingering death upon the tree.

"Through the long nights the searching darts
Of winter seek the forest hearts,
Till, bending low each frozen head,
The trees their withered splendour shed.

"Then shall the flaunting forest take
Another hue of frost and flake ;
Then shalt thou shiver, crisp and hoar,
Now by warm sunlight gilded o'er."

Thus bandied they in foolish wise
Such words as jealous hearts devise,
The while across the meadow strayed
A child, and by the Flow'r delayed.

She plucked and wove it in a chain ;
Upon the bough a drop of rain
Fell plashing through the laden air—
The Leaf lay buried in her hair.

W. S. C.

M. Augustin Filon has translated Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon, the Last Phase," with a preface. He criticizes two of Lord Rosebery's opinions, viz., that the confinement of the ex-Emperor was essential to the peace of Europe ; and that his death was not due to the climate of St. Helena. As regards the former point, the anxiety of the Allies

was surely intelligible even if it was not justified. As regards the latter, the autopsy proved that Napoleon died of a disease by no means peculiar to his place of exile, and M. Filon's suggestion that the climate of the island hastened his end is hardly borne out by the little that medical science knows of cancer. There are indications that the Emperor had already shown symptoms which foreshadowed the end as early as the date of the Battle of Leipzig.

* * * *

It seems to surprise M. Filon that the British public should have received with enthusiasm a book which "told them hard truths in clear language"; but, of course, there is nothing unusual in the phenomenon. On the other hand M. Filon regrets that "those beautiful ceremonies in which the freedom of the City is bestowed upon the men whom the City delights to honour," do not exist in France. Else he would like to see them employed to demonstrate that, in the opinion of the French, "ce livre vaut les parchemins qu'on enferme dans une boîte d'or." "We," says M. Filon, "shall always remember that Lord Rosebery has given us this book. May he never forget that he has written it!"

* * * *

A sale which includes a fine copy of a Shakespeare folio is sure to attract attention. In the four days' book sale which concluded at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's last Monday the most important item was a particularly good copy of the Third Folio, wanting two leaves and somewhat broken on the stitched margins, but otherwise in excellent condition. It fetched the high price of £385, the record for an imperfect copy. The other notable books were Arnold, "Empedocles on Etna," first edition, £3 3s.; Brontë, "Jane Eyre," three vols., first edition, £12 5s.; E. FitzGerald, "Euphranor," first edition, £4 15s.; "Polonius," first edition, £3 15s.; "Six Dramas of Calderon," first edition, £11 15s.; "The Downfall and Death of King Ædipus," £7; Grimm's "Popular Stories," illustrated by Cruikshank, first edition, £16 10s.; George Meredith, "Poems," first edition, £16; Creighton, "Queen Elizabeth," £9 2s. 6d.; Kelmscott Books, "The Story of the Glittering Plain" (1891), £19; "Biblia Innocentium," £22; "King Florus," vellum copy, £16; "Amis and Amile," vellum copy, £10; "King Coustans," vellum copy, £9 5s.; "Hand and Soul," vellum copy, £8; "Sigurd the Volsung," £22; Gay, "Fables," two vols., first edition, £18 5s.; Dickens, "Pickwick Papers," parts one to eighteen, £15 10s.; Thackeray, "Vanity Fair," original parts, a fine copy, £46; Moreau, "Suite d'Estampes," both series 1774-1777, brilliant engravings by Martin, £305. The sale also included two long autograph letters by Tennyson; one relating to a visit to Ireland, dated 1848, fetched £21 10s., and the second one, written in 1850, fetched £31. In this latter, after making some references to "In Memoriam," Tennyson thus refers to his wife and to his marriage:—"I am not going to be, but am, married to a lady four years younger than myself, one who has loved me for 14 years without variableness or shadow of turning. Though not very young or very beautiful she has the most beautiful nature I have met with among women. It was done very quickly at my particular request so that my own mother did not know of it till it was done." Of the interesting eight days' sale of the Fraser Library, which began on Monday, we shall give some account next week.

The attitude of Count Tolstoy towards the Tsar—whose ancestor Nicholas was so struck with the talents of the rising young novelist that he ordered his generals in the Crimea to keep him out of the way of danger—*Centres of Disturbance*.—and the enthusiasm of the Russian students for Count Tolstoy are phenomena which might be regarded from many points of view. To the Vicomte de Vogué, who discusses the subject in the *Gaulois*, they suggest an historical parallel:—

The attitude of the great writer, the passionate attachment which ranges under his banner, in Russia and elsewhere, all restless spirits enamoured of novelty, the moral force which

universal admiration bestows upon him, and the immunity which this admiration assures him in a country in which any one else would pay dearly for such audacious demonstrations—all these points of resemblance revive for us the reign of King Voltaire.

There is no denying the exactness of the parallel, and there is nothing surprising in the alacrity with which the Vicomte de Vogué has pounced upon it. The only wonder is that he did not cover a whole page with parallels. For the phenomenon which he recognizes is one with which, though it is hardly known in England, a long series of experiences has made most countries on the Continent familiar—the phenomenon of the man of letters as the centre of a disturbance. In Russia, of course, the causes of the phenomenon are clear enough. The poets and the novelists are the only Russians who ever get a fair chance of issuing manifestoes in opposition to the opinions of the ruling powers. Extinguishers are easily put upon the journalists and pamphleteers, but the imaginative writers are not, to the same extent, the objects of suspicion. On the one hand, the censor does not study their productions nearly so closely as he studies the newspapers; on the other hand, they have subtle ways of insinuating a gospel instead of preaching it. Consequently they are able, so to say, to steal the horse before the stable door is locked, and become the centres of disturbances because of their exceptional opportunities for causing them. In France the case is different; there any one may cause a disturbance who likes, and the name of those who like is legion. The strange thing, to the English observer, is that the men of letters should so readily be accepted as the leaders of popular movements. For of the fact that they are habitually so accepted there is no room for doubt. The Vicomte de Vogué instances the case of Voltaire as if it were unique. It is, on the contrary, the typical precursor of innumerable cases. As Voltaire was the centre of a disturbance in the case of Calas, so was Zola the centre of a disturbance in the case of Dreyfus. Their nearest analogue in English literary history is Charles Reade; but though Charles Reade delighted in disturbances, and wrote to the papers, like Zola, to stir them up, he was never taken so seriously. Not he, but Samuel Plimsoll, was the centre of the disturbance to which "Foul Play" was a contribution. But, in France, the cases of Voltaire and Zola do not exhaust the list but only begin it. Other notable examples which at once suggest themselves are those of Rousseau who set not France only, but a great part of the Continent, by the ears on a variety of questions ranging from the propriety of playgoing to the propriety of employing foster nurses; of Madame de Staël who led the Opposition to the first Empire, and of Victor Hugo who led the Opposition to the second; of Etienne Arago, the astronomer, who headed the rioters when they assailed the guard house in the Place du Château d'Eau in 1848; of Lamartine who told the Anarchists that the Tricolour had been carried round the world, whereas their red flag had only been carried round the Champ de Mars; of François Coppée and Jules Lemaitre, those great twin brethren of the meetings of the Nationalist League; and of Paul Déroulède, the French Kipling, who, whether he lives at Paris or at San Sebastian, is always the animated centre of lively internecine strife. It is a long list, and we in England have no list to compare with it. Among our contemporary men of letters the only one who has any claim at all to be placed upon such a list is Dr. Conan Doyle; and though Dr. Doyle fires off many stirring letters about Army Reform and the misdeeds of South African cricketers, we do not find the general public taking sides for and against him as the French public takes sides for and against M. Déroulède. The only cases, in fact, in which the British public has violently taken sides for and against a man of letters have been those of Huxley and Lord Byron. The one was a centre of disturbance because of his opinions as to the descent of man; the other because British respectability considered itself affronted by certain circumstances in his personal history. The difference in the phenomena is no doubt due to differences in national temperament. But it is certainly one which deserves attention from the literary historian.

WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

It is too soon to estimate the permanent value of the work of the great worker who has been taken from us. Foreign nations, in the titles and dignities and appreciations that they have given during the last 30 years, have already spoken, and with no uncertain voice. Few will doubt that the next age will repeat their verdict—that in William Stubbs England had her greatest historian in the nineteenth century. During the last few years a new school of historical writers has arisen, which has in some important respects challenged the conclusions at which he had arrived; but while many eminent names have been treated by the new writers with scant respect, that of the author of the "Constitutional History of England" has never ceased to be regarded with the highest reverence.

It was a reverence which was the reward of pre-eminently honest, minute, and accurate work, and work which was in the highest sense original. Dr. Stubbs belonged—it is a commonplace to say it—to a school, the well-defined school of Oxford historians, which owed much of its original impulse in equal degrees to the great German scientific historians and to the Tractarian movement. But he was notably the most original, the greatest, of the workers of whom the world gradually recognized him to be the leader. Haddan, and Freeman, and Green, and Bright, each had characteristic powers, but he seemed to combine them all, accuracy, and a deep though often silent enthusiasm, indomitable perseverance, and a wide outlook. The leadership which his friends—as all readers of Mr. Freeman's *Life* will remember—were so proud to recognize came to him naturally not only from his great powers of mind, but still more from his character. Its absolute loyalty and conscientiousness, its sincerity, its courage, its tolerance made him a man to whom workers in the same field naturally looked for guidance. Certainly they were never disappointed.

Perhaps no English man of learning, certainly no English historian, has left behind him so large a number of works of the highest excellence. In his editions of the great English mediæval chronicles beginning with those of Richard I. in 1864 and ending in 1889 with William of Malmesbury, he set for English scholars at least an absolutely new standard of minute accuracy and of breadth in survey. They had all the merits of the greatest editions of classical texts, and they showed an intimate acquaintance with mediæval life which had never been equalled, and is not likely to be surpassed. The "Constitutional History of England," published 1874-1878, showed that the editor of mediæval texts was also a great original worker. Nothing on so great a scale had been attempted in England since Gibbon; and the insight, the breadth, the extraordinary accuracy of the work recalled the memory of the greatest of English historians. "The history of institutions," wrote the author, in a preface which has become classical among historical students, "cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached without an effort. It affords little of the romantic incident or of the picturesque grouping which constitute the charm of history in general, and holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth. But it has a deep value and an abiding interest to those who have the courage to work upon it. It presents, in every branch, a regularly developed series of causes and consequences, and abounds in examples of that continuity of life the realization of which is necessary to give the reader a personal hold on the past and a right judgment of the present. For the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is."

The book which was introduced in these words was one which many people found could not be approached "without an effort"; but it was one which left on its readers the ineffaceable impression that "nothing in the past is dead." Perhaps, when it is read again and again, it appeals even more than by its massive learning, its extraordinary patience of investigation, and its singular acuteness of insight, by its deep sympathy for

human life. That was a sympathy which was a marked feature of its author's character. The sympathy was that of the historian, not that of the philosopher. When he went back to Oxford as Regius Professor of Modern History he said:—

I desire to introduce myself to you, not as a philosopher, nor as a politician, but as a worker at history. Not that I have not strong views on politics, nor short and concise opinions on philosophy, but because this is my work, and I have taken it up in all sincerity and desire of truth, and wish to keep to my work, and to the sort of truth that I can help on in the inquiry; because you have plenty of politicians and plenty of scholars to whom, if they wish to have it, I certainly will not begrudge the name of philosophers. I suppose that it is truth we are all seeking, and that though the sorts of truth are distinct and the ways that we work in are very different, when we have found what we seek for we shall find all our discoveries combine in harmony; and I trust and believe that the more sincerely, the more single-heartedly we work each of us, the nearer we consciously come to the state where we shall see the oneness and glory and beauty of the truth itself. So that the theologian, the naturalist, the historian, the philosopher, if he work honestly, is gaining each for his brother, and being worked for each by his brother, in the pursuit of the great end, the great consummation of all. We may all speak humbly, the theologian because of the excellence of his subject, the rest because of the vastness of our field of work, the length of our art, and the shortness of our life; but we cannot afford to speak contemptuously of any sort of knowledge, and God forbid that we should speak contemptuously or hypercritically of any honest worker.

Work undertaken in this spirit by a man of commanding ability could not fail to be great. And the characteristics of his greatest work were those of all else that he wrote. Here there is hardly space even to name them—the appendices to the report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, lectures on Mediæval and Modern History published and unpublished, the brilliant sketch of the early Plantagenets, lives of Anglo-Saxon saints and scholars, sermons and episcopal charges which have never been made accessible to the public,—the same marks are on them all, accuracy, sympathy, profound judgment. Thus, while he was a man of strong convictions and loyalties, he was never a partisan. He could speak of Dr. Pusey as "the master," and of the execution of Charles I. as "the tragedy of the Royal martyr, itself the sealing of the Crown of England to the faith of the Church," without departing from the rigid impartiality of the historic teacher. "It was not my work," he said when he had held the chair of history at Oxford for ten years, speaking with the delightful humour and the sound sense which his audience came to look for in those very informal statutory lectures;—

It was not my work to make men Whigs or Tories, but to do my best, having Whigs and Tories by nature as the matter I was to work upon, to make the Whigs good, wise, sensible Whigs, and the Tories good, wise, sensible Tories; to teach them to choose their weapons and to use them fairly and honestly. Well, I still adhere to that view, and every year what I see in public life around me confirms my belief in the truth and value of the principle. How far I have been successful in acting upon it I cannot of course say; but I feel sure that the growth of sound historical teaching would have spared us such national humiliation as we have undergone, during the last few years, in the treatment of the Public Worship Act, the Judicature Act, and the Royal Titles Act. I am quite sure that both the speakers and writers on those subjects would have been very much wiser and more modest men, if they had, I will not say attended my lectures, but passed a stiff examination in the history school; if we could not have made them wiser, we would at all events have made them sadder.

Insensibly in writing of Dr. Stubbs we fall into quoting his own words. No others can so fully explain him. He made what

he was, what he thought, what he taught, transparently clear to those who had eyes to see, by the strangely elaborate but yet entirely natural complexities of his literary style. "Steeped in clerical and conservative principles" he called himself, and yet he rejoiced that he scarcely betrayed "ecclesiastical prejudice or political bias." In a fine passage he once described how he understood "the clerical spirit and mind" to be that

Which regards truth and justice above all things, which believes what it believes firmly and intelligently, but with a belief that is fully convinced that truth and justice must in the end confirm the doctrine that it upholds; with a belief that party statement and highly coloured pictures of friend and foe alike are dangerous enemies of truth and justice, and damage in the long run the cause that employs them; that all sides have everything to gain and nothing to lose by full and fair knowledge of the truth. And a clerical view of professional responsibility I take to be the knowledge that I am working in God's sight and for His purposes.

With this "clerical" outlook, the mind of Dr. Stubbs was yet essentially critical, quite as much as it was, or, perhaps, because it was, sympathetic. It was this which caused him, while he readily welcomed historical discoveries on particular points, such as those of Professor Vinogradoff, to reiterate in the last edition of his "Select Charters" a caution as to the unsound methods which seemed to him to be coming into fashion. His attitude towards the "Higher Criticism" is to be explained on the same grounds; it was an historical and critical objection that he felt rather than a theological one.

Yet no one who knew anything of the Bishop's work doubted that one of its characteristic excellences was due to the fact that he was a theologian as well as an historian. Much that has been dark to other writers on mediæval history was clear to him because he knew the theology of the Fathers and the philosophy of the schoolmen as well as the chronicles of the monks and the laws of the kings. The extraordinary width of his reading in ancient and modern literature was another special feature which gave distinction to his work. It gave, too, it may be added, inimitable humour to his lectures. Those who heard him will not forget how he illustrated Robertson's view of Charles V. by the "Hunting of the Snark."

All this goes only to say, very inadequately, that William Stubbs was a great historian in the widest sense. Men in high place know, too, that he was a wise and great man. And those who have worked under him, as historian or as Bishop, remember, most of all, the generosity, the sincerity, the beauty, of his character.

W. H. HUTTON.

Although Dr. Stubbs was not a popular historian like Macaulay or Froude, his works—most of them published by the Oxford University Press—have always been sure of a steady sale, and his "Early Plantagenets" has proved one of the most successful books in Messrs. Longman's half-crown series of "Epochs of Modern History." His last volume, a third edition, revised and enlarged, of his "Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History," was only recently issued, with two new addresses delivered at Oxford and Reading.

The most interesting thing about the new edition, however, is the preface, in which Dr. Stubbs roughly glances at his position as a historian—takes stock, as it were, of his literary output—and has something to say to his critics. The lectures, delivered under the pressure of statutory compulsion, "and against the grain"—for Dr. Stubbs had a deep-rooted dislike to compulsory professorial utterances, and had the satisfaction of seeing the statute altered during his last year as Professor of Modern History at Oxford—were first published in collected form in 1886. "The lapse of fourteen years," he writes, "had been sufficient to enable me to get my professional personality in focus, and perhaps also to get the work of my term into perspective." In reading the proofs he found himself still profoundly convinced of the truth of the principles which he held thus long ago on the study of history. "Whatever more I have learned has generally strengthened, and has never weakened, the convictions of my first and last public lectures. . . . If I spoke harshly of the casual criticisms of the casual critics, they have had their revenge in deciding that my writings are not literature; perhaps that is enough. I do not

remember that the thought occurred to me at the time that I was expected to have a style that would qualify me to meet the criticisms of those to whom for the moment belongs the adjudication of what is, or is not, literature, to determine, in fact, the fashion of the uniform of the Man of Letters." He had always worked hard, he added meekly, and never found work anything but happy. Nineteen volumes of texts and prefaces which he had edited for the Rolls Series; four volumes of "Constitutional History"; three volumes of joint work on the "Councils"; the contributions to and revision of Dr. Smith's two great "Dictionaries of Christian Antiquities and Biography"; a good deal of mechanical labour, as on Lechler's edition of Wycliffe's "Dialogues," and Dr. Pusey's issue of "Torquemada on the Immaculate Conception," with two or three minor diversions of the same kind;—

These things [he said] constitute my claim to the title of a qualified if not skilled operative in the field which had opened before me, and which, indeed, I should have chosen if other influences had not superseded the necessity of making a choice. It was as a worker that I said what I had to say—I am, and have been, all through, what I was called in company with Hallam in an examination paper last year, a horny-handed son of toil—and experience of work has confirmed me in my beliefs.

In his last lecture, delivered in May, 1884, Dr. Stubbs expressed the hope that he might find time, on leaving Oxford to succeed to the See of Chester, to complete two or three works on which he had already made considerable progress—including a fourth volume of "Councils" and a second series of "Select Charters"—but he had to abandon that idea. It is to be hoped that these unfinished works are still available, and that it will be found possible to complete them. Dr. Stubbs' first series of "Select Charters," published in 1870, and described by Freeman as "worthy of the unerring learning and critical power of the first of living scholars," is now in its eighth edition. His chief work, "The Constitutional History of England, in its Origin and Development," in three volumes, published respectively in 1874, 1875, and 1878, is now obtainable in a library edition and in crown octavo volumes. Vol. I., in crown octavo form, has gone to a fourth edition; the remaining volumes are in their third editions.

Personal Views.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SIGNATURE.

While the *New Review* was under the conduct of its founder, Mr. Archibald Grove, I wrote in it two papers on "the question of the relative advantages of signed and unsigned articles in the newspapers." It would be more correct to say that I edited these papers, since they were composed chiefly of letters I had received on the subject from many well-known writers for the Press—novelists, publicists, and others. Of these (in all, I think, about five-and-thirty) rather more than one-third are no longer living—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. H. D. Traill, Mr. William Black, Mr. James Payn, Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. James Runciman, Mr. Haweis, and Mrs. Lynn Linton. Mr. Gladstone gave me his wisdom on a postcard:—

My opinions [he said] are decidedly favourable to making known the authorship of articles. I have myself only thrice in the course of my life written with the intention of secrecy; this was only for a time, and only because the obtrusion of my personality would, at the moment, as I thought, be officious and unbecoming.

Lord Brougham was in favour of extending this rule even to the newspapers. The point is difficult, but there is much to be said in favour of his view.

Among contributors numbering over thirty some dissident opinions would be looked for, but, except in the case of the leading article, the argument in favour of the signature had, I am glad to say, quite the best measure of support. A well-reasoned letter on the other side was that of Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, who considered it "far easier to co-operate

heartily, for a journal has to keep up its journalistic individuality, if the articles are unsigned." Mrs. Lynn Lynton also was mainly in favour of anonymity :—

If, for instance, a paper represents the opinion of many influential minds, and a line is taken after careful deliberation and discussion, the hand which writes the words is of no more individual value than a copying machine. It is *The Times*, the organ of a grave and important section of thought, or the *Standard*, or the *Daily News*—what you will. . . . The editorial "We" has, then, its real value.

With this may be contrasted the well-remembered expression of Mr. Morley concerning "the childish imposture of the editorial 'We.'" The editor of a powerful provincial daily maintained that what he wrote as "We" would be different, "much more ministerial, so to speak," from anything he would write as "I"—which, I fancy, is precisely where Mr. Morley would be down upon him. Mr. L. F. Austin cited the famous case in fiction of Thackeray's Captain Shandon in the debtor's prison, writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette* (not Mr. Astor's) his eloquent appeal to the gentlemen of England, and asked whether, had the captain signed his article, the gentlemen of England would have been deeply impressed by his sentiments? The retort courteous to this seemed fairly obvious—Is Captain Shandon to stand as the type and flower of anonymous journalism? Is not Thackeray's picture of him, penning his "eloquent appeal" in that distressing situation, a rather profound satire on the whole institution of anonymous journalism? Mr. Traill, in a letter both witty and wise, insisted that "the influence, whatever it may be, of any newspaper would not be either increased or diminished one whit by the signature of its articles." M. Villars, of the *Débats*, held that political articles, "being supposed to represent the views of a party, should be anonymous, but political articles only." I must own at once that, as far as the political leader was concerned, the majority of my correspondents were against the signature; yet there were brave voices for it, and most notably those of Mr. William Archer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. James Runciman. The leading article, said Mr. O'Connor, "is not the opinion of many men, but of one. It is written not by many men, but by one man. It is, of course, revised by the responsible editor. To that extent, and to that only, is the article the work of more than one hand. Being the work—with this small reserve—of one man, it should stand or fall as the work of one man." "If," said the trenchant Runciman, "the articles were signed, then you could pin a man and make him own that he lied through lack of knowledge; but you can't pin a journal." Mr. Archer got home still closer.

Are the views of a paper [he asked] any the better for being insincere, or half-sincere? A paper's "policy" represents the cowardice or bigotry of the most cowardly or bigoted person who has a voice in its councils. . . . Let us by all means have the policy formulated day by day in an editorial article or column of notes; but why reduce the whole political journalism of the country to this washed-out complexion? . . . But the deception is almost played out. Even the British public is beginning to suspect that behind the magniloquent "We" lurks, not the collective wisdom of a council of sages, but the collective cowardice of a clique of shareholders.

Mr. Bernard Shaw instanced the case of the political hack who, with no opinions of his own, serves as the mere finder and arranger of words for any opinions that may be in need of them. Here, said Mr. Shaw, there should be "a double signature. Thus, when the editor means the article but doesn't write it, and a professional journalist writes it but doesn't mean

it, it could be signed 'Brown iav : Jones scrip.' " Nevertheless, "since a man who writes without conviction in the third person is generally a pest and a bore, and seldom now gets really important work to do, his signature is uncalled for, and his sphere is that of pure news."

But the case of the leading article remains just where it did. Four-fifths of the power of its anonymity it owes to the credulity of the public, but while that credulity lasts the unsigned editorial will keep its place. It may be good for "the policy of the paper," and it is probably good for the proprietor's till. But I still think hopefully of Mr. Archer's prophecy, that "if you and I outlive the first decade of the new century, there is every chance that we may yet read signed leaders in *The Times*."

Turning from the leading article to other columns of the paper, how great is the change which the last few years have witnessed. Ten years ago, when the *New Review* gave this matter a hearing, the signature was just cropping up here and there. It was, I think, unknown, or almost unknown, in the "leading organs." I am pretty certain it had never shown itself in *The Times*, and quite certain that all the morning papers were extremely shy of it. Such an announcement in any of them as that the distinguished Mr. Blank would contribute a series of signed articles on his special subject would almost have raised Fleet-street up on end. Now and again initials were allowed to obtrude themselves at the foot of an article, but their rareness gave them a braggart air; and even articles of criticism and pure literature, in which the expression is individual or nothing, were almost always, in the "leading organs," written with the mask on. Ten years ago, in a word, it was almost as bad as fifty years ago. The Press offered a means of living, but very little else. "Journalists who are honest," Mr. Runciman wrote me, "have all the worst of the bargain at present. In almost every other profession a man has the chance of getting the very substantial rewards that come from being known; but the newspaper writer fritters himself away." "Distinguished journalists," said Mr. Austin, "have moulded public opinion for a generation, and have gone to their graves with no more recognition of their labours than a Kensal-green paragraph." And Mr. O'Connor :— "A journalist may write the most brilliant articles for years and not be known outside his newspaper office." But ten years have so modified the conditions that journalism at this day offers to the able writer only fewer chances of getting his name to the fore than the young actor or the young barrister of parts may count upon in the theatre or at the Bar. Perhaps, indeed, the opportunities of the Press are now equal to those of any other calling; for the signature begins to be dominant, and we have ceased to do reverence to anonymity. We look for the signed article now where, ten or a dozen years ago, we might as reasonably have expected the editor to speak his editorial to his subscribers through the phonograph. Is not this advance of the signature a gain both to writer and to reader? The writer gets the credit of his work, the reader gets the benefit of that greater amount of conscience which usually goes into the article that is signed. "All articles expressing individual opinions should be signed without exception," said Mr. Shaw; and this is the principle which is getting to be taken almost for granted. Leaving the editorial on one side, what objections may be raised to the signature in other cases? That the objection, at the best, is conventional or fanciful seems more or less proved by the very rapid progress of the signature in nearly all those departments of the paper which are not concerned with politics or the paper's "policy." Still, there were some among my correspondents who

were resolute for anonymity in every case. Mrs. Lynn Linton, while admitting that in articles of criticism the signature offered a certain guarantee against "the brutalities of anonymity," insisted that it also opened the door "to a sickly flattery quite as objectionable on the other side." I submit that that kind of criticism which is only another name for "sickly flattery," the puff direct, has been common enough in anonymous journalism, and that the signature, which makes the writer more responsible than the journal he writes in, tends to improve the moral quality of the writing. It can scarcely be denied that it tends to improve the literary quality. Mr. Sidney Low believed that impartiality in criticism would be "difficult and almost impossible if the reviewer were expected in all cases to sign his article." The example of the monthly periodicals seems opposed to this view; and it is surely much easier to be unfair and dishonest when writing in the first person plural than when writing over one's proper signature. What writer of real character and honesty is often embarrassed by being called upon to speak the truth in his own name? "I have done a good deal of criticism, both signed and unsigned," wrote Mr. Archer, "and this I can say in all sincerity, that if ever I have spoken without fear or favour it has been over my own name." Both Mr. Hutton and Sir Wemyss Reid protested that the general adoption of the signature would be another obstacle in the path of the beginner; but has that objection been made good? Ten or a dozen years ago the writers for the Press whose names were in any way familiar to the readers of the papers they wrote for owed their reputation, with few exceptions, to work that Fleet-street had no claim upon. The purely journalistic reputation, such as Sala's, which was enjoyed by a very small number of writers, owed itself rather to length of service on the Press, and to the social qualities of the individual, than to any help from the calling. Think, then, how many young writers of ability the larger use of the signature has helped to the front in very recent years. An Archibald Forbes' genius might compel recognition, every hindrance of anonymity notwithstanding; but the war now in progress is the first that has given to any number of special correspondents the chances of literary distinction over their own signatures—and no war of ours has ever been so well described in the Press. The courtesy extended to the signature, so far from keeping young writers in the background, is their best hope of fame; and the newspapers read better than they did ten years ago.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

JOACHIM.

London musicians are delighted to hear the familiar tones of Joachim's violin once again in St. James's-hall, and are looking forward to his appearance in Mr. Newman's London Musical Festival at the Queen's-hall. Joachim is also, I believe, to revisit Oxford, whereto it has so often been the felicity of the University Musical Club to entice him. It is clear that his arduous duties as Director of the Academy at Berlin cannot altogether prevent him from revisiting the country to whose musical destiny he has contributed so much. It was in London that he met with one of his earliest triumphs, when, at the age of 13, he performed the Beethoven violin concerto, under the bâton of Mendelssohn, to the wonder of all hearers, including the warm-hearted conductor. Not long since, at a Philharmonic concert, after a performance of the same concerto, he made a humorous reference to the former occasion, when, as he said, the society had broken their then severe rule against the appearance of youthful prodigies in their concerts.

The partial reappearance of Joachim will to some extent

console the ardent subscribers to the Popular Concerts who were once accustomed to listen to him for three or four months regularly every year. And there is a further consolation offered to them by Mr. Philip Wellby, in the shape of a well-timed translation by Miss Lilla Durham of Professor Moser's biography of "Joseph Joachim." The Londoner already knows Joachim to be a supreme artist without a touch of virtuosity. He has learned from him, as from no one else, how to appreciate the later Beethoven quartets and the Beethoven violin concerto. Maybe he has been converted by the persistency of Joachim into an admirer of Brahms. With the aid of Professor Moser's clear and concise account of the musician's career in Germany, he will find what insight and determination went to the making of the artist whom we in England associate with such high ideals. In matters of musical taste Germany was rent in twain when Joachim was quite a young man. While Mendelssohn was still alive the classic traditions which he upheld in the Gewandhaus at Leipzig held sway over Germany. But shortly after his death a revolution set in. On leaving Leipzig for Weimar Joachim found himself in contact with what Professor Moser terms the "New German School" of Liszt and Wagner. To Wagner the name of Mendelssohn was like a red rag to a bull, and even Schumann's music seemed out of date to both Wagner and Liszt. The question arose whether Joachim, already the leading violinist of the day, and concertmeister at Weimar, would stand firm to the traditions of his boyhood or become a partisan of the new school. It was impossible for a mind of such susceptibility as his not to be affected by the romantic genius of Wagner and the great talent of Liszt. Joachim has never been an anti-Wagnerian. But he has always reserved his right to criticize freely the master whom the new school worshipped as a god. As to Liszt, while admiring him as a performer and a friend, he seems to have been altogether out of sympathy with his compositions. The letter which he wrote to Liszt assuring him of his determination to stand firm to the traditions of the classics disposed of all doubt as to his intentions.

The course which Joachim steered at this difficult time was all important to English musicians. Had he decided otherwise, the Popular Concerts might never have acquired that special academic position which they have occupied. We are more susceptible to foreign influence in music than any other country in Europe. With his wonderful playing Joachim might have done as much harm to our musical taste as he has done good. After his departure from the Popular Concerts the position of first violin was filled for a time by a variety of performers. But a new and interesting epoch in these entertainments has been marked during the season which has just been brought to a close, in which the great Belgian player, Ysaye, has taken the place of Joachim. It is natural to compare the two performers. In some respects Ysaye is a greater player than the Joachim of late years. There is more wealth of tone in his instrument; the vigour and romantic intensity of his playing are more calculated to electrify the listener on first hearing. He is most at home in interpreting modern music, and has introduced several interesting novelties into the repertoire of St. James's-hall. But there is a touch of virtuosity about his performance, and his rendering of the classics is not so entirely satisfactory as Joachim's. It may be that we have become so accustomed to Joachim's reading of certain passages that we are prejudiced into mistaking what is merely different to be slightly inferior; but, in my opinion, Ysaye does not reach to the same perfection in phraseology. And it is just this quality that has made Joachim so pre-eminent among musical interpreters—the faculty of blending notes together, giving to each of them their exact value, and so presenting them in a coherent phrase, which seems to exactly translate into tones each separate idea as it occurred to the composer.

After leaving Weimar Joachim became concertmeister to the blind King George of Hanover. But here the reader of Professor Moser's biography will have some difficulty in following his career owing to the playful arrangement of pages adopted by the printer. The most violent "progressions" of the "New German

School " were not so startling to the critics of an earlier generation as the leaps and bounds here forced upon the would-be sedentary reader. To what might be called the shuttlecock theme we are carried breathless from page 113 straight to page 116; back again to 113; on again to 116. The second theme is in accordance with the old school, page 117 following naturally on page 116. But this interval of calm serves only to reintroduce the shuttlecock subject, this time in a different key: 113, 116, 113, 116 becoming 117, 120, 117, 120. The second theme also reappears, but after this regular repetition of the two subjects we are landed in a "free fantasia" which beggars description. The last we hear of the principal theme is a desperate leap from 125 to 128, which ends the movement.

Fortunately the account here given of the work done by Joachim as Director of the Academy in Berlin, and of his championship of Brahms' music, is printed on the old-fashioned lines, page 255 following page 254, and so forth. But to the general reader the earlier part of the book will be more fascinating on account of the intimate pictures it gives us of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Spohr, as well as of Joachim. Of Schumann we are told a most characteristic story. As a small boy Joachim had just played the Kreutzer Sonata with Mendelssohn:—

After the music, there was an informal supper-party. Joachim sat at a table with Schumann; it was summer-time, and the starlit sky was visible through the widely-opened window. Schumann, who had long remained silent, presently laid his hand gently on the knee of his little neighbour, and, pointing heavenwards with his hand, said kindly, "I wonder whether beings exist up there who know how beautifully a little boy here below has just played the Kreutzer Sonata with Mendelssohn."

As Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland says in his introduction, it would be perfectly possible to read the book from end to end without detecting the foreign authorship of the original. A word of praise is also due to the capital photographs of Joachim at all ages.

W. S. CASE.

"KINGS OF THE ROD, RIFLE, AND GUN."*

[By R. B. MARSTON.]

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

It is curious to note how suspicious some anglers are as to the weight of fish which other anglers have caught. In his account of Colonel Thomas Thornton, "Thormanby" mentions a pike said to have weighed 96lb., caught in Broadwood Lake, Killaloe, a Shannon pike of 90lb., and the 72lb. Kenmure Castle fish; but a halo of doubt and mystery surrounds the history of these monsters, and even Colonel Thornton's famous 47-pounder has not been quite unlike Cæsar's wife. Yet his account of its capture should surely disarm suspicion. After a terrific fight all over Loch Alvie, during which the pike "frequently flew out of the water to such a height" that the Colonel dreaded losing so extraordinary a fish, it was at last thought they might safely attempt to land him, which was done in the following manner, to quote the Colonel's own account:—

Newmarket—a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist—I ordered, with another servant, to strip and wade in as far as possible, which they readily did. In the meantime I took the landing net, while Captain Waller, judiciously ascending the hill above with the rod, drew the fish gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly, and we thought him quite safe, when, seeing himself surrounded by his enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and in the exertion threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent.

They proceeded with all due caution, and finally the Colonel, having got the snout of the pike into the hoop of the net, and the two men pushing behind, they eventually landed the monster; their shout of victory "re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians." The length, accurately taken, was 5ft. 4in. from eye to fork. "There may be larger pike, but I cannot," says the captor, "readily credit the accounts of such until I receive more authentic information." A good many years ago I offered a sovereign per pound for every pound over forty that any pike sent to me from Ireland might weigh, but 37lb. is the largest I have seen so far, either from Ireland or elsewhere.

"Thormanby" devotes a considerable amount of space to Colonel Thornton, who was unexcelled in all kinds of field sports. One entry in his diary records twenty-two moor game to the gun, three to the hawks, and eighteen brace of trout. His favourite toast was "Success to Fox-hunting," which he invariably gave at the weekly dinner of the "Falconer's Club," which he had established when he retired to Paris, where he spent the last few years of his life. He was introduced to Napoleon when he was First Consul and presented him with a brace of very handsome pistols; indeed, the Colonel prided himself on his knowledge of firearms, and he gives an amusing account of Joe Manton's attempt to make a "double-rifle gun sufficiently stout to carry seven balls each barrel, and that they would do more execution than one of my seven-barrelled guns, which were only stout enough to carry three balls each, i.e., twenty-one from the seven barrels." When Manton's gun—it must have been more like a cannon—was finished, the Colonel, he tells us, went to see the first experiment with it, which took place in a narrow passage adjoining Manton's shop.

He (Manton) loaded the piece with the utmost exactness, and, by his appearance, he would cheerfully have relinquished the honour of firing it to me; but I thought it no more than justice that the inventor should be first gratified. Accordingly he placed himself and took exact aim; but the subsequent concussion was so great, and so very different from the firing of any other gun, that I thought the whole shop was blown up, and fully expected, when the smoke dispersed, to find that the piece had burst. This, however, was not the case; it appeared that the whole force of the powder, being insufficient to drive out the seven balls, had come out through the touch holes. The gun was uninjured.

Of course "Thormanby" has many a record of wonderful shots made by his kings of the rifle and gun, but I doubt if there is one more extraordinary in its way than that described by John Colquhoun—one of the best sportsmen and best writers on sport who ever lived, but who is somewhat unaccountably not included in this book of kings; let us hope "Thormanby" has another in view. Colquhoun tells us that two stalkers, at the close of an unsuccessful day, were resting behind a knoll close by a brook. Three harts came down from the hills to drink. Immediately detecting human footsteps, the three antlered heads lowered on the scent in a direct line from the men. One of them raised his rifle, fired at the nearest head, which was the only part of the deer he could see, and, to his utter amazement, found he had killed the three, shooting them all fair through the head. Colquhoun was fond of a good story; what he saw among the herring fishers in the way of indulging in dirt was bad enough—the women curers worse, if possible. "They brought to my mind the predicament of an Edinburgh clergyman when an applicant for marriage presented himself in the most disgusting figure that ever darkened his study door. 'When is it to take place?' 'Directly, Sir.' 'You mean after you have cleaned yourself?' 'Och, I'm weel enough' (looking down at himself with evident satisfaction). 'You couldn't be married in such a dirty state.' 'Me dirty! What if ye saw *hir*!'"

In his account of that interesting sporting parson the Rev. William Barker Daniel, author of the famous "Rural Sports," "Thormanby" says that the most extraordinary incident in connexion with shooting which Daniel gives is his account of a pig which was trained to find and point and retrieve partridges

* "Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun." By "Thormanby." With 32 portraits and illustrations. Hutchinson.

and rabbits, pheasants, snipe, &c. ; in fact, this wonderful pig would point any game except hares ; " she has sometimes stood a jack-snipe when all the pointers had passed it by " ; in fact, the dogs got so jealous of " Slut " that they would not hunt with her if they could help it. Of that " Norse demigod," as his friends called him, Christopher North, " Thormanby " gives a most interesting picture, but I have space only for this glimpse of him left us by Thomas Carlyle in one of his letters :—

Last night (he wrote) I supped with John Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy, . . . a man of the most fervid temperament, fond of all stimulating things, from tragic poetry down to whisky punch. It was at the lodging of one John Gordon, a very good young man from Kirkcubright, who sometimes comes here. Daylight came on us before we parted ; indeed, it was towards 3 o'clock as the Professor and I walked home, smoking as we went. I had scarcely either eaten or drunk, being a privileged person, but merely enjoyed the strange volcanic eruptions of our poet's convivial genius. He is a broad sincere man of six feet, with long dishevelled flax-coloured hair, and two blue eyes as keen as an eagle's. Now and then he sank into a brown study, and seemed dead in the eye of law. About 2 o'clock he was sitting in this state, smoking languidly, his face lazy and inert, when all at once flashing into existence, he inquired of John Gordon, with an irresistible air :—" I hope, Mr. Gordon, you don't believe in universal damnation?" It was wicked, but all hands burst into inextinguishable laughter !

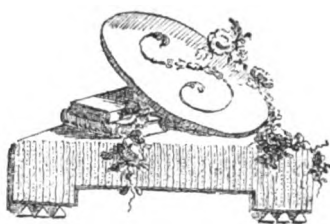
It is recorded of some of the kings of sport whose doings are so well chronicled by " Thormanby " that in the evening of their active lives they have retired to some quiet country seat and there surrounded themselves with all the live game they could get to live near them, not to kill, but to rear and keep alive. The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley was one of these, his place—Beacon Lodge—on the skirts of the New Forest being a perfect paradise for wild animals, of which he loved to make pets. But none of his stories of his own pets is so funny as this one which he tells of a raven which belonged to a neighbour :—

The bird was tame and pinioned, and had strayed from his owner's house into the orchard of the village curate. A lot of rooks having visited the parson's cherries, the reverend gentleman kept his gun in readiness, and seeing the raven under his trees, he stalked him by the aid of a hedge. Bang went the fruit-avenging gun, and the raven having felt a shot or two rattle on his feathers began to hop and flap along the ground as fast as he could. Up ran the parson, thinking to secure the offender, to be impaled as a future scarecrow, when just as he was about to grasp the raven, the bird opened his mouth to bite, and cried " Damn your blood !" So startled was the divine, that he threw down his gun and ran away !

Of all the sportsmen whose biographies and portraits are given by " Thormanby " probably most people will agree with him in placing Sir Samuel Baker at the head of the list. " In his love of true sport, and in his fearless enjoyment of the perils as well as the pleasures of the chase, Sir Samuel Baker has had certainly no superior, and I think but two equals. William Cotton Oswell and Frederick Courtenay Selous I rank as his peers in daring and skill, but he eclipsed them both in the varied nature of his experiences." Certainly it is a very fascinating picture which he gives of both Baker and Oswell—indeed, the same may be said of nearly all these biographies, and I feel sure that most sportsmen will agree with me that " Thormanby " has admirably acquitted himself of a by no means easy task, and without by any means always agreeing with all he says they will heartily thank him for so sportmanslike, and at the same time literary, a piece of work.

The public interest in Izaak Walton, about whom Mr. Marston wrote last week, does not seem likely to fail, and yet another edition of *THE COMPLETE ANGLER* is added to Messrs. Gay and Bird's tasteful little series called " The Sportsman's Classics," with a short introduction and a frontispiece.

BOOK-PLATES OLD AND NEW.*



A BOOK-PLATE DESIGNED BY GOETHE.

The man who possesses a library naturally desires that his books should bear some distinctive mark. If he be a recluse and his books are the only friends whose hospitality he accepts ; or, if, on the other hand, touched with the bibliomania of which Dibdin has written, he collects volumes, not so much to read as because they are typographically important or extremely rare—in either case such a mark is desirable. It may take one of several forms ; an autograph signature can be decorative as well as useful ; each volume may be re-bound and stamped with motto or arms ; a book-plate may be introduced. The earliest ex-libris—if, indeed, it can so be designated—known is an Egyptian tablet in the British Museum, circa 1400 B.C. It is a small piece of light blue pottery, whose inscription shows that it was used as a label for the cases holding books or papyri in the possession of Amenophis III. Before the discovery of printing by moveable types, Bibles, psalters, and classic works were transcribed in the monasteries for this or that noble, and his coat-of-arms was frequently introduced by way of decoration. Within twenty years of the printing by Gutenberg—for we must still credit him with this great achievement—of the Mazarin Bible a woodcut ex-libris was produced in Germany, thus indicating the need felt for a mechanically reproduced mark of ownership to place in mechanically reproduced volumes. Not long after, the most celebrated of all ex-libris designers, Albrecht Dürer, engraved a number of plates, among others for Bilibald Pirckheimer, who is said by Oldys to have possessed many MSS. from the great library of Matthias Corbinus, King of Hungary, some of which



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S BOOK-PLATE.

may possibly be among the Arundel collection in the British Museum.

Granting ample means, and other favourable circumstances, the example of John Grolier, prince of book collectors, who had his choice specimens clothed in special bindings for his own behoof, would doubtless be followed by many. One great disadvantage it has, however—the original covers which link books to their birthday have to be sacrificed. Erasmus, revered

* The illustrations to this article are reproduced from " German Book-plates " by permission of Messrs. G. Bell and Sons.

by Grolier for his profound learning, said, with approximation to truth :—" You owe nothing to books, but they owe a good deal to you ; because it is by your help that they will go down to posterity." Rich, powerful, the Treasurer of Milan had fine taste, and now to possess a book from his library is in itself a distinction. According to a Greek proverb, all things are common among friends, and stamped on a number of the exquisitely beautiful bindings executed for Grolier are the words " Et Amicorum." But, despite the particularly welcome



BISMARCK'S BOOK-PLATE.

revival of bookbinding as an art, the modern collector, even were he ready to sacrifice the old sheepskin or calf, could not procure bindings at once so durable and so graceful in design as those which protected the early printed books in the library of John Grolier. In a word, the bibliophile has recourse of necessity to the ex-libris.

There has just been added to the series of handbooks published by Messrs. Bell and Sons an exhaustive work on German book-plates by Karl Emich, Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg, translated by Mr. G. Ravenscroft Dennis. The author possesses a collection of ex-libris numbering some twenty thousand examples, about half of which are German. He writes with knowledge and precision. At this moment, when the collecting of ex-libris is a vogue, the many illustrations, early and late, will materially aid those who affect the pursuit. German and English heraldry, knowledge of which is requisite for all who would find pleasure in ex-libris ; characteristic inscriptions on book-plates, whether in German, Latin, or French ; warnings and cautions, intensifying into threats and curses on defaulting borrowers ; a historical survey of the subject from early to modern times ; detailed mention of noteworthy examples belonging to the fifteenth and succeeding centuries—this, in brief, is the scope of the work. Almost every writer on book-plates unnecessarily labours one obvious point, doubtless because of the mistaken but widespread impression that any one can design an ex-libris. We are told that we must not entrust an inexperienced amateur with the work. This should be no whit more necessary to insist upon than that a tyro cannot safely be commissioned to paint an atmospheric landscape, a powerful portrait. Indeed, difficulties of a peculiar kind beset endeavour in this direction. As a work of art—and every example should be that—a book-plate should be charged with the personality of its designer ; in other words, it must have character ; again, it should be linked by something more than a mere inscription to its possessor ;

moreover, as it has to be placed in dozens or hundreds of volumes, its æsthetic appeal should be of a kind that will bear again and again to be experienced ; by no means least, a bookplate is imprisoned within covers, hence naturalistic treatment of landscape or figure is all but out of the question, if to the imaginative the library is not to become as a prison-house for nature or for man. Difficulties such as those indicated inspire the true artist ; every " impossible " situation is but a post to be conquered. But the man without ability can never hope successfully to sail through these perilous shallows. From " German Book-Plates " we reproduce three examples. It appears that Goethe, as a Leipzig student, etched a plate in 1767 for Käthchen Schönkopf—representing a triangular pedestal with books, sprays of flowers, and oval tablet initialled " S." Not eminently strong, not particularly decorative nor appropriate, it is yet interesting as a putting to proof in advance " art alien to the artist's." In Prince Bismarck's bookplate, designed by Lina Burger in 1895, the oak and trefoil are introduced in wisely conventionalized form. In the book-plate of the German Emperor, executed by Emile Doeple, junr., 1896, the crown, the imperial arms, &c., are aptly used, and it will be noted that the books at the bottom form the initial W.

The inaugural exhibition took place this week in Bloomsbury-square of a society whose object is to stimulate genuine artistic effort in the designing of ex-libris. The little show of " The Book-Plate Society "—not to be confused with the Ex-libris Society of some years standing—comprises about 50 examples, among others by Messrs. Louis Rhead, James J. Guthrie, J. W. Simpson—whose crowing chanticleer is designed for the books of Mr. T. N. Foulis, probably a descendant of the great Glasgow printers—and Mr. D. Y. Cameron. To the etchings of Mr. Cameron especial attention may be directed. He apprehends the requirements of a book-plate, is something more than a merely capable craftsman, and knits his scheme into a dignified and decorative whole. The fourth number of this society's official publication, recently issued, contains reproductions of five of Mr. Cameron's plates, and as examples of the seventeen he has executed they may be recommended cordially to the attention, not alone of those in quest of an ex-libris, but of connoisseurs. The Book-Plate Society, if it be true to its aim, should do a good work.

THE DRAMA.

"CORIOLANUS."

All the famous interpretations of Coriolanus belong to the first half of the nineteenth century. Kemble's has been described by Hazlitt, Macready's by John Forster, Phelps' by Professor Henry Morley. But these descriptions are only the *points de repère* of a whole literature which has grown up around the acted play. Stage-anecdotalage is filled with it. We are told how George Frederick Cooke, hissed from the stage by a Liverpool audience, retorted with Coriolanus' " I banish you," adding, " There is not a brick in your dirty town but what is cemented by the blood of a negro ! " We read how Sarah Siddons, as Volumnia, marched in her son's triumphal procession, " and almost reeled across the stage, her very soul, as it were, dilating and rioting in its exultations, until her action lost all grace, and yet became so true to nature, so picturesque and so descriptive, that pit and gallery sprang to their feet electrified by the transcendent execution of the conception." That was an ebullient age, and people were always springing to their feet in the playhouse. Over *Coriolanus* they seem to have been excited to corybantic excesses. Let me quote an apposite passage from a somewhat inaccessible book, " The Old Playgoer," written by one William Robson in 1845—a passage which seems to me to warm up our colder mood with a gush of hot air from the old playhouse :—

Hark ! the creaking door gives notice of opening—on goes the crush of that crowd that has been so impatiently

waiting it. Some shorn of coat-tails, some hatless, some shoeless, squeezed to mummies, and "distilled almost to jellies"; here, at length, we are and draw a long breath to set the lungs playing freely again. But the desired object is gained—the favourite seat, about the centre of the fourth row from the orchestra, in the pit; mind, sheer, thorough playgoers never went into the boxes then, and we would not change places with the Lord Chancellor on his woolsack, for to-night John Kemble plays *Coriolanus*! With a smile of self-gratulation we turn to admire the fulness of the house; and we feel a chuckling kind of delight that our favourite can draw so many more than can possibly either sit, see, or hear. . . . The overture over, up goes the curtain. There is little Simmons, as first citizen; there is Munden, as Menenius; and, after a little sketch of a discontented rabble, and one of *Æsop's* fables delivered just as the old Phrygian would have wished, all eyes and ears are turned towards the right-hand wing, and amidst shouts, bravos, cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, we can just catch—

. . . What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? . . .

and there stands "the noblest Roman of them all!"

Can you not smell the oranges? And hear the clinking of Charles Lamb's pot of porter? And see the "fat Adonis of fifty" leering from the Royal box? It was a splendidly demonstrative, jolly, vulgar age.

We live in tamer times; but even the sluggish blood of our playgoers is stirred by a Lyceum first night. It is something to see Sir Henry Irving attempting the arduous part of *Coriolanus* at sixty-three—an age at which Kemble and Macready and Phelps had long done with it. Whatever we may think of him as an actor, he is a great institution. By sheer force of character he has established an absolute domination over the theatrical crowd. That a gallery-boy should venture to "boo" him is unthinkable. You might as well make faces at the Sphinx or damn the Equator. This personal dignity and over-aweing authority appoint him the very man for *Coriolanus*. Admirably made up, he moves, poses and gesticulates "in the grand style." The sweep of his toga in the banishment scene, by which as it were he blows the mob, like leaves, from his path, is superb. So is the expression of humorous contempt in his "mildly," when persuaded to "climb down":—

Cor.—The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go;
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor.—Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!

Admirable, too, is his quiet dignity in the hall of Aufidius. Throughout, he fills the stage, keeps something of the majestic about him, gratifies the eye and the mind's eye.

To the ear he is, perhaps, less completely satisfying. We do not ask for the thunderous declamation with which our great-grandfathers liked to be deafened; nevertheless, the force of *Coriolanus* must not be all "reserved force." Sir Henry, on the first night, at any rate, was a little indistinct and a little prone to let gesture supersede, instead of supplement, words. He reminded me occasionally of the lady celebrated by little Marjorie Fleming—

But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.

There are several "dams" in *Coriolanus*—among others, the "I banish you" and the "Alone I did it"—and here Sir Henry was more than usual calm. *Coriolanus*, after all, is not the Statue of the Commander. Nevertheless, this is, on the whole, a highly impressive performance, classic in breadth and simplicity, the proper interpretation of a part which belongs to what De Quincey would call the literature of power.

The Volumnia of Miss Ellen Terry is rather the "womanly woman," homely and humorous, brisk and petulant, than the somewhat awful matron of the Siddons tradition. It is permissible, by the way, to guess that Sarah Siddons, in her later

years, would strike degenerate moderns as what the Americans call a "holy terror." It was the period of imposing females, not all of whom were so amusing as Lady Catherine de Bourgh. Perhaps the turbans had something to do with it. I, for one, am content to revere them in their portraits and to contemplate a living woman of quite another sort in Miss Terry. Mr. J. H. Barnes is an excellent Menenius, human, genial, garrulous—and, in the scene of his rejection by *Coriolanus* in the Volscian camp, sincerely pathetic. Mr. James Hearn and Mr. Laurence Irving give a distinct individuality to the two Tribunes, and the Roman mob has been skilfully disciplined to represent indiscipline. To see these citizens leaping and yelling when *Coriolanus* has turned his back upon them—

Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo! hoo!—

is to get hold of at least one clear fact about the man Shakespeare. He may have been Bacon, or, as some maintain, a Scotchman, but it is quite certain that he was not a democrat. With stage-pictures by Sir L. Alma-Tadema (the best is that of the assembled Senate) and music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, nothing is lacking to make this revival of *Coriolanus* a valuable addition to the Shakespearean repertory of the Lyceum.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"GEORGE, BE A KING!"

Such was the constant admonition of the Dowager Princess of Wales to her son, afterwards George III., and the young man's earnestly fatuous attempts to act up to his mother's advice, with the stupendous and fatal consequences of such action, are set forth by Mr. Justin McCarthy in the third and fourth volumes of his *HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES AND OF WILLIAM IV.* (Chatto and Windus, 12s. each). First we have a picturesque account of how the news of the demise of the Crown was brought to the new King at Kew. Messengers had arrived in swift succession telling him his grandfather was sinking fast, that he was dying, that he was dead.

George resolved to start for London. On his way, and not far from Kew, he was met by a coach and six, which from the blue and silver liveries he knew to be that of Mr. Pitt.

He received the formal news of his accession to the Throne from the lips of the foremost Englishman then alive, and the two fell into a "supreme ironic procession," the foolish, illiterate young man of twenty-two going first, and the great Minister following meekly after. As Mr. McCarthy says, the whole range of human intellect lay stretched out between these two, and exhausted by the living contrast. There was a very dramatic moment at the coronation,

When Dymoke, the King's champion, rode, in accordance with the antique usage, along Westminster Hall, and flung his glove down in challenge to any one who dared contest his master's right to the Throne of England. It is said that someone darted out from the crowd, picked up the glove, slipped back into the press, and disappeared, without being stopped or discovered.

Rumour averred it was Charles Edward himself, the Young Pretender—now forty years of age—who made this last protest on behalf of his lost fortunes and his fallen House. Henceforward, the Stuarts were to trouble the Hanoverian dynasty no more, although an interesting reminder of the fear they once inspired lingers to this day in the regulation that finger glasses may not be laid at any table where Royalty dines. Most people know the fact; few remember the reason, which is that in Jacobite days secret adherents to the cause who found themselves obliged to drink the reigning King's health would save their consciences by passing their wine-glass across the water. Hence, before the moment for the toasts arrived, all water was removed from the King's table.

But in 1760 George III. had nothing to fear from outside foes. All his foes came from within. Provided by heredity with a poor intellectual capacity and an obstinate character; with an education that was nil, and so poor a taste that he could say in all sincerity "Was there ever such stuff as Shakespeare?" he had but one notion—to prove himself a King by having his own way in everything; and he came, thereby, within an ace of losing his kingdom. To us, however, looking back from this distance of time to his reign, it is interesting and consoling to see how, ultimately, his very tyrannies and blunders worked for good. Three immense benefits owe their origin to George III.—an independent America, the freedom of the Press, and the growth and power of public opinion. Under a wiser ruler these inestimable possessions might not have been won until much later.

The especial claim to fame or infamy, whichever way you like to take it, of the reign of George III. is the loss of the American colonies, an often-told story, but one which it is worth while to recall. Up to the passing of the Stamp Act in 1765 the colonists, Dutch and English alike, had been essentially loyal, although there had been many grievances inseparable from the administration of a Crown Colony governed from London. But this Act produced such violent resentment, that the next year, 1766, it had to be repealed, to the King's undying regret. Incapable as any Stuart of learning from experience, eight years later, when he was taking more strenuous methods for crushing the colonists than by illegal taxation, he could write to Lord North of this Repeal, as "*a fatal compliance*" which had encouraged the Americans to aspire to absolute independence. To make any concession, to display in any measure the spirit of conciliation, was abhorrent to him. The rebels were to be brought to sue for mercy on their knees. With such a temper in high places, it was to be expected that Benjamin Franklin, delegated by Massachusetts in 1772 to present a petition to the Privy Council for the removal of Governor Hutchinson and General Oliver, should be received with flouts and jeers. He *was* received, however, but he gained little by the audience save the painful pleasure of standing before the Privy Councillors "in his gala-suit of spotted Manchester velvet," and being violently rated by Wedderburn—

With a fluency of invective, a fury of reproach which was almost splendid in its unbridled savagery. The Privy Councillors rocked with laughter, and revelled in applause as the Solicitor-General pilloried the Agent from the colony of Massachusetts Bay as a thief, well-nigh a murderer, a man lost to all honour, all decency.

Some tutelary spirit surely whispered hope to Franklin that night when he took off his unfortunate gala-suit, brushed it carefully, and laid it by in wrappers and lavender, not to see again the light of day until eleven years later when its wearer was one of the signatories to the Treaty of Paris by which England fully acknowledged the Independence of America.

But between these two occasions a great deal had to be lived through by the King and the country, not to mention the colonists themselves. There was the tea made with salt-water in Boston Harbour in 1773, and the punitive closing of the Port of Boston in the following year. And then, in 1775, as the "rebels" still proved stiff-necked, the King resolved on subduing them by force of arms. The prevalent opinion concerning the colonists among the "King's friends" was that they were a set of braggarts and cowards, who would run at the first sight of a red coat, and George wrote exultantly to Lord North when their subjection was determined on, "The die is cast. The colonies must either triumph or submit," for never again should they know the weakness of a concession. It was considered that four regiments would be sufficient to effect their subdual in less than as many months, "for the Americans will be lions only while we are lambs," declared the sapient King. "If we take the resolute part they will undoubtedly be very meek." In spite of the despicable character given to the enemy there was as much rejoicing in London over Howe's earlier successes as though he had vanquished a superior foe, and any man who dared to say with Chatham a word in favour of the colonists

became himself "a rebel" and a "trumpet of sedition," was branded as a traitor to his country and his King. But presently came news of the surrender by the British at Saratoga, followed by numerous other little surrenders elsewhere, and culminating in the great surrender of Cornwallis at York Town in 1781. The rebels had won the day, and the independence of America was achieved.

And if it was bitter to George to be beaten by the united colonists across the seas, his ill-success at home in his contest with the insignificant and plebeian Wilkes must have been bitterer still. All the tyranny he could bring to bear failed to suppress the popular demagogue, who, in the teeth of every form of opposition, managed to establish the liberty of the Press. But, in truth, the long reign of the youth who set out so firmly determined "to be a King" is a long record of his personal failures and of the successes of his subjects. He was not King even in his own domestic circle, and there are few more painful stories than that of the treatment he received, as his infirmities increased, from most of his fifteen children. Yet in private life he was an example of the domestic virtues which England justly admires.

But virtue without wisdom is, in those who hold positions of wide responsibility, almost as bad for its possessor and for all who come within its influence as wisdom without virtue. What a man needs, and above all what a King needs, is a firm grip on both. Even George IV., who had neither, nevertheless did less harm, constitutionally, than did George III. Even William IV., described by the sprightly Greville as "one of the silliest old gentlemen in his own dominions," came to no such well-merited grief.

Mr. McCarthy, who has been assisted in the production of these volumes by his son, Mr. Huntly McCarthy, is as easy to read as ever, and knows how to make even dry themes entertaining. He gains, thereby, the ear of the general reader, and the book is likely to be as often asked for at the libraries as any novel. On the other hand, thanks to an excellent index, the student will find it a very useful book of reference to the events and opinions of the times.

FRENCH CRIMINALS.

In his *STUDIES OF FRENCH CRIMINALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* (Heinemann, 10s. n.), Mr. H. B. Irving does not write in the cold, scientific temper of the criminologist, but in the gay sensational style of the picturesque reporters of France and the United States. His stories of such notorious murders as those associated with the names of Troppmann, Pranzini, Prado, Ravachol, and Henry are remarkably well told; and the only objection that can be taken to them is that they pander to a morbid curiosity. Such interest as the book has for readers who are not contented merely to revel in gore lies in the light which it throws on the peculiarities of French criminal procedure. In view of the strong comments lately passed by an English Judge on the journalistic tendency to assume the guilt of accused persons, it is interesting to see how the high-class Press of Paris conceives its responsibilities in such cases. We get a good instance in the comments of the *Figaro* on Pranzini's appearance in the dock, thus translated by Mr. Irving:—

When he is not astonishing the Court by the recital of the most extravagant falsehoods, he is posturing in a self-satisfied fashion, displaying his shirt cuffs and striking attitudes for the benefit of the fair ladies in the reserved seats. It is his eye alone that betrays the true nature of the man—a blue eye, cruel and shifting, occasionally lighting up with a wild, fierce glance, but generally hidden beneath long eyelids of the Chinese type. The dandy cannot altogether mask the wild beast that is in him.

There could be no more characteristic illustration of the French view that every suspected person is to be regarded as guilty until he has proved that he is innocent.

The report of the same case affords many examples of the ferocious levity of French criminal Judges :—

Two of Marie Regnault's lovers were called. One, a gentleman of fifty years of age, who had known her some sixteen years, was playfully hailed by the Judge as the *doyen*. Then we get this characteristic bit of dialogue :—

President.—You're embarrassed, Pranzini, you change colour.

Pranzini.—I! not at all! I am perfectly calm, my conscience is pure.

President.—Hadh't we better leave conscience out of the question? You went and paid a visit which your conscience prevents you from divulging because it concerns your head.

. . . Where were you during the early hours of the night?

Pranzini.—I repeat, I cannot say.

President.—What gentlemanly delicacy of feeling!

And, finally, we have the President, at the end of the first day of the trial, before the case for the defence had been presented, addressing the prisoner thus :—

And so, Pranzini, you appear always the same—deceitful, cunning, and hypocritical, and if you have ruined yourself, it is by the excess of your devices to save yourself.

To an English jurist nothing could seem more atrocious. It is almost enough to make one believe Pranzini's dying protestations of his innocence. Yet the French jurists defend their system. Mr. Irving quotes a striking defence of it from M. Guillot's "*Les Prisons de Paris*" :—

The Judge (says M. Guillot) who thinks that he will extract a confession by pure reasoning, by the clever accumulation of proofs, by mere force of logic, deceives himself strangely; the only use of this kind of argument is to put a prisoner on his guard. The brain is far less vulnerable than the heart; it is by appealing to the latter that the citadel may be stormed. A tear is of more service to justice than the closest reasoning. The criminal, who has denied his guilt in the face of all evidence, confesses at last, because his mistress begs him to tell the truth for her sake, or because his feelings are stirred by the gentleness of his victim's mother.

But why this anxiety for a confession? Even in France a prisoner is not acquitted because he refuses to confess. The object of the prosecution should be not to make the prisoner look a fool, but to prove its case without taking unfair advantages. In so far as it is a study of the methods of the French police and lawyers Mr. Irving's book is valuable; but to most readers it will only appeal as a collection of horrors—an unworthy subject not quite worthy of the author's very considerable skill in narrative.

MR. CHILDERS.

We should hesitate to call the late Mr. Childers a statesman, preferring to restrict that particular word to men of greater political importance; but he was undoubtedly a good official, a sensible colleague, and a useful "Parliamentary hand." If he was not a genius, or an orator, he was at any rate one of those honest public servants who have formed the back-bone of many successive Administrations. His son, Colonel Spencer Childers, has written his life extremely well (*A LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RIGHT HON. HUGH C. E. CHILDERS*, 2 vols., Murray, 16s.); and the only criticism we have to make is that there are places, though these are not very numerous, in which the book would have been the better for compression. Mr. Childers had a long public career, and became one of the veterans of the Liberal party. He was in turn at the Admiralty, the War Office, the Exchequer, and the Home Office, always laborious and conscientious, but not on the whole favoured with much good fortune. South Africa, and especially Majuba, the disturbed state of Ireland, the loss of the Sudan and the death of Gordon, and finally, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule failure, brought discredit on Liberal Ministries, though they did not

affect the personal reputation of Mr. Childers. As the head of a department he showed great capacity for business, and especially for finance. He did well at the Admiralty, where, unhappily, his tenure of office was saddened by the loss of H.M.S. Captain, with one of his own sons on board; and he did better still as Minister for War, and as the introducer of the territorial system into our Army. When the Egyptian war broke out, his forethought and hard work contributed to the completeness of Lord Wolseley's expeditionary force. After Tel-el-Kebir, and again in 1885, he was offered the G.C.B., but refused it, because he wished to remain plain Mr. Childers as long as he sat in the House of Commons. His next post was the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, for which, after Mr. Gladstone, he had greater qualifications than any man on his side of the House. His third Budget, however, was the luckless production of 1885, over which a harassed and disunited Ministry were defeated and left office. He writes :—"It is certainly remarkably odd that a Government which survived its South African and Egyptian, to say nothing of its Irish, policy should have apparently fallen on a question of spirits. But the Tory opposition was really roused by the Death Duties." Then, after a brief interval of Conservative Government, came the Home Rule Ministry of 1886, in which Mr. Childers was Home Secretary. On the very day on which he took over the duties of his new office occurred the riots, thanks to blundering orders given to the police, in which half Mayfair was damaged and plundered. Almost his first official act was to accept the resignation of the Chief Commissioner of Police, and to offer the vacancy, strange as it now seems, first to Sir Redvers Buller, and next to Lord Charles Beresford. But his official acts were few. It was a short Ministry, and after six months the question of Home Rule proved fatal to it. Mr. Childers, impressed by the course of events in Ireland since 1880, had already advocated a very moderate measure of Home Rule. He was pained to find that Mr. Gladstone, instead of consulting him on the subject, had drafted a Bill which, in its financial and fiscal provisions, went far beyond his own proposals. On his threatening to resign, the obnoxious clauses were modified, and he was able to support the Bill. On the defeat of the Government, he was again returned to Parliament, but for the rest of his life, except as Chairman of the Irish Financial Relations Commission, he took no prominent part in public life.

Colonel Childers claims for his father all the credit that was justly his due, but nowhere speaks of him in language of exaggeration.

He never experienced any difficulty in mastering a subject to which he directed his attention; he could bring his mind to bear in an impartial manner on the minutiae of War or Home Office routine, just as in the old days on the questions of Immigration and Customs in Australia. But the continued mental strain eventually exhausted his strength. He was unable to take the rough knocks of public life philosophically. He took up questions with such eagerness, obtaining the fullest information on them, and, having formed his policy, identified himself so earnestly with it, that hostile criticism was galling to him, and the failure of a scheme which he had adopted would be converted into a deep personal disappointment. When engaged on any particular matter, he would have its success so much at heart that any check to it would cause an undue amount of despondency and depression.

What is this, after all, but the picture of an able and honest man who regarded the public service as something more than a political game? The country will be fortunate if it continues to be served in this spirit. The book contains a number of interesting letters, but none from Mr. Gladstone. The preparation of Mr. Gladstone's own biography has precluded their appearance in these volumes.

In one point Colonel Childers' book, which, of course, does not aim at throwing new light on history, does help the biographer of Mr. Gladstone to get at his facts. As we pointed out in reviewing Lord Selborne's "*Memorials*," the chief new item of political information to be found in them was the

explanation given of Gladstone's dissolution of 1874. Gladstone justified it by the defeats of the Government at the by-elections. Lord Selborne asserted that it was really due to Gladstone's doubt as to whether, having accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he was or was not actually still member for Greenwich. Mr. Childers (as a correspondent in *The Times* has pointed out) distinctly corroborated this explanation of Gladstone's action, although no true Gladstonian of the time would admit it for an instant.

ASTRONOMY.

MODERN ASTRONOMY. By HERBERT HALL TURNER, F.R.S.,
Savilian Professor of Astronomy, &c. (Constable. 6s.)

Professor Turner has developed the three lectures which he delivered at the Royal Institution about a year ago into an interesting account, for general readers, of the advances made in astronomy during the last twenty-five years. "During the last quarter of a century," he says, "there has been a revolution in almost all departments of Astronomy, theoretical and practical. Before 1875 (the date must not be regarded too precisely), there was a vague feeling that the methods of astronomical work had reached something like finality; since that time there is scarcely one of them that has not been considerably altered, or is not on the point of alteration; and entirely new departures have been taken." The reason why 1875 is adopted as the epoch of this new era is, of course, the invention in or about that year of the dry-plate process in photography, which resulted in giving a new and more powerful eye to the astronomer. He had previously been quite dependent on the merely human organ of sight, which Helmholtz was fond of describing as a piece of apparatus so badly made that no respectable instrument-maker would think of sending out such poor work. The early methods of photography were not well adapted to the uses of the observatory, owing to their complexity and the impossibility of using wet-plates for exposures of any length. Sir William Huggins has said that "the great and notable advances in astronomical method and discoveries by means of photography since 1875 are due almost entirely to the great advantages which the gelatine dry-plate possesses for use in the observatory over the process of Daguerre, and even over that of wet collodion."

One of the peculiar merits of the "photographic eyes of science" is that the gelatine plate can be exposed for an indefinite period, with an effect that is always cumulative. Its exposures "are not limited by the duration of a single night; when dawn or cloud comes, it is only necessary to put the cap on the telescope and wait for the next fine night, when the exposure may be resumed. Plates have been left in the telescopes for weeks or even months. Hence the very faintest objects can be photographed—and it is a common experience now to photograph objects too faint to be seen in the biggest telescope." The advantages of the photographic eye are two-fold; it enables us to see what was previously invisible, and it eliminates the personal factor which was apt to cause even the most accurate of observers to colour his drawings with some preconceived ideas of phenomena that did not really exist. Professor Turner gives us interesting examples of both these advantages. The first is well illustrated by a photograph of the Pleiades in which the portrait-lens has revealed the existence of a nebulous structure all through the constellation, where only a few faint traces of nebulousity had ever been seen by the strongest telescope. This discovery may have important bearings on future theories of the constitution and genesis of the stellar universe. Again, the greater exactness secured by the camera is strikingly shown by the comparison of two drawings of the solar corona made at one eclipse with two photographs of it taken at another. In the former case two observers at different places drew the corona in shapes so different that it was hard to believe that they referred to the same original, and it was supposed that rapid changes in the shape and structure of the corona must be taking place in

order to account for such a discrepancy. But the photograph shows, with almost complete certainty, that no such changes take place during the short time in which an eclipse passes over the earth. The discrepancies in the drawings must therefore be attributed simply to the personal equations of the two observers.

Other instrumental changes, scarcely less momentous, are expounded by Professor Turner, and he goes on to describe the corresponding changes in the methods of the modern astronomer. In the third section of his book, he groups together the most remarkable of modern results. Among these we may mention the discovery of the tiny satellites of Mars, so nearly predicted by the star-gazers of Laputa two centuries ago; of the fifth satellite of Jupiter and the ninth of Saturn, which showed the power of the great modern refractors; and of the minor planet Eros, which is our nearest neighbour after the moon and Venus, and should help us to measure more exactly the sun's distance from the earth, though the present "probable error" is not greater than the difference made in a man's stature by his socks. We also read with interest about the motion of the North Pole in the earth, which has been proved by the persevering Mr. Chandler; the confirmation of the Nebular Theory supplied by photographs of certain nebulae; the discovery of helium on earth and of oxygen in the stars—and so on. The last and shortest section deals with advances in the mathematical theory of astronomy, a matter which the non-mathematical reader can only understand when its outline is put before him in the lucid and convincing manner adopted by Professor Turner, who fitly closes his book with an account of the classical researches by which Professor G. H. Darwin has added new lustre to a great name and shown how the moon was probably separated from our planet some fifty or sixty million years ago.

It is gratifying to take up one of the books of higher education such as the LECTURES ON THE LUNAR THEORY, by Professor John Couch Adams (Cambridge University Press, 5s.), which Professor Sampson has edited, and to see how rapidly the presentment of a subject so difficult as that of the Moon's disturbed motion has improved during the last quarter of the last century. Nor is this any solitary instance, but of the many which could be cited there are few in which the advance is so striking. Books on subjects such as the Lunar Theory are of two very different kinds. One is purely professional, treating the subject simply to form a basis for the preparation and improvement of tables for astronomical calculation. Here the only form of advance contemplated is one of greater accuracy, and such a book may not unreasonably be deterrent in style even to the more eager student. The other type of work is that which puts the subject for the first time before a student, and in it the mode of presentment ought to be such as to make the special methods of investigation clear, and, as far as possible, attractive. In Adams' lectures both these qualities are displayed in so remarkable a degree that one is tempted to compare them with Newton's brilliant sketch of the subject in the *Principia*. Most astonishing of all, within a space of eighty-eight clearly printed pages, the accuracy of the results is almost as great as is obtained in the most lengthy Theories, while room is found for an introductory sketch of the newer methods of Professor Hill. The editor is to be congratulated upon his decision to make the contents of the book more accessible than they were in Adams' Collected Papers.

There is no accounting for the way in which a man may choose to spend his leisure. Mr. A. W. Bickerton, who is Professor of Chemistry in Canterbury College of the New Zealand University, prefers to devote his to the elaboration of cosmogonies, though an elementary study of physics would do him more good. In his ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS (Sonnen-schein, 5s.) he sets before us an instalment of his results, with special reference to such a phenomenon as that of the "new star," which recently appeared in the constellation of Perseus. The value of Mr. Bickerton's meditations, as he here expresses them, may be gauged by the scientific reader from the early statement that "oxygen moving at a mile a second would be

. . . 2,927 degrees Centigrade." Most of Mr. Bickerton's ideas are expressed in this slovenly manner, but from the context it is clear that, if he means anything, he means that a body of oxygen moving at this rate would assume the temperature named. As our atmosphere is constantly moving through space with a speed of seventeen miles a second, it is not clear how Mr. Bickerton supposes that we can live. So far as we can understand his foggy language, he is unable to distinguish between the speed of the molecules of a gas, according to the Kinetic Theory, and the speed of the whole body of the gas. After this evidence of incompetence in his first or introductory chapter, it is hardly necessary to examine his theory of the universe, in spite of the allurements of the preface, which assures us that it "finds Astronomy a chaos of facts and converts it into a classified system," and vaunts it as "the car of an intellectual mountain motor."

RECENT THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.—I.

The tone and style of Canon Gore's book, *THE BODY OF CHRIST* (J. Murray, 5s.), are worthy of its subject. The discussion is calm, candid, and admirably lucid, and the clearness with which some disputed points such as the nature of the eucharistic gift, or the "objective" presence, are stated will do much to further a better understanding between different parties. The early Fathers show considerable, and perhaps, intentional diversity in their statements concerning the Holy Communion, and Canon Gore's insistence on this point is perhaps the most important feature of his book :—

The inquiry [he says] has disclosed appreciable differences in the eucharistic teaching of the ancient fathers ; a different tone of teaching in the early Alexandrians, Clement and Origen, as compared with Irenaeus and Cyprian ; and in the great Greek theologians St. Gregory and St. Chrysostom, as compared with St. Augustine. It has disclosed variation and ambiguity, and one-sided tendencies in opposite directions in certain early schools of thought ; but, on the whole, and behind these differences, a clear tradition of belief about the eucharist has been apparent which has the best title to be called catholic.

Canon Gore freely criticizes the defects of the Anglican rite, so far as it falls short of ancient language. In particular he regards "the omission of any clear prayer for the departed" as "a grievous departure from primitive and universal practice," and no doubt many Churchmen agree with him in regretting that dislocation of the "continuous eucharistic action" which is a peculiar feature of the Anglican liturgy. This book ought to be carefully studied by those clergy who are inclined to take the Roman rite, and Roman popular practice as the standard of their eucharistic teaching. It is a very timely plea for deeper study, clearer thinking, and less impulsive practice.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY ? (Williams and Norgate, 10s. 6d.) is a vigorous translation by Mr. T. B. Saunders of some lectures recently published by Professor Harnack under the title "Das Wesen des Christenthums." In many respects this is the most notable work of Professor Harnack's. It is marked by a kind of massive simplicity and a breadth of view not always associated with first-rate scholarship. It is also of unusual interest as a survey of the history, essential characteristics, and prospects of Christianity. It savours strongly of the Ritschlian theology, which may broadly be described as an attempt to go back to the primary facts of Christian experience, to discard metaphysics, and to ignore the supposed claims of dogma. Professor Harnack's Christianity "means one thing and one thing only, Eternal life in the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God." He does not like the prominence given to "Christology" in the history of the Church. "The Gospel," he maintains, "as Jesus proclaimed it, has to do with the Father only and not with the Son. This is no paradox, nor, on the other hand, is it 'rationalism,' but the simple expression

of the actual fact as the evangelists give it." We do not intend to criticize this point of view, but only to point out the striking feature of Professor Harnack's book—viz., that though he regards the history of Christianity as to some extent a history of misdirected energy and speculation, yet he has a most keen and sympathetic insight into the real genius of different religious types. His survey of Catholicism, Greek and Latin, is brilliant and powerful. He takes his stand on the broad principle that if a great institution is to be rightly judged, the historian "must first and foremost inquire into the work which it has accomplished, or, as the case may be, into the problem which it solved." His lectures on Catholicism, as a piece of historical criticism, are masterly, and the reason is that he is penetrated by a sense of the greatness and solidity of that which he investigates. He is able, too, to detach himself from the system to which he gives his own adhesion. Witness his free criticism of Protestantism, his sense of its present dangers, his recognition of certain ideals which it has allowed to disappear—e.g., some form of monasticism. Yet it is in his study of the Gospels that Professor Harnack is at his best. His account of the history and message of Jesus Christ glows with moral enthusiasm; he distinguishes with a very clear sense of proportion between the different spheres of Christian obligation; he speaks of the realities of Christian experience with earnest religious feeling, and all this compensates to some extent for a view of the "Essence of Christianity" which must be regarded as defective. Professor Harnack says, perhaps rightly, that the message of Jesus is "simpler than the Churches would like to think it." But he himself allows that among the great questions to which Jesus directed men's attention was the serious inquiry, "Whom say ye that I am?" Nevertheless, these lectures are most remarkable, both for the historical insight they display and for their elevation of tone and purpose.

THE SOOTHSAYER BALAAM, by the Very Rev. Seraphim, Bishop of Ostrojsk, which has been translated by friends of the author (Rivingtons, 10s.), is of some interest as illustrating the extent to which theological studies are pursued in Russia. It was written as a thesis for the degree of Bachelor in Theology in the Academy of St. Petersburg. The Bishop has read widely, and he discusses linguistic, literary, and archaeological questions with learning and acuteness. Among English writers referred to is Bishop Lowth, who in his "*De Sacra Hæbræorum Poesi*" speaks warmly of the poetic excellence of Balaam's "parables." In the main, however, the Bishop's essay is based on the somewhat old-fashioned works of De Geer and Hengstenberg. It shows a want of acquaintance with the results of the literary criticism of the Hexateuch. Bishop Seraphim regards Balaam's prophecies as "one of the most convincing proofs of the authenticity of the Pentateuch," and in an appendix he tries to vindicate the traditional view that the narrative of Balaam was written down, if not by the hand, at least in the time of Moses. The most characteristic parts of the book are those which discuss the moral significance of Balaam's history, and the question how far his prophecies have been fulfilled. The name "Israel" is to be understood to include "not only the faithful children of Jacob according to the flesh, but all those akin to him by the Spirit." The Bishop has a fair knowledge of Hebrew, and he has certainly taken great pains to illustrate from Semitic sources the "magical" elements in Balaam's history. But he does not clearly perceive the relation in which archæology stands to literary and textual criticism. The value of the book is impaired by the want of an index.

Zwingli was a stalwart and splendid man, and well deserves a place in the "Heroes of the Reformation" Series. HULDREICH ZWINGLI, by Professor Jackson of the New York University (Putnam, 6s.), is a little dull, it must be confessed, but it is done with admirably scholarly completeness, and is lightened by excellent illustrations and some facsimiles of Zwingli's writing. Two other American professors, Mr. John Martin Vincent and Mr. Frank Hugh Foster, provide additional chapters on general Swiss history and on Zwingli's theology.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Old Anglo-Indian Life.

The readers of the *JOURNAL OF MRS. FENTON* (Arnold, 8s. 6d.) must not expect to find anything sensational in it, but must be content with a simple account of the life of an English-woman in India and Tasmania more than seventy years ago. It will be especially interesting to those whose knowledge of the India of to-day enables them to contrast their own experience with that of Mrs. Fenton. Others, however, will find it readable in a leisurely way, and will appreciate the mingled sense and sensibility which, as Sir Henry Lawrence's preface says, mark the author's style of writing. The journal was not originally intended for publication, and this, perhaps, is one of its principal merits. It is an unaffected description of the hardships, the home-sickness, the gossip, and the amusements of Anglo-India long ago. Mrs. Fenton was the wife of an officer in the Army, and after a few years in India settled in Tasmania, where she died as lately as 1875. In Tasmania, then called Van Diemen's Land, we hear a good deal of the convicts, many of whom were domestic servants. "I asked the housemaid yesterday, while I was giving her some work, what she had been sent out to this colony for; 'please, mam, for house-breaking'; a very pretty, neat, dark-eyed girl." Near to the Fentons, unknown and alone, lived an escaped convict, who grew tired of freedom and solitude, and surrendered himself. Captain Fenton, grateful that the man had abstained from murdering him and his wife, good-naturedly procured his pardon. But these Tasmanian reminiscences are not the liveliest part of the book. The writer is at her best in describing every-day life in India before steam and electricity had reduced the distance between India and England; and in this respect her diary, though quite unexciting, is of historical value.

Lady Granville.

The letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, written during her married life, were published a few years ago. *THE LATER LIFE OF HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE* (Longmans, 10s.) has been compiled by her granddaughter, Mrs. Oldfield, and consists of letters and extracts from Lady Granville's commonplace book from 1846, when her husband died, to 1862, the year of her own death. During her widowhood, Lady Granville lived in almost complete retirement among her intimate friends and the members of her own family, so that, if her papers describe no events of public importance, they serve to illustrate a life withdrawn from the great world, but still interested in it. Except as material for a portrait of a lady of the last half-century, sincere, religious, well-educated, and perfectly well-bred, we do not find much of general interest in the book. It is too fragmentary and too discursive to furnish consecutive reading, and the extracts from Lady Granville's commonplace book show the extent, not of her mind, but of her reading. There are references to many persons of whom Lady Granville's own estimate would have been worth having. It is provoking to find that, instead of writing of them herself, she usually prefers to quote such passages from other writers as the person or the occasion recalls to her memory. One of the rare instances in which she records her own impressions is in connexion with Macaulay. She met him at Castle Howard, and says of him:—"Macaulay is an (almost) never-ceasing talker, and pours out the prodigious stores of learning, wit, and eloquence with such an absorption in his subject that I doubted when I heard him if he would not go on just the same if everybody left the room. Somebody asked the Duchess of Sutherland (after a dinner at Stafford-house) if he liked the society of women, and whom he seemed to prefer. She answered, 'Oh, he only looks upon us all in the light of interruptions.'" And this, after all, is not a new view of Macaulay.

The Gordon Highlanders.

The story of a regiment such as the Gordon Highlanders cannot, of course, be told in a few pages. Colonel Gardyne,

however, who writes *THE LIFE OF A REGIMENT: THE HISTORY OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS* (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 28s.), from its formation in 1794 to 1816, might have done more in a volume of this size—it runs, indeed, to 525 pp.—than merely deal in it as he does with the first twenty-two years of the corps' history. As a natural consequence of this prodigality there is more chronicling of regimental small beer in the book than is altogether advisable. In the same way several lists that it contains of non-commissioned officers and men who fell in different campaigns a century ago or so might have been omitted without detracting in any material way from the interest of the volume as a whole. Still, these are but minor blemishes in a book that is on the whole a well-written one. In compiling it the author has drawn largely upon the official papers of the corps, and the volume is thus of a more authentic nature than is usually the case with works of its class. Some of the old regimental orders which are quoted read rather quaintly. Thus, in 1805, the commanding-officer of the 1st battalion promulgated the following:—"On account of the irregularities allowed by Private McKean, his hut is to be burned down by the pioneers, and if Mrs. McKean continues these disgraceful scenes she will be drummed out of the regiment." On the subject of the soldier's life at this time it will probably come as news to most people to learn that only one meal a day was authorized up to 1808. In this year, however, instructions were issued by the Commander-in-Chief to all Colonels "to turn their most anxious attention" to the provision of a breakfast meal (porridge being officially recommended for the purpose) in their respective corps. The new generation of Gordon Highlanders have a good deal to be thankful for.

For the Scientific Gardener.

Professor Marshall Ward has written *DISEASE IN PLANTS* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) with a very clear intention of meeting the needs of the cultivator who has little time to study the life-history of the fungi, insects, or other organisms to which plant diseases are due, and who therefore asks men of science somewhat impatiently to give him guidance as to what is wrong. Many parts of this volume strike us as too deep for the ordinary head gardener, if not for the squire and the rector, to fathom, but every page deserves the earnest attention of any man who wishes to undertake forestry or gardening in a scientific spirit. Professor Ward does not hesitate to give simple instances of the manner in which cultural errors retard success in hothouses and gardens, although the mass of his matter is a well-arranged outline of disease causes and health principles rather than a conspectus of farming and gardening duties. He mentions the common mistake of injuring ferns by keeping their roots and the soil wet, and the air and fronds dry, "whereas the natural habitats provide for wet and shaded fronds and well-drained soil." Another point of general interest dealt with is the delusion of gardeners that certain plants die from the "drip" of trees (let us say beeches or sycamores) when the harm is really caused by the shade, which dooms the plants to death by "inanition because their leaves are not able to provide sufficient carbohydrates." "Disease in Plants" contains several chapters, such as that on "Life and Death," which should be read by many students of science besides those who are officially or commercially concerned with land and gardens; indeed the first part of the book, "Some Factors" (in the life and health of the plant), may be commended to all persons who can enjoy straightforward scientific exposition. Professor Ward is an instance of the fact that men of science often write better English than men of letters; we should like to see a student's manual of botany proceed from his pen. "Disease in Plants" has no illustrations, but it is rich in bibliographical references, and carefully indexed.

Grant Allen's "Historical Guides" (Grant Richards) are being continued by Dr. George C. Williamson; and *CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY* (3s. 6d. n.), dealing with Milan, Verona, Padua, Bologna, and Ravenna, has reached us. The essential characteristics of the series are well preserved by the new author. His

book is one to read on the spot rather than at home. It supplements, but does not supplant, Baedeker on the one hand, and such books as those in the Mediaeval Towns Series on the other; and no doubt it will find a considerable and grateful public. In addition to the information about pictures, sculptures, and buildings, there are some hints on the practical aspects of travelling, and an appeal to travellers to treat Italians with the courtesy to which they are entitled by the fact that, in the fourteenth century, they already ate their food with forks.

The author of *PLAY AND POLITICS IN MALAYA* (Wells Gardner, Darton, 3s. 6d.), to which we referred a week or two ago, has unquestionably the gift of narrative. He was engaged in business and had an official position at Singapore, and his short sketches of the men and things which came under his personal observation make very bright reading. He tells us about Siam and its King, about the French in Cochin China, about Rajah Brooke, Sir George Jacob and Sir Henry Keppel, about Consular work, Chinese secret societies, the opium trade, and many other things. The sketches are slight enough; but they are told with humour and they are all first-hand.

We have received the new (1901) edition of the *HANDBOOK OF JAMAICA* (Stanford, 7s. 6d. n.). It is compiled from official sources by T. L. Roxburgh and Jos. C. Ford, of the Jamaica Civil Service, but it is not an official publication.

Reprints.

James Thomson has this advantage that you can reprint him in the Winter, the Spring, the Summer, or the Autumn; he is always apropos. *THE POEMS OF JAMES THOMSON* (Walter Scott, 2s), edited with an appreciative introduction by Mr. William Bayne, contains only the better known works. The tragedies are not here, and some of the poems, e.g., the ode to Liberty, which Johnson failed to finish reading, are omitted. But most readers will be sufficiently employed in renewing their acquaintance with the "Seasons" and "The Castle of Indolence," the best work of the poet who sings to us of

the shepherd of the Hebride Isles

Placed far amid the melancholy main.

One often fails to realise that the romantic movement, of which Thomson was a pioneer, began so early in the eighteenth century. He died in 1748.

Among other reprints which we have not previously mentioned are *LAVENGRO*, *PENDENNIS*, and *PRIDE AND PREJUDICE* in Messrs. Methuen's Little Library. Mr. Hindes Groome, who edits the first, gives a highly interesting and very long list of Romany Ryes or "Gypsy Gentlemen," from Andrew Boorde (1490-1549) to Sienkiewicz, but he puts Borrow, as a writer, above them all. On Thackeray and Miss Austen it is not easy to say a new thing, but Mr. S. Gwynn and Mr. E. V. Lucas respectively write pleasant little introductions to the volumes; and Mr. G. T. Bettany does the same for Carlyle's *SARTOR RESARTUS* (which includes "Heroes" and "Past and Present") in Messrs. Ward, Lock's Minerva Library, though he lays more stress on the present value of "Sartor" than we should. Thackeray appears also in two new volumes of the "New Century" edition (Nelson, 2s. n. each)—one containing miscellanies in the shape of Essays, Reviews, &c., and also the Ballads, and the other the contributions to *Punch* arranged chronologically. Mr. Walter Jerrold edits *EMERSON'S ESSAYS* for the Temple Classics (Dent, 1s. 6d.). In Messrs. Methuen's excellent "Library of Devotion" Canon B. W. Randolph edits the *PSALMS OF DAVID* (2s.) and is severely cautious and conservative as to the question of Davidic authorship. In the same series a reprint of much interest is the *LYRA APOSTOLICA*, the collection of poems, largely by Newman himself, which breathes the spirit of confidence, even of defiance, which marked the rise of the Anglican movement. Mr. Beeching edits it, and Canon Scott Holland contributes a very interesting introduction. A reprint of a modern book is an acceptable third edition of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY* (Macmillan, 5s.). Its merits are too well known to need a re-introduction, and, as Mr. Hewlett says in a new preface, "I cannot be for ever explaining why I wrote this book." Lastly, we are glad of a well-printed reissue of Black's novels, coming from Messrs. Sampson Low.

ART.

THE NEW GALLERY.

If we were to believe the fourteenth summer exhibition at the New Gallery to be in any important way representative of the best English art of to-day, we should be compelled to admit that English art just now is at a low ebb. The very conditions under which the pictures for the gallery in Regent-street are collected precludes the possibility of their being the best that the painters can do. The New Gallery is not, in the sense that the Grosvenor under the direction of Sir Coutts Lindsay used to be, a gallery of protest—the one public exhibition to which strong, irreconcilable men preferred to send; a collection in which exhibitors were sure to find confrères who, however well they painted, and however much they were in public demand, yet refused to send their best canvases to become an inharmonious part of a kaleidoscopic mosaic of newly-varnished mediocrities. Burne-Jones is no more; Stott of Oldham and Whistler have either ceased to exhibit or to think in a new way; and the result is that, whereas the Grosvenor had a following, the New merely follows. Very few of the men who now find their pictures placed in Regent-street will fail, unless they are singularly unfortunate, to receive a ticket for varnishing day at Burlington House. The result is natural enough, and the pictures shown this year at the New Gallery are, for the most part, painted upon well-worn, familiar lines by men who could easily supply a dozen similar ones upon receiving reasonable notice. We can gauge the level at which the New Gallery now stands by having to make the confession that so weather-beaten a theme as "The Casket Scene from the *Merchant of Venice*," by Sir J. D. Linton—memories of Mr. Frith in his prime and G. D. Leslie notwithstanding—gives pleasure and stands out well from its commonplace surroundings. Practically the only originality shown is to be found either in the technique of comparatively few, or in the balcony, to which not many penetrate. There is a general feeling of unreality and of paint, no atmosphere of art, and, excepting some of the landscapes, very little poetry. The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society overshadows the walls even after an interval of two years, and the pictures rise but little above the standard of expensive wall furniture.

Let us take the portraits. Here is Sargent, Shannon, Collier, Hacker, Glazebrook, Constant, Harrington-Mann, Llewellyn, Jack, Sir George Reid, Brough, and half-a-dozen others reinforming us with sad insistence of the fact that they paint portraits for a livelihood. We may smile at the pseudo-classic Dianas, Nymphs, Bacchantes, Niobes, and Graces of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Gainsborough, and of Romney; but we can forgive the artificiality of an half-classic period more readily than the brutality of an unpicturesque modernity. The older men knew that a portrait to live must be something more than a very "painty" likeness; and it is indeed a pity that so many uninteresting people can so well afford to have their portraits painted. It is doubtful whether Reynolds or Gainsborough painted plain people. If they did, their friends have considerably destroyed them.

It may serve some useful purpose to consider the portrait of "The Earl of Stair," by Sir George Reid. The earl is an excellent landlord and has enough sense of beauty to allow the ivy to run unrestrained over his well-groomed residence. But he is not the type of subject that justifies an artist in honouring him with a very full length. The size of the canvas bears no proportion to the interest of the subject. The work, as a painting, is quite respectable, but no one can imagine a body of connoisseurs keenly competing in the auction room a hundred years hence for this respectable commonplace. The picture is totally devoid of pictorial interest. Then there is the even longer full length portrait of "The Duke of Portland," by Mr. Sargent. It is big and shows plenty of paint. It is true—and we have much regretted to hear it—that Mr. Sargent has been in indifferent health of late. That is no good reason why he should kill the Duke's pet dog; it would have been more sportsmanlike to have merely painted him. The concentration of the light upon

the Duke's forehead is a trick which is most disturbing. The same abrupt brutality of handling which has marred more than one of Mr. Sargent's admitted successes reduces his portrait of "Mrs. Garrett-Anderson" to the level of an unfinished and incomplete attempt. It is a good likeness, but this is a merit of the humblest kind and a mere necessity for the portrait-painter's trade. All that has made the great portrait-painters famous is in addition to this. In particular, the precious and necessary quality of repose is absent. It is this quality which renders "The Countess of Wilton," by Mrs. Eva Cowell, a picture, in which all but the face is wrapt in mystery, a much more pleasant possession. Mr. Shannon, also, timid and emasculated as he sometimes is, has a nice sense of decorative effect and shows it to advantage in the somewhat coldly painted group of "Lady Carbery and her children." It is, indeed, very much open to question whether the influence of the downright school is good for art. Let us look, for instance, at Mr. Robert Brough's portrait of "Mrs. Milne of Kinaldie." We refuse to believe Mr. Brough's assertion that his subject is wholly devoid of feminine softness of character. The painting is of the broad assertive type of portraiture of which we have had far more than enough of late years, and it is not a pleasant picture. It will find its way into the garret one of these days, along with some of its betters. Not that we wish portrait-painters to become sugared over with the pink and white prettinesses of "An Offering from the Hills" or mannered into the unreality of Benjamin Constant's shoulderless head of "Wentworth Beaumont," but we can admire the freedom without brutality of Melton Fisher's "Dreams," the dainty grace of Miss Gow's "Daughters of Charles Mitchell," and the careful technique of Jacomb Hood's "Judge Lumley-Smith." If we were to choose the one portrait which shows character pictorially we should be tempted to select Maurice Greiffenhagen's "Mrs. Pickford Waller," a thoroughly well painted picture which should not be idly passed by because, at a first acquaintance, the subject appears to be, what it certainly is not, unsympathetic. It is one of the few pictures in the gallery which is a good deal better than it looks. One's sense of fitness is much more likely to be ultimately satisfied by such a portrait as this than it is by the canvas which thrusts the sitter into a momentary notoriety.

Taking the subject pictures in some sequence, W. Dacres Adams is curious rather than successful with "The Black Knight," Mr. Strudwick as conventionally decorative as ever, and Mr. Watts most unequal. "Trifles light as air" provokes comparison with the *amorini* of many an old painter whose very name has been forgotten, and suffers in the process; but his "Greed and Labour" belongs to that group of powerful pictures which helps us to retain our pride in the band of artists who assisted so conspicuously to raise the standard of art in England thirty years ago. A picture also which deserves to rank high is "The Pool of Diana," by George Wetherbee, full of clever contrasts of ruddy light and subtle shadow, with none of the restlessness of Byam Shaw's not too graceful huntress. W. G. von Glehn's "L'Enchantement de la Forêt" is a remarkably colourful design well fitted to decorate its colder architectural surroundings.

In the north room there is an astoundingly dexterous painting of a Persian girl by William Wontner, and a large canvas by Austen Brown which is possibly the most original contribution to the exhibition. Both title—"Sunshine and Shadow"—and subject are simple enough, but it is an attempt to get out of the ruck of "Goods according to invoice." In spite of a tendency to dirtiness, or rather heaviness, of colour, it is a very acceptable, reposeful, and decorative contribution. The clouds suggest a too ready assimilation of classic exemplars rather than a direct appeal to nature, but when the quaintness is granted as essential to a picture of peasant life in an easy going, unprogressive, well contented country, the picture remains full of passages of singular charm, conceived in a broad and open manner and unflinchingly painted. We must not omit to mention "Goldfish,"

a most interesting study in colour and careful drawing from Mr. Henry.

The landscapes occupy small space in comparison with the works we have already mentioned, but they are the redeeming feature of the exhibition. Among the best is a typical, shimmery "Old Canal, Flanders," by William Padgett; a "Winter Sunset" by Alfred Hartley, which is so manly an attempt to arrest an extremely difficult effect as to deserve high praise; "A Winding Stream," by Bernard Harrison, full of quiet charm; a good example of Bertram Priestman; a seascape by Arthur Ryle; some convincing work from M. R. Corbet and Moffat Lindner; and an "Estuary of the Nith," a very much better picture than we would expect from one so bound up in the old masters as Mr. J. J. Orrock. Mr. Edward Stott's "A Winter's Evening" is far better than his other effort in which the white blossoms are quite out of the picture.

It remains to refer to the paintings in *tempera* by Walter Crane, Arthur Gaskin, J. D. Batten, Joseph Southall, Mrs. Marianne Stokes, Graham Petric, Bernard Sleight, and Henry Ryland. The "Fountain of Youth" is perhaps, in point of size, the greatest curiosity of the show, so dull in colour, scattered in composition and transparent in allegory is it. Smaller in size, but even greater in daring is "New Lamps for Old," by Mr. Southall, a subject in which a very clean gentleman in an Oriental turban appears to be offering Birmingham-made "duplex" lamps to young lady tourists of to-day masquerading in sixteenth-century costumes. It is not clear whether it is only that the Primitives affected the *tempera* medium or the medium suggests the Primitives. The result is a certain quaint inconsistency, which, if it was not so obviously affected, might reconcile us to a totally unnecessary stained-glass-window way of looking at our neighbours which would assuredly become uselessly tedious. That the medium does not compel a return to the sixteenth century, the free use of it in a purely modern way by Mr. Batten quite sufficiently proves.

W. L. C.

FICTION.

The Red-Shirt Romance.

The collection of short stories to which Mr. Bret Harte attaches the title *UNDER THE REDWOODS* (Pearson, 6s.) is one more example of his uninterrupted power of giving us pleasure. Such a tale as that which tells how Reuben Allen—a "forty-niner" of the true red-shirt brand we loved when all was young—"saw life" in San Francisco, has the freshness, apt characterization, quick humour and sympathy that the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" commands to-day with as little effort as when he was thirty years younger. What does it matter if the hero suffers from that well-known stage complaint "valvular disease of the heart," and can die just at the moment when he most desires, for love's sake, to make his exit. He can still hold a prize-fighter or "chucker out" with a single arm if his friend need the service, and he is in every way the noble, simple, foolish, touching figure we have welcomed many a time with accumulated affection. "Jimmy's Big Brother," or any other of the ten stories in the volume, possess the old charm, but in "Bohemian Days in San Francisco" we get a peep into the mind of the man who has delighted us for so many years. He recalls his earliest recollections of the city of the Golden Gate. Not quite the period of '49, when it was a straggling beach of huts and stranded hulks, but just as it was growing into the metropolis of California—when the business men were serious-minded and determined to make their city great; when the Chinaman began to come in and the Mexican to rub shoulders with the Puritan; when there was a Spanish Quarter where "three centuries of quaint customs, speech, and dress, were still preserved, where the proverbs of Sancho Panza were still spoken in the language of Cervantes, and the high-flown illusions of the La Manchian Knight still a part of the Spanish Californian hidalgo's dream;" and when the author of "The

Heathen Chinese" was himself building up experiences which have enabled him to present to us so many amusing and pathetic stories. "Under the Redwoods" is as good as its predecessors, and we cannot praise it more.

Selma Lagerlöf.

FROM A SWEDISH HOMESTEAD (Heinemann, 6s.) is a remarkable collection of romantic stories by Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish authoress who first made her fame with "Gösta Berlings Saga," and "Miracles of Antichrist." The first part of the book, some 130 pages, contains "The Story of a Country House," a piece of work rich in beauty and instinct with a fragrant poetic feeling. The nature of the demented Gunnar Hede, won back to life by Ingrid, whose life he has in his turn saved, is wonderfully depicted; the story is a delight to read purely for its mystic atmosphere, its fantasy and emotional beauty. "The Queens at Kungahälla" is the alluring title of three tales—"The Forest Queen," "Sigrid Storrade," and "Astrid," which tell the history, in three periods, of the old city of Kungahälla. Sigrid Storrade is, in part, the story of a pagan queen who summons the Norwegian King Olaf Trygvesson to meet her at Kungahälla, in order to settle about her marriage. The Christian Olaf is to drink from the wedding-cup with the Pagan Sigrid Storrade:—

That night the ferryman who conveyed people over the Göta River was busier than he had ever been before. Time after time he was called to the other side, but when he crossed over there was never anybody to be seen. But all the same he heard steps around him, and the boat was so full that it was nearly sinking. He rowed the whole night backwards and forwards, and did not know what it could all mean. But in the morning the whole shore was full of small foot-prints, and in the foot-prints the ferryman found small withered leaves, which, on closer examination, proved to be pure gold, and he understood they were the brownies and the dwarfs who had fled from Norway when it became a Christian country, and who had now come back again.

In this realistic kind of fairyland does Selma Lagerlöf place her romantic histories. One may say to the reader of the book what the author says of Kungahälla, "this is the ground that will enable him to breathe the air of the land of dreams, and show him the visions of bygone days." Miss Jessie Brochner has done her work of translation with no small skill.

Extravaganza.

To conceive of Charing-cross levelled to the ground by an agency yet undiscovered by science because the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not hand over to a nameless individual a hundred million pounds; and of the Chancellor himself being kidnapped to a remote island peopled by beings of the same genus as those who made their *habitat* on the Island of Dr. Moreau, is to plunge into the world of extravaganza. Yet Mr. J. S. Fletcher, in his *THREE DAYS' TERROR* (John Long, 6s.), gives it all a kind of plausibility; and though he is capable of better things, the book reveals as pretty a touch in the gruesome as the "Harvesters" showed him to possess in the mildly rural. It is pleasantly written despite its horrors. Mr. Fletcher can dabble in horrors without any attempt or desire to make your flesh creep. It is simply a story of very curious happenings, with many agreeable people in it, and written in an agreeable style.

Mr. Guy Boothby.

Mr. Guy Boothby is so honest and industrious a labourer that it seems almost unfair to judge him by the ordinary standard of art. *MY INDIAN QUEEN* (Ward, Lock, 6s.) is an admirable example of the commonplace, uninspired, pseudo-historical novel beloved of "the general reader" a few years ago. The time is that of the early Georges; the scene of the most exciting adventures is the India of an extremely wicked Rajah. The English girl, Lady Cicely Helderston, "daughter, and indeed only child, of that notorious old *roué*, the Earl of Castlefield," shares with the "Indian Queen" the honour of the hero's admiration. But the home-bred lady wins by waiting.

Those who ask for a touch of Attic wit in their novels may pass by "My Indian Queen," but those who love a fluent, exciting story, well-costumed, lively, and large, should read it.

Life of a Prima Donna.

There is something really fresh and spontaneous about *MADAME MARIE, SINGER*, by Ester Dale (Leadenhall Press, 3s. 6d.). It is true there is nothing particularly new about the construction, and we have had plenty of other stories dealing with concert-room and opera-house, but few so naturally and with so firm and quiet a grasp of character. So far as we know, this is a first book, and it is so unassuming in appearance that it will probably be passed over unnoticed in the crowd. But it is distinctive, fresh, and interesting enough to merit a better fate. It is not a work of genius, but—many infinitely worse novels have sold their thousands, even their tens of thousands. The lady who writes under this curiously spelled pen-name may some day do better work. Some of her characters betray inexperience; the humour is too often painfully thin, particularly when dealing with the ladies of Slowton (a name which suggests no very fine sense of the ridiculous). But the musical element is well done, from Herr Direktor Franz down to Mr. Sampson. The author is not entirely unacquainted with the scenes she has chosen to draw—and this is not always found in a musical story. On the whole, a little book that deserves a kindly word.

The Drink Habit.

HIS FAMILIAR FOE, by E. Livingstone Prescott (Grant Richards, 6s.), is the best novel its author has written. As a temperance tract, it ranks with Mrs. Stannard's "A Name to Conjure With"—but that is by the way. Its literary side is not sacrificed to its "purpose"—if it has one. The title-page says that the book is "the story of the degrading inheritance of Captain Robert Ducie of H. M. Silver Lancers, his struggles, defeats, victory, his marriage, fatherhood, and love." This is comprehensive. But it gives the reader no idea of the interest of the study. Young Ducie is sympathetic from first to last. He begins as a gilded youth, son of a low-born millionaire, and pathetically anxious to show no cloven hoof to his fastidious companions in the Silver Lancers. An inherited craving for drink and a disastrous marriage with an almost impossibly callous and brutal woman, set him on the way to the "struggles" and "defeats." About the "victory" and the "love" the book should be allowed to speak for itself. There is a charming child in it, and, for once, infant pathos is really pathetic. Freddy intoxicated, Freddy trying to bring his poor young father in the way he should go, and Freddy dying, are touching to a painful degree. The book is well constructed and brightly written.

It would be easy, by a few quotations from her early pages, to produce the impression that *BALLAST* (Longmans, 6s.) was not one of Miss Myra Swan's happiest efforts. In fact, the book begins in an irritatingly spasmodic manner; a series of short, staccato sentences—some of which contrive to be hopelessly involved in spite of their shortness—and much feminine talk about nothing in particular do not promise well. But it improves considerably as it goes on. The author has a good store of various information, and is not averse from displaying it; and she has an eye for the good-natured type of "impossible" character. Cousin Septimus and his household are well drawn, and not unkindly. And as the plot of the story develops, and the difficulties arise, there are opportunities for pulling out the pathetic stop of which Miss Swan avails herself to the full. Grey Alison is one of those girls who are doomed from the start to self-sacrifice; her sister, Firenze, is one of those butterfly natures made to play with fire and singe not only themselves but others. Among other things "Ballast" might serve very well as a temperance publication, for it is the "drink habit" that comes near to wrecking the heroine's happiness. It is, however, a better book than most novels with a purpose. The preaching is not obtruded. Miss Swan would probably write better if she were not quite so anxious to display the extent of her reading, and her sentences are apt to show a straining after effect. But there is more in her work than we often discover in the novels of the day.

American College Life.

Anything that Mr. Sheldon writes is sure to enjoy a wide circulation. EDWARD BLAKE (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.) is a story of college life in America, and the life it depicts is interesting from its novelty to us on this side of the Atlantic. In Edward Blake himself it is difficult to feel an absorbing interest. To put it briefly, his conscience is a little too morbidly acute. How he would have fared at an English University we can make a shrewd guess, but the young men of Hope College seem to have treated him with a mildness that we are not accustomed to associate with students in the States. Mr. Sheldon has much to say on the burning question of college athletics, some of which is no doubt very much to the point. The athletic scholarship is not confined to America, and it is possible, though not very likely, that his sermon may reach the ears of those in authority at Oxford and Cambridge. As for his story, it is not worth considering seriously. The career of Edward Blake affords Mr. Sheldon another opportunity of re-stating his views on several subjects. Among other things, he introduces a college debate on "the present war in the Philippines." But we look in vain for literary grace as for psychology; the characters and the language are alike wooden.

Walsingham's Chronicle.

Miss Bramston's book THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE (Duckworth, 3s. 6d.) deals with the Peasant Revolt in Essex and Herts—with Richard II. and Wat Tyler, and more particularly with the struggle between the burgesses of St. Albans and their Abbot. The chief figure in the story is a historical character—one Grindecobbe, the leader of the townspeople against the unjust claims of the abbey—in whom the monkish chronicler, naturally enough, detected nothing but sacrilegious insubordination. In Miss Bramston's hands he becomes the noble leader of a people rightly struggling for freedom. Those who like the historical novel of the old school will welcome this story, which is carefully written in what has to pass with novelists for mediæval English. The picture of Richard himself has some merit as an original presentation of a character not much handled by novelists.

THE GAMBLERS, by Mr. W. Le Queux (Hutchinson, 6s.), centres round a murder mystery at Monte Carlo, the unravelling of which through the latter part of the book serves to keep one's interest alive. The two ladies in whose company we start on the journey to Nice are much too effusively "smart" to please. One of them undertakes to unravel the mystery, and signally fails to do so. Yet she apparently possesses the gift of being invisible, and also of overhearing and reporting with exactness conversations carried on "in a low tone" in the next room, on the other side of a partition in an express train travelling at full speed, and also inside a ship's cabin when her own exclamations of dismay are "swallowed up by the noises of the boisterous night." These exceptional gifts, however, enable her to tell us the story, which is supplemented by a great deal of guide-book gossip about Italy and the Riviera.

PRO PATRIA (Ward Lock, 6s.) is one of Mr. Max Pemberton's "all-alive" romances of peril and adventure. This time, the danger comes from across the Channel. A tunnel is discovered, steadily boring its way across to our shores, with the object, of course, of a stealthy, underground invasion. Mr. Pemberton's hero attains the eminence of being the discoverer of this nefarious tunnel, with results disastrous to himself, but full of opportunities for the most choice heroism. Of course the invasion is prevented by his means. There are complications with a charming little Frenchwoman and a half-crazy adventurer. The tale goes with a capital swing.

Is it a sign of the times that so many novels nowadays are concerned with maidens who pine for reluctant lovers and do not hesitate to meet them more than half-way? Miss Mary E. Mann's charming Barbara in AMONG THE SYRINGAS (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is one of these. There is every excuse for her, a beautiful girl in unspeakably dreary surroundings, with her

vigorous life going to waste. The story has charm, like all by the same author. The character of Emma—the poor, warm-hearted, under-bred wife—is admirable, and so is Sheba, the maid of all work. There are some attractive but rather eerie children, over whom Miss Mann ruthlessly harrows our feelings. The book is a little depressing, but well above the average.

Mr. Fred. C. Smale has made a noble attempt to combine the supernatural with the material in THE MAYOR OF LITTLEJOY (Ward Lock, 3s. 6d.). The idea of giving a commonplace Mayor of a country town a strain of the blood of Puck and Oberon appears likely to be fruitful, especially as a lady of his family, who is considerably more than half a fairy, comes to complicate his life. But all this is difficult to make convincing, and Mr. Smale is not quite as clever as Mr. Gilbert, nor as ingenious as Mr. Anstey. Nevertheless it will beguile an hour and bear a little graceful skipping. Mr. Will Owen's drawings are very amusing.

We presume that Mr. "Morice Gerard" is of the sex that writes so often under masculine names without a masculine style. THE SHADOW OF GILSLAND (Marshall, 3s. 6d.) is very womanly and simple. Can simplicity of humour go further than to say of a tavern called the "Chequers," "The inn was appropriately named, for the lives of the people, men and women, who entered its doors were chequered," and to impress upon us at intervals that it bears a "not too honoured name" or a "none too creditable name"? Some of the people are very, very horrid, and they suffer a good deal, and some are very, very nice, and they are going to be very happy. The author's vivid insight into the mysteries of life is displayed in epigrammatic sentences, of which we have marked many, but will only quote one:—"Man's understanding of woman's nature, at its best, is singularly limited."

Very simple, and yet not altogether unpleasing, is Mr. Jenner Tayler's little story MARY BRAY—HER MARK (John Long, 3s. 6d.), which is chiefly taken up with a journey through an Oregon forest undertaken by the lady in question and an English cavalier engaged in the lumber trade. The love affair that is the necessary outcome of this expedition is handled with more originality than might have been expected, and the result is a pretty little volume—easily assimilated in the course of an hour or so—with just a touch of excitement towards the finish. It is not badly written—although it does display a page of *errata* at the beginning.

Mrs. Meade's DADDY'S GIRL (Newnes, 3s. 6d.) is a book difficult to classify. It is certainly not for children, in spite of the title, as the story deals chiefly with the conjugal squabbles of the conventional weak husband and the equally conventional wife, pretty, heartless, and extravagant. It is astonishing how many of those heartless mothers we meet in English literature; we are glad to say we do not meet them in real life whether in England or elsewhere. "Daddy's Girl" is one of those impossible children of the "Misunderstood" type, and we are not even spared the "East Lynne" deathbed. There is plenty of sentimental talk for the people who like it.

The Rev. Sydney Mostyn is not one of your subtle humourists. He goes very straight for his point, and is not ashamed to use the most obvious traps for laughter. In MISS SPINNEY (Leadenhall Press, 2s. 6d.), he takes an elderly maiden lady—these funny men are never happy without an old maid—and makes her found the customary Society for the Suppression of Sweethearting, which behaves much in the customary fashion. Being a clergyman, too, and a humourist, he must needs introduce his missionary bishop—the kind of bishop that humorous clergymen love to draw. For the rest, Mr. Mostyn writes in boisterously high spirits, and not always in the best of taste, and his book becomes inordinately tiresome before we reach the conclusion. It is a farce, and a dull one—and the most remarkable part of the volume is the warm praise given to a former work in a collection of Press notices thoughtfully printed at the end.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

One paper in the *Quarterly* is of an importance to dwarf all the others. The new number contains the best article on Queen Victoria that has appeared in any of the magazines—a character-sketch at once grave and light, and written in a tone which is not the less loyal because it is reasonably critical. Her late Majesty's limitations are recognized no less frankly than her high qualities. Those limitations, as the reviewer candidly recognized, included an indifference to literature and a hostility to clever women :—

She saw a vast and growing work being performed by her subjects, and she did not feel that she was in touch with it. She accordingly left it alone, and had the wisdom not to attempt to patronize what she was not sure of comprehending. . . . The Queen had no real feeling for poetry, although she professed a cult for Tennyson, founded upon her emotional interest in his "In Memoriam." More modern authors received little attention from her ; and the stories current of the Queen's particular interest in this or that recent writer may be dismissed as the fables of self-advertisement. She would sometimes begin a book at the earnest request of one of her ladies, who would immediately write off to the author :— "I am happy to tell you that the Queen is now deep in your 'Prodigies of Passion'"; but the correspondent would fail to mention that her Majesty had tossed it away when she reached the fifth page.

With this characteristic of Queen Victoria's mind may be compared her attitude towards modern thought :—

When the creed of the Positivists was first brought to her notice she was extremely interested. "How very curious," she said, "and how very sad ! What a pity somebody does not explain to them what a mistake they are making. But do tell me more about this strange M. Comte."

With music, of course, it was different. Her Majesty's musical criticisms were often admirable. Here is an instance :—

A piece of very modern music had been performed in the Queen's presence, manifestly not to her approval. "What is that?" she asked. "It's a drinking song, Ma'am, by Rubinstein." "Nonsense," said the Queen ; "no such thing. Why you could not drink a cup of tea to that !" "Handel," she said, "always tires me, and I won't pretend he does not."

The Queen's taste in jokes is another topic on which the reviewer is outspoken :—

The jests in which the Queen delighted were not of the very subtle kind. But a rather primitive kind of fun, when she was in the mood for it, would amuse her almost beyond her own endurance, till she was simply breathless and could bear no more. Her rather prominent blue eyes would positively beam with entertainment. Sometimes she was taken, and at very awkward moments, with what the French so aptly term *le jou rire*.

But she was fully capable of self-control, and an excellent illustration of it was given at the reception of certain Oriental ambassadors, whose salaams were of an unaccustomed character.

When, at last, the ambassadors suddenly bowed themselves, apparently as men struggling with acute internal pain, and squeezed their hands together in passionate deprecation between their knees, the English Court quivered with merriement like aspen leaves. The Queen alone remained absolutely grave. If anything betrayed emotion, it was a deepened colour and a more intense solemnity. The envoys withdrew at last, with salaams the most exquisite imaginable, and then, but not till then, the Queen broke down, saying through her sobs of mirth, "But I went through with it. I did go right through with it."

The Queen's smile "played a very large part in the economy of her power." . . .

No smile was in the least like it, and no shadow of it is preserved for posterity in any one of her published likenesses. . . . It came very suddenly, in the form of a mild radiance over the whole face, a softening and a raising of the lines of the lips, a flash of kindly light beaming from the eyes. Then in another moment, it was gone, leaving behind a suffused softness, something that was the antidote to embarrassment or fear.

And of her manner :—

Without pedantry, her scheme of manner was distinctly more *vieille cour* than that of any one else in Europe. In itself beautifully finished, it offered positively an antiquarian interest. . . . She had no "manners" at all in the self-conscious or artificial sense. Her charm was made up of spontaneous kindness and freedom from all embarrassment, built upon this eighteenth century style or manner, which she had inherited or adopted. She acted as a great lady of 1790 might have acted, not because she set herself to have good "manners," but because that was how great ladies, trained as she had been trained, naturally behaved, with a perfect grace based upon unsuspecting simplicity.

Of her last visit to Ireland we learn how she characteristically refused an escort of cavalry, and how—

She desired, almost passionately, to be loved by the Irish ; and when she went to Dublin in 1890 she believed that they did love her. She felt the stimulus of success in pleasing, but she acknowledged that the work required of her was twice as great as it had been on her earlier visit. She did her very best to win the affection of the Irish, but the effort fatigued her much. She was carried through it all by her enjoyment of the wit and gaiety of the crowd. She kept on saying, "How I delight in the Irish !"

The whole paper is a fine analytical study of an intensely interesting and lovable character. The *Quarterly* is a good number in other respects which we have not space to touch on. A "Kumassi" article brings into relief the points at issue between the rescue party and the besieged, represented respectively by the books, already reviewed by us, of Captain Biss and Lady Hodgson.

Two articles in the *Edinburgh* arrest attention. In one of them the reviewer discusses certain unimaginary love letters, from those of Abélard and Héloïse to those of Balzac and Prosper Mérimée, in order to lead up to a criticism of "An English-woman's Love Letters." It is a strong criticism, and unfavourable :—

They lack the reserve of the artificiality of form which enables the poet to do all, and more than all, which is here attempted, without outraging what Charles Lamb would have designated as "decorum." They lack the lightness of hand—"la légèreté est sa décence," a critic says somewhere in connexion with another art—which might have excused the want of emotional drapery. They lack most of all the elementary perception of the force of reticence as the only possible suggestion of passion at its supreme height. Of the uses of silence—

Silence, thou that art

Floodgate of the deeper heart—

they know nothing.

The other notable article is on "M. Maurice Maeterlinck, Moralist and Artist," and has some striking remarks on Maeterlinck's sadness :—

As an artist he has penetrated his dreams—his art—with sadness. But his sadnesses are not, any more than those of a Verlaine or a Villon, the sadnesses of the *Salve Regina*, of the *exiles filii Hæve*, who, if they regarded themselves as prisoners in this vale of tears, yet held in secure hands of faith the key of their prison-house. Sadness—M. Maeterlinck himself has reiterated the lesson—even the greatest, does not mould the

strong man, but is moulded by him. It is as clay to the potter; out of it he fashions the weights or the wings of life. M. Maeterlinck has fashioned the weights. His shield of life is a field sable; its flag floats for ever at half-mast high. The escutcheon of love is a twilight emblazoned with dying flames; Death might be imaged as a gateway into the mist; the record of Time is marked as the hours of the dial only by the shadow that passes until the shadow itself is lost in the night. M. Maeterlinck is so great an artist that it is impossible to forgive him for not being a greater.

Actualities are represented in the number by articles on "Our Naval Position," "Ministers and Directorships," and "The Nation and the Army"—an examination of Mr. Brodrick's plans.

The article in the *English Historical Review* which makes the widest appeal is devoted to the memory of the distinguished founder of the Review, Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London. It is written by Mr. Richard Garnett, and is an article of grave criticism, not of personal reminiscences. The especial virtue which Mr. Garnett claims for the Bishop as an historian is naturally that of impartiality; and what he says on that head is excellent criticism:—

We may well claim for the Bishop that he has, beyond all the historians of his day, exemplified the virtue of impartiality. Whether this should always be made as much the pole star of the historian's course as he has made it is a question admitting of some discussion. It is impossible in the case of an epical history, when some stirring theme like the revolt of the Dutch against the Spaniards or the rebellion of 1745 is conceived in the spirit of a poem; nor is it easily practicable when the centre of the historian's canvas is occupied by some commanding figure like Gustavus Adolphus or Peter the Great, to whose renown everything else inevitably becomes subservient. Throughout Bishop Creighton's period, however, there is, in so far as his special theme of religious reform is concerned, no such commanding personage until we arrive at Luther. His incapacity for hero-worship has rendered his treatment of Luther the least satisfactory part of his work; but the defect is more than compensated by his success in dealing with the crowd of miscellaneous figures in whom an ordinary historian might have taken no interest. It is not too much to say that there is no one of the multitude, ecclesiastic or statesman, warrior or scholar, devoid of some touch to show that the Bishop understood and appreciated him—not in virtue of a creative imagination, which Creighton did not possess in any eminent measure, but by the endowment of a lively sympathy with human nature, the same gift which made him beloved and efficient as the ruler of a diocese.

It would be hard to beat the *Pall Mall Magazine* for May as an example of an illustrated monthly. The pictures are as varied as possible and all of excellent quality. Mr. Baumer's Academy types, set in an article by Mr. Spielmann on "Behind the Scenes at the Royal Academy," and the illustrations by various artists to an amusing parley by Mrs. E. T. Cook on London noises are full of delight. And Mr. Halkett (the editor) is at his best in his political caricatures. Some of the letterpress—Mr. Meredith's Poem, Mr. Leslie Stephen on "Romance and Science," Lady Cork on "Etiquette," for instance—we did not find quite so attractive as it looks; and we are not sure we were not more interested in an article on submarine boats. Mr. William Archer seems lately to have had tea with Mrs. Craigie and to have talked with her for half-an-hour about women novelists, Shakespeare's female characters, and other things. They both thought the conversation had been so brilliant that the world ought to know of it. So Mr. Archer has written it all down, and Mrs. Craigie has helped him with the loan of two photographs of herself. There is also much fiction and poetry (besides Mr. Meredith's) in the magazine, and we forgot to mention a capital article on "The Earth's Earliest Inhabitants." In its get-up this is a most seductive magazine.

Correspondence.

THE LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In June, 1879, it was my privilege to present for an honorary degree at Cambridge the late Bishop of Oxford, who at that time had recently been appointed to succeed Dr. Lightfoot as Canon of St. Paul's, and Mr. E. A. Freeman as Professor at Oxford. The Bishop was, I believe, the last survivor of the ten distinguished persons who received honorary degrees on that occasion, the list including Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Browning, Professor H. J. S. Smith, and Professor Huxley. Before selecting suitable points for eulogy in the case of Professor Stubbs, I naturally consulted Mr. Henry Bradshaw, and I also ventured to write to Mr. Freeman. It occurs to me that the hitherto unpublished letters, which I then received from the latter, may be welcomed at the present time by the many admirers of Bishop Stubbs, while they may also have an incidental interest as giving Mr. Freeman's views on Latin *versus* English as the appropriate language of academic laudation, and on Willelmus *versus* Gulielmus as the correct Latin equivalent of the Christian name of the late Bishop.

Yours faithfully,

Merton-house, Cambridge.

J. E. SANDYS.

Somerleaze, Wells, Somerset, May 15th, 1879.

My dear Sir,

The life of the Great Master has not been an exciting one; he lives mainly in his works. I have watched him ever since he succeeded me in my Fellowship in 1848, and I think I found out what was in him before anybody else did; so that I have sometimes said that, if I were to change my name, I should take that of the Puritan divine *Knewstubs*. I don't know what "Men of the Time" says; but surely you know (May 17th), besides the Select Charters, the Constitutional History and the great Prefaces. Suppose you expand into your best Latin my epigram in the note, at vol. v., p. 652, of the Norman Conquest. You may add that nobody else ever did so much work with so little fuss, and that I don't believe that he could make a mistake, if he tried. It is said that he has caught himself in mistakes; but I never caught him in one; once or twice when I had thought I had done so, I found that what he said was said advisedly, and that he could give a reason for it. He just knows everything, and has it all at his fingers' ends. When I was travelling with him in Germany, I thought it something if I knew my Emperors right; but at each place he could tell the Dukes and Bishops and Landgraves, and I believe the Burgermeisters to boot. Then, nobody knows how he gets his knowledge, as he is not commonly seen getting it. Some think it is revealed to him in his sleep, like Eadward the Confessor, the more so as he sleeps more than other men. Read some of his portraits, say, Henry II., in the Prefaces, and judge whether he does not flog us all round.

I said that I *knew* Stubbs. I found him out one Trinity Monday evening, walking in the Collège garden. I knew he was a clever fellow, but I did not know that he was anything more than a hundred other clever fellows. But he began to talk of Henry V., so that I perceived that he was some great one, and blew his trumpet ever after. Men mocked much for a while, but I fancy they have come to believe in the end.

He is of Yorkshire, and fond of it and proud of it; you can see it in his books; he would have liked of all things to be Dean of Ripon. He got a first class from Christ Church in 1848, and was elected Fellow of Trinity that year. In 1850 he took the living of Navestock in Essex, and hid himself for a season. The Chichele electors thought him a less light than Captain Burrows; but the late Lord Derby was wiser and gave him the Regius Professorship. He was for a good while

Archbishop Longley's librarian at Lambeth. Oriel made him a Fellow; now (May 18th), he is Canon Residentiary of Saint Paul's. He is a wonderful man; he seems to have no kind of ambition; but just does a thing when he has to do it better than anybody else. You may add that he is the greatest master of irony since Sokrates the elder.

Here is, perhaps, enough to put into Latin, and wind up "duco ad vos Willelmum Stubbs." Don't offend his ears with the hideous "Gulielmum," which has no business out of Sicily, and was never heard in England or Normandy. But "Stubbs" might be, according to some analogies, not unfittingly enlarged into "Estubium"; but in my character of Knewstubs, I like the original better, and I know by experience that the great monosyllable comes down well at the end of a sentence. "Procumbit humi bos."

But what fine Latin you and Jebb both make. It is almost as fine as Cassiodorus. I don't mean that I ever could make Latin as fine as that: but I once could do something nearer to it than I can now. I believe I could make a Latin speech, if I were allowed the use of "videtur quod," &c., not if, according to a rule given me by Robinson Ellis, I am forbidden to say "episcopus" and "imperialis," because, forsooth, Cicero, who never saw the things, never used the names. But I can make a Saturnian rime now and then, and I believe that *Cornelius Lucius Scipio Gnaivod patre prognatus* would have understood Walter Map, as well as he would have understood Lucan—which last I can't.

I am not quite sure whether to put *Rev.* or *Esq.*, and nobody likes to be called wrong either way, so I put an evasion.

Believe me yours truly,

(Signed) EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

The Public Orator, St. John's College, Cambridge.

London, June 19th, 1879.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your λόγια πανηγυρικοί. I gave the other copy to Bryce, who had to go through the same work yesterday. But the papers say that you were there. 'Twas pity to lose the parallel with St. Edward, which might have been enlarged to take in St. Edward's one vision of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. But please remember another time Willelmus—all those l's. They say I am a pedant in spelling—I never found it out myself. I always go in for bad spelling, like Lindprand, and then one learns something. So I always go in for barbarous Latin, *Universitas* to wit, rather than *Academia*. The only evil is that so many have fancied that *Universitas* means πανπιστημόνιον. I once saw a degree-conferring at Durham. It was in *English*. Now for that purpose our blessed mother tongue does not do. The Warden had no manner of *issimus* for the new Doctor. You can't say "most learned, most valiant, most harmonious man," and he had nothing to call him but "Sir."

Yours very truly,

(Signed) EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

J. E. Sandys, Esq., St. John's College, Cambridge.

SHAKESPEARE'S "EXCRESCENCES."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—*A propos* of Mr. Walkley's remarks, in a recent issue of *Literature*, on what he calls the "excrecences" of Shakespeare's plays, will you permit me to express a little astonishment, and a good deal of incredulity—mingled, I confess, with some admiration for the ingeniousness of the theory which he puts forward?

His explanation of everything which he finds contradictory in the characters, or extraneous to the plays, is shortly this: that Shakespeare, happening on some thesis or problem which interests him, pours out his whole "say" on the subject, regardless of its fitness or unfitness in the mouth of the character to whom he assigns it. He instances as an example the famous "advice" of Polonius to his son; and suggests that Shake-

speare here pushes Polonius from his stool, and pours out, from the treasury of his own mind, the last word on the matter. Of course, there is a difficulty in reconciling, at first sight, the fatuity of Polonius with the proverbial perfection of his counsel to Laertes; and critics and commentators have written volumes on it. But I have never seen nor heard of any explanation at all resembling Mr. Walkley's. To most of us Shakespeare is the one dramatist of the world able to turn out men and women who live, move, and have their being, almost, if one may say so, outside the control of their creator. They live out their lives to the full—with all the follies and contradictions, the flaws and starts, the grandeur and littleness that have for ever constituted the puzzle of life and the theme of the dramatist. But we always believed that amid these changes and contradictions they preserved a special unity and truth to themselves; and that this, in fact, was the essential point of Shakespeare's, I had almost said, divinity of power, that he created and breathed life into real human beings and that there was nothing of the puppet about his creatures. If this be so, can any one believe that such a dramatist should so far forget the end of playing as to make his characters the mouthpiece of his own views or convictions—and not merely so, but that he should thrust these views and convictions on a character in whose mouth they may be pointless or grotesque? According to this theory, Osric, had the chances of the play brought the painful riddle of existence before him, might have spoken "To be, or not to be"; for we are to take it that, the occasion presenting itself, Shakespeare could not resist the temptation of exhausting himself on the theme, whether an Osric or a Hamlet was to be his spokesman.

There are no doubt passages (mostly descriptive) in Shakespeare, which every one sees to be "excrecences" and as such indefensible. To go no farther than "Hamlet," the Queen's speech

There is a willow grows aslant a brook, &c.,

is a glaring example. But Mr. Walkley's theory of the imperious need of self-expression does not apply to these.

Reverting to the character of Polonius, I know that most people accept Coleridge's version—that he is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed. But are the precepts which he gives Laertes so perfect a proof of wisdom as is usually assumed? Are they really the golden rules of life for a noble and chivalrous youth entering on the stage of the world? Or are they rather the base, worldly, commonplace counsels which one would precisely expect from an old courtier—a Chesterfield or a Polonius? And does not Laertes, bred on these counsels, come to show himself worthy of them? With this view of the character and of the precepts, does not the difficulty disappear?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. CASSAN GREER.

Dublin, April 20, 1901.

ADAPTED QUOTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Two other unintentional misquotations have occurred to me. In Genesis, iii., 19, the words are, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." But the *vox populi* has improved the *vox Dei* into "the sweat of thy brow." So, also, when we use the apologetic phrase "'Tis their nature to," we are apt to forget that "too" is the final word in the original. The ascription of this elliptical vulgarism to Dr. Watts is certainly hard.

But I agree with you in thinking that, when the quotation does not purport to be exact, and especially when the original author is unknown, a free range should be allowed to the not altogether *seruum pecus* of adapters. In a world of change and generally of improvement, why should witty sayings be left in stagnation? I think it was Hayward who pointed out the gradual process by which the New Zealander visiting the ruins of London assumed the artistic shape into which he has been thrown by Macaulay. So, too, what was originally said of fire has been applied to

religion by Mark Pattison—it is “a good servant, but a bad master.” Bright’s *dictum* to the effect that the Whigs had a place for every man and that every man was in his place gave, as it were, a new edge to an old saw.

One of your correspondents complains that the popular phrase “Money is the root of all evil” is a misquotation. No doubt the adapted saying is inaccurate, more demonstrably so even than Horace’s condemnation of

Aurum irreperitum, et sic melius situm
Cum terra celat.

But, after all, even the *love of money* cannot fairly be taxed with “all that human hearts endure.” And of the exaggerative utterance the more concise form is handier and, so to say, more circulable, and thus in a sense more *proverbial*, than the original form. In view of such examples as the foregoing, I am tempted to adapt yet further the adapted quotation, and to describe sundry saws and proverbs as embodying “the wisdom of many and the wit of a few.”

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

48, Albemarle-street, W., April 22, 1901.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your reviewer of Father Taunton’s “History of the Jesuits in England,” who appears to think that the reference to Father Garnet of a passage in *Macbeth*—which dates back at least to Malone—is a new discovery, goes on to observe that “This is worth comment, because one of the chief arguments employed by Father Gerard to demolish the ‘traditional story’ was that no reference to the Plot is ever made in the plays [of Shakespeare.]”

May I be allowed to say that this “argument” of mine makes its sole appearance in a brief note, which runs thus?—

It is somewhat remarkable that the universal Shakespeare should make no allusion to the Plot, beyond the doubtful reference to equivocation in *Macbeth* (ii. 3). He was at the time of its occurrence in the full flow of his dramatic activity.

The epithet “doubtful” appears to be amply justified. In the first place, the authenticity of the passage has been questioned or denied by eminent critics from Pope and Coleridge onwards. Secondly, whosoever the author may be, the reference to Garnet is by no means so sure as might seem from the version furnished by Father Taunton and reproduced by your reviewer, which expedites the argument in a manner considerably more ingenious than convincing. I subjoin the original, the portion here placed within square brackets being represented in Father Taunton’s version by three dots.

“Here’s a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. (*Knocking without.*) Knock, knock, knock! Who’s there, i’ the name of Beelzebub? Here’s a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty; [come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you’ll sweat for ’t. (*Knocking without.*) Knock, knock! Who’s there, in the other devil’s name?] Faith, here’s an equivocator. . . . &c.”

According to Father Taunton, the “farmer” and the “equivocator” are here the same person; and “Farmer” being an *alias* used by Garnet, he must be supposed to be referred to. It is clear, however, that the three dots very inadequately represent the hiatus which they bridge. The “farmer” is no more to be identified with the “equivocator,” than is the “English tailor” next introduced after a fresh bout of knocking.

Nor can it be said, as the reviewer has it, that “Farmer” was Garnet’s “favourite *alias*.” He was far better known as “Walley” or “Darcy.”

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

31, Farm Street, W., April 23, 1901.

“ST. OR S.?”

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Allow me to add to what has been said by “Oxonian” that at the time the Bible was first published in English, while it was the case, as urged by Mr. Hutton, that S. was the usual abbreviation for Saint, it was also the case that D. and M. were commonly written for Doctor and Master.

This practice has led Froude (*History*, ch. 43, ed. 1870, v. vii. p. 261) into a curious blunder. He represents Archbishop Parker writing of “my predecessor Cranmer of blessed memory.” In a note he explains that “Parker’s words are, ‘my predecessor D. Cranmer . . . &c.’ D. is *Divus*, and the expression in the text is its nearest English equivalent!” Of course, “Dr. Cranmer” was all the Archbishop meant.

Yours obediently,

April 22.

ANOTHER OXONIAN.

JOHN WESLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In correcting one error Mr. Hood has made another. “Four hundred thousand sermons” is no doubt a mistake for “forty thousand,” but what does your correspondent mean by saying that the number of hymns John Wesley wrote “is so great as to tragically depress the student of poetry”? I believe that about twenty hymns translated from the German form the whole, or nearly the whole, of his contributions to our hymnology. Mr. Hood must have mistaken John Wesley for his brother Charles.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Winston, Crowborough, April 22.

JOHN DENNIS.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The rush of sixpenny reprints continues unchecked, the latest publishers to swell the flood being Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., who are making up a series from their most successful copyright novels. The first two are Lord Desart’s “Lord and Lady Piccadilly” and F. C. Phillips’ “Little Mrs. Murray.” Messrs. Chatto are making an experiment in their sixpenny series next month by including Sir Walter Besant’s “Orange Girl,” which was only published last year. This week “No. 5, John Street” has appeared in sixpenny form.

A short biography of James Chalmers, whose murder by natives in New Guinea has just been reported, was published in 1887 by Messrs. Partridge; but is now out of print. It has been brought up to date by Mr. Frank B. Broad, of the London Missionary Society, and will shortly be republished. Chalmers has himself told the story of his work in two or three books published by the Religious Tract Society.

Mr. B. H. Blackwell, of Oxford, will publish shortly “The Book of the Horace Club,” a small collection of poems by residents junior and senior of the University. The club began its existence about three years ago under the auspices of Mr. Arnold Ward, of Balliol, and his friends and contemporaries, such as Mr. John Buchan, Mr. Raymond Asquith, Mr. H. T. Baker, Mr. C. Medd, and others, and many of the pieces contained are their work, with some by older hands.

“The Lover’s Replies to an Englishwoman’s Love Letters” are to be published on May 9 by Messrs. Sampson Low, who also announce “Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days,” by Mr. E. Marston, reprinted from the *Publishers’ Circular*.

An anthology of poems about animals is promised by Messrs. Bell in their shilling Life and Light Series, entitled “Kith and Kin; Poems of Animal Life,” and edited by Mr. H. Salt.

Messrs. Methuen are about to issue a complete manual of horticulture by Mr. William Williamson.

The Spring Season in America.

The spring announcements of the New York publishing houses show that the list is strongest in biography, history, and general literature, and it is noticeable that as the result of a poll taken by the New York State Library among the Librarians of the State and others as to the best fifty books to be added to a

village library fourteen only of the fifty are novels. In the seven which head the list the only English book is "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Among works other than fiction the most popular books in the United States, to judge from the reports of twenty-one of the most important circulating libraries, seem to be the "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," Huxley's "Life and Letters," books on China and the Boer war, and Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon—The Last Phase." Among the new books announced from the United States are "American Poets," Bret Harte; "The Crisis," Winston Churchill; "The Fanatics," Paul Laurence Dunbar; "The Crow's Nest," Sarah Jeanette Duncan; "The Life Everlasting," John Fiske; "Diary of Hugh Gaine," Paul Leicester Ford; "The Gaze of Youth," Gelett Burgess; "Hall of Fame" (the Official Record); "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century," and "The Historical Novel and Other Essays," Brander Matthews; "Nineteenth Century. Review of Progress during the past 100 years," by various writers.

An effort has been made in America to remedy some of the evils of the book-trade by organization of the publishers and booksellers, and their agreement is to come into force on May 1. The plan was inaugurated at a meeting of the American Publishers' Association held on February 13. All copyrighted books first issued by American publishers after May 1, 1901, are to be published at net prices, and a recommendation is made that the retail price of a net book be printed, marked net, on a paper wrapper covering the book. The publishers undertake to sell their books only to booksellers who will maintain the retail price for one year at least, and who will not resell to other booksellers and so cut down the prices. The amount of discount to be given to booksellers is left to the individual publisher, but a general discount of 25 per cent. is suggested as a fair one. After the year has expired the publisher is allowed to buy his books back at the purchase price from any dealer who may be selling—as he might then do—at a price below the net amount. Publishers, however, are often booksellers—Putnam's, Scribner's, and Macmillan's, for instance—and where this is the case they are to sell at retail price *plus* the cost of postage.

Some books are not included in this scheme—school books, for instance, subscription books, and other books not published through the regular trade channels. As to books of fiction, which form about 40 per cent. of the total output in the country, and on which more than on any other class of books prices have been cut, a compromise has been effected. Individual publishers can determine each for himself whether or not he will include fiction; and he may bring some novels and not others into the scheme. It is rumoured that the majority of the association wished to include fiction *in toto*, but the decided stand made against this course by two or three leading publishers led to a compromise to prevent the whole scheme being wrecked. Many booksellers have protested against excluding fiction, and if the system succeeds on other books no doubt the reform will be made general. The only case in which a discount on the net price is permitted is on the sale to libraries, and for them it is not to be greater than 10 per cent. But this does not include book clubs and similar devices for obtaining books. The department stores, who do a very large bookselling business and who often make a specialty of underselling the regular houses, have been, of course, one of the chief difficulties. They are not specifically referred to, but it may be presumed that they come under the general definition of a bookseller.

Another good work accomplished by the Association is its undertaking to aid in the formation of booksellers' associations in important centres in the United States. The object of these is to secure honourable and uniform methods of business throughout the country, and a scheme has been promulgated for an "American Booksellers' Association." This is to co-operate with the Publishers' Association in adopting and maintaining some satisfactory and harmonious system of business. Upwards of 600 retail booksellers have sent in their application for membership at a fee of \$2 per annum.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Sidelights on the March." By H. F. Mackern. J. Murray. 6s.
[Mr. Mackern is an American who accompanied the march to Pretoria as correspondent.]
- "The New South African Colonies." By W. Bleloch. Heinemann. 9s.
- "Surgical Experiences of South Africa, 1899-1900." By George H. Makins, F.R.C.S. Smith and Elder. 16s.
[Mainly a study of the effects of injuries produced by bullets of small calibre.]
- "White of Selborne (Gilbert), Life and Letters of." By R. Holt White. 2 vols. Murray. 32s.
[Based on letters, journals, and other documents in the possession of the family, and not hitherto published.]

- "The Love Letters of Honoré de Balzac." 2 vols. Downey. £1 1s. n.
[The authorized translation of the recently published "Lettres à l'Etrangère." With portraits.]
- "Five Years of My Life." By Captain Dreyfus. Newnes.
[The English translation of the book to be published simultaneously in France, Germany, and the United States. With illustrations by the author.]
- "Rosa Amorosa: The Love Letters of a Woman." By George Egerton. Grant Richards. 6s.
[Arrangements for this book, it is stated, were completed before "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" were heard of.]
- "The Queen's Comrade; or, the Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough." By Fitzgerald Molloy. Hutchinson. 24s. net.
[Based on thirty-four volumes of MSS. collected or written by the Duchess.]
- "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." By W. D. Green, M.P. Putnam. 5s.
["Heroes of the Nations" Series.]
- "Her Royal Highness Woman." By Max O'Rell. Chatto and Windus.
- FICTION—
- "Understudies: Short Stories." By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper. 6s.
- "My Son Richard, or, The Great Company." By Douglas Sladen. Hutchinson. 6s.
[A sketch of Thames summer life.]
- "The Lost Regiment." By Ernest Glanville. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
- "Tales That Are Told." By Mary and J. H. Findlater. Methuen. 6s.
- "The Eternal Choice." A Novel. By E. H. Cooper. Pearson. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOURNALIST. By W. J. STILLMAN. 2 vols. 9x5½. 316x304 pp. Grant Richards. 24s. n.
[The life of an adventurous, highly-cultured American in many parts of the world, as artist, friend of oppressed races, and newspaper correspondent.]
- THE LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS, Col. W. F. Cody. By HELEN CODY WETMORE. 8x5½. 296 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- BENEDEN LETTERS, London, Country, and Abroad, 1753-1821. Ed. by C. F. HARDY. 9x6. 360 pp. Dent. 15s.
[Private correspondence chiefly between Richard Waite Cox, of the Sick and Hurt Office on Tower-hill, and William Ward, of Beneden, Kent. It is copiously annotated, and its interest is mainly social and personal.]
- LIFE OF MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL. By the REV. M. RUSSELL, S.J. 7½x5. 187 pp. Dublin: Gill.
- FELIX REVILLE BRUNOT, 1820-1898. By C. L. SLATTERY. 7¼x5¼. 334 pp. Longmans. 6s. 6d.

FICTION.

- SIRIUS, and other Stories. By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. 7¼x5¼. 437 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
- VOYSEY. By R. O. PROWSE. 7¼x5¼. 376 pp. Heinemann. 6s.
- THE STORY OF ROGER KING. By B. P. NEUMAN. 7¼x5. 323 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
- PASTORALS OF DORSET. By M. E. FRANCIS. 8x5¼. 316 pp. Longmans. 6s.
- A STOLEN WOOLING. By S. HEATH. 7¼x5¼. 314 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
- A DARING SPIRIT. By Mrs. BAGOT-HART. 7¼x5¼. 300 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
- THE BURDEN OF AN HONOUR. By R. ST. J. CORBET. 7¼x5¼. 312 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
- IN BAD COMPANY, and other Stories. By ROLF BOLDBREW. 7¼x5¼. 514 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
- MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE. By B. TARKINGTON. 7¼x5¼. 130 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.
[A short novel, prettily got up and illustrated, of life at Bath in the time of Beau Nash.]
- TOLD BY THE TAFFRAIL. By SUNDOWNER. 7¼x5¼. 304 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- IN THE SHADOW OF GUILT. By M. C. and R. LEIGHTON. 7½x5. 407 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
- THE MAKING OF CHRISTOPHER FERRINGHAM. By BEULAH MARIE DIX. 7¼x5¼. 463 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s.
- THE WHITE COTTAGE. By ZACK. 7½x5. 270 pp. Constable. 6s.
- TRAVAIL. By EMILE ZOLA (Les Quatre Evangiles). 7¼x4¾. 666 pp. Paris. Fasquelle. — Fr. 3.50.

HISTORY.

- ITALY TO-DAY. By BOLTON KING and T. OKEY. 9x6. 365 pp. Nisbet. 12s. n.
- MANUAL OF SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY. By the HON. A. WILNOT, K.S.G. &c. 7¼x5. 247 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s.
- RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF LEICESTER. Vol. II. Ed. by MARY BATESON. 9x6½. 523 pp. Cambridge University Press. 25s. n.
- A HISTORY OF ROME. For High Schools and Academies. By G. W. BOTNFORD, Ph.D. 8x5¼. 396 pp. The Macmillan Co. 6s. 6d.
- A HISTORY OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OF CYPRUS. By J. HACKETT, B.D. 9x6. 720 pp. Methuen. 15s. n.

LITERARY.

- COLLOQUIES OF CRITICISM. 7¼x4¾. 177 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d. n.
- THE MESSIAHSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. Sung and expounded by CLELIA. (Charles Downing.) 9x6. 104 pp. Greening. 5s.
[The author thinks Shakespeare's life work was to reconstruct Christianity in the light of the Reformation and Renaissance—first, by living the developed life himself, for our example; secondly, by certain symbolical works, namely, "The Sonnets," "The Tempest," "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline"]

MILITARY.

- THE STORY OF THE SIEGE-HOSPITAL IN PEKING. By JESSIE RANSOME. 7½x5. 125 pp. S.P.O.K. 1s. 6d.

WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE. By JULIAN RALPH. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 421 pp. Pearson. 6s.
[Gives history and contents of the paper published at Bloemfontein during Lord Roberts' occupation, with contributions by Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Lord Stanley, and other officers and correspondents.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

HANDBOOK OF JAMAICA, 1901. By T. L. ROXBURGH and J. C. FORD. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 560 pp. Stanford. 7s. 6d.

VICTORIA VALE. By W. WOOLLAM. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 56 pp. Stock. 6d.
[Contains two stories and two poems and some thoughts on the Victorian Era.]

GERMAN BOOK-PLATES. By KARL RICH. COUNT ZU LEININGEN WESTERBURG. Translated by G. R. DENNIS. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 531 pp. Bell. 12s. 6d. n.

THE STAGE IN AMERICA, 1897-1900. By NORMAN HAPGOOD. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 408 pp. The Macmillan Co. 7s. 6d.

A TREATISE ON COMPANY LAW. By G. F. EMERY, LL.M. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 399 pp. E. Wilson. 21s.

THÉORIE DE L'ORDRE. By JULES DELAFOSSE. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 357 pp. Paris. Fr. 7.50.

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS. Vol. II. By O. REYNOLDS, F.R.S., &c. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. 740 pp. Cambridge University Press. 21s. n.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE DAY-BOOK OF JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Ed. by A. STODART WALKER. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 198 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.
[Thoughts on Religion, Morals, Life, Literature, Politics, &c. Transcribed from the original unpublished MS., and forming a mine of shrewd and pithy observations.]

THE ETERNAL CONFLICT. An Essay. By W. R. PATERSON. (Benjamin Swift.) 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 229 pp. Heinemann.

[An Agnostic Essay on the problems and tragedy of existence.]

THE LIFE OF LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT-MARTIN. The Unknown Philosopher. By A. E. WAITE. 9 x 6. 464 pp. Welling. 7s. 6d. n.

[An account of the life and doctrine of this Christian mystic of the Revolutionary Era.]

POETRY.

SONNETS AND SONGS. By S. E. JELlicoe. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 170 pp. Dublin: Hodges, London: Simpkin.

THE BALLADS AND SHORTER POEMS OF FREDERICK V. SCHILLER. Trans. by G. CLARK. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. 408 pp. Williams and Norgate. 5s.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. Ed. by C. F. FORSHAM, LL.D. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. 312 pp. Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

SWIFT'S JOURNAL TO STELLA. Ed. by A. AITKEN. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 566 pp. Methuen. 6s.

DE QUINCEY'S OPIUM EATER. &c. (Library of English Classics). 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 460 pp. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. n.

[With bibliographical note by Mr. A. W. Pollard, as in the other volumes of this fine series.]

LADY SILVERDALE'S SWEETHEART. WOLFENBERG. WHITE WINGS. THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS. By WILLIAM BLACK. 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. Sampson Low. 2s. each.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM (Flowers of Parnassus IX.). Illus. by H. Cole. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. 68 pp. Lane. 1s. n.

[Fitzgerald's first edition, with his preface and a short introduction by Mr. F. B. Money Coutts.]

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A Paraphrase by R. LE GALLIENNE. Third and Enlarged Edition. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 96 pp. Grant Richards. 5s. n.

IN MEMORIAM. By ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. 5 x 4. 184 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. n.

THE PURGATORY OF DANTE (The Little Library). Ed. by PAGET TOYNBEE. 6 x 4. 228 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

ALL CHANGE. Jottings at the Junction of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. By W. WOOLLAM. Cheap Ed. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 76 pp. Stock. 1s.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY. By S. D. F. SALMOND, D.D. 4th Ed. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 566 pp. T. and T. Clark. 9s.

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE. 3rd Ed. By the REV. E. HUNTINGTON, D.C.L. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5. 438 pp. Bickers.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD BICKERSTETH. By S. BICKERSTETH. 2nd Ed. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 408 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.

THE SCENERY OF SCOTLAND. By SIR A. GEIKIE. 3rd Ed. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 540 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n.

THEOLOGY.

MODERN NATURAL THEOLOGY. By F. J. GAUT, F.R.C.S. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 151 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d. n.

FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLIC LIFE AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By PERCY FITZGERALD, F.S.A. Two vols. 9 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 482 pp. Unwin. 21s. n.

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THOUGHT. By W. F. ADKNEY. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 229 pp. J. Clarke. 3s. 6d.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By G. C. MORGAN. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. 219 pp. J. Clarke. 2s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

ROMANTIC ESSEX. By R. A. BECKETT. 8 x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 269 pp. Dent. 3s. 6d. n.

[This is a very agreeably written account of a county far more interesting than is generally thought. It is in the style of the "Highways and Byways" Series, and, indeed, supplements the volume on East Anglia, which does not say much about Essex. We have found it very exhaustive, touching lightly but attractively on almost everything of interest.]

A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE. Part XVIII. Dent. 1s. n.
[The concluding part of this very interesting illustrated topographical history. With Index, &c.]

SUNNY DAYS AT HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS. By W. H. SANDERS. (Home-land Handbooks). 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5. 136 pp. 8s. Brixley's Press. 6d. n.

TRAVEL.

IN TIBET AND CHINESE TURKESTAN. By CAPT. H. H. P. DEARN. 9 x 6.

THE STORY OF FIFTY YEARS' MISSION WORK IN CHHOTA NAGPUR. By the REV. E. CHATTERTON, B.D. 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. 210 pp. S.P.C.K. 4s.

[An account, with a short preface by the Bishop, of mission work in Chhota Nagpur since 1844; but in particular of the recent work of the Dublin University Mission, in whose interest the book is published. With photographs and a good many interesting notes as to native customs, &c. The author was head of the mission for seven years.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 153. by Rev. J. JESPERSEN, Denmark.

BLACK. 7 pieces.



WHITE. 6 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 161. by D. MAROTTI, Italy.

BLACK. 8 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 161.—Competing in *La Stratégie*. White (7 pieces), K at K Kt 7; R at K R 8; pawns at Q Kt 4, Q Kt 5, K B 4, 5, 7. Black (8 pieces), K at Q 2; Kt at K Kt sq; B at Q 4; pawns at K Kt 4, Q B 2, Q B 3, Q Kt 3, Q R 7. White to play and win.

NOTES AND NEWS.—This year's cable match proved very attractive and even exciting. It was the sixth for the Newnes trophy, and by winning it America would have gained the trophy outright. They telegraphed that, having gathered in Aguinaldo, this chess trophy was the only thing in view. Two young players for America—Marshall and Howell—failed to take advantage of their opportunities. Mason played very brilliantly; Blackburne for the first time failed. In the result the score stood 5 all, and the match was drawn.

A grand chess congress is being organized for Whitsun holidays at Folkestone, May 27 to 30. A great variety of amateur tournaments, &c., are promised, including one open to first-class players with prizes of £10 and £6 at least. The services of several masters have been secured and one of the best of amateur meetings may be confidently expected.

GAME No. LXXVII.—Played in cable match England v. America:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
R. P. Michell.	C. S. Howell.	R. P. Michell.	C. S. Howell.
1. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	33. B x P	K-Kt 3
2. P-Q B 4	P-K 4	34. B-B 4	K-B 4
3. Q-P B 3	P-Q 5	35. P-R 4	K-K 3
4. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	36. P-K 4	K-Q 4
5. P-Q B 1	P-Q R 4	37. B-Kt 8	B-B 4
6. P-N Kt 3	B-K 3	38. R-B 2	B-B 2
7. Q-Kt-Q 2	B-Q B 4	39. P-R 5	K-K 4
8. B-Kt 2	K-Kt-K 2	40. K-Kt 3	K-B 3
9. Castles	Kt-Kt 3	41. K-R 4	P-Kt 4 ch
10. P-Kt 3	Castles	42. P x P e p	K x P
11. Kt-K 4	B-B 2	43. P-B 4	P-B 3
12. B-Kt 5	Q-Q 2	44. P-B 5 ch	K-R 3
13. Q-Q 2	K-R-K sq	45. R-R 5 ch	K-Kt 2
14. K-R-Q sq	B-K 3	46. R-Q B 8	K-R 3
15. Kt-R 4	B x Kt	47. R-B 7	K-R 8
16. B-B	R x P	48. R x Kt P	H-R 8 ch
17. B x K Kt	R x B	49. K-Kt 3	R-Kt 8 ch
18. Kt-B 3	R-K 5	50. K-B 3	R-B 8 ch
19. Q-Q 3	Q-R-K sq	1. K-K 3	R-K Kt 8
20. R-R 2	Q-B 4	52. R x K B 7	R x P
21. B-B sq	Kt-K 4	53. R x P ch	K-B 2
22. Kt x Kt	Q x Kt	54. R x P	R x P
23. B-B 4	R-K 2	55. B-B 8	R-Q B 5
24. P-Q Kt 4	P-Q B 3	56. P-Q B 6	K-Kt 2
25. P-Q 5	B x P	57. K-Q 3	B-B 4
26. R x R	Q x Q	58. K-Q 4	K-B 2
27. B x Q	N x R	59. K-Q 5	R-Q 8 ch
28. R x P	P x P	60. K-H 5	R-B 8 ch
29. P x P	B-R 7	61. K-Q 6	R-Q 8 ch
30. R-Q 8 ch	K-R 2	62. K-B 7	K-B 3
31. R-Q R 8	R-B 3	63. R-B 8 ch	K-K 2
32. K-Kt 2	P-K Kt 4	64. R-Q Kt 8 and wins.	

Mr. Hoffer remarks of this:—"A lively and interesting game, as in the majority of cases with the counter attack 2.—P-K 4. Closer investigation is necessary to determine whether White could not have brought a sacrifice with B-B 6, pointed out below. Black's 11.—B-R 2, was not a good move, the bishop becoming imprisoned; this move was the primary cause of the loss of the game. For White, instead of 14. K-R-Q sq. 14. B-B 6, or Kt-B 6 might be considered. This must, however, be examined at leisure. Black's combination to capture the K P was faulty. Having the inferior position for the ending he should not have exchanged pieces. After 29.—B-R 7, Black's game was practically lost. White might have concluded it quicker with 32. B-B 7, followed by B-Kt 6, winning the exchange. His modus operandi was safe, but laborious. At move 63, White could have played at once B-Q 8. B-Q B 8; 64. K-Kt 7, R-Kt 8, ch; 65. K-B 8, winning easily. However, time was called on the 64th move, and Black resigned. We may add that we think the American had a winning game in the position shown in the diagram or just before. To exchange at once was ruinous.

BLACK. HOWELL.



WHITE. MICHELL.

Black to play his twenty-fifth move.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 185. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	353, 354, 355
PERSONAL VIEWS—"The Teaching of Literature," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching.....	355
THE CULT OF FINE BINDINGS (Illustrated).....	357
THE "BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE"	358
THE EXCAVATIONS IN CRETE.....	359
PHILLIPS BROOKS.....	360
THE FRASER SALE	361
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	361
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
Five Years of My Life	362
The Autobiography of a Journalist	363
Robert Buchanan	361
Studies, Scientific and Social	365
An Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek—Modern Criticism and the Old Testament—A Handbook to Old Testament Hebrew —The Ancient Scriptures and the Modern Jew—Facsimiles of Biblical Manuscripts—War's Brighter Side—The Real Chinese Question—The Story of the Siege Hospital in Peking—How to Read the War News from China—The Scottish Parliament before the Union—William Hunter—First Aid to the Injured— The Fight with France for North America—Exploded Ideas— A New Way Around an Old World—Blacks and Whites in West Africa—Sunny Days at Hastings and St. Leonards—Stock Ex- change Terms—How to Avoid Payment of Debt	360, 367, 368, 369
Northborough Cross—The Salvation Seekers—Bunter's Cruise— A Honeymoon in Space—The Sentence of the Court—Time's Fool—Northern Lights and Shadows—A Patched-up Affair—Le Friquet	371, 372
ART—Cameos—Old Water Colours	370
LIBRARY NOTES	372
AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.	373
CORRESPONDENCE—The Late Bishop of Oxford (Dr. J. E. Sandys)— Shakespeare and the Gunpowder Plot—Misattribution, &c.	374
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	374, 375
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	375, 376

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week the first of a series of "*Literature Portraits*." These portraits are original photographic studies of the chief writers of the day, English and Foreign, and represent them with the surroundings in which they work.

The portraits will be accompanied by an account and appreciation of the literary work of the writer in each case, written by a critic of authority. The series will embrace not only those authors who have long achieved a recognized position, but also those younger writers whose merits and promise of achievement render them worthy of inclusion in a representative series.

There will thus be presented to the readers of *Literature* an original and comprehensive review of the chief figures in the literary life of the day, and of the work which they have performed. The efforts which have been made to give a unique character to the series—as regards pictorial treatment, the critical consideration of the literary work of the authors presented, and the comprehensive character of the collection—justify us, we believe, in anticipating that this announcement will be received with considerable interest. The first of the series, which will appear on May 11, will be VOL. VIII. No. 18.

Mr. W. E. Henley. Those immediately following will be Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Owen Seaman.

The proof of the excellence of a theatrical company lies in its versatility, its power of undertaking exceptional tasks without obvious effort. Mr. F. R. Benson and his company entered upon a very heavy labour when they engaged to perform twelve plays in a fortnight at Stratford-on-Avon, and the result is a striking testimony to the thoroughness of their training. The Shakespeare Festival has been an immense success. The poet's birthplace was full of visitors, the theatre was crowded, never were so many flowers laid on the grave, never have the walls of the memorial building witnessed greater enthusiasm than on last Saturday evening, when the Festival fortnight came to an end.

* * * *

The cycle of historical plays was given for the first time, it is believed, in this country. The York and Lancaster dramas, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV* Part II., *Henry V.*, *Henry VI* Part II., and *Richard III.*, unroll rich pages of our history and give striking pictures of social life—of Elizabethan social life at any rate—with Shallow and Silence, Hume and Southwell and their accomplices in witchcraft, Jack Cade and his followers, the trial-by-battle scene in *Richard II.*, Falstaff, Pistol and his roystering crew. *King John* was added as a kind of prologue to the later plays, for which it served acceptably, though many would have preferred to see the first part of *Henry IV.* in its stead. The great thing, however, is that, thanks to Mr. Benson, we have made a beginning with the method in which the histories ought to be acted, and made some advance in a real appreciation of Shakespeare's genius.

* * * *

No one who knows his "*In Memoriam*" well can fail to remember the splendid lines (canto cv.) beginning:—

To-night ungather'd let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand:
We live within the stranger's land;
And strangely falls our Christmas eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

This is not good enough for Mr. Robinson, B.D., who, encouraged by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, undertakes, in a new edition of the poem, to "explain" each canto. He gives us Tennyson *rechauffée* thus:—

It is some gain that change of place justifies the abandonment of the old and somewhat incongruous festivities. Let the petty cares of life be kept in abeyance for a while on a night that should be sacred to the memories of the past; but for the rest let there be a stillness in which the mind may turn unhindered to the glad thought of the great future with its slowly coming good.

This is to murder poetry with a vengeance. It is melancholy to watch the beauty of the lines vanishing under the

burden of these unctuous periods. Few poems have been more ruthlessly "explained" than "In Memoriam." It is a depressing practice, but it may be useful for a school exercise, or in the case of really obscure writers like Browning. Tennyson is not obscure, and, moreover, if any poet ever did, he thought in verse, and it is cruel to drag him into the mire of pretentious prose. Mr. Robinson forgets that you cannot "explain" a work of art; but he seems quite satisfied that the public are looking to him to find out what Tennyson in his halting attempts to express himself in verse really meant. Our pedagogic commentator is at his best, perhaps, with canto vi. :—

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

Letters begin to arrive [remarks Mr. Robinson], but the conventional consolations singularly fail. To say that others also suffer is only to increase the tragedy; while to hint that substitutes may yet be found to fill the vacant place is utterly to misunderstand what we were to one another.

This is, we suppose, "well meant for grain"; and it is certainly amusing; but it is not the way to treat "In Memoriam." A pretty little edition, by-the-by, of the text of "In Memoriam" has just been published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, with Watts' Love and Death as a frontispiece.

The doom of another batch of literary landmarks has lately been sealed. First the old Black Bull tavern in Holborn, where Mrs. Gamp nursed Mr. Lewsome in partnership with Betsy Prig—"Nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." Then the "Red Lion," at Henley-on-Thames, in which Shenstone was said to have written familiar lines which Dr. Johnson quoted to maintain his thesis that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn"; though other authorities have claimed that honour for the Red Lion Inn at Henley-in-Arden. Lately, too, Burford Bridge Hotel, near Box Hill, where Keats finished "Endymion" towards the end of 1817, has been in the market—whether for demolition or not, we cannot say. Over the coffee room is a window with ivy creeping over it; and an auctioneering paper is responsible for the statement that the poet sat in that window "many a summer morning and evening, and there it was that he wrote the larger part of his poem." The Summer of 1817, however, was a thing of the past when Keats settled at Burford Bridge to finish the poem which he had begun in the Spring, and to make a special study of Shakespeare's Sonnets; for in a letter to Benjamin Bailey, dated November 5th, he wrote :—"At present I am just arrived at Dorking—to change the scene—change the Air, and give me a spur to wind up my Poem, of which there are wanting 500 lines. . . . Direct Burford Bridge, near Dorking."

With the sixth volume of the history of the Royal Navy, now nearly ready, it is time to congratulate Mr. Laird Clowes and his publishers, as well as the eminent naval writers who have collaborated, on the approaching completion of what Captain Mahan—in writing to wish Messrs. Sampson Low "all the success your nation ought to give you as a matter of patriotism"—described as a "tremendous undertaking." The work is a modest enterprise compared with the great "Dictionary of National Biography," yet the two have several points in common; they are both of national importance; they are the only comprehensive works of their kind in the kingdom, and they have had similar difficulties to contend with.

The historians of the past fought shy of the brilliant record of the British Navy, and the few attempts made to tell the whole story were failures. Pepys designed such a

history but only succeeded in collecting some of the materials for it. Captain Schomberg's "Naval Chronology," published in five volumes in 1802, gave a summary of events from the time of the Romans to the Treaty of Peace in 1802, but it is untrustworthy. Captain Brenton's "Naval History of Great Britain, 1783 to 1837," published in two volumes in 1837, is too prejudiced to be of much value, and Sir Nicolas Nicolas only lived to bring his ambitious work—which was to give the history of the British Navy in about eighteen or twenty volumes—down to the year 1422. Mr. Laird Clowes has taken up the work upon different lines, and has brought it to a successful issue in spite of ill-health and enforced residence, during most of the year, in the high Alps. He has received invaluable assistance from his American and English collaborators, and useful help at times from many other authorities, including Mr. Goschen and Prince Louis of Battenberg. Mr. R. B. Marston, too, as the editor says, "has combined the good offices of a friend with those of a publisher, and has been indefatigable in keeping me informed of all fresh publications, newly-printed correspondence, and out-of-the-way entries in booksellers' catalogues." The forthcoming volume carries the story down from Waterloo to the present day, and includes an account of the part played by the Naval Brigade in the defence of Ladysmith. The first volume was published just four years ago.

CUCKOO SONG.

BY THE LATE R. D. BLACKMORE.

[The MS. of the song was given by Mr. Blackmore to his sister, the late Mrs. C. E. Faunthorpe, whose family kindly allow us to publish it.]

In the Spring morning early,
When the light glistens hazy,
On the meadow gold pearly
With celandine and daisy;
I sit and sing "Cuckoo,"
And echo rings "look, ho!"

In the gentle noon shower,
When the branches hang dew bells,
And the wet hazels bower
My cuckoo-pint and blue bells;
By the echo forsook, oh,
I sit and sing Cuckoo!

In the afternoon splendour,
When the white cloud reposes,
And the May wind is tender
To the hawthorns and roses;
I sit and sing Cuckoo,
In the cool ingle nook, oh!

When the calm evening wooeth,
And the thrush sings "Adieu, love,"
And the turtle-dove cooeth
Of a thing he calls "true love";
Their tale if I brook, oh,
I reply with a "Cuckoo."

Till the gay smile and motley
Of the Spring cease to beckon,
And the stern sun looks hotly
For the fruit he shall reckon;
Then it doesn't suit Cuckoo
To be brought so to book, oh!

But away to the far lands,
Or a quiet tree hollow;
Till the Spring hath fresh garlands,
And the new echoes follow
The egg I forsook, oh,
A mellow young Cuckoo!

[Copyright.]

R. D. B.

Among the classics redressed which come to us in so copious a stream, the book of Gilbert White, which has run into well over eighty editions, occupies a notable place; and a new issue of it appears in our book-list this week. *The Bookman* in the *Fields*. This is just the season of the year when one will like to handle a freshly-issued White's "Selborne," whether it be, like the one just published, a "pocket Classic" or a stout and sumptuous work like Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's or Grant Allen's. White began the modern literature of the fields; but the poetry of the spring echoes through English song from the first Nature Lyric of the twelfth century—
Summer is a-coming in, loudé sing Cuckoo.

Groweth seed, and bloweth mead, and springeth the wood new,
Ewé bleateth after lánb; loweth after calvé cow;

Bullock sterteth, bucke verteth, merrie sing Cuckoo—
down to the song of that true country lover, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, which may be read on the opposite page. We much fear, however, despite the popularity of White's "Selborne" as an English Classic, that the echo of nature poetry is becoming a faint one. In a land like this, so full of colour and pleasant rustic life and fashioned in such gentle harmonious outlines, a love of the country is not likely to die out; but there are certainly indications that it is not so keen as it was. The ease with which one can get out of England makes one forget the fact that nature is in no part of the world so sympathetic, and the bicycle and the golf links, though they take their votaries into the country, do very little to teach them its charm. It is refreshing to meet so pleasant a writer as the author of a book just published called "Romantic Essex," who understands how English country should be explored, and is prepared for a succession of revelations and interesting experiences in a common field path—"two villages," he says, "with a footpath between them—that for me is England." The vogue of country life was, we are aware, until recently a very marked one in the publishers' lists. It has been a little interfered with by the war; and perhaps that is not wholly to be regretted, for it was becoming a trifle artificial—the wild flowers were being sedulously cultivated into conservatory specimens. The enthusiasm for the woods and the birds was in danger of becoming a literary one only. In the heyday of Richard Jefferies we were overwhelmed with it. Richard Jefferies, if the expression is not irreverent to his memory, struck oil. The public wanted more, and no daily or weekly or monthly periodical could afford to dispense with the regulation "Country article." The great daily organs of political opinion, whether Liberal or Conservative, found it necessary to publish leading articles beginning after this style;—"A green beetle is crawling up a blade of grass close to my elbow. The yellow reflection of the sun's rays on his armour-plated back is extremely curious." Still for our part we regret the change of fashion. William Black did as much as any one to cultivate in his readers an eye for landscape, and hardly one has carried on his tradition. In the last century the poets opened a new world to all who had an eye for nature. There is little of this to be found in the Classic and introspective poets of to-day. Mr. Kipling is not Classic or introspective; yet we do not picture him versifying on a vernal wood, rhapsodizing over a skylark or a cloud, or developing a tranquil and remote Wordsworthianism. It is to the credit of the Laureate that his best utterances have been inspired by a real love and knowledge of nature. We doubt whether Wordsworth is much studied at the present moment; the public do not seem to want him reprinted. But he undoubtedly has left his impress on the view taken by the English mind of natural scenery; just as Ruskin has for thousands given a new significance to natural forms, and taught a new method of observation. If there is less ostentatious worship of nature among the writers of the day, and if there is much in our social life which interferes with such a worship, yet there is in our best writers (as, for instance, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Maurice Hewlett) a true feeling for nature as the background of human life, and the love of the country is, we would fain hope, far too deep-seated in the English heart to suffer any permanent or serious diminution.

Personal Views.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

The republication of some essays* by Mr. Churton Collins, who has fought long and hard for the establishment of Chairs of English Literature at our older Universities, has once more raised the interesting question, Can literature be taught? Mr. Andrew Lang has given us his view of the matter in a recent number of the *Pilot*, and given it with his usual trenchancy and humour. Mr. Lang's view is that literature cannot be taught. It seems to me, I confess, that bating the humour and the trenchancy Mr. Lang's case might be stronger; and as his name on such a subject must carry weight, it may be worth while for those who hold the opposite view to get people to look behind the humour to the arguments. The arguments may be summarized as follows:—

- (1) Mr. Lang himself was not taught literature, and yet knows it.
- (2) Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Herrick, Shelley, Thackeray, Tennyson were not taught literature, and yet were successful in producing it.
- (3) The poems written since literature began to be taught—e.g., the works of Messrs. Binyon and Phillips, are not better than those of the poets above rehearsed.
- (4) Mr. Lang's own writings are neither worse nor better in consequence of his never having been taught literature.
- (5) When Mr. Lang was at school, no one was needed to say "Observe, this is very fine," and nobody was so fatuous as to do so.
- (6) A man is born to appreciate literature or to detest it; and teaching can make no difference.

Now, with all respect, I should like to point out that the second, third, and fourth of these arguments are beside the mark, because by "teaching literature" neither Mr. Collins, nor any one else, means teaching the art of making literature, but teaching an appreciation of literature already in existence. Mr. Lang would not, I think, maintain that the classical teaching in our schools and colleges is for the purpose of begetting a new race of Greek and Latin writers. Why, then, should the teaching of English literature be supposed to aim at producing English writers? Perhaps I have entirely missed the point of Mr. Lang's references to Shakespeare and Mr. Binyon; but as I understand them they are beside the question. The first and fifth arguments would have weight only on the supposition that Mr. Lang's intelligence was not above the average; which is a plain absurdity. There remains, therefore, only number six, which by implication divides humanity, so far as literature is concerned, into incapables and geniuses; those who cannot, and those who need not, be taught. The bearing of Mr. Lang's dichotomy upon the question of teaching literature will best be seen by transferring it to some other branch of human study, such as natural science, or mathematics. "A man is born to appreciate mathematics or to detest it; and teaching can make no difference." Abolish, therefore, all mathematical professorships, and exclude the subject from all curricula, from the Board school up to the Universities. The practical answer would be that teaching is required for that large section of the community who are neither geniuses nor incapables, but something between. Why should it not be so with literature?

* "Ephemera Critica" (Constable).

That there is a very large body of people with some taste for letters, but very badly in need of teaching, is shown by the popularity of certain novelists whom people whose taste has had more training find intolerable. The readers of Miss Corelli, to take an obvious instance, do not detest literature; they love it; but their love is not according to knowledge. If these persons had been taught, like Mr. Lang and Mr. Collins, in the Oxford school of *Literæ Humaniores*, they would know better than to pin their faith where they do. But the Oxford training, argues Mr. Lang, consisted in "reading the best literature, and reading for human pleasure." That is true enough; but were there no teachers involved in the process? When I was an undergraduate there were teachers at Oxford to whom that generation owed more than it would be easy to acknowledge. Perhaps the very best men would have done what they did, and been what they were, unaided, but with the rank and file it was not so. And even the best men would probably own their debt to such teachers as Mr. Lewis Nettleship, Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, and Mr. Henry Butcher.

That taste is really modified by teaching we may convince ourselves by observing what great changes in taste have come about in literary matters, and how they have come about. How did Wordsworth, Keats, Browning win their way into such popularity as they have achieved? In each case it was by the effort of a few men who took the pains to teach public opinion; who were "fatuous" enough, in Mr. Lang's phrase, to say "Observe, this is very fine," and to keep on saying it. And consider how uncomfortable the position would be if teaching could make no impression upon taste; if a man was born to appreciate a certain kind of literature, and teaching could make no difference—how uncomfortable both for authors and for critics. No author who was a person of genius and left the beaten track could ever get recognition; the first unsympathetic judgment of contemporaries would remain the final judgment of posterity. And the critic's case would be even more deplorable. If his function in the commonwealth is not to teach appreciation, he has none; and if appreciation cannot be taught, criticism becomes an idle ploughing of the sand, which no sane and self-respecting man should indulge in. But if Mr. Lang has, as I am convinced, performed times without number the important task of forming and correcting opinion as to the merit or demerit of contemporary authors, sometimes by the despised process of saying, "Observe, this is very fine," why should he deny to criticism a similar function in regard to our older authors? Young students need directing to what is good; they need showing why it is good, as far as this is possible; and they want some help in realizing and revivifying the work before them, so that the impression it makes on their mind may be as near as possible to what the author intended. It is, speaking roughly, in this triple process that the teaching of literature consists.

Of these tasks, the second and third are far from easy even for persons of taste; and that is why professed literary criticism so often resolves itself into amiable or picturesque prattling about and about a subject, and why school teachers seek refuge in philology or some apparatus of parallel passages, or the like. Both Mr. Collins and Mr. Lang point indignant fingers at the editions of Shakespeare's plays edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, of Cambridge, and published at the Oxford Press, because the comments they supply are almost wholly philological; and most people would agree, even those who, like myself, think a dictionary good reading, that these editions are quite unfit for

schoolboys, whom they could only disgust. Perhaps Mr. Collins overrates their present influence. Mr. Lang, however, tells us that a young friend said to him *lately*—"We don't learn Shakespeare, we learn Clarendon Press notes"; and he adds that it is in the notes and not in the plays that boys are examined. The charge is too sweeping. It would be interesting to know for what examination Mr. Lang's young friend was preparing himself. I am told that the authorities of the Cambridge Local Examination prescribe the Clarendon Press edition for their examinations; and if that is the fact, I should rejoice to hear that their candidates had taught them in return with (more material) "thorns of the wilderness and briers," as Gideon taught the elders of Succoth. But if the boy in question was a public school boy, making ready to present himself, as the custom is, for the Universities' certificate in English, I should like to have seen his face when, after a diet of Clarendon Press notes, he found himself face to face with the paper. Speaking from a dozen years' experience I should estimate the marks he would gain at five per cent. Not content with casting universal reproach upon examinations, Mr. Lang proceeds to attack the Oxford teachers. "People at Oxford," he says, "compelled by the public to teach literature, and not caring for literature, knowing too that literature cannot be taught, teach some literary history, some philology, and prose about Polacks and Petards." As Mr. Lang has made some quotations about Polacks and Petards from the Clarendon Press Shakespeare, it looks as if he had forgotten that these editions of Shakespeare are made in Cambridge. If not, one wonders what definite information lies behind his very injurious statement. From my knowledge of the lecturers in the Oxford school of English literature, I can assure Mr. Lang that they both care for literature, and believe that it can be taught; and if in a "personal view" it is permitted to be egotistical, I can also assure him that whenever I have lectured for that school myself I have found more important things to prose about than philology or literary history, or even Petards and Polacks.

Apart, however, from the particular charge, which is unfounded, I do not wish to deny that there is a danger of these things being allowed to interfere with the teaching of literature. The danger is real and great, and Mr. Lang and Mr. Collins deserve our thanks for so emphatically calling attention to it. There are other enemies too, not one of the least being the pedantry of the parallel passage. A typical offender here is Mr. Collins himself. Whether he was hypnotised by the Clarendon Press, or whatever was the reason, his edition of "*Samson Agonistes*," published by those bold, bad "people at Oxford," is about as bad a book for teaching purposes as I have seen. To give a single example of the note pedantic. Milton writes quite simply and intelligibly of the blind Samson—

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells.

Upon which Mr. Collins thinks it judicious to comment as follows:—

The idea of the body being the prison of the soul was common with the Platonists of ancient times. So Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 733-4, thus speaks of men while in the body. "Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras Pros-piciunt, clausi tenebris et carcere cæco." Cf. also what Porphyry says of Plotinus, *Life of Plotinus*, Cap. 1, "*ἐπεὶ μὲν αἰσχυρομένην ὄρεν ἐν σώματι εἶν.*"

Now, even allowing that the poor wretch of a schoolboy ought to

be able to construe the Greek, what is Porphyry to him, or he to Plotinus? But the very sight of that piece of learning in the notes will make him give it an attention it does not deserve; and all the attention given to the notes is so much diverted from the text.* The instinct, therefore, of the teacher of literature is to avoid all such irrelevancies, which both distract and disgust his pupils, by putting into their hands a plain text without notes. All words that need explanation he will explain; any parallel that is really illuminative he can supply; but he will not consider that in either of these things lies his main task. His task, when a poem or a play is before him, is to make it live in the imagination of the student as it lived in the imagination of the writer. He will never be ashamed of saying again and again—Observe, observe. And he will find that his pupils learn to use their eyes by practice in the field of literature, just as a soldier learns scouting on the veldt.

H. C. BEECHING.

*This remark has an application to commentators as well as to their victims. I am not reviewing Mr. Collins' edition of "Samson," but considering the whips and scorpions with which in his "Ephemera Critica" he chastises Mr. Gosso for inaccuracies, it is, perhaps, not unduly vindictive to point out that the critic should come under his own lash, for the notes contain two blunders in paraphrase so amazing that only Mr. Collins himself could find epithets to qualify them. The worst comes in the note on "Thought Extinguished" in line 1,689. "This—the Latin ablative absolute—thought having been extinguished. Milton is fond of this idiom." "Of course," as Mr. Collins would say, "a fourth form boy would know" that the right paraphrase is "supposed to be extinguished"; *thought* being not a noun, but a past participle.—H. C. B.

THE CULT OF FINE BINDINGS.

[See Plate of Designs for Book Covers presented with this number.]

An illustrated article on the modern tendencies of case binding, or "cloth work," appeared in *Literature* at the beginning of December last; this week we propose to deal with the more interesting branch of the industry—binding in leather.

The cult of fine bindings in England has made remarkable progress since William Morris and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson roused the first signs of the new enthusiasm on the subject. Previously the study of bookbinding had been comparatively neglected, but in recent years so much has been written upon the art and its history that everybody who knows anything about books can hardly help knowing something about fine bindings too—a welcome change from the ignorance and indifference displayed in the past. "In the last century," writes Mr. Gordon Duff in his "Early Printed Books" (1893), "no regard whatever seems to have been paid to old bindings; the very fact of their being old prejudiced librarians against them; if they became damaged or worn they were not repaired, but destroyed, and the book rebound." One occasionally hears of similar instances even now, and there is at least one binder to-day who boasts a private collection of rare old bindings which he has been instructed at various times to rip off and replace with something more modern. But this rarely happens nowadays; the excellent lectures and writings on the subject by Mr. Cyril Davenport—who, by the way, is contributing an important article on bookbinding to the supplementary volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—and the works of other authorities, have not been published in vain. Bookbinding it is almost superfluous to explain, has preserved its rank as a fine art in England ever since Roger Pain raised it from the low position into which it had fallen in the latter half of the eighteenth century; it is the widespread appreciation of fine bindings that is of comparatively recent growth. Booklovers, who did not

dream of such a thing ten or a dozen years ago, now like to have at least a few books bound with unique designs, richly tooled and often elaborately inlaid. You can easily spend fifty guineas in this way upon one volume, which means, perhaps, £2 or £3 for materials and the rest for workmanship—the work, of course, being all done by hand. New books, as well as old, find their way into these sumptuous covers—the publications of the Kelmscott and Vale Presses, for instance; the charming reprints of the classics in limited editions which the publishers so frequently issue nowadays; and belles-lettres generally. The cost naturally varies according to the amount of labour involved; but a simple, yet elegant design—and some of our binders are more successful where least ambitious—is not a very expensive matter.

This revival of interest has had a far-reaching effect upon the art in England; and also in the United States, where book-binding has made great strides during the last ten or twenty years. The French binders are still masters of the art so far as technique is concerned, but they appear to have altogether lost their skill as designers. There seems to be no soul in their work, as one expert put it, but their finish is perhaps better than ours. In England to-day we have in Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Douglas Cockerell at least two binders whose work is fit to rank with that of any period. For grace and individuality their bindings are not to be surpassed in any country. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's work is done at the Doves Bindery, Hammersmith, not far from the house whence the Kelmscott Press took its name, and here, as, already announced in *Literature*, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, with Mr. Emery Walker—both friends of the late William Morris—has just started the Doves Press, with the object of preserving the traditions of fine printing left by Morris. Mr. Cockerell was trained under the same influence—he studied under Mr. Cobden-Sanderson—and has a gift of originality which he knows how to exercise with exquisite taste and rare restraint. He also has charge of a book-binding class which is doing thoroughly good work at the Arts and Crafts School. It is to the credit of the more important firms of binders in this country—like those of Messrs. Rivière, Mr. Morrell, and Mr. Zaehnsdorf—that they too have done their best to bring their work up to the present artistic standard. Their technique is almost all that it could be, and their designs are generally excellent.

In many cases the bindings are copies of the old masters, British, French, German, and Italian, but mainly French. Even forgeries are not unknown in this connexion. One of these spurious bindings—a modern French imitation of an old binding of Francis I., prepared to look like the original in every respect—is included as a curiosity in Messrs. Pickering and Chatto's new catalogue. The most striking work that has been done of late years in the way of copying has been shown on the covers of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, under the binding editorship of Mr. Cyril Davenport. True there is not the nobility of the hand-tooled work in these stamped covers, but Mr. Leighton (of Leighton, Son and Hodge), who has taken immense trouble and exercised great skill in the matter, has bound the *Anglo-Saxon* with an effect which is far in advance of anything that has been done in the way of block work before. Given good leather, in better gold, and Mr. Cyril Davenport considers that it would take a good judge to tell that some of these stamped bindings were not hand tooled. It is only within the last few years that the old English binders have received anything like the appreciation they deserve, but Mr. Fletcher, formerly Assistant-Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, proved by the handsome volume of "English Bindings in the British Museum" (published in 1895) "that though they may not have been able to quite equal the refinement and finish of contemporary work in France, they have not only possessed the necessary love for their beautiful art, but have been able to give expression to it by many admirable examples of which their countrymen may justly be proud."

To-day the English craftsmen are making a bold bid for the sceptre of binding which their neighbours across the Channel

have held since it passed to them from Italy after the decadence of Venetian printing in the sixteenth century. Take some of the English bindings at the Paris Exhibition—Mr. Turbayne's designs for example, in the fine collection shown by the Oxford University Press. They were a revelation to many Continental connoisseurs, although the University Press had gained a gold medal at the International Exhibition of 1889. Last year the Oxford Press gained a greater success by securing the only Grand Prix awarded for English bindings. The volumes with specially distinguished bindings were valued at sums ranging from £4 for an Oxford Miniature Milton to £150 for "A Century of Oxford Almanacks,"—which, it should be added, included some valuable old line engravings. Many of the bindings found Continental purchasers, and not a few went to join the collections of various science and art museums. Great attention is paid at the Oxford Press Bindery—as at other binding houses—to inlaid work, the binders using the leather in much the same way as cabinet-makers employ their wood materials.

The many fine designs by Mr. Turbayne in the Oxford Press collection is only one of many signs that a new profession is springing up—designers for bindings; for there is no doubt that designing for book covers has a great future, both for cloth and leather work. Decorating a book cover in cloth is a comparatively simple matter; it needs little technical knowledge of bookbinding; but in gilt work the designer ought to be something of a workman as well, or at least to have a thorough knowledge of the technique of the art. Mr. Turbayne, for instance—perhaps the best book-binding designer we have—not only designs the ornamentation, but also the tools themselves, a great point in work of this description being to get the richest effects with as few tools as possible. Artists are specially retained by the leading firms to design the more elaborate bindings, but the workmen themselves often carry out their own designs. As an example of the skill displayed by some of these men we reproduce the design for a copy of Dr. Fortnum's historical treatise on "Maiolica," bound in marone Levant morocco and vellum. This is the production of a workman at the Oxford University Press Binding House in Aldersgate-street, and was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. It is now being shown at Glasgow with the other exhibits from the Oxford Press. The cover has the additional merit of being in keeping with the subject of the book, the idea for the design having been taken from one of the "Maiolica" plates. Ladies, it is also worth noting, are taking to bookbinding seriously nowadays, and they are even coming from America to learn the art in the studios of our leading craftsmen. It is an art in which there are many possibilities for women workers, as Nicholas Ferrar proved more than two centuries and a half ago in his "Protestant nunnery" at Little Gidding.

"As no person in decent circumstances would put on his table confessedly bad wine or bad meat without being ashamed," wrote John Ruskin, "so he need not have on his shelves ill-printed or loosely and wretchedly stitched books. . . . Every man who honestly exerts himself may, I think, still provide for himself and his family good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage horses, and stout leather binding for his books." But that is just the trouble; complaints of the rapid decay of modern bindings are heard on every hand, and a committee of the Society of Arts is at present inquiring into the matter. The trade in general hold that the decay must be due to the damp surroundings of the books, or to excessive heat, or the fumes from the burning of coal fires, maintaining that the leathers used are as good as they were fifty years ago. But the reply to this is that most of the leather for bookbinding is nowadays ruined in the process of manufacture by the employment of sulphuric acid, which, eating away the fibres, causes the leather to become rotten. Moreover, only fugitive colours are obtained for the leathers by the use of aniline dyes in place of the old but perfectly safe vegetable dyes. It appears, as Mr. Douglas Cockerell said in his paper on the subject before the Society of Arts last year, "that in order to get a uniform colour, a great

variety of shades that are acknowledged to be fugitive, and a wholly useless finish, much leather is destroyed in the process of manufacture, and that the boasted improvement in the appearance of modern leather for bookbinding is obtained at the expense of durability." One of the few leathers that are trustworthy and free from sulphuric acid is the Nigeria leather, brought from some hundreds of miles up the Niger by the Royal Niger Company; and a few of our more advanced manufacturers have lately, at their own expense, produced, by the old and safer methods, leather which is guaranteed to be free from anything injurious. We understand that the work of the Society of Arts committee has made excellent progress, and that the investigations are likely to lead to important results. Much work has still to be done, however, and the report will not be ready for some months.

A VOICE FOR ENGLAND.

THE "BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE."

The minority of men and women who think for themselves has in all ages been a small one; yet it might reasonably be expected that the spread of enlightenment would change that small minority into a large majority. Such a consummation is yet to seek; indeed, it would seem that the minority itself is rapidly decreasing. The explanation is, no doubt, to be found in the power of the Press. To adopt opinions imposed by the autocrats of the daily and weekly newspapers involves less trouble than the formation of an individual judgment. Thus it happens that a large number of people on the Continent are at this moment blindly adopting the opinions of a Press which assures the world that England has reached the final stage of her decadence, and will soon have no place in the councils of Europe. Similar statements, supported by series of cleverly-manipulated untruths, fill the columns, not only of important political organs, but of less ambitious publications that form the staple reading of middle-class households throughout France and Germany. For instance, *Les Annales* (April 14) contains a most laudatory review of "En pleine Épopée," a book that ignores truth in its glorification of the Boers and its abuse of us; while notices follow, in the same tone, of five other similar books or pamphlets. Then come columns of verse repeating these sentiments, accompanied by stories to the discredit of our officers that would be laughable if only they did not receive such implicit credence. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the same date reviews in a similar strain five German effusions on the Boers. But perhaps the most astonishing publication that has come before us is a sheet emanating from Geneva, under the direction of M. F. de Spengler, entitled "La Lutte pour l'or." It is frankly devoted to the most shameless abuse of everything and everybody English from the King downwards; and undoubtedly its statements gain a wide credence.

To regard all this with indifference no doubt shows wisdom, but if we ignore our foes we must be careful to acknowledge our friends. One French paper alone, of any wide circulation, ventured to range itself on England's side. With what result? Despite the fact that *Le Siècle* was directed by a sound thinker like M. Yves Guyot, it could not obtain support in its own land, and recently narrowly escaped collapse from lack of the necessary funds.

There remains, however, a foreign publication of some antiquity and of high standing that is faithful to England and to independent views. This is the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, a monthly magazine that deserves to be better known and more widely circulated in this country. For that reason we wish to direct attention to its peculiar merits and to give a brief record of its history and statement of its aims in the hope of arousing the interest of fair-minded Englishmen. It was in 1796 that MM. Marc-Auguste Pictet, Charles Pictet de Rochemont, and Frédéric Guillaume Maurice, disheartened, not to say disgusted, with the turn of affairs taken by the Revolution.

conceived the idea of publishing a review that should exercise the wholesome influence particularly needed in times of anarchy. England was the only country which had remained unshaken by the prevailing revolutionary ideas, and it was therefore decided to call the new periodical the *Bibliothèque Britannique*. Two numbers, published at Geneva, one literary the other scientific, appeared every month. We are here concerned with the former, which at first contained only translations, extracts, or *résumés* of English works calculated to spread sane and moderate views on the questions of the day. The first six numbers (1796-97) present a complete example of what the French call a "tableau" of the more important books being read in England during that period. Among the authors whose books are reviewed and quoted are Arthur Young, William Godwin, Bryan Edwards, Blair, Bentham, Dugald Stewart, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, and Mrs. Chapone. By 1816 the review had obtained some notoriety. While not neglecting England, its directors determined to extend its scope and turn their attention to other countries. Its name was then changed to *Bibliothèque Universelle*. Under various editors it went through many phases, but always preserved its independent and liberal attitude. Soon after 1860 it was combined with the *Revue Suisse*. Every publication that appeals to a minority labours under difficulties of a material nature, and the *Bibliothèque Universelle* has been no exception to the rule. Its support of Dreyfus alienated a great number of its French readers; its support of England's policy in South Africa has alienated a large portion of its subscribers in all the countries of Europe where it circulates. John Stuart Mill once said that a man who has a conviction is a greater social force than a thousand men who only have interests. It is, therefore, the more incumbent upon those who have convictions to use the force they wield for good ends. This is what the *Bibliothèque Universelle* has been trying to do for the last 106 years. It has sought, and it still seeks, to defend principles, to uphold moral ideas, to act as a bond between those who wish to accomplish the changes that time and progress render inevitable, not by means of revolution, but by the sounder method of peace, justice, and liberty.

The general contents of the *Bibliothèque Universelle* have an educational value that makes it peculiarly suitable for younger readers. This is worth mentioning, because, so far as we know, it is the only review in the French language of high literary character and serious interests that can unhesitatingly be placed in their hands. The longer articles deal with politics, literature, and art. During 1900 it printed eight admirably-written articles on the war in South Africa—three by M. Tallichet, the editor, and five by M. Villarais. M. Tallichet is a brilliant writer, always earnest, truthful, and judicial; his political articles are models of exposition. In the five papers by M. Villarais, entitled "Les Boers d'Afrique Australe," the writer gives one of the most impartial and informing narratives of the events that led to the war we remember to have seen. We ought surely to be grateful to those who take the trouble to show a hostile public that the question of the South African war has two sides.

But perhaps the most original feature of the review, which ought to give it great value in this country, where even persons of culture are singularly ignorant of what is going on in foreign lands, is the series of "chroniques" that appear every month from the chief countries of Europe—France, Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. They deal with social questions and events, with literature, art, and the drama; indeed, with anything and everything of interest that is going on. These are followed by a "chronique politique" and a "chronique scientifique," dealing with the whole world. Although the articles are packed with information, the style is so clear that they offer a model of the way in which such a record should be written. In most of the numbers there is also a "Bulletin Bibliographique," in which an excellent choice is made of books to review. Thus two recent most important works on Calvin receive attention—"Jean Calvin, Les hommes et les choses de

son temps," by Jean Doumergue, and the "Histoire de l'université de Genève, L'Académie de Calvin." Notices of books of this kind, interesting as their contents must be to students of English literature and life, somehow fail to find their way to English journals, and thereby the public are the poorer. They may be glad to make up the deficiency by reference to a foreign publication. The review of the latter book appears in the April number, in which there is also the first part of an article entitled "L'or est-il une chimère?" which is to deal with modern gold discovery, beginning with California and coming down to the Transvaal. We must not forget to mention that fiction forms part of the contents, that the whole is extremely well printed, and that the annual subscription is £1. Indeed, we doubt whether anything better exists in the way of a French review for the general reader.

THE EXCAVATIONS IN CRETE.

The chief interest of the sixth "Annual of the British School at Athens," 1899-1900 (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), lies in the remarkable discoveries of Messrs. A. J. Evans and Hogarth in Crete, the account of which fills the greater part of it. Mr. Evans' success is the more distinguished that it came not from luck but from reasoning. The purchase of a few engraved seals, which nobody could understand, suggested to him that there might have been a mode of writing peculiar to Crete. Following up the clue, he unearthed part of a sacrificial table engraved with characters of the same sort; and when the political ferment in the island was quieted, he set to work excavating a site where similar signs had been noticed carved upon gypsum blocks. He was rewarded with the discovery of a prehistoric palace of great magnificence, older, and in many respects different from the palaces of Mycenae and Tiryns. A few fragments of fresco were found in Argolis, but Mr. Evans unearthed a large part of a frieze, including one human figure, life-size and almost complete, and enough besides to give a great deal of information as to the costume and customs of the Cretans in those far-off days. Other pieces present the most varied scenes, men and women in groups talking, in crowds worshipping or making merry; one can see what the cities of those days looked like, can even assist at a vigil before a prehistoric shrine. No less remarkable than the matter is the style of these drawings. The firmness of outline, the grace and finish, remind one of nothing so much as Athenian vase-paintings of the best age.

No objects of gold or silver were found, but a number of alabaster vases or carvings which show a high state of material civilization. There were found also, besides a world of common pottery, a number of huge store-jars, some of them containing charred cereals. Most of these stood in a series of store chambers, opening out of a paved corridor, once covered by a roof. A curious fact is the existence of cists in the floors of these chambers, sometimes one row below another, built with the utmost care, and often lined with lead. Nothing has been found in them so far, and their object is unknown. Mr. Evans thinks they were meant for treasure, perhaps for oil, and it is worth mentioning that in some parts of Greece oil is still kept in lead. But the most remarkable find of all was a thousand or so of bars and tablets inscribed in two new and distinct scripts—one of a pictorial, and one of a linear character. Some of these Mr. Evans regards as catalogues of horses, chariots, arms, or the like, because they bear on them ideographic pictures of these besides the writing. Many of the letters or symbols occur on the seals already discovered, and there is no doubt that Mr. Evans has found what he set out to find, the ancient Cretan writing. He hopes in another place to discover bilingual inscriptions, such as have been found elsewhere, in Cyprus for example, and then to read the records. Mr. Hogarth's discoveries are of another kind. He excavated the sacred cave of Zeus on Mount Dicte, and there found a great number of votive offerings—needles, spindles, knives, axes, shields, animals,

vehicles, even human figures, which had been deposited in the stalactites of the cave.

But, whilst we cannot too highly congratulate the explorers on their success, or the interest of the account they give of it, we regret to see that Mr. Evans, at least, is somewhat rash in his interpretations. There are square pillars in the palace of Cnossos, one at least of which he regards as an object of worship, supporting his theory by the fact that a double axe is engraved on the faces of the blocks, and that the double axe is the "symbol of the Cretan Zeus." He thinks these pillars are specimens of the Phœnician *baetuli*, or oblong rounded stones, one of which he sees in the picture of the shrine aforesaid. Setting aside the question whether the *baetuli* could be square pillars, which they do not appear ever to have been, the argument from the axe-symbol is illusive. There was a Zeus at Labranda in Caria, who held an axe of this sort, called in the local dialect *labrys*; but there is no evidence whatever that he was worshipped in Crete, or anywhere but in Caria, or that the axe was used as a symbol of him. Axes were found in the Dictæan cave, but so were knives, spindles, and hairpins, and one cannot be chosen arbitrarily and called a divine symbol. Axes, again, were a unit of currency in early times, as Ridgeway has shown ("Coin and Weight Standards"). Further, if the axe is carved on the pillars and on some other blocks of the building, there are several other signs carved on other blocks; and all these signs, the axe included, are used in the Cretan script. We hope Mr. Evans will not wear his double axe blunt with theorizing. He actually accepts the fantastic theory which explains the Labyrinth as the House of the Double Axe; and thinks that a magnificent palace, with broad courtyards and rectangular corridors, inhabited by a King, could have suggested the legend of a tortuous maze haunted by a man-eating monster with a bull's head.

There is no room to do justice to the other papers in the volume—Mr. Welch on the "Influence of the Aegean Civilization on South Palestine," and Mr. Lawson on "A Beast-dance in Scyros." The latter of these is interesting enough in itself to make the volume worth buying, and should be read by students of folk-lore.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The subject of the two goodly volumes entitled "The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," by Alexander G. V. Allen (Macmillan, 30s.), was almost as widely known in England as in his home, the United States. For he paid several visits to our country, where, his fame as one of the greatest of American preachers having preceded him, he was received with open arms by a large circle of admirers who had read his published sermons and lectures and to whom his name had become a household word. Not the least interesting part, therefore, of Mr. Allen's admirably written biography, whose only fault is its inordinate length, is the account of Phillips Brooks' stay in London and his impressions of our national life and character.

His experiences in our midst were varied and pleasant. He made the acquaintance of our foremost men in politics and letters—Gladstone, Bright, Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson. What struck him most in Browning appears to have been the poet's enjoyment of the humours of the passing hour. "One would have thought from his conversation that intellectual problems did not exist for him." Tennyson, on the other hand, seems always to have felt the burden of life pressing upon him. In the intervals of reading and appraising his poetry, which he regarded with a curious sense of detachment, he indulged in all manner of philosophical speculations. Of dignitaries of the English Church, the one who chiefly attracted the American divine, was Stanley, the Dean of Westminster, for whom he entertained a feeling of affection as well as admiration. Of the rank and file of the English clergy he had not a very high opinion.

A settled trust [he writes] in ecclesiastical machinery and

sacraments and sacred duties on the one hand, and a splendidly devoted but unthinking and superficial spirit on the other, are becoming more and more the temper of the English Church. You will get more live talk in either our Boston or your New York club in an hour than from any gathering of London clergy in a year. You could hardly get them to talk about anything but the Deceased Wife's Sister, who was convulsing England during most of my visit. For the present we must not marry her. But in the end she will get her rights.

But whatever the character of the clergy as a whole, individuals from the Bishop of London downwards readily welcomed the ecclesiastical guest and freely offered him their homes and pulpits. He had the honour of preaching before the Queen, who was deeply impressed by his sermon. He was heard from the pulpits of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, where he preached his noted sermon "The Candle of the Lord" (which so greatly affected Dean Stanley that it moved him to tears), and various other cathedrals as well as the principal parochial churches in the land. Wherever he appeared, the popular verdict endorsed the tribute paid to him by scholars and critics.

For Phillips Brooks was essentially a preacher. No one who ever saw or heard him in the pulpit could by any chance forget the messenger or the message. A striking personality, a very king of men, of tall, commanding stature, with keen yet kindly eye and mellifluous voice, he possessed a magnetic charm, which made itself felt the moment he appeared. The sermon was a tumultuous rush of thoughts in a torrent of words—Dean Stanley compared him to an express train going with majestic speed. From the professional point of view, the chief points of interest were the technique of the sermon and the ingenuity with which, to use a phrase of Renan, the preacher "sollicitait le texte." The most noteworthy features of these discourses—they stand midway between the sermon and the essay—were their culture and their intense humanity. No one ever possessed more of the "enthusiasm of humanity" than Phillips Brooks. "Humani nihil alienum" might have been written over the portals of Trinity Church, Boston, where for twenty-two years he exercised his ministry, among an overwhelming congregation composed of the wealthy and intellectual aristocracy of a city which claims to be *par excellence* the abode of thought and culture. He was at once the Bourdaloue and the Massillon of the American pulpit. Addressing himself like the former to the thoughts and above all to the wills of men and, by the pitiless logic of his reasoning, compelling submission, he excels with the latter in subtle analysis of human nature, tenderness of heart, and that spiritual fervour which makes religion appear as morality touched with emotion.

The outer life of Phillips Brooks was somewhat uneventful. He was born in 1835 at North Andover, educated at the Boston Latin school, Harvard College, and an Episcopal seminary. He began his ministry in Philadelphia in 1859. After having received several calls from churches in the country he was invited by the Church of "The Trinity" of Boston to become its pastor. He declined the offer. He remained ten years in the Quaker city, then yielded to the pressure of his friends and removed to Boston to become rector of Trinity Church, which had long been looked upon as one of the strongholds of Episcopacy in the place. Under his pastorate the Church rapidly grew, till it became the first in the land. He resigned his post in 1891, after "twenty-two years of the happiest ministry which it has ever been given to any minister to enjoy." The following year he was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Massachusetts. But he did not retain his office long, for twelve months after he was seized with a fatal illness and peacefully passed away.

Phillips Brooks was not a theologian. Though he respected theology and did not begrudge it what one may describe as a *succès d'estime*, he left dogma severely alone. Broad Churchman in the English sense of the word, he had been greatly influenced in his earlier days by Maurice, whose mysticism, however, fortunately, he did not share. He disliked all shibboleths, "ologies," and dogmatism. Hence, "Evangelicalism" was for him

too narrow-minded and literal ; what he thought the huckstering spirit of religious Puritanism found no favour in his eyes. The Church was to him co-extensive with humanity ; it was simply the ideal world. A perfect Church would be a perfect world. There was no mystery for him about religion or its rites. Baptism was the declaration of the universal fact of the sonship of man to God ; the Lord's Supper was " the declaration of the universal fact of man's dependence upon God for supply of life." The essence of theology, if the name is to be retained, was the humanity of God, and therefore the divinity of man. Christ, eternally full of humanity and of divinity, came into the world to complete humanity. Religion is not an external agent ; it is " the awakening of the truth inside of a man's life." Redemption disencumbered from formulæ means not escape from the consequences of sin, but " opening up of the celestial possibilities of man."

THE FRASER SALE.

Judging by the results obtained at the sale of the library of Sir W. A. Fraser, which ended last Tuesday at Messrs. Sotheby's, the conquest of the American collector is complete. Over and over again in the course of the eight days during which the sale lasted the best books fell to the bids of the American representatives, and at prices, too, which left their English competitors far behind, for in almost every instance the underbidder was also a dealer representing firms or commissions from the other side of the Atlantic. The eighteen hundred and odd lots brought the high aggregate of over £20,000 ; but this was largely owing to the extraordinary proportion of richly illustrated works which the library contained. When one takes such a book as the Foulis edition of Pope's works and extra illustrates it by the insertion of a number of rare mezzotints it is not surprising to find it fetch a price which has little or no relation to the value of the work as literature. But of books pure and simple the collection contained some fine examples, the most notable being :—

Chapman, the " Iliad " and the " Odyssey," original editions, £23 10s.
W. Collins, " Odes," first edition, 1747, £30 10s.
Davies, " Dramatic Miscellanies," Horace Walpole's copy, with his autograph notes, £41.
Goldsmith, " Traveller," first edition, £20.
" The Vicar of Wakefield," first edition, £80 and £65.
" The Deserted Village," first (quarto) edition, £30 10s.
Gray, " Odes," with numerous notes by the author, £370.
" London and its Environs," 1761, Gray's copy, £53.
" Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for six poems by Mr. T. Gray," the poet's own copy, £400.

(This volume contained this additional verse in manuscript—

There Scater'd Off (the Earliest of the Year)
By Hands unseen, are Show'rs of Vi'lets found
The Redbreast loves to Bill and Warble there
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground.)

" Rasselas," Johnson's own copy of the third edition, £143.
Boswell, " Life of Dr. Johnson," Mrs. Piozzi's copy, £89.
Moore, " Lalla Rookh " (the greater portion of the original MS. of the poem and the proof sheets with corrections), £330.
Prior, " Poems," first authorized edition, the Duchess of Marlborough's copy, £25 10s.
Purchas, his " Pilgrims," 1625-26, £58.
Scott, the Waverley Novels, complete set of first editions except Waverley (the second), £61.
Swift, " Works," 1803, Thackeray's copy, £51.
Tennyson, " Poems by Two Brothers," 1827, £28.
Thackeray, " The Newcomes," first edition, author's own copy, £53.
Wycherley, " Miscellany Poems," first edition, presentation copy, £44.

Of illustrated works the following fetched the highest prices :—

Alken, " British Sports," 1821, with 318 coloured illustrations, £225.
Boydell, " Shakespeare Gallery," 1803, £24 10s.
Bryan, " Dictionary of Painters," with 1,890 portraits inserted, £80.

Byron, " Hours of Idleness " and " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," extended to three vols. by the insertion of many portraits, autographs, &c., £238.

Byron, " Letters, Journals, &c.," with 2,800 portraits and views, £80.

Timbs, " Club Life in London," extended to 17 vols., £500.

Jerrold, " Life of G. Cruikshank," extended to 5 vols., £76.

" Garrick's Private Correspondence," 3 vols., £74.

Gould, " Birds of New Guinea," £54.

Gray, " Poems " and " An Elegy," illustrated with 150 portraits of Gray and his contemporaries, £195.

Heideloff, " Gallery of Fashion," 1794-1802, £66.

Boaden, " Memoirs of John P. Kemble," extended to 4 vols., £131.

Lysons, " Environs of London," 1796, extended to 26 vols., with 5,000 extra portraits and views, £335.

Moreau, " Illustrations to Molière's Plays," 45 plates (Paris, 1773), £316.

Saker, " Munden's Memoirs," 1858, £100.

Ashton, " English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," 1884, extended to 7 vols., £254.

Pennant, " A Tour in Scotland," extended to 6 vols., £91.

Pope's " Works," Foulis edition extended to 5 vols., £265.

Smith, C. H., " Costumes of British and Foreign Armies," £99.

Carter, " Drawings and Sketches of Strawberry Hill," 1788, £74.

Sayer, " Collection of 205 Mezzotints," £151.

Rowlandson, " Humorous Subjects," 52 original drawings, £435.

" The Picture Gallery of Ladies," 210 engravings in mezzotint, stipple, and line, £1,450.

THE DRAMA.

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."

Mr. Anstey is, of course, to be cordially welcomed among the playwrights. He produces brainwork, not carpentry or mere stodge. And he helps us to laugh at our neighbours, to feel superior to them. How can we avoid liking a man who is so adroit in persuading us to like ourselves ? *The Man from Blankley's* is one continuous appeal to our self-love. For that is the appeal which always underlies the satire of snobs and bores. It is the trial and condemnation of one class of society by the standards of a superior class. The necessary implication is that we, who are invited to laugh, belong to the superior class. What Mr. Anstey, in effect, does is to take the spectator by the hand and congratulate him on his manners, taste, and knowledge of the world. " You, my dear sir, are a gentleman. You wouldn't brag of your horses and your cellar and your cigars, like Uncle Gilwattle, or drop your h's, like Montague Tidmarsh, or retail jokes from low comic papers, like young Mr. Poffley. You, my dear madam, are a gentlewoman. You wouldn't bully the governess, like Mrs. Tidmarsh, or maunder about your sick parrot, like Miss Bugle, or put on absurd airs of kittenish coyness, like Miss Cecilia Flinders." And it is quite true that the spectator would do none of these things. For though it is certain that a theatrical audience contains as many snobs and bores as any other chance crowd, it is always possible to strike a lower level, to present them with types to which they can feel themselves superior, if only you take care to lay on the colours of snobbery and boredom thick enough. It will be seen, then, that Mr. Anstey's method, in order to obtain the laughter it seeks, must involve systematic exaggeration. A minutely realistic, absolutely just study of snobbery and boredom would not be laughed at, for it would be presenting to a large proportion of the audience an accurate portrait of themselves, and they do not go to the playhouse to be told unpleasant truths.

To please his public, then, indeed to get his piece played at all, Mr. Anstey must be unreal. That is the disadvantage under which the playwright who satirizes snobbery always labours. And that is a reason why the theme is necessarily a sterile one. Again, it is terribly unfair to the snobs. We all have our snobbish side (a fact which Mr. Anstey carefully conceals from us), and, on the other hand, all snobs have their

human, decent side. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis snobit*. The assumption—necessary to Mr. Anstey's method—that it is not so, that the guests at Mrs. Tidmarsh's could be snobs "sans intermission," as Jacques says, throughout a whole evening, is obviously false and a little cruel. The cruelty, I confess, ends by getting on my nerves. It drives me to a mood of revolt, to a wild longing to see the imperturbably well-bred Lord Strathpeffer "taken down a peg" and shown to have his little weaknesses, which, I dare swear, are quite as ridiculous in their way as Uncle Gilwattle's bragging or Montague Tidmarsh's dropped h's. Why worry ourselves so much about snobs? A liberal Rabelaisian view of life takes no account of them. There is something pettifogging in the theme. When Mr. Anstey writes his next play I hope he will disdain these superficial trifles and go straight to our fundamental human nature.

But this, I fear, is not giving Mr. Anstey that cordial welcome of which I spoke. The great thing after all is that his work is, as I have said, brain work. He comes fresh to the stage, with no superstitions about technique, about what is or is not *du théâtre*, as Sarcey would say, and freshness of that sort is very agreeable to the jaded playgoer. The whole of his second act—a dinner party carried through from *hors d'œuvres* to coffee—is a novel stage-effect and a successful one. My only objection is that there is a little too much of it; I suggest that the curtain ought to rise on a dinner half over, on the joint, say, or the bird. After watching the prolonged banquet I began to feel, like the gentleman in Stevenson's "Providence and the Guitar," that I had myself "the relaxed expression of the over-eaten." Even the famous dinner in *L'Ami Fritz* is a mere snack by comparison. Then Mr. Anstey has the gift of nimble dialogue. It is not exactly sparkling with wit (how could it be in the mouths of snobs and bores?), but it has the quality of fun, it makes you laugh. As to the characters, I prefer the bores to the snobs. Mr. Jeremiah Ditchwater and Mr. Nathaniel Bodfish are enormous, monumental bores, "massive and concrete" as Mr. Wopsle's Hamlet. Mr. Toomer is the tame, insipid bore. I recognize them all three, and delight in Mr. Anstey's treatment of them, because here he is not cruel, he handles them tenderly as though he loved them. If only he had been a little kinder to the snobs! He should have remembered that snobbery is only an aspect of that imitative instinct upon which, as M. Tarde and other philosophers have demonstrated, the whole social fabric depends. Further he should have remembered, with one of the speakers in *Françillon*, that "nous sommes tous comiques"—even smart young peers and pretty governesses. What is it that Mr. Meredith says? "If instead of falling foul of the ridiculous person with a satiric rod . . . you laugh all round him, tumble him, roll him about, deal him a smack, and drop a tear on him, own his likeness to you and yours to your neighbour, spare him as little as you shun, pity him as much as you expose, it is a spirit of humour that is moving you." There you have it. "Pity him as much as you expose." Mr. Anstey should have pitied the Tidmarshs and dropped a tear on Uncle Gilwattle.

Never mind. There is brilliantly comic acting to be seen in this play at the Prince of Wales's—not, for once, from Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who merely has to be cool and "good form" as the peer who is mistaken for the hired guest from Blankley's, but from Miss Fanny Brough—an actress whose existence is in itself a crushing refutation of that old libel that women have no sense of humour—and from Mr. Henry Kemble as Uncle Gilwattle, and from Messrs. Holman Clark and Lyston Lyle as the heavy bores, and from Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald as the imbecile youth who recites jokes from *Comic Cagmag*. Mr. Fitzgerald is one of the drollest young men on the stage, modelling himself apparently on a grotesque type to be seen in the illustrations to *Ally Sloper*. . . . But hush! I must not let it be supposed that I have ever seen such a publication as *Ally Sloper*, or Mr. Anstey will be including me in his gallery of middle-class grotesques.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

DREYFUS.

Opinions will probably differ as to Captain Dreyfus' "taste" in publishing the letters which passed between himself and his devoted wife at the time of his trial for high treason and his imprisonment on the *Ile du Diable*. The French Nationalist Press, in fact, has already begun to denounce him as a mountebank for doing so. Our own view is that the whole story is on such a plane of tragedy that no question of taste can profitably be discussed in connexion with it. As well might one discuss the taste of the lamentations of the victims of destiny in the old Greek drama. It is impossible to treat a man as Captain Dreyfus has been treated—to make him the symbol round which party passions rage, and to discuss the most intimate details of his agony in the newspapers—and then to expect him to be reticent, to hug his sorrows, to discuss only the rights and wrongs of his case, and to refuse the world admission to the sanctuary of his heart. His case belongs to history, and his emotions are an important part of the *matériaux pour servir*. More especially is this the case in France, where the appeal to the emotions is a recognized part of the machinery for the administration of justice. In part, no doubt, the book *FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE* (Newnes, 6s. n.), though it is as little argumentative as may be, is published as an appeal for justice, and as an attempt to stir up strife until justice is obtained. This last object, at any rate, will probably be achieved, in spite of the desire of the Waldeck-Rousseau Administration to wipe up the mess and say nothing more about it.

The salient characteristic of the book is its patient moderation. There is no indignant rhetoric; there is very little complaint of the conduct of individuals—even of those who behaved most atrociously. Bertillon's evidence is, indeed, described as "the ravings of a madman," and we read of the "heinous deposition" of Du Paty, and the "lying deposition" of Henry; but the other protagonists are not denounced, and are hardly even referred to. Mercier, and Gonse, and Boisdeffre, and Esterhazy get off very lightly. The only persons against whom the writer shows that he bears malice are Le Bon, the Colonial Minister, who ordered him the "double boucle," and Deniel, by whom Le Bon's orders were carried out. For the rest the book is merely a diary of suffering—a long-drawn wail.

Naturally, it is a painful book to read, far more poignant than anything to be found in fiction, so painful, indeed, that to read it continuously is hardly possible. It begins with the arrest and it ends with the pardon at Rennes. Where the letters and the diary do not tell the story clearly, simple narrative is added; and we get, for the first time, the absolutely authoritative statement of the superfluous brutalities inflicted by Le Bon upon his prisoner. We get, for instance, the truth about the palisade:—

The hut was surrounded by a palisade, about seven feet high and about five feet distant from the hut. The palisade was much higher than the little barred windows of the hut, which were not quite four feet above the ground, consequently I had neither light nor air in the interior of the hut. Beyond this first palisade, which was completely closed, and which was a palisade of defence, a second palisade was built, also completely closed and of the same height, and which, like the first one, hid everything outside it from my sight. After about three months of the strictest confinement, I received permission to walk between these two palisades, which thus formed a narrow walk, under a burning sun, with no trace of shade, and always accompanied by a warder.

We get the truth, too, about the other discomforts:—

My books were in a pitiable state; vermin got into them, gnawed them, and laid their eggs in them. Vermin swarmed in my hut; mosquitos as soon as the rainy season began; ants, all the year round, in such large numbers that I had to

isolate my table by placing the legs of it in old preserve boxes filled with petroleum. . . . The most tiresome insect was the spider-crab ; its bite is venomous. I killed many of them in my hut.

That a man should have lived this life and survived it is perhaps not marvellous. Some men are very hard to kill. But that Captain Dreyfus should have endured the persecution without ever losing faith in the establishment of his innocence does indeed seem wonderful. The Government kept him in ignorance of the efforts being made at home on his behalf ; and yet, quite at the end of his imprisonment we find him writing thus :—

I have lived in order to sustain you, to sustain you all, with my indomitable will ; for it is no longer a question of my life, it is a question of my honour, of the honour of us all, of the life of our children.

I have borne everything without flinching, without lowering my head ; I have stifled my heart ; I curb each day the revolts of my being, urging you all, again and again, to demand the truth, without lassitude as without boasting.

Truly it was no ordinary man whose faith withstood such trials ; and it will be strange if this revelation of the man's nature does not at last bring that revulsion of feeling in France for which we have waited so long. The book is well translated by Mr. James Mortimer.

MR. STILLMAN'S LIFE.

Mr. Stillman describes his two new volumes as the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JOURNALIST (Grant Richards, 24s. n.). Let us amend his description of himself, and say that he has been, at one time or another, an artist, a foreign correspondent, an archaeologist, a politician, an official, and, in early days, a revolutionary agent ; and then we shall have some idea of the multitude of subjects and adventures of which he writes. Part of his life has been spent in the United States, where he was born, part in Italy and Greece, and part in England, which he has now made his home. Notwithstanding his austere Puritan parentage, he was able as a young man to follow his own bent. His inclinations led him to art, which he studied in America, England, and Paris. Liberalism and art do not go badly together, and while he was an art student he accepted a dangerous mission for Kossuth, which came to nothing, and afterwards, as United States Consul in Rome and in Crete, and as *The Times* Correspondent in Montenegro, Italy, and Greece, he always remained true to the Liberalism of his youth. He has seen men and cities—the most famous men and the most famous cities ; and, what is more to the present purpose, he is able to interest the reader in every phase of his life. As he looks back upon it all, Mr. Stillman comes to the conclusion that it was as a journalist that he found his highest utility, and rendered his best services to humanity ; “all the rest was fringe and failure.” As a journalist, that is, as a correspondent, he served *The Times* exclusively for more than twenty years, and he says that he was never refused a hearing if there was a good cause to defend or an abuse to attack. Mr. Stillman was known and valued as the friend of the oppressed, and as the champion, not of lost causes, but of causes that are not yet won. His letters to *The Times* covered a period of about twenty years from 1875, years which have seen great changes in the South-East of Europe.

But we cannot agree with Mr. Stillman's regretful remark that “all the rest was fringe and failure.” His art studies may have led to nothing very great, his knowledge of the principles of art being far in advance of his executive skill ; but these and his other occupations, such as his Consulship at Rome, brought him into contact with eminent men, many of whom became personal friends. In America, he knew Bryant, Emerson, Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes ; in France, he knew artists like Rousseau, Troyon, J. F. Millet, and Jacque ; among his English friends were Tom Hughes, Clough, Owen, Ruskin,

the Rossettis, and William Morris. Of these and others, Mr. Stillman has a good deal to say. He does not record trifles about them in order that their names may appear in his book, but he writes, in most cases, critical estimates of character. Of Agassiz he says :—

I am convinced that there was no bitterness in him, and that all personal feeling was overshadowed and minimized by his absolute devotion to scientific truth, with his loyalty to which nothing ever interfered. . . . He was always too hurried in his work, as if he knew that his life would not suffice for its completion ; if, indeed, completion were possible in such work, and he persisted in accumulation of material without pause either to co-ordinate his ideas or to rest and reflect. I one day said to him that I was intending to write a little book, and he exclaimed “Oh, I wish I had time to write a little book ! All my books come large, and I have not the time to condense them ?”

As to D. G. Rossetti, there is more than we can conveniently quote. Mr. Stillman describes him as a fascinating character, and as very dependent on the companionship of others :—

Whatever was to his hand was made for his use, and when we went into the house at Robertsbridge, he at once took the place of master of the house, as if he had invited me, rather than the converse, going into the rooms to select, and saying “I will take this,” of those which suited him best, and “you may have that,” of those he had no fancy for. He was the spoiled child of his genius and of the large world of his admirers ; there was no vanity about him, and no exaggeration of his own abilities, but other people, even artists whom he appreciated, were of merely relative importance to him.

. . . In my opinion he understood himself and his merits justly, but he was to himself the centre of his own system ; other stars might be as great, and probably there were many such, but they were remote, and judged in perspective.

We may take another instance, almost at random, to show Mr. Stillman's insight into the nature of men with whom he had to deal. Of Crispi, Prime Minister of Italy, he says :—

Crispi is extremely reticent and reserved in his personal relations, and has very few intimate friends, and those, so far as I know, entirely among the faithful few who were his intimates in the days of insurrection and conspiracy ; but I know him as well as any one out of that circle, and I believe him to be an absolutely honest and patriotic statesman, the first of Italy, since Cavour. It is my opinion, too, that he is the ablest statesman not only in Italy but in Europe, since the death of Bismarck. In 1893 he was urged to assume the dictatorship, and the King in the general panic was willing to accord it ; but Crispi refused, saying, “I am an old man with few years to live, but I will not give my countrymen an example of unconstitutional government.”

No doubt, there have been greater travellers and greater critics than Mr. Stillman, but not many men have had wider experiences, or have related them better. Whether he is on a secret mission for Kossuth with cipher papers in the heel of his boot, or among the literary men and publicists of America, or in Switzerland with Ruskin, or in Crete during the insurrection, or in Montenegro in war time—in short, wherever he finds himself, all is faithfully described. He is frank without egotism—a great virtue in an autobiographer ; and he has excluded all tedious trivialities. In truth, there is not one tedious page in these volumes. Before we leave them we must mention the author's contributions to art criticism and archaeology. He writes, as it seems to us, with justice and sympathy, of Turner, Ruskin, Rossetti, and the French Barbizon painters, and writes with knowledge of the men themselves, except in the case of Turner, whom he saw only once. In Italy and Greece, he had a wider field, but speaks mainly of politics. In Crete, however, where important discoveries, of which we say something in another column, have lately been made, his proposed excavations might have had remarkable results. The refusal of a firman prevented him from attacking a ruin on the Acropolis of Gnosus, which

had a "curiously labyrinthine appearance," and he prophesies that the cave known as the burial place of Zeus, on the summit of Mount Yuctas, will, when excavated, throw much light on early Cretan myth. But it matters little, after all, whether Mr. Stillman writes of politics, or art, or archæology. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he divides his allegiance between all the many subjects that interest a cultivated man of the world. If there had been no oppressed nations struggling to be free, he would perhaps have remained an artist; if his love of art had been less, he might possibly have devoted himself to politics and diplomacy. In any case, he has done well to act on the advice of his friend, the late Mr. Houghton of Boston, that he should write his life. The work needs none of the modest excuses made for it in the preface. It should be added that admirable portraits of the author precede each volume. The earlier one, dated 1870, is by Rossetti; the second drawing, thirty years later, is by Mr. Stillman's daughter.

MR. BUCHANAN'S POETRY.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: THE POET OF MODERN REVOLT. An Introduction to His Poetry. By ARCHIBALD STODART-WALKER. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

It is difficult to see what purpose, either literary or educational, is served by the sort of "study" which Mr. Stodart-Walker has here devoted to Mr. Robert Buchanan's poetry. We do not, of course, quarrel with the book for not being what it was never intended to be. "It neither presumes," says the author himself, "to be of the nature of a criticism, nor of an estimation. It was conceived with the view of indicating the significance of Robert Buchanan as a poet, in the sense of the poet defined as an impassioned philosopher." This has a modest sound; but the difficulty is that it is impossible to indicate a poet's "significance" without either "criticism" or "estimation," and the result of trying to do so is that Mr. Stodart-Walker's study resolves itself into desert-wastes of description and quotation, relieved by oases of pretentious but tawdry verbiage.

We have seldom, indeed, encountered a writer with such a faculty for wordy and superfluous digression. When once he is fairly under way, his trick of phrase-making grows by indulgence till it sweeps him off his feet. He wants to say, for example, that different men view life from different standpoints, and he says it in this way:—

The poets may not have strong enough wings to fly upwards to the golden gates, and then they are content to be mere birds, singing in the ears of the flowers or chanting an inspiring note in the bright beams, which, flashing from the gates above, are spent on the earth below. But to others, Life is viewed on none so inspiring levels. To some it is "vanitas vanitatum," philosophising on it, unworthy of the higher energies, the higher mentality of man. To others, the whole Book of Life is already writ under the eye of Authority and Tradition, and there is no Truth beyond its age-worn bindings. To the cynic, "the world is a bundle of hay, mankind the asses that pull"; to the mere man of muscle, it is a vantage-ground for physical struggle; to the weak, only a place where sooner or later one has to die.

This is a very debauch of platitude; though what the sentence about "vanitas vanitatum" means or how it is constructed we are unable to divine. Again Mr. Walker approaches his main thesis, the significance of Mr. Buchanan's poetry, with the following preamble:—

What is the special significance of Robert Buchanan as a poet? To understand what we mean by the word significance, let us glance at any of the great men who have drunk deep at the well of life, and have heralded some sort of dawn for the night of human darkness. What is the significance of Æschylus but his supreme power of foreseeing great eternal truths, and realizing them in terms of the noblest passion in immortal

drama. Of Victor Hugo the same may be said, with the difference that here the medium is the poetical novel. Where lies the significance of Goethe but in his supremacy as the analytical critic of human competition and human emotion—the first poet of the new evolutionary movement, and primarily the apostle of egoism. Carlyle has his significance in his unique power of applying ethics to political speculation and action, and in his enormous capacity to rouse; Ruskin, in his capacity of giving his readers the sense of sight, of showing new wonders in the world that is ever before our eyes. Walt Whitman is "supreme in his power of conveying moral stimulation"; and the significance of George Meredith is his almost isolated power of expressing personal passion, together with his marvellous insight into the spirit of comedy, that nimble god who watches over all. Herbert Spencer, the recording angel of the newer evolutionary spirit, derives his significance from his power of unveiling the mystery of human responsibility in the face of a society based not on ideas, but on pure economics; Huxley, by bringing to bear on historical and theological criticism the deductions of the biological and other sciences; and David Ferrier, by applying his own experimental researches to the amelioration of suffering humanity. The process might be extended to infinity.

It might, indeed; once embarked upon, it might be made to include the name of every considerable writer from Homer to Mr. Stephen Phillips. But why "to understand what we mean by the word significance" should it be necessary to parade these arrays of shallow implication? "Significance" is a simple word; Mr. Walker's amplification of it is complex, and his exposition, one need scarcely add, is indistinct and blurred. To conjoin Æschylus to Victor Hugo, to ascribe a scarcely differentiated quality to both Carlyle and Whitman, and to apply to Goethe terms almost synonymous with those used to describe Mr. Meredith is scarcely to elucidate "significance." And this passage is representative of the whole book, which is uniformly turgid, pretentious, and unilluminative. It really does nothing for Mr. Buchanan which Mr. Buchanan has not already done for himself.

We are sorry to find Mr. Walker's volume so unsatisfactory; because, although we doubt whether Mr. Buchanan's poetry is of sufficient importance to justify an entire monograph, we are quite of opinion that it has not received the attention which its qualities deserve. And unfortunately, as so often happens in the case of indiscriminating admiration, Mr. Stodart-Walker gives prominence and praise to the very phases of Mr. Buchanan's talent which are most open to criticism. There are, indeed, many Buchanans, for there are few sides of literature which his restless talent has not touched; but in poetry his work has two principal and conspicuous facets. There is, on the one hand, the Buchanan of the ballads and "London Poems," a spectator of concrete life, humane and sympathetic, strong in dramatic instinct, and nervously sincere in his display of human suffering and ambition. On the other side, there is the Buchanan of "The Book of Orm" and "The Wandering Jew," who proceeds from the fact to the idea, and occupies himself with an attempt to reconcile the problem of human suffering with some sort of faith and optimism. This is the Buchanan whom Mr. Walker, with characteristic magniloquence, describes as "attempting to grapple with the unseen," "face to face with the mysteries of life and death," "dreaming of an uplifted veil," and "seeing with the eye of the poet the lonely God who neither can nor will help the human sufferer." These are, of course, great themes; and they demand a great genius. But when Mr. Buchanan becomes entangled in them, he is the prey of his favourite shortcomings. His talent, both in fiction and poetry, is always rather of a theatrical than a purely dramatic complexion; it is his foible to view the mysteries of heaven and hell from a standpoint perilously near to those of the stage-manager and the scenic artist. His lurid colouring, his incorrigible diffuseness, and his melodramatic over-emphasis are at the mercy of a subject far too large for his grasp; and to talk of him, as Mr. Stodart-Walker does, as "discerning great

truths behind the cloud of conventional belief" is merely to do a disservice to the poet by making claims on his behalf which provoke retort and obscure in controversy the real sincerity and humanity of much of his work. Mr. Buchanan is in no way a profound thinker, but he feels, and feels intensely. His most sincere utterances are to be found in his poetry, and many of them are touched by the sweet, sad music of humanity. As a young man he suffered much himself, and something of what he learnt in suffering he has taught in song of spiritual beauty and power. But his talent is always untutored and unrestrained. Much of his verse is formless, many of his emotions are expressed with a turbulent petulance which is neither persuasive nor impressive. Melody of a certain sort wells up in him; but the harmonies are often superficial, and sometimes they degenerate into the tinkle of a piano-organ. And as his expression is, so is his thought. Mr. Stodart-Walker calls him "the poet of modern revolt"; but the phrase is somewhat overworn. It used to be the special property of Mr. Swinburne, upon whose shoulders it sits more easily than upon Mr. Buchanan's. For the revolt of "The Book of Orm" and "The Wandering Jew" is a very moderate sort of revolt after all. It amuses itself with big words and superficial menaces; but it ends in a very simple and not altogether unconventional return to morality and hope. As a matter of fact, it has not the force behind it to generate innovation. It expresses no more than the common doubt and hope of the ordinary, sympathetic spectator of existence.

The truer and more valuable portion of Mr. Buchanan's poetry is to be found, to our judgment, unquestionably in the ballads and the short dramatic poems. Here there is true emotion, together with more capacity for condensation. The fine line, of which there are many scattered through his work, has not here to be sought for so assiduously amid waves of otiose mediocrity. Here he is occupied with a field that ranges within the limits of his own emotion; here, in a word, he is not posing as a thinker, but feeling as a man. It is a great fault of current criticism that it must always be claiming for the subject of its admiration the faculty for a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole system of creation. The modern scientific movement has conduced to this foible, which is really both mischievous and confusing. In particular, it leads young authors to assume airs of profundity which come in time to conceal and obliterate real and worthy gifts. The high-flown rotundity of such diction as Mr. Stodart-Walker's and the pretension of his outlook are in their way a kind of menace to the moderation of criticism. Believing that such books ought to be discouraged upon principle, we have given to this one, perhaps, more attention than its qualifications actually invite.

SCIENCE AND SOCIALISM.

Mr. A. R. Wallace ranks with Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndal among the brilliant literary scientists of our time—a group of writers whose influence over all classes of readers it would be difficult to over-estimate. Most of our great scientists have prudently abstained from extending their investigations into the domain of social and political philosophy. Mr. Wallace has not thought fit to follow their example, and he is so charming a writer that his readers will perhaps scarcely regret it, though most of them will probably attach little weight to his opinions on subjects foreign to those fields in which he has won his reputation. In any event, when a man of his standing takes the trouble to revise and enlarge the scattered essays and reviews of thirty-five years, and to give them to the world as a part of his published works, it is no ordinary case of collecting literary odds and ends; and his *STUDIES, SCIENTIFIC AND SOCIAL* (Macmillan, 18s.), have something of the character of an organic whole. Beginning with a few essays on geological subjects, entitled "Earth Studies," Mr. Wallace passes from the globe to its inhabitants. "Descriptive Zoology," "Plant-Distribution," "Animal-Distribution," "Theory of Evolution," and "Anthropology" make up the first volume.

The second consists of essays on social questions, grouped under the headings "Educational," "Political," "The Land Problem," "Ethical," and "Sociological." Fresh value has been added to the scientific essays by some excellent wood engravings, and the whole forms an unusually interesting miscellany. No writer of the same class has given his studies a wider range, and none has set forth his opinions and conclusions more clearly and attractively.

In his first essay Mr. Wallace discusses Inaccessible Valleys. Before the Yosemite was discovered it was understood that these existed only in the imagination of story-mongers like Sinbad the Sailor, whose Valley of Diamonds has its modern parallel in the Doone valley, as described by that delightful romancer the late Mr. Blackmore. The latter valley, it seems, is, and always has been, as easily accessible as any other in the British Isles, and the tourist who has vainly searched for the precipice up which John Ridd is fabled to have clambered, with the deep black pool below, turns from the very commonplace "water-slide" he finds in place of it with a feeling akin to indignation. There are no Inaccessible Valleys, so far as we know, in any of the old Continents; only two besides the Yosemite have as yet been described, and these are in New South Wales. It was once supposed that the walls of deep gorges, such as the Yosemite valley, were rent asunder by earthquakes, and this opinion is countenanced by some modern authorities. Mr. Wallace derides the notion, and assures us that they have invariably been formed by the slow erosion of the streams which traverse them. Other geological articles are "The Permanence of Oceanic Basins," "Our Molten Globe," "The Ice Age and Its Work," and "The Gorge of the Aar and Its Teachings." The old theory of a molten globe, having a crust averaging 18 miles thick, is not, in Mr. Wallace's opinion, irreconcilable with the recent and widely-accepted hypothesis which regards the earth as the result of meteoric accretion. Beneath the crust there may well be a molten interior of unknown depth, enveloping a denser core, probably of imperfectly aggregated matter, permeated by liquids and gases. Possibly the separate oscillations of this central mass, in the midst of its molten envelope, may have some bearing on the phenomena of earthquakes.

The discoverer of "Wallace's line"—the boundary between Indo-Malaysia and Austro-Malaysia, with their distinct fauna and flora—is on his own ground when he treats of the geographical distribution of plants and animals; and in discussing the theory of evolution and anthropology, together with the fascinating problems of instinct and heredity, he speaks with an authority only second to that of Darwin, with whom, indeed, he is commonly ranked, in respect of the doctrine of species-variation by natural selection, as a co-discoverer. No doubt Mr. Wallace's paper on "The Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," written in 1858, occasioned the publication of Darwin's views in their complete form; but Darwin had long been mentally maturing his celebrated theory, and Mr. Wallace's "progression by minute steps, in various directions, but always checked and balanced by the necessary conditions," can hardly be said to anticipate Darwin's masterly enunciation and application of the doctrine of "survival of the fittest." But Mr. Wallace will always be associated with the Darwinian theory, and his intimate investigation of the orang-outang, described in his "Malay Archipelago," qualifies him to speak as a first-hand observer when discussing the relation of the *primates* to the rest of the animal kingdom, and that of the human species to the other members of the order of *primates*. Cuvier's distinction of Bimana and Quadrumana must, of course, be given up; but to do so is to raise a new difficulty. Man was placed at the head of the mammalia in virtue of his acquired rank as the master of the world and all that therein is; the Quadrumana were ranked next because of their unmistakable resemblance to man. But how is it possible to leave the *primates*, made up of man and the Quadrumana, at the head of the mammalia? This group is widely isolated from other orders—a fact of itself indicating great antiquity; and it is thought to have branched off from the great mammalian stock as far back as the Secondary period, for in the

Eocene we find lemurs and lemurine monkeys already specialized. At this time, according to Mr. Wallace, they were probably not separable from the insectivora, perhaps not even from the ancestral marsupials, among whom, alone among the mammals, we find hand-like feet with opposable thumbs. How, then, can the name (*Primates*), which claims for the group to which man belongs the first place in the animal creation, possibly be justified?

This relationship to the lowest of the mammalian tribes seems inconsistent with the place usually accorded to these animals at the head of the entire mammalian series, and opens up the question whether this is a real superiority or whether it depends on the obvious relationship to ourselves. If we could suppose a being gifted with high intelligence, but with a form totally unlike that of man, to have visited the earth before man existed in order to study the various forms of animal life that were found there, we can hardly think he would have placed the monkey tribe so high as we do. He would observe that their whole organization was specially adapted to an arboreal life, and this specialization would be rather against their claiming the first rank among terrestrial creatures. Neither in size, nor strength, nor beauty would they compare with many other forms, while in intelligence they would not surpass, even if they equalled, the horse, the elephant, or the beaver. The carnivora, as a whole, would certainly be held to surpass them in the exquisite perfection of their physical structure, while the flexible trunk of the elephant, combined with his vast strength and admirable sagacity, would probably gain for him the first rank in the animal creation.

It is provoking enough to know that we are first cousins to the monkeys without being told that we are second cousins to the ant-eaters and opossums. Ought we to abdicate the rank we have assumed, yield the primacy to the carnivora or the ruminants, and take a back seat from henceforth among the baboons and kangaroos?

The second volume brings us to Mr. Wallace's "social" articles. More properly they might have been entitled "socialistic," for here Mr. Wallace drops the character of an evolutionist and figures as a revolutionist. It is curious that he does not recognize the inconsistency in this attitude which an opponent might urge against him on the ground that, if human society be part of the scheme of nature, it cannot be exempt from the inexorable struggle for existence which rages everywhere else. We are reminded by his poem entitled "A Description of Javita," printed in his "Travels on the Amazon"—his earliest work—that his socialism is a survival of the generous enthusiasms of his youth. Almost fifty years have passed since that volume was published, and as many since Mr. Wallace was converted by Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics" to Land Nationalization. Mr. Spencer, we know, has disowned a doctrine which Mr. Wallace tauntingly describes as his "legitimate offspring." We turn with some curiosity to the group of essays entitled "Ethical," and are not greatly edified. One of them is entitled "Why Live a Moral Life?" Here is the answer which Mr. Wallace assures us is the only rational one for those who have not "obtained conviction of the reality of a future life through modern spiritualism":—

First, that we shall thereby generally secure the good opinion of the world at large, and more especially of the society in which we live; and that this good opinion counts for much, both as a factor in our happiness and in our material success. Secondly, that, in the long run, morality pays best; that it conduces to health, to peace of mind, to social advancement, and, at the same time, avoids all those risks to which immoral conduct, especially if it goes so far as criminality, renders us liable.

After remarking that these reasons in reality form only one—a fact which would have led most writers to remodel them in a single sentence—Mr. Wallace concedes that they are "of a somewhat low character." They are indeed, for they imply that man owes no duty to conscience, to the social state in which he lives, or the human nature which distinguishes him from the ape.

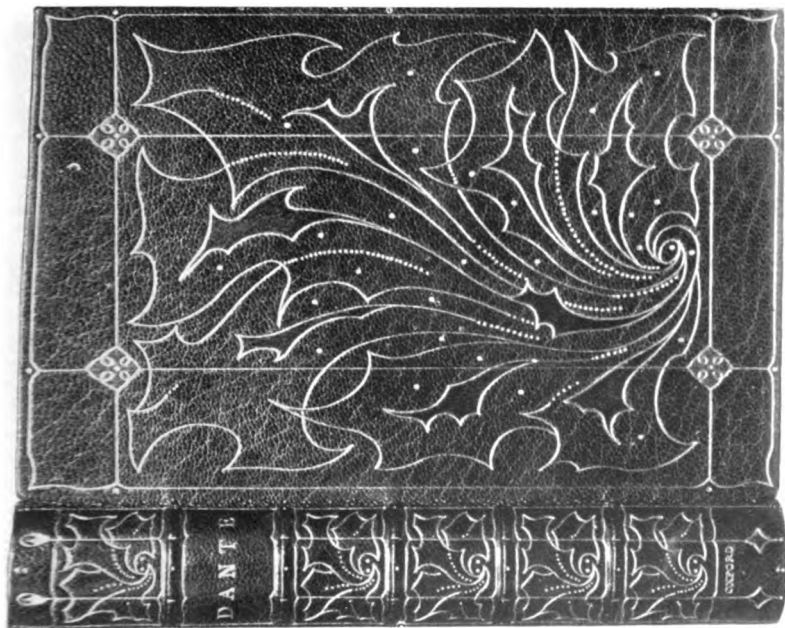
RECENT BOOKS ON THEOLOGY.—II

BOOKS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

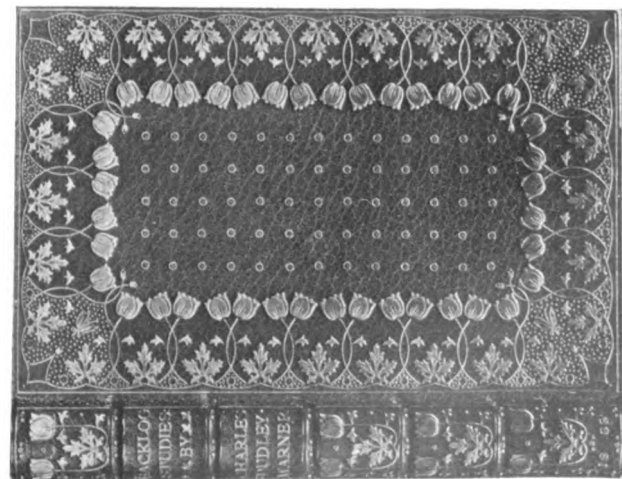
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT IN GREEK, by Dr. H. B. Swete (Cambridge University Press, 7s.6d.), is a first-rate and most valuable piece of work. Dr. Swete has compressed into one handy and finely-printed volume an enormous mass of information about the different Greek versions of the Old Testament, and he thus completes his careful edition of the Septuagint by an introductory volume showing the true relation of the famous Alexandrine version to the various versions and recensions of the original text, which appeared in later times. He thinks that "experience only can show whether the help here provided is precisely such as the student needs." Anyhow, he has collected, especially in the third part of the volume, a great deal of information interesting to others besides theological students. The chapter on "The Influence of the LXX. on Christian Literature," or that on "The Literary Use of the LXX. by Non-Christian Hellenists," though necessarily short, indicate very fruitful lines of inquiry. As regards the more technical part of his subject, Dr. Swete has used well his special knowledge of the literature bearing on the history of the Greek Old Testament, and he has been, to some extent, aided by Professor Nestle, of Maulbronn, and other scholars. Mr. H. St. J. Thackeray, the author of an excellent work on St. Paul's relation to contemporary Jewish thought, contributes an appendix containing the text of the celebrated letter of the Pseudo-Aristeas, with critical introduction and textual apparatus. Dr. Swete speaks modestly of "larger and more adequate treatises" as likely to follow his own; but we can scarcely imagine that any future work is likely to be more serviceable to students than this handy "Introduction."

Professor G. A. Smith, the author of MODERN CRITICISM AND THE PREACHING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT (Yale Lectures) (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), employs a skilful metaphor to describe the relation of the Old Testament to the New. The Old Testament, he says, "is the 'Hinterland' of the New; part of the same continent of truth, without whose ampler areas and wider watersheds the rivers which grew to their fulness in the new dispensation could never have gained one-tenth of their volume or their influence." No writer has done more to vindicate the true position of the Old Testament and the claims of criticism than Professor Smith, and his book is worthy of most careful study. One of his most effective points is the answer to those who cry "Remember Tübingen," and who predict a violent reaction from the conclusions of criticism. He shows that, while the Tübingen theories were largely deductions from the principles of a certain philosophy of history, the methods and proofs of Old Testament criticism are not *a priori*, but inductive, and are based on the facts presented by the Old Testament itself. Again, he gives an admirable summary of the present state of the conflict between archaeology and criticism, as to which so much misapprehension exists. In his fourth lecture he pleads convincingly for the reality of a Divine revelation to Israel, insisting that the Hebrews actually received "through their national God real impressions of the character and mind of the Deity." He naturally dwells with special emphasis on the preaching of the Prophets, and their influence upon Christian thought from the earliest times. His seventh lecture ends with some good practical advice to preachers on the study of Prophecy, in order to catch something of its spirit—its courage, its "down-right realism," its passion for civic and social righteousness. This is a valuable book and will bring a real word of consolation to many perplexed minds. Moreover, its style is so fresh and so buoyant, yet so reverent, that even the most prejudiced conservative will probably read it with pleasure.

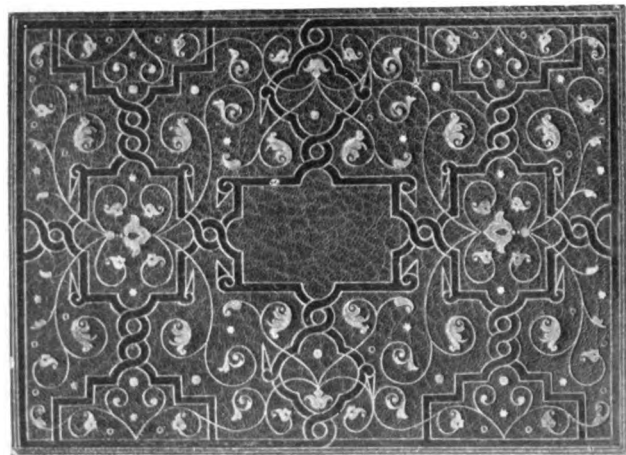
A HANDBOOK TO OLD TESTAMENT HEBREW, edited by Dr. Samuel G. Green (Religious Tract Society, 10s. 6d.), is an attractive if somewhat expensive handbook for beginners in the study of Old Testament Hebrew. Dr. Green has been well



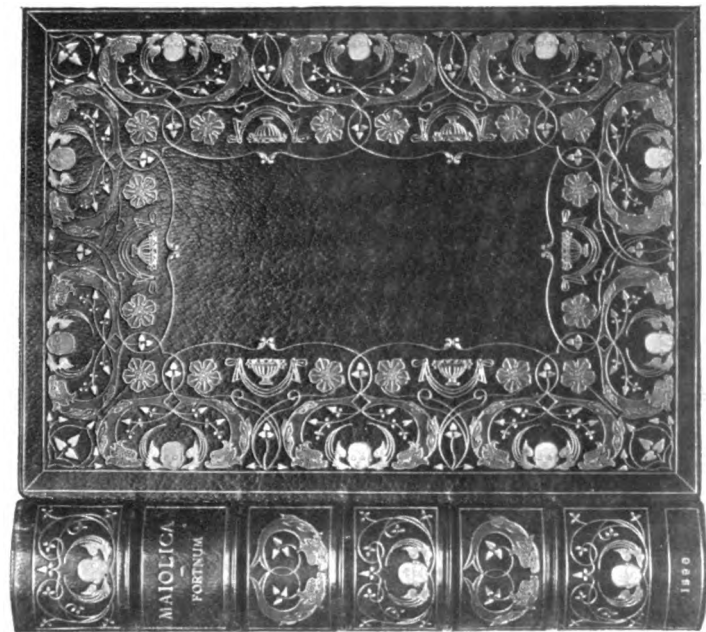
Designed by ALBERT A. TURBAYNE.



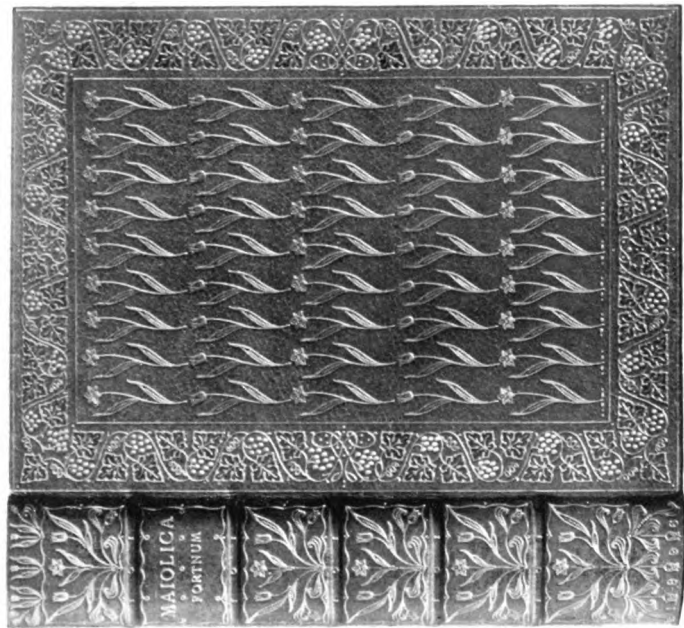
Designed by R. RIVIÈRE & SON.



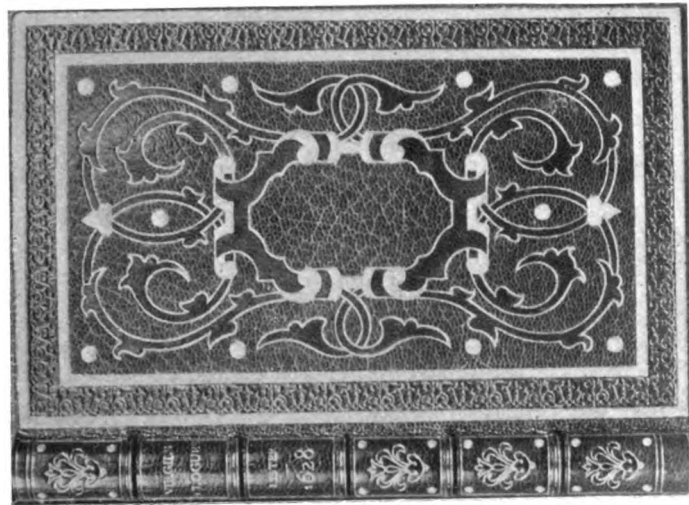
Designed by R. RIVIÈRE & SON.



Designed by the OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.



Designed by ALBERT A. TURBAYNE.



Designed by R. RIVIÈRE & SON.

advised to spend special pains on the orthography of the language. A student, once interested in the reading and pronunciation of Hebrew, is likely to be less repelled by the dry details of the grammar and syntax than if he first devoted his attention to these. The book includes some capital reading lessons, including passages from the New Testament rendered by different scholars. Dr. Green points out that "the necessity of frequent periphrasis instructively illustrates the difference between the language of the Old Testament and that of the New; while the renderings occasionally bring out the meaning of a passage with striking force." He has compiled a very serviceable and well-conceived manual of Hebrew study.

The first part of *THE ANCIENT SCRIPTURES AND THE MODERN JEW*, by David Baron (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), consists of expositions of various prophetic passages in the Old Testament. They are based on a rather old-fashioned conception of prophecy as "history written in advance." We observe also that Mr. Baron totally rejects even so moderate a view as that of the dual authorship of the Book of Isaiah. He laments the defection of the venerable Dr. Delitzsch, "who, to the grief of many, finally gave way, in a measure, to the rationalistic pressure around him, and accepted the theory of a later authorship" of Isai. xl.—lxvi. More important, however, is the second part of Mr. Baron's book, which professes to give an "all-round view of the Jewish question." Dr. Max Nordau's survey of the general condition of the Jews at the close of the century is full of painful interest. (It is given by Mr. Baron *in extenso*.) It appears that the prospects of Judaism from a religious point of view are very discouraging. While there is a certain revival of national feeling, there is a decided, and apparently increasing, defection of the Jews from their ancestral faith. The chapters on "Anti-Semitism" and on the Zionist movement are also worth reading. In a letter addressed to an inquirer Mr. Baron gives his reasons for rejecting the Anglo-Israelite theory, which he evidently deems a worthless and even dangerous speculation. The book is of great interest, but Mr. Baron is not strong as a biblical expositor, and his work would be more widely useful if in a future edition the expository portion of it were curtailed or even omitted.

The magnificent series of *FACSIMILES OF BIBLICAL MANUSCRIPTS* in the British Museum, edited by Mr. Frederic G. Kenyon, has been produced by order of the trustees, and is intended to "illustrate the history of the transmission of the biblical text before the invention of printing." The typographical work has been admirably executed by the Oxford University Press. Among the twenty-five facsimiles several are of unique interest. Plate I. reproduces a leaf of the oldest biblical MS. possessed by the museum, a fragment of a third century papyrus from the Fayûm. This is followed by a leaf of the Codex Alexandrinus, and specimens of the palimpsest codex Nitriensis, and Codex N (Purpureus), of which four leaves exist in the museum. The minuscule period of Greek writing is illustrated by some fine examples, notably a page from a Greek psalter of the eleventh century, decorated with drawings (richly coloured in the original). Then come specimens of the Vulgate Latin version and some illustrations of early English versions. Last of all are placed two examples of the Bible produced by Wycliffe and his followers, belonging to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It will be seen that the selection of specimens has been very judicious. Dr. Kenyon is a careful and thorough editor, and his brief descriptions of the different MSS. are full of interest. Apart from the intrinsic value of these facsimiles, the book will be of real use to students of palaeography. We hope that the trustees of the British Museum may be induced to publish other volumes of the same kind.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication "A New Translation of Isaiah," with explanatory notes and a History of the Life of Isaiah by Rev. E. Flecker.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Soldiers at Play.

During the long halt at Bloemfontein four of the war correspondents with Lord Roberts' army—Messrs. Landon, Ralph, Gwynne, and Buxton—edited a paper, at Lord Roberts' suggestion, for the entertainment of the troops. The title of this curiosity of journalism was the *Friend*, and the story of its fortunes is told, with copious extracts from its columns, by Mr. Julian Ralph in *WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE* (Pearson, 6s.). It is unquestionably the most unique newspaper ever published in South Africa. Lord Roberts contributed plenty of proclamations; General Colville contributed an acrostic; Mr. Ralph wrote those Letters to Miss Bloemfontein which have already been so widely quoted; Mr. Gwynne discussed the military lessons of the war; Mr. Kipling bestowed both verse and prose abundantly; there was some lyric impressionism from the pen of Dr. Conan Doyle; and soldiers of all grades dropped their little offerings into the editors' box. It is the sort of book that one can only review satisfactorily by quoting from it. Among other things it contains an interesting note on a new word which the war has added to the language:—

It had long been noticed that whenever an officer was prominently connected with a losing battle, or exhibited marked incompetence in any field of military work, he got a billet at Stellenbosch, a bowery village deep down in the Cape Colony, where was established our base camp of supplies. The name, therefore, attained a deep significance and common usage in the Army, and to say that a man had been "Stellenbosched" was but the ordinary polite mode of mentioning what might otherwise have had to be said in many harsher-sounding words.

Among the prose contributions by Mr. Kipling, referred to above, are certain kopje-book maxims, of which a few examples should be extracted:—

Two Horses will shift a Camp if they be dead enough.
Forage is Victory; Lyddite is Gas.
Look before you Lape.

When in doubt Flank; when in force Outflank.
Take care of the towns, and the tents will take care of themselves.

Spare the Solitary Horseman on the sky-line; he is bound to be a Britisher.

Raise your hat to the Boer—and you'll get shot.

Some pages further on we find Mr. Kipling's tribute to the memory of our gallant, though not very capable, enemy, General Joubert, which is worth quoting again:—

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,
He had no part whose hands were clear of gain;
But, subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a People, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one—
Telling old battles over without hate,
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He shall not meet the onswep of our van
In the doomed city where we close the score;
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a Man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once more!

So much for the professionals. We must also glance at the contributions of the amateurs. At first the editors received the amateurs with derision. "Your verses are execrable. See for yourself in print," they wrote on one occasion. Afterwards they welcomed it more respectfully, and poetry flowed in in a steady stream. It is somewhat crude in quality. Among other original poets, such as Trooper Simes, of Roberts' Horse, and Mr. James L. Watson, of the First Scots Guards, Mr. Fred

Eyre, of the Yorkshire Green Howards, unfolds some grievances :—

But what of his wife and baby,
That he's left far behind at home ?
Where is their love's protection ?
Where is his heart to roam ?
Urged on by a stern Commander,
Pushed by a Sergeant there,
Bullied by bits of Lance Corporals,
No wonder the poor soldiers swear.

And then comes a rattling "Song of the Household Brigade," by Mark Thyme, in the best Tivoli style :—

It ain't a fatigue to see him,
'E's a taller than usual man,
As 'e struts down the road 'e's as smart as be blowed,
And 'is swagger would stop Big Ben,
'E's a fair take-in for the ladies,
For, of course, it's a maxim trite,
When a cove's in the Guards, why it's just on the cards,
'E's a bit of the best All-Right.

Chorus.

Whether 'e wears a 'elmet,
Or 'airy 'at on 'is nut,
When all's done and said, 'E is 'ousehold Brigade,
Whether 'e 's 'Orse or Fut.
(Shouted *ad lib.*) : That's Right
Whether 'e 's 'Orse or Fut.

And so forth. Only the fact that it is considered desirable to review some other books in this issue of our paper hinders us from quoting more. This is certainly one of the most entertaining of all the war books.

China.

Mr. Chester Holcombe, who was for many years Secretary of Legation and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking, endeavours in *THE REAL CHINESE QUESTION* (Methuen, 6s.) to show "how certain events and certain lines of Western policy must have appeared to and affected the Chinese." He adds that he "appeals not for China, but for fair play." The same intention has doubtless animated a good many of the other writers on the subject—though we must perhaps except those whose vision of the true inwardness of things is clouded by their earnest desire to open the country up to trade. Mr. Holcombe, however, writes well and with intimate knowledge, though it is probable that, so far as political results go, his book will be in vain. In the choice of Western policy other considerations will, rightly or wrongly, count for more than the susceptibilities of Celestial minds. At the same time it is right that the Celestial mind should be dissected and the Celestial point of view set forth, and this task is admirably discharged by Mr. Holcombe. The history of the diplomatic relations of the West with China is well told by him, and he supplies abundant, trustworthy, and interesting information about the *litterati*, the secret societies, the army and navy, the missionaries, the opium traffic, and other important matters. The opium habit is his great bugbear. He says :—

An opium-smoking Buddhist priest has been known to steal the very gods from the altar and pawn or sell them for a supply of the drug.

And he holds that the one essential condition of reform in China is that the public offices should be purged of opium-smokers :—

Not merely responsible heads of departments, boards, and offices must be removed, but the lowest and most menial subordinates. It will not be safe to leave an opium-smoking door-tender or floor-sweeper in any public office.

It is a pessimistic view—more pessimistic than Mr. Holcombe apparently perceives. For if the vice be so deeply seated as Mr. Holcombe represents, what prospect is there that it will be eradicated by a decree ? What prospect is there, indeed, that any decree for its abolition will be issued ? These are questions which Mr. Holcombe omits to answer ; and the omission impairs

the value of what is, on the whole, a very valuable and a very instructive book.

Those who want a simple, unaffected narrative of the blockade of the Legations in China will find it in Miss Jessie Ransome's *STORY OF THE SIEGE HOSPITAL IN PEKING* (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.). There is no fine writing and no politics, but there are plenty of the trivial details and personal touches which make pictures of such scenes convincing. How little the captives realized their peril at first we understand clearly from the statement, dated June 12, that "the lectures on the Minor Prophets are most interesting, and it makes up very much for our captivity to have a chance of getting some really good teaching for ourselves." How differently matters looked by July 17 we infer from the note that "Lady MacDonald has kindly asked me to go there and lie under a mosquito net on a bed, which will be a treat after a month of sleeping on a table." Miss Ransome's contribution to the looting question is to the effect that "the Russian soldiers are behaving disgracefully, like savage marauders more than anything else. . . . Our boy managed to get a few eggs for us, but the Russian soldiers took them from him."

HOW TO READ THE WAR NEWS FROM CHINA (Unwin, 1s.) is a little book to which we have not hitherto called attention, forming a *vade-mecum* of notes and hints to readers of despatches and news from the seat of war. It contains a map and a glossary giving the meaning of such expressions as Yamen, Taotai, Likin, Compradore, and such biographical details as will assist students to distinguish between the Chings, and Changs, and Shengs. It should be useful.

A Stanhope Essay.

Mr. Robert Rait's essay *THE SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT BEFORE THE UNION OF THE CROWNS* (Blackie, 5s. n.) has been already published, for the greater part, in the *English Historical Review*, after winning the Stanhope Essay prize at Oxford in 1899. It now appears in a more complete form, but in one which makes us wish that the author would enlarge it considerably. In 120 pages it is really impossible to write a serious constitutional study of an institution whose history is extremely difficult to trace to its origin and also involves many side issues and legal problems of much complexity. Nor is Mr. Rait's style adapted to telling a difficult story rapidly and clearly. He is far too much inclined, as in his introduction, to summarize well-known results in a somewhat commonplace way. On the other hand he knows a great deal about his subject, and if only he would refrain from digression and treat it in full detail, we feel sure that he could give us a most valuable book. And it is high time that a constitutional history of Scotland were written. There could be no better proof of popular ignorance and indifference than the fact that the present Sovereign is apparently to be known in Scottish official documents as Edward VII. Some years ago the Bishop of Oxford lectured on Scottish constitutional history, when he was Professor at Oxford. We fear it is hopeless to expect him now to publish the lectures ; but, incomplete though he would undoubtedly consider them, they were of the highest value to students. And they were, it is needless to say, constitutional in the strict sense of the word, and did not concern themselves with commerce and furniture and the poverty of house-building, as Mr. Rait is tempted to do. But our chief complaint against Mr. Rait is that he writes of so great a subject so briefly ; and we hope he may be encouraged by a favourable reception of his essay to undertake the work in earnest. His faults, indeed, are entirely those of a beginner. He is too much impressed by his masters to be able to restrain himself from quoting them relevantly or irrelevantly, and he does not always see the difficulties that arise in the course of his progress.

Briefly, we may note that Mr. Rait dates the Scottish Parliament in its completeness from 1326, that he is careful to point out that no right of strictly popular representation was ever enjoyed (though he speaks for some time of "freeholders" without explaining that it is only "the King's freeholders," i.e., tenants-in-chief, who are meant), and that he shows that the burgesses were not summoned before the date which he fixes as that of the "model Parliament." He sketches the position

of the great officers of state and that of the committees which play so important a part in Scottish history. An interesting portion of his essay is devoted to the comparatively humble part played by the Parliament in the Reformation and the establishment of Calvinism. When Mr. Rait returns to his subject we would suggest to him that he will find interesting parallels in the history of the Cortes of the different Spanish kingdoms, and that an examination of the *Modus tenendi Parliamentum* might be worth making in relation to special points of Scottish constitutional history, and would possibly reveal that the author of that curious tractate was a Scot.

Medical.

In WILLIAM HUNTER (8vo., H. K. Lewis, 4s. 6d. n.) Dr. R. Hingston Fox gives an interesting account of a man who was one of the best-known physicians and collectors of his day, yet whose memory has always been eclipsed by the greater fame of his more celebrated younger brother John. The two brothers both entered St. George's Hospital as surgeon's pupils, and both were trained, lived, and worked in London. Ample justice has been done in recent years to John Hunter, surgeon and anatomist; but it has been left to Dr. Fox to show clearly how much he owed to the training and influence of his brother William, who was ten years his senior, and to how great an extent the various branches of medical and surgical art are indebted, not to the younger and more brilliant brother alone, as is commonly supposed, but to both of them. The book is illustrated with portraits of William Hunter and of several of his medical friends and contemporaries, and a short notice is given of the most valuable coins, books, pictures, and anatomical specimens collected by him, and now exhibited in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow.

A little knowledge is a proverbially dangerous thing, but the possible dangers to the injured of the "first aid" offered them should be reduced to a minimum by a carefully-written book like *FIRST AID TO THE INJURED*, by Dr. H. Drinkwater (The Temple Primers, Dent, 1s.). Dr. Drinkwater describes clearly how each of the common accidents of life—broken or dislocated bones, cuts, fits, burns, &c.—is to be treated, and is very successful in giving brief but sufficient explanations of the physical causes of the injuries and illnesses, the special dangers they involve, and the particular actions of the remedies or treatment to be applied, in popular language that is readily intelligible and at the same time accurate. The book is well illustrated, and may be cordially recommended to all who are in search of a short and lucid compendium of the emergency treatment of accidents.

How we Won Canada.

Mr. A. G. Bradley's pleasantly-written volume, *THE FIGHT WITH FRANCE FOR NORTH AMERICA* (Constable, 15s.), deals with a subject which has met with less attention on this side of the Atlantic than it deserves. Fort Duquesne, Ticonderoga, Fort George, Fort William Henry, Oswego, Louisbourg—places now almost forgotten—are names which rang portentously in men's ears when George the Third was yet a youth, and the destiny of North America remained undecided. How many of us could point out their places on the map? In the lumber-room of a country house or the back of a picture shop one may yet, perchance, discover a dusty canvas representing a hard-featured warrior in a laced waistcoat, and displaying in one corner the ground-plan of a fortress à la Vauban, bristling with bastions and sally-ports, and the simple legend "Louisbourg." This can be no other than Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who in 1758 captured the famous fortress built by the Grand Monarque in 1720, less with a view to the defence of New France than to the recovery of Nova Scotia and the subjugation of New England. That event was the turning-point in the struggle, for it assured the safety of the Anglo-American seaboard and left the St. Lawrence defenceless against the English fleet. The disastrous effort of "brave, blundering Braddock" to capture Fort Duquesne, Johnson's and Loudon's unsuccessful campaigns on Lake George, the surrender of Fort William Henry, with the massacre which ensued, and the repulse of Abercromby before Ticonderoga,

news of which reached England shortly before that of Louisbourg, were forgotten in the frenzy of rejoicing which followed. Wolfe had served under Amherst in the taking of Louisbourg, and to him was committed the task of following up this great success by ascending the St. Lawrence to attack Quebec, while Amherst marched towards the same point by way of Lake Champlain. The taking of Quebec was followed by the surrender of Montreal to Amherst, and the fate of Canada was finally decided. Mr. Bradley's book is adapted for popular reading, and the story is told in a spirited and interesting manner. The printing is exceedingly good, and there are some useful maps.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

Judged by his collection of essays, *EXPLODED IDEAS* (Longmans, 5s.), the anonymous writer, author of "Times and Days," does not appear to be a highly original thinker nor a very exquisite and enterprising writer. He is a little inclined to reveal anew what was already fairly conspicuous, to re-discover the palpable and distinct. In his paper "On the Essay" he does not mind telling us of Montaigne, Hazlitt, and Lamb that "their essays are examples for all time of how essays ought to be written," and he uses the word which describes this particular form of literary work some fifteen times on two small pages. He also feels that we shall like to know the fresh, inspiring fact that "some of Robert Louis Stevenson's best work is done in this direction." It would seem that a certain book was not written, "virginibus puerisque," in vain and that youth will still have its fling in essay form. "On Love" our author is blandly and pleasantly moral. His *dictum*:—Man has two destinies, to keep himself alive, if he can; and to bring others into the same perilous position that he is himself—is among his more brilliant attempts. On "Lying," "Cycling," "Success," and "Anger" there is not much new light, but in the paper, "Taste," there are wise considerations and some hard words for the uninformed critic. We regret not to have seen this author's previous work which from the Press opinions herein quoted appears to have been a more successful collection. Of "Times and Days," for example, the *Boston (Mass.) Literary World* succinctly says "Full of meat as a nut," and it might be added in the same manner that "Exploded Ideas" contains as good a store of wit and wisdom as one could expect to find of meat in a nut.

A NEW WAY AROUND AN OLD WORLD (Partridge, 2s. 6d.) narrates the journey of the Rev. Francis E. Clark up the Amur in a steamboat, and on to Europe by the Siberian railroad. His style is agreeable and his photographs are interesting, though his book is of no particular importance. He does not think the route he took has anything but its cheapness to recommend it, and he doubts whether the line would stand the strain that would be put upon it in, say, a war with Japan.

Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne's *BLACKS AND WHITES IN WEST AFRICA* (King, 1s.) gives an account, from the point of view of the Aborigines Protection Society, of the past treatment and present condition of natives under European control or influence.

SUNNY DAYS AT HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS (St. Bride's Press, 6d. n.) is a Homeland Handbook, and quite keeps up the reputation of this satisfactory series.

CORDINGLEY'S DICTIONARY OF STOCK EXCHANGE TERMS (Effingham Wilson, 2s. 6d. n.) explains not only such technical terms as "allotment," "account," "industrials," "interim dividends," but also such slang expressions as "Brums," "Knackers," "Obs," "shake out," and "squeeze." It would be a useful supplement to the same author's Guide to the Stock Exchange.

HOW TO AVOID PAYMENT OF DEBT (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s.) is a pamphlet written to show the need of fresh legislation to strengthen the hands of creditors. It proves to demonstration that it is almost impossible to bring a debtor to book if he has no better use for his time than to dodge the process server, and would just as soon be an undischarged bankrupt as not. This is not new, but perhaps it wants emphasizing.

ART.

CAMEOS.

Of all the delightful vanities that lie about the world waiting for the collector there is no such seductive or difficult quarry as the antique gem. Originals are rare and imitations are exquisite. The well-known "Notes et Souvenirs d'un Vieux Collectionneur" alone contains enough stories of the chances of this chase to show that the hunting of the antique cameo and the intaglio is the "big game" among the sports of connoisseurs. Like tiger shooting in Bengal, it is an expensive amusement that few can follow, but with the aid of Mr. Cyril Davenport's excellent monograph *CAMEOS* (Seeley and Co., 5s. n., or cloth 7s. n.) there is no reason why even the poorest of us should not form a cabinet of gems—in imagination. "Cameos," says Mr. Davenport, "may, to some extent, be defined as small sculptures executed in low relief on some substance precious either for its beauty, rarity, or hardness," and he proceeds to inform us with the greatest lucidity and fulness of knowledge of the various materials used for cameos in all ages and of the processes employed in cutting them, adding an illuminative account of early cameos and glass pastes, of Græco-Roman and mediæval examples, and of the Renaissance and later engraved stones.

Mycenæan civilization produced some of the earliest cameos; and, if it eventually did something towards forming the race known as the Etruscans, its art was ably sustained, for the Etruscans were splendidly Attic in feeling and their early work approximates to that of the Greeks, who were the cameo-cutters *par excellence*. The taste for carven gems is said to have been brought into Rome by Pompey on his return from the wars with Mithridates, and it flourished nobly in the soil in which he planted it. Greek artists came to the Imperial city and a great period was begun. There have been ages when the art has been neglected or lain idle; but the workers of the Renaissance, who retouched all beauty with their magic, produced some wonderfully successful work—worthy, indeed, to carry on the Greek ideal. Among the sixteenth-century work, of which Mr. Davenport gives some exquisite examples, the most engaging is the well-known dark onyx cameo portrait of Lucius Verus (now in the British Museum) of Italian workmanship and the finely cut Nicolo, said to be French, of Queen Elizabeth. These pictures are particularly valuable reproductions of the originals, but, as Mr. Davenport says, there is some difficulty and always will be as to the proper representation of a fine cameo by any known process. Although all of his reproductions of gems are interesting and clear, it must be owned that the coloured photographic process he uses is not invariably successful. Cameos do not make good pictures, and if they are to be produced with the printed page the best result is perhaps gained by the unambitious method of their being drawn by an artist in simple line. Such a picture as that of the Græco-Roman sardonix cameo of an Emperor and Empress in the characters of Jupiter Ammon and Isis cannot be said to possess any beauty, while the reproduction of that most beautiful gem, the head of Medusa cut in an amethyst, gives but a poor idea of the glories of this cameo as seen in its place of honour in the Gold Room of the British Museum.

But the gorgeous lights and translucent colouring of so rich a stone, the exquisite surface of the graven face, are perhaps beyond all the arts of those who would make a picture of what is almost a sculpture, and, after all, Mr. Davenport's method at least recalls the beauties which the process he adopts cannot hope to reproduce. In many cases the monochrome illustrations are more satisfying. The "Tazza Farnese," once in the collection of Lorenzo d' Medici and now in Naples, gives a perfect idea of the original; the Ptolemy II. and his wife Arsinoë, a sardonix of nine layers, is also admirable, and indeed many of the simple Græco-Roman onyx cameos can be given by the photographic method with good results. It is the translucent gems, emeralds, amethysts, and crystalline varieties of quartz, whose very brilliancy makes them suffer, whose gorgeous lights

and shining surfaces confuse the issue and give, where all should be lightness and beauty, a blotched and flawed appearance. But Mr. Davenport's book will send his readers to view the originals for themselves and will also, we trust, incline art craftsmen to try their skill upon a branch of—should one say sculpture or carving?—that asks so much of the workman and gives such glorious, such immortal rewards for his labours. Now that the finest Temples of Athens lie shattered and the dynasties of Byzantium and Egypt have crumbled away, the engraved stones that jewelled their sacrificial vessels or added lustre to their desecrated crowns remain in perfect preservation and clearly tell the story of glories that have been. Mr. Davenport's well-informed but yet popular book would greatly serve the cause of art should it encourage in those who can buy jewels the taste for such as are engraved or cameo-cut. The modern cut sapphire is an agreeably coloured stone, but compare it with, say, a carved gem of the best Egyptian period of the same material and the dignity, the distinction, of the jewel wrought by the hand and art of man are at once apparent. Such a book should do much to revive a taste for beauty in jewelry and a return to classic forms. For Mr. Davenport is gifted with so pleasant a style and agreeable a method that all who see his book will become interested in the subject and help to spread its message of antique æsthetics.

EGAN MEW.

OLD WATER COLOURS.

Old lights are certainly being exchanged for new in the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. The old lights, S. J. Hodson, Henry Wallis, E. T. Bownall, W. Collingwood, John Parker, W. M. Hale, Sam Evans, S. P. Jackson, and Herbert Marshall, for example, fail on this occasion to arouse the interest of the onlooker without principles—or prejudices. The newer lights attract attention and provoke criticism. To Edwin Alexander, R. Anning Bell, Robert Macbeth, James Paterson, and Arthur Melville belongs the interest of the present exhibition. The old lights lose ground through their own inability to appreciate the change that is coming over public taste. Only a few minds retain their affection for landscape in which the water suggests the New River Company, and the rocks which surround the stream suggest the stage carpenter. The trivial, as Millet said, may minister to the sublime, but we cannot accept the trivial without sublimity. The society has apparently recognized this, for they spring "Craigleith," a remarkable study of subtle tones and violent perspective, upon the visitor very early in the collection. Then there is "A Jacobite Gathering," a sort of chastened Monticelli, by Robert Little, and "A Cairo Street" and "A Highland Autumn" by Arthur Melville. Of Mr. Melville's colour problems, which are so acceptable as spots of colour, "A Cairo Street" as a subject is quite intelligible. It only remains for Mr. Melville to disguise his method a little more to render his scheme a little less obvious for us to accept him without question. It would do no harm to his art to remember that the simplest objects, when truly painted, gain in dignity under partial concealment by aerial effects. Mr. W. Callow has understood this message in "Stirling Castle." He has a perfectly clear conception of what he sees, but since there is an idea with every touch the scene is realized without hard insistence and dull portrayal. This quality of suggestion is lacking in "Goatfell, from the Sea, Arran," by Sir Francis Powell. E. A. Waterlow also disdains the grace of mystery, and his "Hemingford Mill," is only another "picture" of a much painted subject treated with the freedom learnt by much practice, but lacking in atmosphere or luminosity. It has neither the *plein air* of Millais' "Chill October," the consummate skill of Alfred Parson's small but powerful "Dairy Bridge on the Greta," nor the cleverness of Clarence Waite's "A Buttress of Snowdon." It is better partially to fail at a poetic idea like Miss Smythe's "Winter Gleanings," or to realize an easily accessible effect as has been done by Charles Davidson in his piece of well-seen nature at "Hastings—Early

Morning." A. H. Marsh has seen with a surcharge of purple rays in his well-drawn "Evening," and Robert Little misses the sunlight in "Faslane, Gareloch." These and Tom Lloyd's greatly daring "Evening in June" contain much of the work of the practised hand, but they lack the tenderness of so simple a picture as "The Gate of the Apothecaries' Garden," by Miss Rose Barton, and the charm of style shown once more so convincingly by Miss Clara Montalba. No one of the æsthetic tests that we have so far applied serves us in the presence of E. R. Hughes' "The Princess out of School," of Mr. C. E. Fripp's "Seven Ravens," or of Anning Bell's "Blind Man's Buff" and "A Flight of Fairies." We are simply content to admire Mr. Hughes' picture. The subject is well chosen without being all-absorbing; it is drawn with exquisite care; the colour-scheme is rich, harmonious, and well balanced. It occupies what may be regarded as the place of honour in the gallery, and it is a tribute to the intelligence of the hanging committee that it is so well placed. There would appear to be less certainty in the minds of the committee in the case of Mr. Anning Bell's contributions; and yet they also are hung very much according to merit. "Blind Man's Buff," being less real and more decorative than the fanciful and subtly humorous "A Flight of Fairies," is skied; but Mr. Fripp's satisfactory illustration of "The Seven Ravens" has received that recognition which good draughtsmanship must always compél. But surely painters in water colours must be in some danger of forgetting the traditions of their art when we find ourselves ungrudgingly praising the subject pictures painted in the landscape painter's particular medium.

The *Artist* for May has two specially interesting features. It gives us a foreshadowing of the Royal Academy in the shape of some reproductions of studies by artists for their exhibited pictures. Some of these are worth careful attention, especially those by Mr. Herbert Draper, Mr. Macbeth, and Mr. Harold Speed, which are fine examples of drawing. The other feature is an article by Mr. Wentworth Huyshe on the lately recovered Greek statues, with a full account of the history and character of the discovery made near the Island of Cerigo (Cythera) and some most interesting photographs of the statues themselves—"the most important, most interesting additions to the scanty remains of Greek art which have come down to our time since the memorial days, twenty-five years ago, when the Germans, working at Olympia, revealed to our astonished and delighted eyes the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Victory of Paionios."

FICTION.

Northborough Cross.

The somnolent atmosphere of the cathedral town, which becomes electrified when the wings of scandal are heard fluttering in the Close, is presented with almost cruel truthfulness by L. Cope Cornford in *NORTHBOROUGH CROSS* (George Allen, 6s.) There is a cynical tone in the treatment of the Dean and Chapter, notably by Gilbert Thornhaigh, the bluff world-roamer and financier, who is at once the unwitting agent of financial ruin and the ingenious saviour therefrom. He fell, to be sure, amongst a baddish lot of clerical specimens—his easy-going epicurean brother, "the Rev. Charles," the self-seeking Dean, and Canon Glossop, whose unctuous rectitude did not prevent him from gross indiscretions, from shameful neglect of his invalid wife, and from becoming the hopeless victim of a drug. If we grant the possibility of an ecclesiastical cesspool like this, then the story must be accounted a strong one. There are lovable characters that redeem it from being unreadably cynical. Chief of these is Lancelot, the boy, whose early waywardnesses, so humorously and sympathetically related, recall at times the excursions of Richard Feverel, just as some scenes in the book suggest the work of Anthony Trollope. Everything centres about the cathedral. We share in the enthusiasm of old Thomas Inkpen, the cathedral surveyor, for the sacred building; we follow him in his patient loving study of its archives; we watch the dawn and spread of a similar interest in the mind of

Lancelot; we listen attentively to the drone of the gossips that spring at a reputation as a trout at a fly. It is a story written with care and sympathy and humour.

The Heart of a Dancer.

The ladies are the best part of Noel Ainslie's novel *THE SALVATION SEEKERS* (Methuen, 6s.)—a fact which compels us to leave out for the time any prefix to that writer's name. It is a capable novel, dealing with the always interesting subject of a young girl's development, after a sudden change from poverty to wealth. For Valentia, a thirteen-year-old dancer in a strolling troupe, is adopted by an heiress, marries an Irish politician and editor, by name Lawrence Burke, and finds in time that politics and the editing of a Radical paper are bad for the conscience. She leaves her husband in consequence. Incidentally we have a strike in a mining district, with some rioting; and a good deal of speculation as to the best way of reconciling a tender conscience with an eminently practical world. The book is rather patchy; its construction is not exactly masterly; and the title is hardly justified by the matter. But it is not difficult to read, and it has, at all events, the merit of variety.

A Naval Farce.

Mr. Charles Gleig knows something about the workings of a man-o'-war, and he has contrived an interesting and farcical plot in *BUNTER'S CRUISE* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). The central idea is not absolutely novel, but it is carried further than usual—so far, indeed, that the author has some little difficulty in extricating his hero from the false position in which he has placed him. For Ned Bunter, A.B., escaping from the dock police—he has overstayed his leave—manages to change clothes and identities with the Hon. Roger Laxdale, the newly-appointed captain of his own ship. The sufferings of the aristocrat, thus suddenly reduced to the level of a common bluejacket, and the scarcely less unpleasant position of the new-made captain afford scope for a good deal of amusement. Mr. Gleig handles his situation very brightly, and extracts a considerable amount of humour from it; but it must be confessed that there is hardly sufficient material here for a full-sized book. Sir Thomas Tipping and his daughters belong to the domain of very broad farce indeed.

Among the Stars.

A HONEYMOON IN SPACE (Pearson, 6s.) will no doubt have admirers. Mr. George Griffith knows how to weave love and pseudo-science, European wars, and American beauties into a story as well as any man alive. To us it seems that there is no romance quite so tedious as that which deals with people whirling through space in some sort of air-ship propelled by some unknown but fully-detailed force. In the present case the splendid Lord Redgrave and his American bride visit many planets and go through many nerve-shaking adventures. It is all very exciting and, if one could only be convinced, very splendid. But Jules Verne did it all when we were most of us in the nursery and could appreciate it. And even nowadays it has been better done than in "A Honeymoon in Space," and, but for the fact that Mr. Griffith knows his public better than we do, we should be inclined to recommend him to "leave 'Wells' alone."

An Aristocratic Detective.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT (Pearson, 6s.) is run upon familiar lines, a murder, the arrest of the wrong man, and his subsequent triumph—a simple prescription which seems capable of endless permutations. Mr. Headon Hill has invented one or two novel details—thus the convict is sentenced to death by the father of the girl he loves; the real criminal is the man who moves, by way of a bluff, for a coroner's inquest on the body of the murdered man; and a hastily-planned exchange of names with a medical friend lands the unfortunate George Malden in the shoes of Cyril Bathurst, and eventually in the cells of Portland Prison. Also there is the London Detective Bureau, run by the Hon. Mark Taverner (whose prefix of "The Honourable" on his visiting card gains him instant admission, as the author puts it, to the presence of important men like Sir Henry Selwood). There is a comic villain, in the shape of Durke, a

rural policeman ; a heavy villain in Leger Vipan, the millionaire. It is a machine-made story, told in the customary fashion.

Mild Sentiment.

It is hardly fair of the nameless author of *TIME'S FOOL* (David Douglas, Edinburgh, 6s.) to label her story "An English Idyll." The word means so much to some of us, and idyll making, in literature, at least, is no light work. Although not especially Theocritean in feeling, the story gives a pleasant picture of Cornish country, and develops an interesting theme of the young man of fortune who marries for love in a lower stratum of society. The style is good but the story is rather obvious. Perhaps that is what the author thinks an idyll should be, but there we join issue with her. If the title be borrowed from the phrase "And Life, Time's Fool," we must own that the author does not write up to her title. Life is not such as she depicts ; uncles do not die at the right moment, nor for that matter wives either, and the sons of phthisical mothers are not always jolly and strong. The book has charm and can be recommended to those who like their fiction in a mildly sentimental form.

Among the Eskimo.

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS, by Ralph Graham Taber (Greening, 3s. 6d.), hardly needs the deprecation of its author, who prints an encouraging letter from the Marquis of Lorne (he was not then Duke of Argyll) by way of apology for his book. The stories of Eskimo romance and folklore are fresh and uncommon enough to stand on their own merits. Mr. Taber really gets the Arctic atmosphere and feeling into his work. He makes us see the little muffled men, steering their boats among the ice-peaks by the light of the aurora, on their hunting or courting expeditions. "The Courtship of Pierre Meshu" is full of humour and life. Pierre was as wary as the wooer who chose his bride because of her admirable method of eating cheese ; but Mr. Taber makes him sympathetic. The chapter unpronounceably headed "Nusuwyualuk Discourses" is, perhaps, the best. Some of the tales have appeared before in magazines, chiefly American, but they are worth reprinting.

A Patched-up Affair.

Novels on similar subjects have the habit of appearing simultaneously, and just now it would seem to be the fashion to write of young ladies who marry under protest, as it were, and learn afterwards that they have not done so badly after all. This is the gist of Miss Florence Warden's volume *A PATCHED-UP AFFAIR* (Pearson, 6s.). It is not one of the author's best books—in fact, it might be called dull, which is not usually the fault of the lady who made her reputation by "The House on the Marsh." Lovers of sensation will not find much to their liking here, and the more delicate graces of literature were never much in Miss Warden's line. Briefly, the book is thin, trite, and sentimental ; and the title, which was presumably intended to refer to Mrs. Cumberland's heart, would serve quite adequately as a description of the story itself. The cover is rather engaging.

Gyp.

Gyp has not improved by becoming a rabid anti-semiter. Her latest work *LE FRIQUET* (Flammarion, 3f. 50c.) is there to prove it. In trying to tackle the serious question of anti-semitism she has produced a novel which reminds us too much of the romans-feuilletons of Emile Richebourg, where the "filles du prolétaire" remains virtuous surrounded by a whole gang of disreputable aristocrats. Gyp, however, not being satisfied with aristocrats, has added a few disreputable Jews, and the result is not pleasing. The actual story is of the slightest, and wholly unconvincing ; the end is nothing less than melodramatic. A young circus-rider, nick-named *Le Friquet*, about fifteen years old, has been adopted by the aristocratic wife of a Jewish millionaire. Instead of giving the girl a good sound education, which would enable her to gain a decent position in the world, she merely dresses her up and takes her out in her carriage and on horseback, all the time allowing her to talk the "argot" of Belleville. Gyp knows well that no French lady of that class would do this, in however fast a set she was living. The whole character of the girl is unreal, and the perpetual argot gets on

one's nerves. Of course, through the whole book Gyp airs her anti-semitism especially by calling people "youtre" and "youpin." One of the characters gives her views concerning the marriages contracted by lovely aristocratic, but poor, French girls with Jewish millionaires. But what are they to do when the smart young men of the Hubert de Ganges type refuse to marry them ? Gyp tries to persuade us that this young man, who prefers to pay his attentions to the lady after she has married the rich Jew, rather than to marry her himself, is as sympathetic as he is good-looking. Which of the two adopts the more honourable course ? The book is entertaining, but we prefer the earlier Gyp who did not dabble in politics.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A new building is urgently needed for the Bethnal-green Library. How to supply it and at the same time clear off existing debts were the problems discussed at a recent meeting at the Mansion-house in aid of the Library. In all £25,000 is required, and those present pledged themselves to do all in their power to secure this sum. With such a spirit of determination at least a sufficient income should be obtained. We trust that some genuine philanthropy will be awakened on behalf of this hard-pressed institution. The King continues the support which he gave as Prince of Wales.

Belfast still retains Scottish sympathies, and we could not have a better testimony to them than the collection of Burns and Burnsiana formed by Mr. William Gibson, one of the governors of the Linen Hall Library. The report of the Library is very encouraging. Its income is increasing, and its contents have been brought up to date by discarding many obsolete works.

The growing interest in county history is an agreeable tendency of the moment, and we hope the appeal made by Mr. F. G. Kitton, as Hon. Curator of the Herts County Museum, for further subscriptions towards the purchase of a collection of Hertfordshire prints, books, and pamphlets will meet with response. The owner of the collection, Mr. Lewis Evans, is willing to dispose of it for the enrichment of the county.

It is hard that the nursemaid that wheels the perambulator with a novel under her arm should be held up as a warning against the misuse of public libraries. Yet such was the picturesque vision conjured up the other day by a member of the Enfield Library Committee. The outcry against fiction is, of course, absurdly overdone. Novels form a tremendous percentage of our literary output, and so long as librarians exercise discrimination in selecting them, their perusal may surely be a wholesome recreation for the nursemaid after her arduous duties. It is not suggested that an enthralling passage in her favourite novel will endanger the life of her infant charge.

Of all week days Saturday is the most precious to working people. This should be remembered in the management of libraries established solely for their benefit. A decision to close the lending and reference departments of the Aberdeen Public Library at 1 p.m. on Saturdays, and the reference department at 8.30 on each evening appears to be a cause of genuine grievance. It is to be hoped that the authorities will see their way towards modifying their decision.

The ultimate success of the library movement in Accrington will encourage people elsewhere, who, "faint but pursuing," still carry on oft defeated efforts. After prolonged agitation the Acts were adopted in Accrington in 1899 ; and now the library of the old Mechanics' Institution, supplemented by a newer collection acquired by public subscription, is thrown open to the public. At the opening one of the principal speakers recalled the beginning of the agitation as a memory of his boyhood.

The late Mr. Robert Stockil has left the sum of £500 to the Doncaster Public Library for the purchase of high-class literature. It does not always fall to the lot of a librarian to be able to choose his new books entirely from the standpoint of their literary value.

The Borough Council of Bermondsey have adopted the Library Acts in the three parishes of St. Olave, St. Thomas, and St. John, Horselydown. These, before the passing of the London Government Act, were independent and without the library privileges of which they will now take advantage.

Mr. Frank C. Nicholson has been appointed assistant librarian at Aberdeen University Library. Mr. Nicholson was a scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, took a first-class in the modern language tripos, and a second in classics.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.

The most interesting literary article in the *Nineteenth Century* is Mr. Walter Frewen Lord's on "The Novels of Anthony Trollope," which shows with ability how our social life has been transformed from that depicted by Trollope in four points. His "characters live under the domination of four leading ideas—the supremacy of the House of Commons in the government of this country," which has, since the Franchise Bill of 1885, so Mr. Lord thinks, yielded to a government on purely aristocratic lines, "the authority of the Press," now far less than it was, "the grip of the Church on the life of the nation, and the prestige of the marriage tie." The changes on these points have been so great that Trollope's photographic picture has already become of great value to the social historian. Mr. G. F. Watts' paper on "Our Race as Pioneers," and our mission in Africa is conceived on the broad abstract lines which characterize his art. "The Costs of the War" and Army Reform are dealt with by Lord Camperdown and Mr. R. Yerburgh. Mr. Harold Gorst has a trenchant attack on our educational system as a nursery of "machine-made human automata." Mr. G. A. Barnett discusses Housing in a singularly sensible and moderate spirit. Another interesting article, though rather vague in its practical proposals, is Mr. F. R. Benson's on a National Theatre.

In the *Fortnightly* Sir Robert Hart continues his discussion of Chinese affairs. He is much impressed by the latest reform edict, and predicts that "with the Emperor at the helm and the Empress-Dowager supplying the motive power prestige conserves, the Ship of State will take a new departure, and the order of the day will be Full Steam Ahead!" In the meantime Count Waldersee is also going full steam ahead, and so are the Boxers; and as they are not going ahead in the same direction as the Dowager-Empress, the danger of collision is hardly to be eliminated. Mr. Edward H. Cooper writes of Charlotte Yonge, and bears witness to the endurance of her popularity in the schoolroom and the nursery. Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, discussing "A National System of Education," insists that "State control should not be established at the expense of all our freedom, elasticity, and variety, otherwise the solution will not even be a temporary *modus vivendi*, but rather a cause of national decay"—a proposition with which we emphatically concur. "International Literary Copyright" is the subject of a well-informed and thoughtful paper by Mr. G. Herbert Thring. Mr. Brodrick's scheme is debated by Major Arthur Griffiths and Mr. Gerard Fiennes. Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe argues in favour of a national theatre; and the purely literary contents of the number are very strong, including a sonnet by Mr. William Watson, a short story by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and a play in three acts by Björnsterne Björnson.

Longman's gives us a good article on the Card-playing Age by Mr. Bruce Angier—the age which (roughly) began with Charles II. and went out with George IV., after ladies of high position had been haled before the Judge for excessive gambling, and, as the *Morning Post* of Jan. 12, 1800, remarked, "Society has reason to rejoice over the complete downfall of the Faro Dames who were so long the disgrace of human nature. Their *die* is cast, their *odd tricks* avail no longer. The *game* is up, and very few of them have cut with *honours*." Mr. W. H. Hudson has one of his charming nature studies—a class of writing on which we say something in another column—called "A Summer's End on the Itchen"; and, besides poetry and fiction, there may be found in this number an amusing and sensible criticism of Mr. Churton Collins' "Ephemera Critica" from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang. We are afraid that Sir Walter Besant, who was hardly satisfied with our comments on Mr. Churton Collins' indictment of the honesty of the reviewer, will not be pleased with Mr. Lang's remarks on the same subject; yet Mr. Lang writes excellent sense:—

It must often happen [he says] that what is thought to be mutual and insincere adulation is not so really. You may praise a man's work because he is your friend, but you may also have become his friend because you admired his work and said so, without any hope or even possibility of receiving a return in kind. Arthur Hallam and Spedding and the rest of the Cambridge set applauded Tennyson's beginnings, most justly and most fortunately, for there were very few to praise and the poet needed encouragement. Whoever reviewed Coleridge's poems in the *Edinburgh* (Hazlitt probably) accused of log-rolling—Byron and Scott! They had said kind, but far from extravagant, things of Coleridge, and the reviewer said that they desired to be praised by S. T. C. in the newspapers!

There may be businesses better done than reviewing, but there are few in commercial England more honest.

Cornhill has much that is interesting:—Mr. Leslie Stephen on the late Mr. G. M. Smith; Mr. Sidney Lee on "Shakespeare and Patriotism"; Mr. Worsfold on Agricultural Settlements in the new African Colonies, and so on. To us the best reading is Urbanus Sylvan's account of Lichfield in the days of Johnson, in which he produces some unpublished letters by Miss Seward, "the Swan of Lichfield," who seems to have used her imaginative gift largely in writing about her neighbours, and by Miss Porter, on whom the great Doctor lavished an almost pathetic amount of affection. Mr. G. S. Layard continues his studies of Family Household Expenditures with "A Lower Middle Class Budget."

There is a fresh instalment, in *Blackwood*, of the anonymous reminiscences of "Editors and others." The chief celebrities reviewed are Chenery, John Blackwood, Chesney, Kinglake, Lawrence Oliphant, and Henry Reeve. It is interesting to read that Henry Reeve discovered the merits of "The Window in Thrums" before Mr. Barrie was popular. The "Musings without Method" form a characteristic tirade on the iniquities of those candid friends who, mainly in the half-penny Press, but also occasionally in books, proclaim that the country is going to the dogs, that our military organization is a burst bubble, and that our trade is being taken from us by America and Germany. "History," says Maga, "cannot show a more dastardly episode than that which has lately disgraced us, and the sooner we cease to groan about competition the sooner shall we tackle it with address." A true bill on the whole, though the case is stated with unnecessary violence. That excellent writer Zack contributes a short story to this number.

A favourable view of "The Free State Boer" by an Imperial Yeoman, lately a prisoner of war, is the best thing in *Macmillan*. The writer is convinced that "here is a people with whom the task of making friends ought not to be extraordinarily difficult." A new serial begins this month—"Princess Puck," by the author of "The Enchanter."

The *New Liberal Review*, in accordance with its mission in life, deals largely in questions of practical politics. The Progress of the Session and the Stagnation of Business are discussed by Mr. A. Kinnear and Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Macnamara deals with "Cockerton," and there are articles on Liberal Organization, the future of Home Rule and Army Reform, and Workmen's Compensation, while Sir Charles Dilke urges that any inquiry into the war must be conducted with closed doors. In a little symposium on the rage for sport, the best paper, we think, is Mr. C. B. Fry's, who adduces many good reasons for thinking that things are not quite so bad as they seem. Lady Jeune shows that the note of modern society is decentralization, the revival of social life in the country; and literature is well represented by Mr. W. P. James in an excellent article on the fame of George Borrow, which in this little summary of the contents of the magazine we are glad to unearth from the "&c." to which it is relegated in the list of articles on the outside page.

The *North American Review* has some interesting Tolstoy matter including a "Message to the American people" by the Count himself, and an article on "Resurrection," by Constance and Edward Garnett. Mr. Howells discusses at length Professor Wendell's "Literary History of America." He affords a curious illustration of the present decadence in the appreciation of prose style by the assertion that "the writer of the most distinction now writing English is Mr. Henry James." Distinction in style, if it means anything, means unflinching elegance and clarity. Could Mr. J. G. Fraser, to choose the first name that occurs to us out of many, have written "She was the absolute wreck of her storm, accordingly, but to which the pale ghost of a special sensibility still clung," or "Have you really such a fund of indulgence for Gilbert Long as we most of us, I gather—though, perhaps, in our blunders—seem to see it stick out again that he supposes?"?

The *Caxton Magazine*, of which the first number appeared in April, is announced as the Official Organ of the Institute of Printers and Kindred Trades of the British Empire. It is luxuriously got up, and has some interesting general notes in addition to its trade and technical articles. The artistic taste of America in the matter of magazines is held up to our admiration. "British experts who have studied the matter in the States tell us that the American public would not tolerate the cheaper class of article which sells in millions on this side." We wish the *Caxton Magazine* a prosperous career.

Correspondence.

THE LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In sending Mr. E. A. Freeman's letters on the late Bishop of Oxford for publication in *Literature* on April 27, I see that I made the mistake of describing Professor Stubbs as having succeeded Mr. Freeman in his Professorship. Even in my haste I ought to have remembered that he preceded Mr. Freeman as Professor from 1866 to 1884. It was solely as Fellow of Trinity that he succeeded Mr. Freeman (in 1850). Owing to the exigencies of the press, I had no opportunity of correcting the proof. May I therefore add, in the interests of accuracy, that, in Mr. Freeman's letters, *Burgermeisters* is a misprint for *Bürgermeisters*, and *Lindprand* for *Lindprand*?

Yours faithfully,

Merton House, Cambridge.

J. E. SANDYS.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your issue of to-day, Father John Gerard, S.J., ventures to assert, "Nor can it be said, as the reviewer has it, that 'Farmer' was Garnet's favourite *alias*. He was far better known as 'Waley' or 'Darcy.'"

In reply to this criticism, I can only say that a further examination of original authorities bearing upon his career leaves no other course open except for me again to record my opinion that "Farmer" was the favourite *alias* used by Henry Garnet. Moreover, this Jesuit was as well known by the names of "Roberts" or "Philips," as by "Waley" or "Darcy."

With all respect for Father Gerard's position as a critic of a subject upon which he has written much, he can hardly expect, nevertheless, to be accepted as possessing an exact knowledge with regard to the *aliases* employed by Garnet, since on referring to a copy of the *Weekly Register* of May 27th, 1899, I find that he volunteers, in its columns, the following information, the inaccuracy of which will be revealed by a reference to Volume 2 of the "State Trials" (page 218, &c.) :—

It is true that "Farmer" was an *alias* of Father Garnet's, but it was not one by which he was much known, not coming before the public at his trial, when he was frequently described as "Walley," sometimes as "Darcy," and sometimes as "Meaze," never, I think, as "Farmer."

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

April 27, 1901.

YOUR REVIEWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Fr. Gerard and I have met before on this subject, and I had little difficulty in proving that Garnett's *alias*, "Farmer," was a well-known one and comes in his trial. I see he has forgotten this. Had he paid more attention to my "History of the English Jesuits" he would have seen on page 288 a letter of Sir Everard Digby to his wife in which he says, "Before I knew anything of the plot I did ask Mr. Farmer (Garnett) what the meaning of the Pope's Breve was," &c. I am sorry I only put three dots. In case of another edition I will put as many more as Fr. Gerard wants. If we do not understand the allusion to the "English tailor," that is no reason why we cannot understand the "Farmer" and the "Equivocator."

I am yours truly,

April 30, 1901.

ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

MISATTRIBUTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The tracing of quotations to their originators is more interesting than the question of their accuracy. Does any one know the author of the saying that "No man can be in two places at once, unless he is a bird?" It is invariably attributed to Sir Boyle Roche, born 1743. Now Horace Walpole, writing

to Sir Horace Mann in 1746, says, "I am in great pain for my eagle, now the Brest-fleet is thought to be upon the coast of Spain; but what do you mean by him and his pedestal filling three cases? Is he like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once?" It seems that Sir Boyle was merely quoting a well-known bull.

Yours faithfully,

April 25.

D. P.

BUNGALOWS AND BUNGALOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—They say "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." I ought to feel intensely flattered by Messrs. George E. Clare, M.S.A., and Walter G. Ross, A.R.I.B.A., architects. In their work entitled "Ideal Homes for the People," lately published in a second edition by Messrs. J. H. Clark and Co., Chelmsford, they have largely borrowed, without any acknowledgment to me, from my work "Bungalows and Country Residences," published by Mr. Batsford in 1891. I enclose some extracts, from which you will note the startling similarity of thought and expression.

Extracts from Preface of BUNGALOWS & COUNTRY RESIDENCES, by R. A. Briggs.

Extracts from Chap. III. IDEAL HOMES, by Messrs. George E. Clare, M.S.A., and Walter G. Ross, A.R.I.B.A.

What is a Bungalow?

Our imagination, if we have not travelled beyond Europe, immediately transports us to India, with its glaring sun and arid soil, to low, squat, rambling one-storied houses with wide verandahs, latticed windows, flat roofs

But this is not the kind of bungalow suitable for our climate, neither is it necessary that it should be a one-storied building or a country cottage. A cottage is a little house in the country, but a bungalow is a little country house.....

On this account bungalows are getting very popular, and appeal especially to people of moderate means in a city like ours, where the grime and the smoke, the bustle and the hurry make us long for the country and its freshness, where at a small expense we may pass a quiet week-end "far from the madding crowd" to strengthen us for the next week's toil.

What is a Bungalow?

Most people's minds, at the sound of the word, at once fly to India, and a picture is formed in which a squat building with only a ground floor, and covering a large area, with sun shutters and wide projecting eaves, verandah, and low-pitched roof forms the centre, a bungalow.

This, indeed, may be an Indian bungalow, but such would be altogether unsuited to the climate of this country.

It has been well said, "a cottage is a little house in the country, but a bungalow is a little country house," and this is the sense in which we use the word.

And what more necessary or delightful for the jaded city man, or the habitually over-worked professional man than to have a quiet retreat in the country, or on the seashore, to which to escape from the turmoil and worry of business for week-ends, there to gather fresh energies for the arduous and exacting work of the coming week.

I am, yours &c.,

R. A. BRIGGS.

Amberley-house, 12, Norfolk-street, Strand, April 19.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A collected edition of Mr. Robert Buchanan's poems is being published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in two volumes. The same publishers issued a collected edition some ten or a dozen years ago in one volume, but Mr. Buchanan took this over when he started publishing on his own account. Now the collection has come back to Messrs. Chatto. The second volume of the new edition is made up of Mr. Buchanan's later poetry. Next week one of Mr. Buchanan's novels is appearing in a sixpenny edition—"Effie Hetherington," published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

The new edition of Professor Skeat's "Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language" will be published almost immediately by the Oxford Press. It has passed through several editions since its first appearance in 1882, but the book has now been re-written and re-arranged from beginning to end, and

words, hitherto relegated to a constantly increasing supplement, have been introduced into the body of the work. Another work which the Oxford Press will publish shortly is "The Legal Procedure of Cicero's Time," by Mr. A. H. J. Greenidge, whose "Infamia in Roman Public and Private Law" is also published by the Clarendon Press. Mr. Greenidge's deals first with civil procedure in the courts of the Monarchy and early Republic, and in the courts of the Ciceronian period; and in the second volume with criminal procedure—and concludes with appendices, notes, an index of subjects, and an index to passages in Cicero.

Mr. Arthur Machen, who is at present a member of Mr. Benson's theatrical company, has a book of literary criticism coming out shortly called "Hieroglyphics." His "Great God Pan" has been translated into French and recently appeared in Paris. Mr. Machen's work has a warm admirer in M. Maeterlinck.

The next volume to be published of the "Periods of European History" (Rivingtons) will be by Professor Lodge, of Edinburgh, and deals with the close of the Middle Ages, 1273-1494.

Last autumn Sir Michael Foster delivered the "Lane Lectures" at the Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, on "The History of Physiology during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Century." They will be published by the Cambridge University Press in the Cambridge series of natural science manuals. Another volume in the same series is by Professor Marshall Ward, on "British Grasses," which is intended as a handbook for use in the field and laboratory. From the same house is to come the essay which gained the Sedgwick Prize for 1900—"Geological History of the Rivers of East Yorkshire," by F. R. Cowper Reed, assistant to the Woodwardian Professor of Geology.

"Our Country's Shells," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. announce, is a new volume in the "Our Country's" Series, of which Flowers, Birds, Butterflies, and Moths have already appeared.

Canon Benham ("Peter Lombard") is preparing his recollections of men and affairs during the last half-century. The book will be published by Mr. George Allen.

Mrs. Brown Potter has acquired the sole London rights of Sudermann's *Johannesfeuer*, and will shortly produce the English version by Miss Alice Greeven and Mr. J. T. Grein.

In "Her Majesty's Minister," by Mr. William Le Queux, to be issued next week by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the scenes are laid in Paris during the weeks just before the outbreak of the war in the Transvaal.

Mr. John Long has ready for immediate publication a new story by Mr. G. B. Burgin, entitled "A Son of Mammon."

Books to look out for at once.

"The Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff." Grant Richards. 5s.
[Contains a correspondence with Guy de Maupassant, and an introduction by Mr. G. H. Perris.]

"China and the Allies." By A. H. Savage Landor. Heinemann. 2 vols. 28s. net.

[Mr. Savage Landor was present throughout the military operations which led up to the relief of Peking.]

"As the Chinese See Us." By T. G. Selby. Unwin. 6s.
[A plea for sympathetic treatment of the Chinese question.]

"The 19th Century." A Review of Progress. Putnam. 10s. 6d.
[Includes contributions from Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. A. Sidgwick, Prof. Lodge, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie.]

"The French Revolution." A Sketch. By Professor S. Mathews, Chicago University. Longmans. 5s. net.

"Women and Men of the French Renaissance." By Edith Sichel. Constable. 16s. net.

"Travels in Western Australia." By May Vivienne. Heinemann. 15s. net.

"The Lighter Side of Cricket." By Captain Philip Trevor. Methuen. 6s.

"Academy Notes, 1901." Chatto and Windus. 1s.

FICTION—

"The Good Red Earth." By Eden Phillpotts. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

"A Sore Temptation." By J. K. Leys. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"Her Majesty's Minister." By W. Le Queux. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

"The Mother of Emeralds." By Fergus Hume. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

"A Woman-Derelict." By May Crommelin. John Long. 6s.

"Tales from Natal." By A. R. R. Turnbull. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

[A novelette of Boer life, and several shorter stories concerning Zulul, Boers, and Englishmen.]

"The Wisdom of Esau." By R. L. Outhwaite and C. H. Chomley. Unwin. 6s.

"A Story of Australian Bush Life." Mr. Unwin's Green Cloth Library.

"The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges." By Mrs. Lynn Linton. Hutchinson. 6s.
[Mrs. Lynn Linton's last novel.]

"My Lady of Orange." By H. C. Bailey. Longmans. 6s.
[A romance of the Netherlands in the days of Alva. Illustrated by G. P. Jacomb Hood.]

"Pacifico." By John Randal. Smith and Elder. 6s.

"The Archbishop and the Lady." By Mrs. S. Crowninshield. Smith and Elder. 6s.

"The Helmet of Navarre." By Bertha Runkle. Macmillan. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

FOUR GREAT VENETIANS. By F. P. STEARNS. 7½×5¼. 376 pp. Putnam. 9s.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM (Heroes of the Nations). By W. D. GREEN. M.P. 7×5¼. 391 pp. Putnam. 6s.

NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1889-1891. By the RIGHT HON. SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I. 7¼×5¼. 287+272 pp. Murray. 18s.

THE EIGHTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT AND THE BADMINTON HUNT. By T. F. DALE. 9×5¼. 290 pp. Constable. 21s.

FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE. By CAPT. DREYFUS. Trans. by J. Mortimer. 7½×5 345 pp. Newnes. 6s. n.

MRS. LYNN LINTON. Her Life, Letters, and Opinions. By G. S. LATARD. 8×6. 387 pp. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

CLASSICAL.

THE SONGS OF ALCAEUS. Trans. by J. S. EASBY-SMITH. 7¼×5¼. 142 pp. Washington: Lowdermilk. 82.00.

[The Author offers this volume as the first complete translation of the fragments into English.]

ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN POETRY. By R. G. TYRRELL. Litt.D. 7¼×5. 310 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[A companion volume to Dr. Tyrrell's "Latin Poetry" published in 1895, ranging from Pre-Hellenic Latin Poetry to Boethius, with notes on less known authors.]

EDUCATIONAL.

LIDDELL'S HISTORY OF ROME. (Student's Ed.). Ed. by O. V. M. BENECKE. 7½×5. 750 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d.

[Revised with the object of expressing Dr. Liddell's opinions in a form in accordance with the results of recent research.]

FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN, Book I., Alfred to Elizabeth. By J. FINEMORE. 7¼×4¼. 214 pp. Black. 1s. 4d.

THE RISE OF HELLAS. (Historical Greek Readers). By E. G. WILKINSON. 7×4¼. 144 pp. Black. 2s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE MONASTERY (Sir Walter Scott Readers for Young People). 6¾×4¼. 66 pp. Black. 6d. n.

A HISTORY OF ROME. Up to 500 A.D. By E. H. MILES. 7½×5. 614 pp. Grant Richards. 8s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE SECOND DANDY CHATER. By TOM GALLON. 7½×5. 343 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

MY HEART AND LUTE. By A. ST. LAURENCE. 7¼×5¼. 396 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

SAWDUST. By DOROTHEA GERARD. 7¼×5¼. 361 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

RIALLARO, THE ARCHIPELAGO OF EXILES. By G. SWEVEN. 7¼×5¼. 420 pp. Putnam. 5s.

NEW YORK. By E. FAWCETT. 7¼×5¼. 374 pp. Sands. 6s.

THE MELITA OF THE MIDLANDS. By AN EX-RECTOR. 7¼×5. 207 pp. Watts. 3s. 6d.

PLATO'S HANDMAIDEN. By L. CLEEVE. 7¼×5. 318 pp. J. Long. 6s.

ONCE TOO OFTEN. By FLORENCE WARDEN. 7¼×5. 320 pp. J. Long. 6s.

HER LADYSHIP'S SECRET. By W. WESTALL. 7¼×5¼. 343 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

DEACON BRODIE. By DICK DONOVAN. 7¼×5¼. 258 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

WORK. (Travels). By EMILE ZOLA. Trans. by E. A. Vizetelly. 7¼×5¼. 500 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

[The second book of Zola's present cycle begun in "Fruitfulness" and to be completed by "Truth" and "Justice."]

KARADAC, COUNT OF GERZY. By K. and H. PRICHARD. 7½×5. 312 pp. Constable. 6s.

THE PASHA. By DAISY H. PRICE. 7¼×5¼. 377 pp. Allen. 6s.

UNDERSTUDIES. By MARY E. WILKINS. 7¼×5¼. 230 pp. Harpers. 6s.

[Short stories in which animals and flowers play a part.]

BLACK MARY. By A. MCAULAY. 7¼×5¼. 244 pp. Unwin. 6s.

ONLY A WOMAN CRUCIFIED. By the Author of "Checkmated." 9×5¼. 155 pp. Simpkin, Marshall.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN. By MAX O'RELL. 7¼×5¼. 244 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

THE GHOST OF TINTERN ABBEY. By MRS. A. TRAHERNE. 7¼×5¼. 313 pp. Baker.

A PLEA OF PAIN. By H. W. NEVINSON. 7¼×5¼. 190 pp. Murray. 5s. n.

CINDERS. By HELEN MATHERS. 8×5¼. 352 pp. Pearson. 6s.

JACK RAYMOND. By E. L. VOYNICH. 7¼×5¼. 300 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

MAD? By J. P. LOUGHNAN. 7¼×5. 154 pp. Greening. 2s. 6d.

TALES THAT ARE TOLD. By MARY and JANE FINDLATER. 7¼×5¼. 236 pp. Methuen. 6s.

THE LOST REGIMENT. By E. GLANVILLE. 7¼×5¼. 338 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

[A novel of military life in Egypt.]

THE ARISTOCRATS. Being the impressions of THE LADY HELEN POLE during her sojourn in the great North Woods as spontaneously recorded in her letters to her friend in North Britain, the Countess of Edge and Ross. 7¼×5¼. 307 pp. Lane. 8s.

THE MISSING ANSWERS TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. 7¼×5¼. 249 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.

LAW.

COMPANY LAW. By F. B. PALMER. 3rd Ed. 10×6¼. 561 pp. Stevens. 12s. 6d.

[The Act of 1900 necessitates this new edition of a work which now sets forth the leading provisions of the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.]

HOW TO AVOID PAYMENT OF DEBT. By A SOLICITOR. 7¼×4¼. 98 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 2s.

LITERARY.

SHAKESPEARE NOT BACON. By F. P. GERVAS. 11¼×9¼. 35 pp. Unicorn Press. 7s. 6d. n.

PASSAGES FROM LETTERS OF AUGUSTE COMTE. Ed. and Trans. by J. K. INGRAM, LL.D. 7¼×5. 209 pp. A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. n.

[The extracts are chosen from letters which belong to Comte's later period—between 1842 when the Positive Philosophy was completed and his death in 1857—with the object of showing his latest views on his Religion of Humanity. Most of them have been published before in various books, but the letters to Dr. Audiffrent are from a MS. copy.]

MEN AND LETTERS. By H. PAUL. 7¼×5¼. 334 pp. Lane. 5s. n.
[Miscellaneous literary essays, for the most part reprinted from the "Nineteenth Century."]

MILITARY.

ENGLAND'S PHANTOM ARMY. By A PATRIOTIC SOLDIER. 7¼×5. 67 pp. Sands. 1s.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE MARCH. The experiences of an American Journalist in South Africa. By H. F. MACKERN. 7¼×5¼. 256 pp. Murray. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VEXED QUESTIONS. By RACHEL CHALLICE. 5¼×4. 166 pp. Mitchell. 6d.

PROGRESS OF BRITISH NEWSPAPERS IN THE 19th CENTURY. Illustrated. 11¼×8¼. 209 pp. Simpkin Marshall.

[This is an attractively prepared volume, containing much interesting matter about the history and production of newspapers, with many facsimiles, portraits, &c. It covers London, the provinces, and Australia, and gives a short account with photographs and reduced facsimile pages of some leading journals and their personnel.]

CALENDAR OF LETTER-BOOKS OF THE CITY OF LONDON. Letter-Book C.—1291-1309. Ed. by R. A. SHARPE, D.C.L. 10¼×6¼. 290 pp. Francis.

THE BRITISH GARDENER. By W. WILLIAMSON. 9×5¼. 410 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
[A work of practical information for gardeners, divided into five parts (1) Landscape gardening; (2) Pot plants; (3) Fruit; (4) Flowers; (5) Vegetables.]

TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS. By AYLMER MAUDE. 8×5¼. 332 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

POETRY.

IN THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE. By OLIVE VERTE. 7¼×5¼. 61 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.

COLLABORATORS, and Other Poems. By A. W. WEBSTER. 7¼×5¼. 88 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d. n.

POEMS OF THE MALAY PENINSULA. By R. GREENTREE. 6¼×5. 126 pp. Wellby. 3s. 6d. n.

THE STAR OF POLAND. By J. G. WILLIAMSON. 6¼×4½. 45 pp. Unicorn Press. 1s. n.

A WOMAN OF EMOTIONS, and other Poems. By R. THIRLMERE. 7¼×5. 190 pp. Allen. 5s. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

OLD MORTALITY. A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. (New Century Scott.) 6¼×4¼. 521×423 pp. Nelson. 2s. n. each.

THE SCALE (OR LADDER) OF PERFECTION. By W. HILTON. With an Essay on The Spiritual Life of Medieval England, by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory. 7¼×5. 355 pp. Art and Book Co. 5s. n.

[Hilton was a Carthusian in the time of Henry VI. The Scale of Perfection was published by Wynkyn de Worde, and Father Dalgairns' essay was first published with it in 1870.]

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEORGE ELIOT. 6¼×4. 822 pp. Blackwood. 2s. n.
[Vol. II. of the new Warwick Edition, following Adam Bede.]

THREE NORTHERN LOVE STORIES, and other Tales. Trans. by E. MAGNÚSSON and W. MORRIS. New Ed. 8¼×5¼. 278 pp. Longmans. 6s. n.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. (Temple Classics). 6×4. 361 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

HISTORY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND. By J. STOUTON, D.D. 8 vols. Fourth Ed. 8×5¼. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s. n.

[Brings together in one work the volumes published on the subject by the author during the last 20 years. In addition to minor alterations in annotation, arrangement, &c., some chapters have been almost wholly rewritten. The work carries the history from the opening of the Long Parliament to 1850; but a short postscript is added bringing the story up to 1880.]

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By CHARLES DICKENS. (Rochester Ed. 2 vols.). 7¼×5. 425+410 pp. Methuen. 6s. n.

SPORT.

OUTDOOR GAMES, CRICKET AND GOLF. By R. H. LYTTELTON. (The Haddon Hall Library). 8¼×5¼. 152 pp. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM. By G. H. DALMAN, D.D. Trans. by the Rev. G. H. BOX. 8¼×5¼. 64 pp. Williams and Norgate. 1s.

EVANGELICAL DOCTRINE BIBLE TRUTH. By REV. C. A. SCOTT. 8¼×5¼. 368 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

[On points of difference and sympathy between Protestants and Roman Catholics. In the form of letters.]

THE NEW STORY OF THE BIBLE. By W. A. LEONARD. 8¼×5¼. 102 pp. Watts. 1s.

DIALOGUES ON THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE. By JACOB BEHMEN. Ed. by B. HOLLAND. 7×4¼. 144 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

[A selection in English from the later and less obscure writings of Behmen, containing sentences from "Regeneration" and "Christ's Testament," as well as the Dialogues on the supernatural life as translated by law, and a dialogue on "The Way from Darkness to true Illumination" in an anonymous translation adapted by eighteenth century ed. true.]

LANDSCAPES OF THE BIBLE AND THEIR STORY. Ed. by H. B. TRISTRAM, D.D. 6×4¼. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

A NEW WAY AROUND AN OLD WORLD. By F. E. CLARK. 7¼×5. 213 pp. Part-ridge. 2s. 6d.

RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By F. H. E. PALMER. 7¼×4¼. 271 pp. Newnes. 3s. 6d. n.

THE AMERICAN ABROAD, 1901. Greening. 6d.

JAPAN'S ACCESSION TO THE COMITY OF NATIONS. By BARON A. VON STREBOLD. Trans. by C. Lowe. 7¼×4¼. 119 pp. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

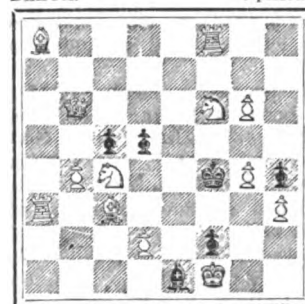
THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SAINT DAVID'S. By P. A. ROBSON. 7¼×5. 104 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 162, by Rev. J. JESPERSEN, Denmark.

BLACK. 6 pieces.



WHITE. 13 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 163, by Rev. J. JESPERSEN.

BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 164, by J. Sehwers, Port Kunda.—White (7 pieces)—K at Q 2; R at Q R 4; B at Q sq; pawns at K R 3, Q R 2, Q Kt 2, Q B 3. Black (5 pieces)—K at Q 4; Q at Q 2; pawns at Q 3, Q Kt 2, Q R 2. White to play and win.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The match by cable between Oxford and Cambridge and the Colleges of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, and Columbia was played on Friday and Saturday last. On the first day America won two games, and the match seemed as good as over. Then Mr. Colman (board 1), Mr. C. C. Wiles (board 2), and Mr. J. E. Wright, the Cambridge Senior Wrangler, played up well for England, and a drawn match was proposed by each side simultaneously and in identical terms, the telegrams crossing each other.

The promoters, or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, those responsible for the working arrangements, are getting tired of cable matches, especially when two come close together. And on the face of it there seems little utility in spending a lot of money to telegraph the moves of such matches several thousand miles. The representative contest is another matter and is no doubt useful in various ways. It appears that since the match suggestions have been made on the other side to somewhat modify the conditions of these inter-University matches. Eligibility to take part may be extended in any way by mutual agreement. But there is no promise of abandonment.

A good meeting of the Sussex Chess Association has just been held at Hastings. Yorkshire met at Leeds.

GAME No. LXXVIII.—Played in consultation at Stockholm. Messrs. H. Langborg, A. H. Pettersen, and R. Svanberg consulting against Herr Mieses:—

WHITE. Allies.	BLACK. J. Mieses.	WHITE. Allies.	BLACK. J. Mieses.
1. P-K 4	P-Q B 4	18. B-Q 2	Q-Q 5
2. Kt-K B 3	P-K 3	19. Q-R-Kt sq	P-K B 4
3. Kt-B 3	Kt-Q B 3	20. Q-K 3	Q-Q 3
4. P-Q 4	P×P	21. B-Kt 4	Q×K P
5. Kt×P	Kt-B 3	22. Castles	P-Q B 4
6. Kt×Kt	Kt P×Kt	23. R-K R 4	P-Q B 5
7. P-Q 3	P-Q 4	24. B-Kt sq	Q-Kt 6
8. P-K 5	Kt-Q 2	25. Q-Kt 5	P-B 6
9. P-K B 4	B-Q B 4	26. R-K Kt 4	Q-Kt 3 ch
10. Kt-Q R 4	Castles	27. B-K 3	Q-B 2
11. P-B 3	Q-K 2	28. B-B 3	Q-R-Kt sq
12. Q-B 3	Kt×P	29. B-Q B 2	B-R 3
13. P×Kt	Q-R 5 ch	30. R-K 3	P-Kt 3
14. Q-Kt 3	Q×Kt	31. R(Kt 4)-K R 4	Q-Q sq
15. P-Q Kt 3	Q-R 4	32. R×P	Q×Q
16. P-Q Kt 4	B×P	33. B×Q	R-Kt 2
17. P×B	Q×P ch		

White mates in six (a).

(a) This game was contested during a visit of Herr Mieses to Scandinavia. The White Allies played excellently, and the game proved uncommonly interesting. 26. R-K Kt 4 was full of point, and the game becomes very exciting. A capital exercise for students.

GAME No. LXXIX.—Played between two Russian experts:—
RUY LOPEZ.

WHITE. Goncarov.	BLACK. Antusev.	WHITE. Goncarov.	BLACK. Antusev.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	18. Q-B 4	P-Q B 4
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	19. P-R 5	Kt-Q 4
3. B-Kt 5	Kt-K B 3	20. Q-R 6	B-B 3
4. Castles	Kt×P	21. P×P	B×P P
5. R-K sq	Kt-Q 3	22. B×Kt P	P×H
6. Kt×P	Kt×Kt	23. Q×P ch	B-Kt 2
7. R×Kt ch	B-K 2	24. Kt-R 3	R-B 3
8. Kt-Q B 3	Castles	25. Q×B ch	Q×Q
9. B-Q 3	Kt-K sq	26. Kt-K sq	K×Kt
10. P-Q Kt 3	P-Q B 3	27. R×Kt	P-Q Kt 3
11. B-Kt 2	Kt-K B 3	28. R(Q 5)-K 5	K-B 2
12. Q-B 3	P-Q 4	29. P-Q B 3	P-Q 6
13. P-K R 3	B-K 3	30. P-K 4	R-K 3
14. Q-R-K sq	Q-Q 2	31. R(K 5)-K 3	R-Q sq
15. Kt-K 2	Q-R-K sq	32. R-K Kt 3	R-R 2
16. Kt-K 3	P-K Kt 3	33. R-B 3 ch and wins.	
17. P-K R 4	P-Q 5		

May 11, 1901.



MR. W. E. HENLEY.

Photographed by Elliott & Fry.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 186. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	377, 378, 379
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—I. Mr. W. E. Henley. An Appreciation, by Lloyd-Sanders	379
THE UNDERGRADUATE PRESS—A "Personal View," by A. D. Godley	381
BOOKSELLING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO	382
THE SWORD IN FACT AND FICTION, by T. A. Cook.....	384
THE TASTE FOR FICTION IN MEDIEVAL ITALY.—I. By W. G. Waters.....	385
THE STORY OF THE IRON MASK	386
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	387
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
Mrs. Lynn Linton.....	388
En Pleine Epopée.....	389
The Eternal Conflict	390
Outdoor Games: Cricket and Golf	390
The Cambridge Historical Series—	
Essay on Western Civilization—The French Monarchy—Canada under British Rule	391, 392
Men and Letters—Notes from a Diary—The Venetian Republic—Colloquies of Criticism—Side Lights on the March—The Last of the Great Scouts—Japan and the Comity of Nations—Benenden Letters	392, 393, 394
Lysbeth.....	395
Tangled Trinities	395
ART—The Royal Academy.—I.	394
AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—III.	396
CORRESPONDENCE—Shakespeare and the Gunpowder Plot (Father Gerard, S.J.)—Shenstone's "Lines at an Inn at Henley"—Misattribution—"A Honeymoon in Space"	396, 397
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	397, 398
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	399

NOTES OF THE DAY.

In the present issue we begin, with Mr. W. E. Henley, the series, already announced, of "LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.

Next week considerable space will be devoted to recently published fiction. The Portrait to be published with this number will be that of Mr. Anthony Hope.

The Portrait will be accompanied by an account of Mr. Anthony Hope's literary work, written by Mr. Arthur Waugh.

Space will also be found in our next issue for the consideration of some recent Educational works.

* * * *

Another of Dickens' favourite haunts has come into the market—his retreat on the edge of the forest of Hardelet, near Boulogne. Dickens loved Boulogne and its people—especially the excellent M. Beaucourt, his landlord—and in Forster's *Life* we have a delightful sketch of the three summers which he spent there, in 1853, '54, and '56. He returned in 1856 to begin the ninth part of "Little Dorrit," but spent the first few days working in his garden in the French farmer garb of blue blouse, leather belt, and military cap—which he declared was the only dress for complete comfort. Then, however, he wrote to Forster that he must "Now to work again—to work! The story lies before me, I hope, strong and clear. Not to be easily told; but nothing of that sort is to be easily told that I know of." It

VOL. VIII. No. 19.

became his custom to work on until the afternoon, and then to lie down among the roses reading until after tea ("middle-aged Love in a blouse and belt" he called it), when he would go down to the pier. "The said pier at evening is a phase of the place we never see, and which I hardly know. But I never did behold such specimens of the youth of my country, male and female, as pervade that place. They are really, in their vulgarity and insolence, quite disheartening."

* * * *

The house in which Dr. Johnson was born at Lichfield has been bought by the Corporation and is to be turned into a Johnson Museum. The lexicographer's life at Lichfield is not the best known or the most important period of his career, though it was there that he kept the school which George and David Garrick attended, and there that he composed the greater part of *Irene*. Some interesting light upon Johnson's personal relations with his Lichfield friends is thrown in some letters printed for the first time in this month's *Cornhill*, and noticed in our columns last week. The Mayor of Lichfield invites donations of Johnson relics.

* * * *

Mr. George Gissing's introductions to the Rochester Edition of Dickens are excellent criticism, full of penetration and of fresh points of view, and all the better because he is thinking wholly of doing justice to his author and not of his own reputation as a wit or a phrase maker. We have read with delight his remarks on the "Old Curiosity Shop," just published. Three points particularly he states well—the effect produced, by sheer simplicity in Dickens' nature pictures; the limitations of Dickens' "radicalism," which was purely moral, not social—he did not wish to raise the poor, only to make them happy and good; and the real meaning of the alleged mawkishness of Little Nell's approaching end, which after all made Jeffrey weep and made Macready plead for her life "as for that of a loved relation."

* * * *

This is what Mr. Gissing says:—

The sentiment of Little Nell is that of "The May Queen." Towards the middle of our century poets, no less than inarticulate men, found pleasure in a pathos which now seems to us excessive. It was pursued to the utmost end of tearfulness; we see the May Queen reprieved from death that we may weep anew, and conventional piety lends all its aid to the emphasizing of a most approved emotion. Tennyson, of course, redeems his subject by the exquisite quality of his verse; Dickens is justified by the profound sincerity of his feeling and by his true sense of the picturesque. One would like to find a place, in literary criticism, for a pathos below the universal, a pathos which is relatively true; under such a head would fall these pictures of gentle and fading childhood. To dismiss with a scoff pages which came from the hearts of Tennyson and of Dickens is something worse than dullness. This pathos was true for them and for their day; it had nothing of affectation, nothing of conscious extravagance; and if the ends of art were imperfectly served, none the less did such work tend to civilization.

Mr. Kitton's topographical notes and Mr. Brimelow's topographical pictures also give great interest to this volume.

G. K. C. in the *Daily News* rather cleverly undertakes to prove that Lord Rosebery wrote the poems of Mr. W. B. Yeats. "The title of Mr. Yeats' chief prose work, 'The Secret Rose,' is an almost clumsily transparent disguise; it indicates at once 'the shy or modest rose'—hence 'Prim-rose,' and, again, the Rose which is Buried—hence Rosebery, and the word 'secret' itself, suggests that there is a mystery in the matter. When once we had so clear a nucleus as this, the rest might legitimately be more indirect. 'The Wind among the Reeds' would be held to mean the perturbation which Lord Rosebery's Imperialism would produce in the mind of Sir Robert Reid, while the remarkable selection of the rank in the peerage for 'the Countess Cathleen' deserves serious attention." Our readers will at once see what this is driving at, and it is really not a travesty of Baconian methods. Mr. Francis P. Gervais, who writes "Shakspeare not Bacon" (Unicorn Press, 7s. 6d. n.), is perhaps a little inclined also to work from a theory instead of to it, but his study of the annotations in Shakespeare's copy of Florio's Montaigne (now in the British Museum) is very useful, particularly in its admirably reproduced facsimiles from the fly-leaves of that book. The reader can form from them his own idea of the genuineness of the Shakespeare autograph, even if the evidence which connects the annotations with passages in the plays be not always convincing.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his article on "Romance and Science" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, is disposed to attribute the ineffectualness of the present day in literature to the fact that the varying impulses characteristic of a rapidly-changing epoch are too distracting to be harmonized. But, after all, is the present epoch one of more rapid changes than the Elizabethan or that of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which produced Dante? It has long been the fashion to speak of our own as an age of transition; but the difficulty really is to find an age that is not an age of transition. The supposed stability of past ages is an idea which is usually due to popular ignorance or theoretic generalization. When the historian comes to study these stable epochs carefully for himself he generally finds precisely those varying impulses and continual changes which the unhistorical person supposes to be a peculiarity of his own day.

The fashion of publishing biographical editions of the greater novelists, on the plan of Mrs. Ritchie's Thackeray and Mrs. Humphry Ward's Haworth Series, has been adopted in the United States, and Messrs. Doubleday, Page, and Co., of New York, have just issued—strictly, of course, for American consumption—a complete George Eliot, styled the "Personal Edition," in twelve volumes. The introductions, which are biographical and elucidatory rather than critical, are written by Mrs. Esther Wood, whose name is of frequent occurrence in the English art magazines. The volumes are rather liberally illustrated, with portraits and photographs of places identified with scenes in the novels. Among the former, the most interesting is the reproduction of a sketch of George Eliot by Mrs. Charles Bray. It was drawn in Marian Evans' Coventry days at the time of her intimacy with the Brays and Hennells, and has not hitherto been published.

A Bill for the Suppression of Small Type is at present before the New York State Legislature. Evidently the Americans do not approve of the maxim *De minimis non curat lex*, or have struck out some new translation of it. In a country in which the faddists clamour for laws to put down everything that they disapprove of, from cigarette smoking to kissing, there is nothing astonishing in the proposal, though the opposition which it encounters from the trade is not less natural. It is the thin end of the wedge, cry the publishers. Presently there will be laws against inferior paper and poorly reproduced pictures;

but to put down these things would interfere with some of the most widely circulated of the American daily papers. Newspapers in difficulties, by the way, should start branch offices in the Greater City of New York. By an amendment to the Charter recently passed by the Legislature eight newspapers are to be subsidized to the extent of £5,000 a year each. Four are to be named by the Republicans and four by the Democrats. The ostensible object of this clause is to provide for city advertising.

* * * *

AT THE BURIAL OF A DOG.

Small friend, of faithful heart and liquid eyes,
We give thee to our Mother Earth again,
And thank thee for thy friendship. We are men
Who pride ourselves that we are very wise:
We throw our glances upwards to the skies,
Yet cannot tell what death is. Even when
Thy little spark of life escapes our ken,
We're left to grope in sad and blind surmise.
Dear dead companion! Would that thou could'st know
What human tears are shed above thy grave!
How humanlike we felt thy love to be!
How much to us thou wast, in weal and woe!
Thou merry, curious, willing little slave,
Half-human, wondrous, wond'ring mystery!

ARTHUR RANSOM.

* * * *

Some high prices were reached at Messrs. Sotheby's at the beginning of this week. A copy of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" (1591) went for £200, and the same writer's "Defense of Poesie" (first edition, 1595, with curious marginal notes by a contemporary hand) fetched £120. Four other high prices were £74 10s. for probably the only copy in existence of Milton's tract on education (8 pp., 1644); £76 for "The History of Friar Rush" (1649); £67 for Higden's "Polychronicon" (a fine copy of De Worde's print of 1495); and £65 for Burns' "Poems" (a presentation copy from the author, 1794). Among other interesting books sold were Ben Jonson, "Q. Horatius Flaccus: His Art of Poetry," first edition, 1640, £36; Marvell, "S'too him Bayes," 1673, £14 10s.; Braithwaite, "The Arcadian Princesses," 1635, £21 10s.; Milton, "Poems, &c., upon Several Occasions," 1673, large paper copy, £6 15s.; "Areopagitica," a good copy of the first edition, £24 10s.; John Taylor, "An Englishman's Love to Bohemia," first edition, 1620, £15; Brome, "The Northern Lasse," 1632, £6; Greene, "Menaphon Camilla's Alarum," 1589, a slightly defective copy, £21; "A Briefe Unvailling of God and Man's Glory," 1641, a hitherto unknown volume, £10 10s.; Burton, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition, 1621, in excellent preservation, £42; Ravenscroft, "A Brief Discourse on Music, &c.," 1614, £58; Montaigne, "The Essayes," 1603, a very fine copy of Florio's edition, £51; Denham, "Poems and Translations," 1668, £4 18s.; Cotgrave, "Wits Interpreter," 1671, £14 14s.; La Fontaine, "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers," Fermiers' Générax edition, 1762, £33 10s.; Shakespeare, "Macbeth," 1731, first Edinburgh edition, £30; Marmion (S.), "Cupid and Psyche," 1637, £39; Nabbes, "The Unfortunate Mother," 1640, Scott's copy with his autograph, £17; Rich (B.), "Fautes," 1606, £37; Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Wild-Goose Chase," first edition, 1652, £14 10s.; Munday, "Amadis de Gaule," 1619, £19; Killigrew, "Comedies and Tragedies," first edition, 1604, £29; Dryden, "Of Dramatic Poesie," first edition, 1668, £15; "The Conquest of Granada," first edition, 1672, £23; Porter, "The Scottish Chiefs," first edition, 1810. Thomas Campbell's copy, with his autograph, £27; Scott, "Peveril of the Peak," first edition, 1822, £2 5s.; Burney, "Evelina," first edition, 1778, £45; Rossetti, "Poems," 1870, large paper copy, £18; Allot, "England's Parnassus," first edition, 1600, £50; Painter, "The Palace of Pleasure," 2 vols., first edition, 1566-7, an exceptionally fine copy, £170; and "Henry VIII. and Luther" (1528), a very fine though slightly stained copy of Pynson's extremely rare print, £50.

The announcement that Mr. Murray's Handbooks are to be transferred to Mr. Stanford evokes memories and invites retrospect; for the name of Murray occupies in

The Growth of the Guide-book. the history of guide-books a place hardly less important than that of Fielding in the history of fiction, or that of Shakespeare in the history of the drama. There were guide-books before Murray's, and there have been guide-books after Murray's, which have, for certain purposes, supplanted them; but no other name marks an epoch so distinctly. Under our "Authors and Publishers" column will be found an account of the origin of these Handbooks. Let us here for a moment glance back—not troubling about Pausanias, but merely mentioning him to save any one the trouble of writing to us to draw attention to the omission—and see how matters stood before John Murray II. came into the field. What we find is not merely that the earlier guide-books were inadequate, but that they were very imperfectly differentiated from books of other sorts—from books of travel on the one hand and from gazetteers and topographical dictionaries on the other. To take the case of Switzerland, for example, the first guide-book, which appeared in 1684, Wagner's "Index Memorabilium Helvetiæ," is very much the same sort of book as Merian's "Topographia Helvetiæ," which is usually classed with gazetteers. With the publication of the "Délices" series—of which Abraham Ruchat's "Délices de la Suisse" (1714) is, perhaps the best known—a step forward is made by the abandonment of the Latin language, and the inclusion of introductory essays conveying instructive information. But the author is still bound by the traditions of the lexicon, and is more anxious to teach political geography than to give "tips" to tourists. The same may be said of the guides of Reichard (1785) and of Heidegger (1788-1794). Then we come to Ebel, whose guide, rendered into English by Daniel Wall, was the subject of an article in *Literature* not very long ago, and Mrs. Starke, and Bourrit, the so-called Historian of the Alps. They, at all events, were on the right track. In both Ebel and Bourrit we find the method of the itinerary and the method of the gazetteer combined. But they, still, were only feeling their way and learning their business. Taking up their work to-day one recognizes it at a glance as prentice work. In the case of John Murray, who started on his three years' travels in 1829, we feel, for the first time, that the work is structurally correct, and that all that is needed is to keep it up to date in the light of fresh discoveries and requirements. And this, as the world knows, has been done with all due diligence by thoroughly competent authorities. Not merely have the new hotels and railroads and steamboat services been promptly recognized, but changes in the tastes of travellers have been provided for. Here again we may take Switzerland for the purposes of illustration. In the first edition of the Swiss Handbook (1838) the climbing of mountains is pooh-poohed as a coarse, ungentlemanly habit. The latest editions are edited by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, an ex-President of the Alpine Club, who tells you all the ways to the tops of all the mountains. It seems strange that handbooks displaying such elasticity should have had anything to fear from competition; but the needs of the modern traveller are manifold, and two particular kinds of competition must have made themselves felt. In the first place there arose the traveller who was more anxious about the satisfaction of his material needs than about the cultivation of his mind; and Karl Baedeker, with his marvellously accurate knowledge of the price of everything, spread his net for this traveller successfully. In the second place the demand arose for the specialized guide-book, dealing with a subject or a district with a particular attention which conditions of space made it impossible for the familiar red handbooks to give. Some of the best of these specialized guide-books have, indeed, been published in Albemarle-street. Mr. Whympers' Guides to Chamonix and Zermatt are instances. But, whoever published them, books like these—and books like Grant Allen's *Historical Guides*, and the *Medieval Towns* series—were bound to dispute the field with the excellent Series which first showed how guide-books ought to be put together.

Literature Portraits.—I.

W. E. HENLEY.

A gallery of "Literature Portraits" makes an apt, indeed an inevitable, beginning with Mr. Henley. In days when the empty amateur jostles the meticulous specialist for the publisher's favours, the figure of a man of letters in the true, wide-ranging sense hangs, deservedly, on the line. Mr. Henley—to escape from allusion to an institution he holds in some contempt—has cultivated his garden with care, but the parterre stretches afar. He has never directly essayed romance, preferring rather, as the Stevenson Letters convey, to be the wise counsellor of another. To conceive of him perpetrating "tushery," as Robert Louis Stevenson called it, is impossible; a regret that he has never tried to revitalize an age when the language had assumed a modern turn—the swelling times of Lord Chatham and General Wolfe, for example—is legitimate enough. But, romance excepted, Mr. Henley has created for himself a name in every accepted class of pure literature. A charity performance given recently at Her Majesty's Theatre reminds me that he was part-author, with Robert Louis Stevenson, of an admirable comedy of manners, *Beau Austin*. Why would the British public have little of it, as of their other essays in drama, *Deacon Brodie*, *Admiral Guinea*, and *Robert Macaire*, while it stertorously struggles for admittance to the "sound acting plays" of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones? The only explanation can be that that public is British. To round off the list of Mr. Henley's achievements, however, I may further define him as a poet, scholar, critic, and editor; a various man of letters indeed.

The classification may be adopted for convenience' sake, as giving, perhaps, the most naturally graduated view of Mr. Henley's individual genius. As poet, then, the custom is to rank him among the minors, with the admission, sometimes reluctant, more often enthusiastic, that he excels them all. But why a minor? Because few slim volumes contain his verses, not many fat tomes? That is a linendraper's reason. Because in much of his poetry the delicacy of the workmanship appeals rather than any manifest stroke for effect? To belittlement of that kind there comes the obvious rejoinder that in many of the forms affected by Mr. Henley—the rondeau, for example—robust handling would be as much out of place as a pom-pom upon a Chippendale chair. Taken for what they were intended to be, his less studied efforts, "We'll go no more a roving by the light of the moon," or "You played and sang a snatch of song," are perfect in their styles. Has that familiar topic, the transitoriness of the actor's art, ever been more cunningly developed than in the ballade beginning "Where are the passions they essayed?" I know not where to find it. Let me pass, however, to the poems in which Mr. Henley is more conspicuously himself—those, namely, through which throbs the suppressed cry of physical pain, of retrospective passion, or of absolute horror. You get it in "Clinical," the most arrestive of the series entitled "In Hospital," placed in audacious contrast, as a part of a whole, with "Staff Nurse: New Style." It grips you, again, in "Or ever the knightly years were gone," of the series called "Life and Death (Echoes)"; a flawless creation in rhythm besides. Once more it makes you turn cold in that Hogarthian address to the gallows, "Tree, old Tree, of the Triple Crook." And in the power of juggling with the emotions at will consists, upon reflection, the conjuring art of Mr. Henley's most sustained accomplishment, and his best; the "London Voluntaries." That descriptive of the Strand on an October afternoon, "golden, all golden," is the most admired perhaps; but the Spirit of the town beckons, too, from the inspired survey of London at sunrise:—

And behold.

A rakehell cat—how furtive and acold,
A spent witch homing from some infamous dance—
Obscene, quick-trotting, see her tip and fade
Through shadowy railings into a pit of shade.

The greatest of the Elizabethans would surely not have disdained that gesture of concentrated strength. In the "Song of the Sword," lastly, is to be discovered Mr. Henley's grand manner, biblical, Joblike; and the grand manner, too, informs his last volume, "For England's Sake." He has never scaled the heights of metre more triumphantly than in the first of the two; the collection seemed, somehow, to be too much the boisterous offspring of the occasion to be quite successful, and in the allusions to "God" and "the Law" there are sounded an unconscious echo of Mr. Kipling. But to confess to preferences in a poet's work has never been held inconsistent with a belief in his uncommon greatness.

As a scholar Mr. Henley is distinguished by taste rather than laborious research. He does not belong to that molelike class which routs among parish registers to prove the early biographer of some Elizabethan to have been out in a date of birth by at least a fortnight. He would probably deny to the literary detective the title of scholar altogether. But he has assuredly equipped himself with a knowledge of English literature, since it became a literature, as broad as intimate; a knowledge confined to no period, nor restricted in subject, though history would always interest him most on the side of manners. Sometimes he has been content to plan, as with the "Tudor Translations" and their masterly introductions, such as Mr. Charles Whibley's notable appreciation of Rabelais. His private catholicity of judgment guided him through his anthologies—the "English Lyrics" and "A London Garland," "A Book of English Prose," selected in conjunction with Mr. Charles Whibley, and the "Lyra Heroica," an incomparable book of verse for boys. Mr. Henley is pontifical in his wrath; it pleased him, for example, to deny to De Quincey the title to write English prose. Yet sanity of criticism, combined with a downward stroke of a phrase into the heart of things, are the impressions to be carried away from a reperusal of his "Views and Reviews." Their author described them as "the shot rubbish of some fourteen years of journalism." They are perfect cameos, with the features drawn by a humorous, yet not unkindly, hand. Herrick's eye for a milkmaid, Izaak Walton's nose for his dinner: such are the human weaknesses upon which Mr. Henley delights to dwell awhile. Now that Borrow has been edited and biographed to weariness, the freshness of the estimate of him in "Views and Reviews" comes like a whiff from one of his own wood fires. Mr. Henley's crowning accomplishment as a critic of modern letters was, however, to reveal Mr. George Meredith to a generation that knew him not. The courage of that essay—a courage perfectly compatible with alertness to demerits—is hardly more remarkable than the complete acceptance of the verdict nowadays. One remembers the outcry, nevertheless; "Oh, he would have us believe that 'Rhoda Fleming' is equal to Webster and 'The Egoist' to Tartuffe"—a most stupid misreading of Mr. Henley. But then Mr. Henley rejoices in literary combat, like any member of that prize-ring on which he waxes so enthusiastic. He lustily smote the "common Burnsites" in his terminal essay to Mr. T. F. Henderson's centenary edition of Burns, and the pack bit back. The worthy bailies who regard the bard as an excuse for copious potations on Burns night were sorely scandalized. He gave them withal the true Burns, and the Burns that Scotland will one day recognize. As Professor of Literature at a Scots University Mr. Henley would have exercised a most wit-sharpening influence on his class. He might have scandalized it, but young men do not really mind that; he would also have made it, in his own phrase, much to perpend.

Literary fortune has so willed it that Mr. Henley has been another Dr. Johnson, surrounded by a set of young writers who have worshipped him, and whom he has formed or, at any rate, inspired. *London*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Scots* afterwards the *National Observer*, the *New Review*—that is a list of his journals as given in the reference books. If the discovery of talent be the chief merit of an editor, then Mr. Henley is certainly a great editor. Mr. Charles Whibley, Sir Herbert Stephen, Mr. Harold Parsons, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, and the late G. W. Stevens wrote week by week in the *National Observer*. His staff gave

him of their best; Mr. George Street has never quite touched his "Autobiography of a Boy" again, nor Mr. Arthur Morrison his "Tales of Mean Streets," nor Mr. Marriott-Watson his collection of stories entitled "Diogenes in London." In the *National Observer*, too, Mr. Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads" first appeared. If the paper never attained a wide circulation, it never aimed at that valuable commercial asset. The British public flinches from cleverness, more particularly when it suspects that cleverness to be directed at itself and its most revered institutions, the Royal Academy, the Lyceum Theatre, even—the impiety of it!—the City Temple. Yet those capable of appreciating fine wit, seasoned with sound Toryism—for Mr. Frederick Greenwood contributed the first leading article for some time—read their *National Observer*, despite its "Observerese"; while those who affected discrimination talked about the journal. And quite the wittiest sallies were Mr. Henley's own; parody in verse composed at top-speed to fill up a corner, or fugitive essays to which their author never paid a second thought. In the *New Review* there appeared "The Nigger of the Narcissus" by Mr. Joseph Conrad, and many excellent pieces such as Mr. Stevens' "The New Gibbon." Mr. Henley conducts no journal for the moment; but it is difficult to believe that his talent for literary direction will long remain idle, and when the opportunity comes he has but to summon his friends about him. He must always remain, in any case, a great literary personage, recalling Drayton's eulogy—with due translation from the past into the present—of Kit Marlowe, who—

bathed in Thespian springs
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had: his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

LLOYD SANDERS.

So far as circulation is concerned Mr. Henley can take rank as one of the most successful poets of the day. His friend and publisher, Mr. Nutt, issued his "Book of Verses"—beginning with the "Rhymes and Rhythms" written while in hospital—in 1888, and the collection still finds a ready sale both in its original form (now in a fifth edition) and bound up with his later volume, "London Voluntaries, and Other Verses," which includes his "Song of the Sword." These, with his patriotic series of war-songs, published and reprinted last year, give him an average of close upon 1,000 copies a year for the past ten or twelve years—a steady sale which few of our present-day poets can command. Yet in the personal preface to his "Poems" (1898)—the six-shilling edition of his "Book of Verses" and "London Voluntaries," bound in one volume, which includes a photograph of the author's bust, by Rodin—Mr. Henley confesses that, after spending the better part of his life in the pursuit of poetry, he found himself (about 1877) so utterly unmarketable that he had determined to devote himself for the next ten years to journalism. The turning-point came, in 1888, with the appearance, in a little book of "Voluntaries"—produced in aid of one of the East-end hospitals.

Mr. Henley has himself described its contents:—"those unrhyming rhymes in which I had tried to quintessentialize, as (I believe) one scarce can do in rhyme, my memories of the old Edinburgh Infirmary. They had long since been rejected by every editor of standing in London—I had well-nigh said in the world; but as soon as Mr. Nutt had read them he entreated me to look for more. I did as I was told; old dusty sheaves were dragged to light; the work of selection and correction was begun; I burned much; I found that, after all, the lyrical instinct of the poet had slept—not died; I ventured (in brief) 'A Book of Verses.' It was received with so much interest that I took heart once more, and wrote the numbers presently reprinted from the *National Observer* in the collection first (1892) called 'The Song of the Sword' and afterwards 'London Voluntaries.' If I have said nothing since, it is because I have nothing to say which is not, as yet, too personal—too personal and too afflicting—for utterance."

Mr. Nutt now has another volume of Mr. Henley's poems in the press, entitled "Hawthorn and Lavender." In other departments of literature he has long been associated with Mr.

Nutt—as editor of the magnificent series of “Tudor Translations,” as well as with his volume of essays, “Views and Reviews” (second edition, 1892), and his well-known selection of verse for boys, entitled “Lyra Heroica,” which, in its library and school editions, has run into 25,000 or 30,000 copies. A little volume of “Notes and Elucidations” to Mr. Henley’s Anthology, by W. W. Greg and L. C. Cornford, was published by Mr. Nutt last year. It was with the same publisher that the three plays of W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson—“Deacon Brodie,” “Beau Austin,” and “Admiral Guinea”—were originally published; but these were taken over by Mr. Heinemann, who issued Henley and Stevenson’s “Macaire: A melodramatic farce in three acts and in prose,” in 1895. The plays can still be bought in their original form, bound together in the half-guinea volume, or separately. Mr. Henley also figures in Mr. Heinemann’s list with “The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt,” which he selected and arranged with Mr. George Wyndham—besides writing the introduction—and with the quaterzains which he supplied to Mr. William Nicholson’s album of “London Types,” published in the same year, 1898. Mr. Henley, by the way, is to have his portrait painted by Mr. Nicholson, who was one of his discoveries while editor of the *New Review*. With Messrs. Methuen he issued his selection of “English Lyrics,” from Chaucer to Poe, now out of print in six-shilling form but obtainable in a cheaper edition; and the “Book of English Prose,” collected with Mr. Charles Whibley, and forming a sort of companion volume to “Lyra Heroica”; he has also edited for them a short series of English classics which includes “Tristram Shandy,” Congreve’s Comedies, Walton’s Lives, and Johnson’s Lives of the Poets. With Messrs. Macmillan he is represented by his “London Garland” (1895), selected from five centuries of English verse, with pictures by members of the Society of Illustrators; and with Messrs. Constable by the critical essay to their handsome library edition of Smollett’s works, the last volume of which will be published within the next few weeks.

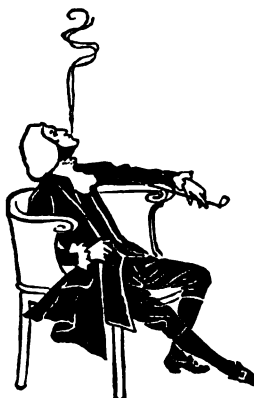
It would take up considerably more space than we could afford to complete the list of Mr. Henley’s works, but mention must be made of the splendid “Centenary” Burns, in four volumes, which he edited with Mr. T. F. Henderson for Messrs. Whittaker and Co.; the “Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection, Edinburgh International Exhibition,” in which he gave an account of the rise of Romanticism, biographies of the principal masters of that school, and a description of each of the pictures (published by David Douglas, Edinburgh); and “A Century of Artists: A Memorial of the Glasgow International Exhibition,” to which he supplied a history and biographical notes (published in 1898 by Messrs. Maclehoose and Sons, Glasgow).

One can imagine how the paragraphist would sharpen his wits at the suggestion of an English “Poets’ Congress.” In France they take the interests of literature more seriously, and such a congress is to be held in Paris on May 27, under the double presidency of M. Sully-Prudhomme and M. Leon Dierx. The questions to be dealt with will be “literary decentralization,”—we may expect a curious struggle between the academic spirit and that of the *felibriges*—“the diffusion of poetry,” “the new schools and classical poetry,” &c. The main discussion will, no doubt, turn upon M. Sully-Prudhomme’s ideas recently expressed in the apology *pro domo*, which he has brought out under the title “Testament Poétique” (Lemerre). This book contains the academic view of poetry and the problems of versification; and has been constantly attacked in the *Mercur de France*, which is the tribune of the apostles of the *vers libre*. It is not an *ars poetica*, but an attractive little treatise on the nature of poetic expression.

The *Thrush* this month contains one real poem among its meritorious exercises in verse. Lady Margaret Sackville’s “Harmodius and Aristogeiton” is imitative, no doubt. Here and there it is astonishingly like Mr. Swinburne—and Mr. Swinburne not far from his best. But it is strong and not weak imitation. And the form is, after all, well suited to the matter. One of the tests of great poetry is—Does it make you want to read it aloud? Does it awaken emotion which must find an outlet? These stanzas certainly demand to be read aloud, and they bear reading aloud. Lady Margaret Sackville has shown a pretty knack of versifying (a poem by her appeared in *Literature* not long ago), but nothing she has published before now suggested that she had such a fine talent as clearly went to the making of “Harmodius and Aristogeiton.”

THE UNDERGRADUATE PRESS.

A “Personal View.”



To those who know how many are the multifarious occupations of the transient Oxonian undergraduate it may be at first sight surprising that he should have time, in his harassed life, for amateur journalism or the writing and editing of magazines. But the time, after all, is not taken from his amusements: and, what with the normal *cacoethes scribendi* and the modern necessity for representative organs, it was some time ago obvious that studious youth, like the rest of the world, must have its

own academic mouthpieces. Hence the remarkable number of newspapers which have appeared at Oxford during the past quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago or more the melodious bursts of modern academic journalism were preluded by the occasionally brilliant “Shotover Papers,” and a very inadequate publication entitled “The Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates’ Journal,” which was not calculated to leave any abiding traces in history. With the early eighties a new era began: the spring of 1883 witnessed the birth of the *Oxford Magazine* (which does not really fall within the scope of the present paper, as its managers have never intended to appeal to undergraduates alone, and have consistently recognized the existence of Dons): two years later came the shortlived *Oxford Review*—which had nothing in common with its modern namesake—edited for a time by one of the “Shotover Papers” band. After these there appeared from time to time a host of publications, sometimes enduring, more often ephemeral—*Isis*, *X.*, *J. C. R.*, *Blue*, ‘*Varsity* among others: not to mention occasional *jeux d’esprit* like the *Rattle* of agreeable memory, which used to enliven the Eights and Torpids.

But whatever its name, the purely undergraduate paper, even when, as is sometimes the case, it is managed by men nearer middle age than youth, retains the same strongly-marked characteristics. It relies largely on the little jokes of little cliques, and on a curious kind of hero-worship: every week the public is provided with a description, often illustrated, of an “idol” who is usually an athlete of more or less distinction, much less often a prominent Union orator. On the whole the model is the “Society” paper, English or American; and just as, at any rate in England, the social chronicle is compelled by public opinion to stop short at the line which separates the spicy from the libellous, so the academic organ is generally controlled by the fear of bodily assault—a kind of wild justice which, as the annals of an ancient and honourable House will bear witness, has at least once been meted out with salutary effect. But with these limitations personalities hold the field. Here, in fact, these papers find their reason of existence: for indeed they are at present sadly to seek in some other respects. They do not generally add much



The pictures with this article are reproduced from “The Pipe,” by permission of the Holywell Press.

to the discussion even of those burning questions which periodically agitate the athletic world. Matters of real interest to their special *clientèle* are seldom noticed in their columns and



still less frequently treated with any ability: their leading articles are slight and not usually well written. It is too much to expect wit and humour, which cannot be commanded: at present (the falling-off is, one hopes, only temporary) the first is non-existent, and the second is not conspicuous. Undergraduates are generally light-hearted, but seldom humourists: they joke "with deeficulty": and among their many versifiers the meritorious are few and far between. But the "Man" likes to chaff his friends in print as he does in ordinary conversation. That is, generally speaking, his idea of a joke. His journals are full of obscure paragraphs and esoteric allusions which will one day be the despair of history: "Ask Mr. * * * how much he lost at loo": "He thought he had, but you know he really hadn't": "So it *was* the Proggins, after all!" These coruscations, *φωσφάντα συγγραμμάτων*, are written with gusto and read apparently with avidity: for more than one undergraduate paper—not only the deservedly admired *Granta*, which has really very high claims to popularity—has been, I believe, quite a financial success in a small way. It certainly argues a peculiar condition of public taste.

But it must not be supposed that young Oxford when it puts pen to paper is always aping the modern Society Press. Juvenility has other and more enduring phases: there are other ambitions, perhaps more congenial and proper to the young. It is a new thing for the undergraduate to dabble in amateur journalism: literature, not journalism, is his real mistress: as long as youth is youth, so long will it entertain serious literary aspirations, and so long will its essays be prompted by periodical attacks of "Welt Schmerz" in one form or another, and modelled on whatever master is the favourite of the time—be it Byron or Carlyle or Arnold or Pater. Just now there is apparently a "boom" in high-toned literary effort. Neither of those two recent Oxford publications, the *Quad* and the *Pipe*, appears to have anything in common with the sober *Oxford Magazine* and the still sedater *Cambridge Review*—let alone such undergraduate organs as have been mentioned; nor, indeed, except for a certain youthful crudity of style which characterizes most of their articles, have these periodicals anything specially Oxonian about them. They appeal rather to the world of educated men. The *Pipe* is a pretty and unassuming little collection of harmless verse and entirely innocuous prose, appearing, it would seem, twice in each term. It is evidently well-meaning: its articles have the crowning merit of brevity: and its gentleness and simplicity disarm "the Critic in his hideous hardihood" (I quote from the fervid pages of the other publication). In short, the *Pipe* is the pipe of peace.

The *Quad*, on the other hand (yet why *Quad*? in what happy quadrangle may such delightful discourses be heard?), specializes in hammering the British Philistine: and, except when Professor York Powell and Mr. Edmond Holmes "oblige" with some very charming verses, it is largely redolent of youthful "superiority," like that most superior of all papers, the *Cambridge Observer*. Some of its young men are simply steeped in Culture. They sit

in serene tranquillity cultivating the Beautiful and the Precious: "holding no form of creed but contemplating all," if one may quote Tennyson, whom they despise. They have got a long way beyond him, and Browning: beyond Wagner, and Ibsen, and Anthony Hope, and Mr. Tree's Julius Cæsar: in fact, beyond everybody and everything, even the poor old *Æsthetic* movement, which is really responsible for this kind of chatter. At their best, they parody Pater—some part of whose work they appear to have read—with considerable cleverness: "A Surrender" looks serious, but is perhaps only an elaborate joke: if so, it is a very good one. At their worst, their criticisms of Art and Life (which are frequent, and painful, and free) glitter with all the wealth of epigram and paradox and rhetorical embellishment in general which usually adorns an undergraduates' Essay Society. Hear, for instance, this very gracious fooling:—

But to proceed. The "In Memoriam" is perpetually referred to as the final word on religion, on ethics, on morals, on personal immortality and most other serious problems: it is hailed as typical of the nineteenth century. It is. And can one say a worse thing for it? Characterized by the rapid hesitation of knock-kneed Agnosticism, and the strange helplessness of scientific ignorance, it is a pitiful illustration of the truth, that, if the blind lead the blind, they both fall into the ditch of Darwin.

[Here the typical Philistine interjects] But, hang it all, it is a beautiful work of art.

It is [replies the superior critic]; but so is the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter: but I would give neither to the young person: yet, better Petronius than Tennyson, as moral miasma is less deadly than spiritual paralysis.

To write like this, yet not, as one hopes, to be irreclaimably foolish, is the delightful privilege of the young. It will not last long: they will go out into the cold world, or at least read something more than what they now regrettably describe as "That little epilegomena of Pater's": and they will become reasonable and quite uninteresting persons, and cease to contribute to the gaiety of nations. But for the present, sunk as they are in the "Deep pessimism of all Oxford undergraduates of thought and culture," they are often exceedingly entertaining: as the undergraduate generally is,—when he is serious.



A. D. GODLEY.

BOOKSELLING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Old-time publishers—who were booksellers as well for the most part—had little need of the societies which these later days of keener competition have called forth to protect trade interests. The Publishers' and Booksellers' Associations did not exist in 1801. This week, however, the publishers and booksellers have, in modern fashion, cemented at the dinner table the union of hearts which has resulted from the success of the "net system." This is in accordance with the traditions of the book world a hundred years ago, when "trade sales" were the order of the day, and catalogues included such alluring baits as "there will be a glass of good wine and a handsome supper," or "the whole company will be entertained with a breakfast; at noon with a good dinner; then proceed with the sale, to finish the same evening." New books as well as old were sold under these pleasant conditions; and no doubt the nuts and wine helped to settle many a delicate commercial question. This amiable custom is said to date from the days of "Good Queen

Bess." It was still in vogue not more than thirty or forty years ago, but has latterly become virtually extinct.

A hundred years ago, too, booksellers and publishers had their literary clubs—haunting the Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster-row and other convivial meeting places, just as lawyers and authors frequented the Fleet-street taverns, and there planning partnerships which led to the production of many an important work. It was thus that Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" came to life at a yet earlier period. The "Lives" were the outcome of the famous meeting of forty members of the London book trade—alarmed by the invasion of the cheap 1777 edition of the British Poets issued by John Bell of the Strand. Donaldson of Edinburgh was the pioneer of cheap reprints of popular authors, but it was John Bell of "Bell's Messenger"—"the very Puck of booksellers," as Charles Knight calls him in his "Shadows of the Old Booksellers"—who seems to have been the chief renegade from the trade point of view. "He was a plain man," wrote Leigh Hunt, "with a red face, and a nose exaggerated by intemperance; and yet there was something not unpleasing in his countenance, especially when he spoke. He had sparkling black eyes, a good-natured smile, gentlemanly manners, and one of the most agreeable voices I ever heard. He had no acquirements, perhaps not even grammar; but his taste in putting forth a publication and getting the best artists to adorn it was new in those times, and may be admired in any." The custom of dividing the expense of a book among different publishers is not altogether unknown to-day, though practically obsolete. Years ago the publication of an important work would sometimes be divided into as many as 100 or even 200 shares—each partner being liable for his portion of the cost—and the shares were frequently sold by auction. Early in the last century, for instance, there was a sale of nearly 1,000 of these shares, one 26th "Tom Jones" fetching £8; one 100th Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," £11; one 160th "Johnson's Dictionary," £5, and so on. The golden age for publishers, when books were few and costly, and the "remainder" man was unknown, was little more than a memory even in 1801. The first half of the eighteenth century had yielded an average of but 93 new British books a year; for the first twenty-seven years of the nineteenth century the annual output had grown to 588—modest enough when one remembers the 5,000 odd volumes published in this country last year alone, but sufficient to introduce more of the speculative spirit into the business.

A band of "Associated Booksellers" had just been formed when the year 1801 was born, and Thomas Hood—father of the poet—and James Lackington were among its members. Lackington, having made his fortune by "remainders," went on long bookselling tours of inspection, and in his curious autobiography has left us some valuable sketches of the book-trade as he found it in different parts of the country. Travelling from London to Edinburgh by way of York and Newcastle-on-Tyne and returning through Glasgow, Carlisle, Leeds, and Manchester, he states that he

Was much surprised, as well as disappointed, at meeting with very few of the works of the most esteemed authors, and those few consisted in general of ordinary editions, besides an assemblage of common trifling books, bound in sheep; and that, too, in a very bad manner. It is true, at York and Leeds, there were a few (and but very few) good books; but in all the other towns between London and Edinburgh nothing but trash was to be found; in the latter city, indeed, a few capital articles are kept, but in no other part of Scotland.

A year or two later he tried the West of England and found matters just as bad; London was "the grand emporium of Great Britain for books, engrossing nearly the whole of what is valuable in that very extensive, beneficial, and lucrative branch of trade." Lackington had been a journeyman shoemaker at Bristol and other places in the West of England, and he amused himself when he made his tour as a successful bookseller by calling on his old masters and addressing each with "Pray, Sir,

have you got any occasion?" which, he explains in his autobiography, was the term then used by journeymen shoemakers when seeking employment. "Most of these honest men had quite forgotten my person, as many of them had not seen me since I worked for them; so that it is not easy for you to conceive with what surprise they gazed on me. For you must know that I had the vanity (I call it humour) to do this in my chariot, attended by my servants; and on telling them who I was all appeared to be very happy to see me." Had Lackington postponed his tour a year or two he might have been more favourably impressed with the bookselling work that was being done in at least one of these West of England towns, for it was within the next few years that Joseph Cottle, of Bristol—who was something of a poet himself as well as a bookseller—became acquainted with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Lamb, and assisted them on the road to fame when they stood most in need of a helping hand. In his "Biographia Literaria" Coleridge refers to Cottle as "a friend from whom I never received any advice that was not wise, or a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate." But Cottle undid much of the good he had done when he published his volume of recollections a year or so after Coleridge's death, giving to the world his distressing details of the poet's opium mania. In the year 1800 the house of Longman bought the copyrights belonging to the Bristol bookseller, but made him a present of the "Lyrical Ballads," and Cottle, in turn, handed on the copyright to Wordsworth. Although the "Ballads" were then set down as being of little pecuniary value, Cottle describes the gift as having been made with Thomas Longman's "accustomed generosity." Cottle, after giving up his Bristol business, devoted more of his time to writing indifferent verse—one of his volumes of poems appeared in 1801—and drew upon himself in consequence the bitter satire of Byron.

A word in conclusion as to the publishing houses of 1801. The house of Longman—then Messrs. Longman and Rees—was already seventy-six years old when it took over Cottle's copyright. It stood, as it stands to-day, on the site occupied by the two ancient bookselling houses bought by Thomas Longman the First in 1724—"The Ship" and "The Black Swan"—which had been amalgamated by William Taylor through the profitable returns of "Robinson Crusoe." "Rivingtons," however, can trace their publishing pedigree back to an even earlier date, having been founded in 1711. The house of Murray was little more than thirty years old in 1801; John Murray the second had not long attained his majority and the firm was still known as Highley and Murray, Mr. Highley having been admitted to a partnership by the executors of the founder of the business. Two years later, however, the partners agreed to separate, but in a perfectly friendly manner, and drew lots for the old house in Fleet-street—"No. 32, over-against St. Dunstan's." The old home fell to the younger partner, and here it was in 1812 that Byron used to drop in while "Childe Harold" was being printed, his great amusement being to make thrusts at the "spruce books," as he called them, which Murray had arranged upon his shelves. Murray moved to Albemarle-street ten years later, and Highley, who had taken a shop at No. 24, Fleet-street, returned to No. 32. Archibald Constable, the Edinburgh potentate, had begun his publishing career seventeen years before. In 1800 he started his *Farmer's Magazine*; a year later he took over the *Scots Magazine*—first edited for him by Leyden—and in 1802 came his first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Scott had but lately taken to literature, but it was not long before he joined the brilliant band of contributors to the new Review. The house of Blackwood was then unknown. William Blackwood, the founder, was compiling book-catalogues in London at the time, but he returned to Edinburgh in 1804, and started publishing on his own account six years later. Another famous old Edinburgh house which still continues its prosperous career is that of Messrs. A. and C. Black, which dates back to 1807—the year in which Henry Colburn, for whom Coventry Patmore's father for some time acted as Reader, founded the firm of Hurst and Blackett.

THE SWORD IN FACT AND FICTION.*

Black and lean, gray and cruel,
Short-hilted, long-shafted
I froze into steel.

—*The Song of the Sword.*

The bibliography of serious works on Swordsmanship is almost as interesting reading as those many chapters in ancient and modern romance in which the duel forms a natural crisis in the hero's fate. It has hitherto appeared almost impossible to get the breathless author to interest himself sufficiently in the accuracies of Fence. The triumphant issue is his main pre-occupation; that, and the lust of single-combat or the feverish thirst for honour:—

Making death beautiful,
Life but a coin
To be staked in the pastime.

But his readers are now in a position to ask for something more. They will no longer be content with twentieth-century Fencing in a sixteenth-century combat, or even with a "colichemarde" when the rapier was your only blade. Theatrical managers have, indeed, begun to recognize their obvious duty. Their chance came when the public was revelling in that mighty quartet of swashbucklers, D'Artagnan and his Musketeers. For once we really saw the old long rapier correctly used. There is even hope that when next the play of *Hamlet* makes its reappearance, the foils will not be the usual four-sided anachronisms with a style of fence that would be as unsuitable to Shakespeare's days as to any Prince of Denmark, and that a due observance will be given to the use made by Elizabethan fighters of the left hand. This was evidently well-known to the writer of the duel-scene, as the finale is incomprehensible without it. An equal care may be expected when next the gallant Mercutio makes a pass with Tybalt, and reckless Romeo avenges him. After the publication of Captain Hutton's comprehensive and interesting volume, errors in swordsmanship, whether in fiction or on the stage, can be no longer tolerated. Every critic will have the right guards and lunges at his fingers' ends—even literally so, it may be hoped, in these days of the Renaissance of the Sword—and authors or acting managers will be duly scourged for inattention. Captain Hutton has chosen the best method possible for enlisting the interest both of that bugbear "the general reader" and of the more negligible expert. His enticing chapters are not merely a dry catalogue of the weapons appropriate to every age of single-combat, but illustrate each development of the sword by a description of some actual contest in which it was employed. The book makes an epoch in the literature of the Sword as clearly as that immortal little volume, by the Baron de Bazancourt, did in the history of Fencing.

What a fascinating literature is this! To go far outside English writings were impossible here. But from the legends of Excalibur to the tale of Durandana, the blade which dying Roland broke in the fatal defiles of Roncesvalles, and on to that "Song of the Sword," which our modern English poet has sung, the theme has appealed to every great writer in every age of literature and action:—

Stripped and adust
In a stubble of empire,
Scything and binding
The full sheaves of sovereignty,

the swordsmen of the centuries when villainous saltpetre had not beclouded every battlefield stand out against the skyline of many an historic sunset. Then man had to hew and thrust with man, the mailed knight bludgeoning his armoured adversary, the light-clad man-at-arms wielding a blade that was as much his protection as his means of attack. Nor was it on the set

fields of Chivalry alone that the prestance of the sword was paramount. Then, and in many centuries afterwards, a man carried his honour in a sheath at his side, and saw that it was kept untarnished from the world. The very sight of those ancient weapons inspired Don Quixote to that most pathetic of all humorous pilgrimages. "First of all," writes Thomas Shelton, the translator, "he caused certaine old rusty armes to be scoured, that belonged to his greatgrandfather." The Spanish original was first printed in 1605, just at the time when that long series of works connected with the name of Don Luis Pacheco de Narvaez had begun the literature of Spanish fencing in the seventeenth century. True, other ponderous Aristotelian treatises had appeared some forty years before in the "Filosofia" of Carranza, and there is a publication (in Perpignan) as old as 1474, by one Jayme Pons. But Narvaez is sufficient for our purpose, and his juxtaposition with Don Quixote in the preceding lines will be found excusable enough by any one who cares to investigate the encyclopædic artificialities of his elaborate tomes.

No greater contrast can be imagined than the practical advice published for Englishmen by those stanch Tories George and Toby Silver at the end of the sixteenth century or by Joseph Swetnam at the beginning of the seventeenth. It is a characteristic fact that the earliest treatise in this language on the subject is a poem on the use of the two-handed sword, described so truly by Scott in "Anne of Geierstein," which is to be found in one of the fifteenth-century Harleian manuscripts. But the ire of the Silvers and their compatriots had been chiefly aroused by the volumes produced in London in 1594 and 1595 by two "finicking Italians," called Giacomo di Grassi and Vincentio Saviolo. The resentment of our hardy Elizabethan ancestors was seldom confined to literary methods of controversy, and we find that the unlucky foreigners have "their legs strake from under them," and "their bodies soundly jumped on," during the course of various heated arguments between the masters of the rival schools. When, in that epitome of life and knowledge which is Shakespeare, Italians show their skill of fence, the playwright displays as great a knowledge of Di Grassi or of Saviolo, as of Silver, and seems equally well acquainted with the principles on which were founded the magnificent volumes by Marozzo and Agrippa of some twenty years before. There is, indeed, the same extraordinary combination of wide theoretical learning with profoundly accurate observation and experience in Shakespeare's fencing that there is in all his work. Silver had described how Austen Bagger, "carrying the valiant hart of an Englishman," had addressed Signor Rocco, the Italian, as "thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a *thrust upon anie button* . . ." (Paradoxe of Defence). And what do we find in *Romeo and Juliet*? Not merely a definition of the Art of Fence that has never needed to be extended or improved, but the very echo of this same ringing scorn of all new-fangled "frog pricklers."—Here is the passage:—

O, he's a courageous captain of complements: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest; one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very *butcher of a silk button*; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah! the immortal passado! the punto reverso, the hay!

It may be noted that the Aristotelian flavour of "the first and second cause" is an addition to the English and Italian sources of knowledge already suggested; for it is obviously taken from the Spanish theories which I mentioned above. After 1617, the century comes to a brilliant close with Sir William Hope's elaborate publications, in which the wisdom of the Stuart schools was sublimated, and the days of Queen Anne were ushered in with a complete system of gentlemanly fencing. Donald McBane, a fine fighter with the broadsword, as Captain Hutton proves by extracts from his autobiography, cannot be taken as typical of the "dimicatorial authors" in the eighteenth century; and indeed, it is only with the luxurious editions of the courtly

* "The Sword and the Centuries, or Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways, being a Description of the Various Swords used in Civilized Europe during the last Five Centuries, and of Single Combats that have been Fought with Them." By Alfred Hutton, F.S.A. (Grant Richards. 15s.)

Angelo that the art of the smallsword, at a time when it was a vitally necessary accomplishment, can be said to have received its final and appropriate illustration. The last of these, according to Mr. Egerton Castle's indispensable bibliography, appeared with plates by Rowlandson in 1798.

An extension of our survey of European authors would only complicate unduly the simpler question now before us; and I may take for granted a knowledge of German literary swordsmanship from the manuscripts of Burgmaier to the copperplates of Saint-Martin, and of French fencing books from Saint-Didier the Provençal (whose precepts Pantagruel watched in practice at Toulouse), or the gorgeous folio of Thibault d'Anvers, to the treatises of Danet or Demeuse. When I add that the pages of such authors as Brantôme and of all the memoir writers are full of examples of the duels in which the gallants of various centuries put these theories to the proof, I shall have suggested my last word on the surprising discrepancy between the novelist and the swordsman. Of all our great imaginative artists, Shakespeare and Scott alone have treated the fascinating theme of personal combat without forgetting to be accurate. Dumas, that prince of storytellers, has wrapt his readers into so fine a frenzy that I do not wonder they omit to criticise his guards or lunges. Yet, to be plain, beyond the glamour of his pages Chicot could never have moved his heavy and longbladed rapier as his creator makes him. That breathless duel of the Mignons reads very differently in Captain Hutton's serious pages. Neither Paul Féval nor Théophile Gautier fare better in the cold light of scientific criticism, though these were writing for the most critical nation of fencers in the world.

When I approach the modern historical school of English fiction I stand even more appalled at these inexplicable discrepancies, in all instances save one, for in Mr. Castle himself both the swordsman and the "general reader" are satisfactorily delighted. But to distinguish anything of accurate, or even of the merely probable, in the untutored clashings of other modern writers is a hopeless task. Yet what a world of interest they miss! Whenever Captain Hutton lets his authorities tell their own tale, the origin of the combat, the progress of the fight, the fate of the engaged are one continuous drama of surpassing vividness. A pair of lusty young courtiers quarrel over a lady's ribbon. They agree to settle it with swords. A pair of friends step in on either side, and cannot be discourteous enough to stay motionless while their principals are setting so good an example of decorum and fine swordsmanship. So in a trice all six are stamping to and fro upon the greensward, and the original quarrel is totally forgotten in the zest of personal encounter; forgotten also, apparently, by the Chance that presides over the click of steel; for it is usually the man who ran away with some one else's wife who "satisfies the honour" of the luckless husband by pinking him neatly through the fourth button of his doublet, and leaving him to repent his exaggerated sensitiveness on a bit of bloodstained turf. Sometimes it is the ignorant beginner, stung by passion to an unexpected strength, who breaks through every guard that science recommends and plunges an honest blade into the cunning bravo's vitals. But knowledge will tell, even as youth will be served, in that varying struggle of wrist with wrist, of eye against eye, of feint and parry against riposte and lunge; and if only the novelist would believe that a real fight is far more exciting than any imaginary combat, we should get at least a few pages of real interest in our next batch of historical romances.

The budding author may be recommended to peruse in Captain Hutton's chapters the duel between the Baron de Vitaux and the Baron de Soupez; or the splendid fight of the Admirable Crichton with the Italian Bravo; or the real exploits of Rob Roy and his claymore. If these be not enough there is Italian sabre-play galore through all the nineteenth century, and the curious in fence may read in the Life of Miyamoto Musashi the progress of Japanese art contemporaneously with European swordsmanship, or search in back numbers of some ancient "Guardian" for one of the most determined duels of the seventeenth century. I mention these two last because

Captain Hutton has had no space to include either. But he has more than made up for any omissions by the backwording and cudgelpay of his last pages. With this book and the volume by Mr. Egerton Castle before them, neither author nor manager can go far wrong. It is small wonder that after such encouragements to action, a specimen of well nigh every form of fence that I have mentioned can be not merely read about but seen in actual practice in many a fencing-room of the London of to-day. There is an armoury now open to the public in Manchester-Square that may well send out many another knight a-tilting after windmills.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

A good deal of well-known verse on the Sword, War, and Patriotism is collected together by Mr. Alexander Eagar in "Songs of the Sword and the Soldier" (Sands, 3s. 6d.). It covers all periods and countries, but the list of authors is a little circumscribed; there is no Kipling, and no Browning.

THE TASTE FOR FICTION IN MEDIÆVAL ITALY.

[By W. G. WATERS.]

I.

In glancing at the vast output of the Italian story-tellers it is hard to realize that the early literature of the country was barren of indigenous fiction, and that novel-writing only began in earnest with Boccaccio. There was a time when men managed to exist without novels, and when at last stories came to be written down in a permanent form their number increased very slowly. It is an interesting question how it happened that the Italians, who, when once the fit seized them, poured out novels with such profusion, for the benefit of an ever-increasing band of readers, were, at the dawn of the literary revival, untouched by the impulse which converted the greater part of the clerks in France and Germany into *trouvères*, *troubadours*, or *minnesingers*, and made assemble the unlearned in crowds to listen to narratives of the deeds of the sons of Aymon, or of the madness of Tristram.

The works of fiction at the command of a citizen of Imperial Rome were very few; and in that dismal gulf of time between the collapse of the Western Empire and the resettlement of social order the number was not greatly increased. Indeed, in Italy, there was no sign of activity in the world of fiction until the middle of the twelfth century, when William II., the Norman King of Sicily, gathered round him at Palermo a band of Provençal *troubadours*, and thus gave an impetus to the growth of a literature of romance—a growth which was maintained after the Normans and their chivalry had vanished and became the central interest in the Court of Frederic II. It even appeared as far north as Florence, but there, as well as in Palermo, it showed all the weakness of a plant of exotic growth. Its life declined apace after separation from its native Provençal soil; it languished even in the sympathetic atmosphere of the Sicilian Court, and it died and left no heirs. The cause of this lack of fiction in Italy is easy to determine. That form of feudalism under which Provençal literature sprang up and prospered had never attained amongst the Italians the dominant position it enjoyed north of the Alps. Bound up with it were those eccentric traditions of loyal service of *serviteur to dame*, the warped and anomalous fealty of mediæval love, and the absurd jurisprudence of the courts of love, all of which grew up in the cramped and artificial life of a feudal castle. But in Italy there was neither feudalism of this model, nor its concomitant traditions; no congenial soil for the growth of the literature of romance. In the easy unrestrained civic life, and in the democratic *ethos* of contemporary Italy, a literature of this kind was hopelessly out of sympathy with those whom it addressed. In Florence and the other central Italian cities feudal aristocracy and the honour paid to the same were practically non-existent, the loss of civic rights consequent on ennoblement being a convincing proof of the low esteem in which chivalry was held. The Florentine ladies may

not have been irreproachable in matters of conduct ; it need not be argued here whether they were better or worse than the poor creatures doomed to the monotonous round of days in some Suabian or Burgundian castle ; it is enough to remark that they were entirely different. If they happened to go astray they were judged by tribunals vastly more stringent than the courts of love, and their amourettes, gross as they seem often to have been, were not infected with the sugared licentiousness consequent on the recognized adultery in northern lands. If they could have understood what it meant, the jolly matrons of Florence would surely have laughed aloud over the exaggerated sentiment of the Arthurian romances and the early Celtic love stories, which, indeed, found very few readers in Italy. Chastity may have been as much flouted south as north of the Alps, but in Italy its despisers were frankly wicked, and never thought of calling into existence a rococo jurisprudence to devise maxims which might serve to give a legal face to their peccadilloes.

The fact that the chief pioneers of Italian literature wrote in French shows that Provençal romance, during its sojourn in Sicily and in its northward flight to Florence, must have influenced the earliest native writers. Brunetto Latini wrote the "Tesoro" in French, and S. Francis used this tongue for some of his early hymns. Guido Guinicelli and Guittone of Arezzo, the first writers in the *materna lingua* worthy of notice, included love amongst the themes they considered, but they, unlike the Provençals, treated the passion with seriousness. Their style bears evidence of the stern surroundings amidst which the national life of Italy was being moulded. The existence of the famous schools of Salerno and Bologna, and of the great commercial cities where the trade and banking of the civilized world were transacted, denotes a state of society in which men found occupation in other things besides jousting and gallantry. Italy became peculiarly the land of jurists, scholars, philosophers, and traders. There was a sprinkling of poets as well, and these naturally sang now and then of love, but their view thereof was not that of the troubadours. They treated it as a principle, a Platonic abstraction rather than as a passion deeply rooted in man's nature ; as an influence on human character rather than as the manifestation of natural forces working in their finest ecstasy. These scholarly singers, of whom Guido Guinicelli may be taken as the best example—his poem "The Gentle Heart" is exquisitely translated in Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets"—fashioned themselves almost entirely on classical models, and cultivated a style which would have been quite inadequate to deal with the rapturous extravagance of the Provençal poets. The attributes of chivalrous love, which had hitherto been tricked out by the fanciful imagery of the troubadours, were set forth by the Italians in a guise completely different. They were treated as a portion of philosophical doctrine, wherein the soul, and the body as well, of the cherished object were sublimated into the most exalted expression of beauty and spiritual excellence ; the classic instances of this tendency being Beatrice and Laura, and the fainter and belated figure of the fair Geraldine, the object of Surrey's pathetic passion. But these entrancing personalities, fascinating as they were, were barren children of the gay Science who left no progeny.

Had the plant of Provençal romance been one of robust growth, it could scarcely have survived when brought into competition with Boccaccio's great achievement. Boccaccio was one of those lucky mortals born into a congenial environment at exactly the right moment of time. At the beginning of the fourteenth century the *popolani* in Florence had risen to command the politics of the city, and, their intellectual energies being stimulated by the free life which surged around them, they demanded some literary solace of a character differing entirely from the shams of chivalrous romance which had satisfied the aristocracy and the learned classes elsewhere ; something different from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the first collection of Italian stories made up chiefly of classical anecdotes, and stories taken from the *Gesta Romanorum* and the *Fabliaux* ; and Boccaccio was at hand to give them what they wanted. By common consent Boccaccio

has been hailed as the writer who transported literature from the closet to the market-place. The era which witnessed the exhibition of his version of the *Comédie humaine* happened also to be one of these crises of calamity during which society was shaken to its foundations and the recognized restraints of men's actions were relaxed. The Proem of the *Decameron* describes how Florence ran riot in the social cataclysm consequent on the outbreak of plague, just as the Athenians, *teste* Thucydides, had been affected morally by the same scourge, and also the people of Lisbon in the last century by the great earthquake. Indeed, there is a whisper that a modified and comparatively innocent manifestation of the same spirit was apparent during those dark days of disaster at the beginning of the past year, when, in spite of mourning for the victims of war, the theatres and restaurants were crowded as they had rarely been crowded before. The licentiousness of the *Decameron* may have arisen in part from the moral disorder of the times ; but its tone was probably pitched in harmony with the prevailing tastes and ideals of the *popolani*—as Boccaccio realized them—and it must be remembered that he was the true type of the Florentine *popolano*. The people were growing tired of the ascetic interdiction of the joys of sense ; all the more because, when they heard reports of the doings at the Papal Court at Avignon and of the standard of life in the monasteries and convents around them, they felt strong suspicion that these ghostly guides of theirs did not practise what they preached. They turned their backs upon the mysticism of the transcendental school in religion, and in literature they would have nothing to say to the unrealities of chivalric romance. The Florentines were realists pure and simple ; concrete facts were more to their taste than the abstractions of allegory, and when Boccaccio presented to them pictures of life delineated with the most consummate literary skill in which they recognized men and women of their own kind, they read him with delight, and each succeeding generation took more to heart the truths of the gospel he preached.

[To be concluded in a second article.]

THE STORY OF THE IRON MASK.

The "Mystery of the Iron Mask" long ago ceased to puzzle students ; but it is only of recent years that the inexpert public has begun to realize that this curious problem of identity has been solved finally and beyond all doubt. For those, however, who wish to have an account of the successive steps by which this result has been reached Mr. Tighe Hopkins' "Man in the Iron Mask" (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d. n.) is, in most respects, an excellent book. The author's extensive acquaintance with the by-ways of French history was proved by his charming little book "An Idler in Old France." We fancy the solution of this remarkable mystery became known on this side of the Channel a little more quickly than Mr. Tighe Hopkins would seem to imply. It is true that Marius Topin did not publish his authoritative, but not absolutely complete, exposition until 1870, while M. Funck-Brentano's final demonstration is very recent indeed ; but even Miss Corner's excellent little school History of France had already in 1867 stated the correct conclusion. We have called the mystery remarkable, because it need never have existed. Indeed, had historians learned a little earlier the importance of independent investigation, the truth would have been known almost before there was time for fable to obtain the upper hand. In 1682, little more than two years after Mattioli's arrest by order of Louis XIV., the clue was given in an Italian pamphlet, which stated that this double-edged traitor was seized by ten or twelve horsemen who "masked him and conducted him to Pignerol." And it appears to have been the persistency of this tradition in the district which at last put early inquirers on the right scent. By that time, however, Voltaire's amazing romance, which made the prisoner a son of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria, had captured the public imagination, and the adoption of this romantic but grotesque theory by Dumas helped its reception as history. Even so recent

a book as M. Emile Bourgeois' "Century of Louis XIV." published long after the mask had been removed from Mattioli's face, treats the matter as still in doubt. The truth, indeed, seems to have been speedily lost sight of, even by those who might have been expected to be its depositories. Thus, although Louis XV. knew it, his successor did not, except in part, while even that most inquisitive of men, Napoleon I. had to own himself baffled. Yet Madame Campan was aware of the facts, with the sole exception of the prisoner's name.

Never has there been a better proof of the difficulty of arriving at the exact truth about historical events; although, since we took to writing history on "scientific" lines, such a problem could hardly have existed for a year. The mere facts are simple and brutal enough, with very little of romance about them. Count Mattioli was a needy favourite of Charles IV., Duke of Mantua, a Sovereign even more needy, in proportion, than his servant. This degenerate descendant of the great House of Gonzaga was also Marquis of Montferrat, and in that Margraviate lay the fortress of Casale on the Po to the east of Turin. To Louis XIV. it seemed that this outpost of Charlemagne's Empire with its great strategic importance would be a delightful pendant to Pignerol, which he already possessed, since the owner of the two would control the passage of the Alps and the high road to Milan. The master of this brace of fortresses might therefore aspire to play a great part in Italy. By a tortuous process of diplomacy Mattioli was bribed—in 1678—to induce the Duke of Mantua to consent to the cession of Casale to France, his urgent pecuniary necessities making him eager enough to finger the price, which Louis' Ministers were constantly reducing. But when the psychological moment came, Mattioli betrayed the French plot to Savoy and to Spain, both of whom were interested in preventing a powerful Monarch obtaining a strong footing in northern Italy. Whether his motive was a tardy awakening of patriotism, or a sordid desire to be bribed by both sides, is more matter of conjecture. The intrigue failed and the flouted Louis was furious—though, in fact, he obtained Casale three years later. Mattioli's love of money, or his poverty, placed him in the power of the relentless enemy he had made. He had only to meet Catinat, he was told, to replenish his pockets. The bait was swallowed; an appointment was made at Pignerol and Mattioli was never again a free man. He disappeared absolutely, even his own family, although they may have suspected much, not knowing what had become of him. For fifteen years he was a prisoner at Pignerol, and when that place was abandoned, St. Mars, who was his gaoler the whole of the time except during the comparatively brief period of his Governorship of the Fort d'Exiles, took him with him to the Isle St. Marguerite where he remained four years. Finally, St. Mars, who accumulated a fortune as the most glorified turnkey of Louis Quatorze, was made Governor of the Bastille, where Mattioli died after another five years' captivity. Almost every detail has, in the course of time, been misrepresented. He was not well, but rather ill, treated. The orders St. Mars received were to give him the absolute necessities of life, but nothing to soften his captivity. He did not wear an iron mask, but a velvet one; he had no love of fine linen; he did not write the story of his woes upon a silver plate and throw it out of window. Many of the picturesque embellishments of the story we owe to Voltaire, and what he did not supply other romancers did. The innumerable writers who treated the subject in the days of its darkness identified the Man in the Iron Mask with a twin brother of Louis XIV., with the Duc de Beaufort, the Duke of Monmouth, the Duc de Vermandois, Fouquet, M. de Butonde, and several other historical personages. But no such character disappeared mysteriously, and the Registers of the Bastille itself settled the matter at last beyond all question. The prisoner's funeral certificate in which his name is spelt "Marchioly" is printed in facsimile by Mr. Hopkins. Moreover the name actually occurs in the Correspondence of Louvois and St. Mars.

Mr. Hopkins' book would have been better for an Index, and his style suffers sometimes from the vice which afflicts so many writers who are constantly reading French—the vice of literal

translation. A priest does not pronounce "mass"—he "says" or "sings" it, as the case may be; *système* means, not "system" in Mr. Hopkins' sense of the word, but "theory"; *quinze jours* means not fifteen days, but a fortnight; *ancien prisonnier* does not mean "ancient prisoner"; the English of *diplomate* is "diplomatist." Nevertheless, Mr. Hopkins is naturally an attractive writer, and knows how to marshal facts without being dull.

THE DRAMA.

"A WOMAN IN THE CASE."—"THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY."

The two latest theatrical novelties, *A Woman in the Case* at the Court, described as a "light comedy," and *The Night of the Party* at the Avenue, described as a "farce," might exchange labels. Both have the framework of absurd adventure which constitutes farce, but the people to whom the adventures happen are more real in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's "farce" than in the "comedy" of Messrs. G. R. Sims and Leonard Merrick. The farce-writer of to-day has to satisfy an increasing demand for reality and observation in his personages. We are no longer satisfied with the farce of ludicrous situation *et præterea nihil*—farce, for instance, of the type of *Mamma* at the Criterion. We look for character. The great farce-writer of the last century, the greatest farce-writer I venture to think of all time, Eugène Labiche, was sometimes content to produce masterpieces of ludicrous adventure—e.g., *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*. But as his best he gave us masterpieces of character and observation, with even a substratum of philosophic idea—e.g., *Le Plus Heureux des Trois*, *Célimare le Bien-Aimé*, and *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*. Mr. Pinero in his farce-writing days, his "palmy days," some of us are perverse enough to think, had one consistent formula, the plunging of dignitaries (a magistrate, a dean, a Cabinet Minister) into undignified situations, but he never neglected his characters. The farce-writer who relies upon his gift of adventure-spinning alone leans upon a broken reed. There are two leading adventures in the piece of Messrs. Sims and Merrick, an interrupted anecdote and a helter-skelter chase. (1) A tells B about his adventure at a masked ball. "She evidently mistook me for another man and accompanied me to my chambers. She wouldn't remove her mask, but I had had a good deal of champagne and tried to kiss her. She rushed to the door, and then"—B is on tenterhooks to know what happened then, for he is aware that the masked lady is the lady who has since become Mrs. B. The aim of the playwrights is to keep off the (innocent) conclusion of the story till the very end of their play. (2) The lady had left behind her a cigar-case, containing her portrait in a secret compartment. A has never discovered the portrait, and it is the object of both B and Mrs. B to get the cigar-case from him before he does. These are the main adventures which the playwrights do their best to fill out. Thus, B discovers that Mrs. B was the heroine of the masked adventure by telling her that he, B, was its hero. It is necessary here to give a motive for taking A's adventure upon himself, and so we are asked to believe that Mrs. B is a novelist who, in the interest of her art, plagues her husband to tell her the secrets of his bachelor "past." Having no secrets to tell, he bethinks him of A's adventure, and tells that as an adventure of his own. Mrs. B then makes her avowal in return. You now have B wildly jealous of A. Why, think the playwrights, should we not make Mrs. B jealous too? Accordingly, they make Miss C, in love with A, drop a note for him into his (which Mrs. B supposes to be B's) cigar-case. Thereupon ensues a general mêlée for the possession of the cigar-case, in which, for reasons of their own, C's mamma and C's fiancé and a naughty schoolboy also join. These adventures are amusing enough for the first half of the play; then they begin to pall, as mere adventures always do. We feel in the end that we do not much care who gets the cigar-case or what was the conclusion of the

interrupted anecdote. The reason for our indifference is that we are not really interested in the people, who obviously only exist to carry on the adventures. Mrs. B has none of the characteristics of a novelist. A is merely the owner of a cigar-case which many people happen to want. B is a husband *quelconque*, and so on. There is no reality, no character, in any of these people; there is only manner, and that is put into them by the players. Mr. Frederick Kerr and Miss Gertrude Kingston, for instance, who play Mr. and Mrs. B, have each an individual manner; the one is admirably phlegmatic, the other a charming type of the woman with "nerves"; they almost succeed in giving an air of character to their parts. Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, too, acts very prettily as Miss C; she plays a shrinking, faltering girl, who is strung up to courage by the brisk wooing of the man she loves; nothing could be better done, the actress contriving to express a whirlwind of struggling emotion in a few broken words and halting pauses. Given real characters, here are at least three players who could do justice to them (I will add Miss Esmé Beringer as a fourth); but the playwrights have not been at the pains to supply a single real character. They have been intent all the time upon the ingenious complications of their plot and upon nothing else. The result is disappointment. The play begins brightly and gradually "peters out."

If Mr. Weedon Grossmith had done no more than invent an ingenious plot, his *Night of the Party* would not be the excellent farce that it is. Servants at high jinks, interrupted by the unexpected return of their master, hide behind curtains and under ottomans—a very old stage story that. But it becomes new, and fruitful in possibilities, when a married lady calls upon the master and offers to elope with him, little suspecting that eavesdroppers are hiding behind every article of furniture in the room. I will not describe the developments of this initial idea; they are many and grotesque, but the real superiority of the farce consists in its characters. The several types of domestic servant—the roguish valet, the heavy body-servant to a Royal Highness, the hall-porter at the "Mansions," even the parlourmaid—are all observed, actual, the very thing. Even without their ludicrous adventures they would be amusing; we laugh at them for what they are even more than for what they do. Mr. Weedon Grossmith "surprises by himself" a whole fund of entertainment. Were he merely to sit in a chair in the middle of the stage and talk from the rise of the curtain to its fall, I think we should find plenty of fun, and never ask for a plot. At the Avenue, however, you get both the drollery of plot and the drollery of observed character. You also, it must be added, get a tinge of coarseness which could conveniently be spared. The fun of *High Life below Stairs* was surely good enough without the introduction of *Doll Tearsheet*? As it is, Mr. Grossmith has, quite unnecessarily, diminished the public stock of *harmless* pleasure. So humorous an actor ought not thus wantonly to deprive one's girls and boys of the chance of a good laugh. I shall be told, I daresay, that I am an old fogey, and that the supposed ignorance of girls and boys as to the ways of *Doll Tearsheet* is only the illusion of a foolish parent. That may be so; but I shall cling obstinately to my illusion.

A. B. WALKLEY.

A short time ago Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold a remarkably fine example of the third folio Shakespeare for £385—a record sum for this book with the 1604 title page. Early next week they will offer a no less good example of the second folio, which, unfortunately, is not in its original binding. As far as the volume itself is concerned, however, it is said to be perfect, nor have the pages been washed. In 1895 the Earl of Orford's example, the largest known, realized £540, and the next highest price, we fancy, was £148 for George Daniel's copy. Sir Henry Irving gave £100 for Dr. Johnson's second folio, with marginal notes by Theobald and the lexicographer. This is just one hundred times the amount paid for it by Samuel Ireland, father of the celebrated Shakespearian forger, at Johnson's sale in 1785.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

Like most modern biographies, Mr. George Somes Layard's *MRS. LYNN LINTON: HER LIFE, LETTERS, AND OPINIONS* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is long, but we hesitate to say that it is too long. At all events, when one has skipped the pages that some editors' blue pencils would have sacrificed, there remains more than one usually finds in a biography that is intensely interesting to read. Mrs. Lynn Linton wrote letters quite as well as she wrote newspaper articles, and she is here presented to us in all her moods. She lives in the book. In spite of the reticence which discretion has sometimes imposed out of regard for the feelings of the living, she is presented to us so that we really know her—a charming writer, with very pronounced likes and dislikes, with the brain of a man and the heart of a woman, notable even among women for her inconsistencies, but absolutely comprehensible all the same.

Her inconsistency was, of course, most apparent in her attitude towards the higher education of women. Alike as novelist and as journalist, her hostility towards the "advanced" of her sex was bitter and untiring. Yet she had close friends among them—Miss Beatrice Harraden, for instance—with whom she lived on terms of close affection. The fact illustrates, according to Mr. Layard, "the contest that was continually going on in Mrs. Linton between affection for the individual and disapproval of the type"; but the inconsistency was really too deep to be disposed of by any such simple explanation. For the strange thing is that Mrs. Lynn Linton herself resembled the people of whom she disapproved far more closely than she resembled the people whom she approved. The new woman whom she denounced was largely a creature of her own imagination—a fact clearly proved in the course of a furious correspondence in the *Ladies' Pictorial* about the characteristics of the Girtton girl. Her own life was such that these same new women would have been proud of her if only she had not aspersed them. She, like them, had begun with revolt against the intellectual limitations of a Philistine household. She, like some of them, had lived alone in lodgings to fight the battle of life with editors. She had cultivated her mind in the same way, but more successfully than most of them. Practically the only differences were that she had taught herself while they had learnt from professors, and that they belonged to the generation which bicycles and she did not. Yet she turns and rends them as "the new women who set themselves to blaspheme nature and God and good"; and Miss Beatrice Harraden, whom she was very fond of, "was quite appalled, for her ideas and conceptions of young women were really appallingly false and unjust." It is all as inconsistent as anything could possibly be, and it can only be explained as the consequence of the conjunction of the brain and ambitions of a man with the instincts of a woman who would have made a perfect Mrs. Grundy if she had not found all the other Mrs. Grundys so strangely stupid and unsatisfactory.

To some readers the most interesting pages of the book will probably be those which tell the strange story of Mrs. Lynn Linton's marriage and separation from her husband. She had been in love before she met him, with a gentleman whose name Mr. Layard withholds, telling us only that he was "the Brother Edward," of whom she spoke through life as "one of those who make the honour of their generation, and who help to keep society sweet and pure, because entirely governed by principle."

The bar to their marriage lay in the fact that he was a Roman Catholic, and she was at least a confessed agnostic. He was deeply religious; she was "notoriously unanchored." Do what his director would—for she submitted to the efforts made towards her conversion—she was never, she herself has said, stirred a hair's breadth. Though she should lose all, she could not command belief in what seemed to her mere fables.

from beginning to end—and even against love she must be faithful to truth.

This was early in the fifties. It was in 1858 that Eliza Lynn became the second wife of William James Linton, the wood-engraver. Her common sense was, she says, "over-weighted by religious zeal, by altruistic pity, by affection, by principle, by hope." She felt, in fact, that Mr. Linton required some one to look after his first family, and she sacrificed herself. The marriage was a failure from the first, and the reasons of the failure are given in Mrs. Lynn Linton's words and also in a letter from one of Mr. Linton's daughters. They started house-keeping together in London; but Mr. Linton was so occupied with social schemes for the amelioration of the world that he had no time to work at his profession. Moreover, his irregular and unpunctual habits made it almost impossible for his wife to work either. Her savings were dissipated, and poverty stared them in the face. It was arranged that the husband should live in the country, and the wife in town, coming to visit him when she could. This *modus vivendi* lasted for some time, and then, the fortunes of the family being still precarious, Mr. Linton went to America, leaving it an open question whether Mrs. Linton should join him there. She did not do so, and though they both lived to be old, and though Mr. Linton once came to London, they never met again. But all this time they were corresponding affectionately. There is something very pathetic in Mr. Linton's letter, written on leaving for America after his flying visit to England. It should have a place of its own in the world's famous love-letters:—

Dear old Love,—We must not lose sight of each other again. Now that I am leaving, and satisfied that we have done wisely by not meeting, I may say that it has been hard for me too. I would have been glad to hold you to my heart again, my lips on yours—but this parting would have been too painful. Dearest, believe me, I would knit our lives together again if I thought it might be; but in some things we have been unsuited, and if in the first fervour of our love this difference could part us, might it not occur again? I could dare to face it, but it would be rank un wisdom. God bless you, darling! It is a happiness that only good thoughts exist between us, that we are, and shall be always, good friends. All that can interest you, you shall always know of from me. Let me know the same of you. I will like to know that you are the one friend to whom I may lay my heart bare, sure of loving sympathy

And now farewell, still dearly loved! You love me too.

Your old lover, W. J. LINTON.

There would be much to add, if space permitted, about Mrs. Lynn Linton's life in London and Paris, and about her opinions of her contemporaries; but most of this has already appeared in Mrs. Lynn Linton's own autobiographical notes, reviewed in our columns shortly after her death. She wrote very tartly of some of them—of George Eliot, for instance, and John Forster, and Mrs. Henry Wood. But she could admire enthusiastically. She admired immensely writers as diverse as Miss Harraden and Mr. Herbert Spencer. On behalf of the latter she wrote an article for the *Nineteenth Century*, the nature of which may be best explained by an extract from the philosopher's request that it should be written:—

Dear Mrs. Lynn Linton,—I am in the mood of mind of the weather-beaten old tar whose nephew proposes to teach him how to box the compass, and who is prompted to tweak his nose.

The nephew is in this case Professor Drummond, who, in his recently published work "The Ascent of Man," with the airs of a discoverer and with a tone of supreme authority, sets out to instruct me and other evolutionists respecting the factor of social evolution which we have ignored—altruism.

"'Habet'! I exclaim in the language of the arena," was Mr. Spencer's note of exclamation when the article appeared, and he adds that "but for your exposure the thing would have passed

without notice, for the critics, when not ignorant, are wanting in all sense of justice and public duty." In conclusion, let us say that the book makes excellent reading, and that Mr. Layard is equally to be congratulated upon his good taste and his literary skill.

THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES.

The only French war correspondent in South Africa has been M. Jean Carrère, of the *Matin*. His book, *EN PLEINE ÉROFÉE* (Flammarion, 3f. 50c.), quite justifies his presence there, for it is better reading than any but the very best of the English war books. The gay *insouciance* of his attitude is a continual delight. He does not seem ever to have known or cared what the war was about, though he professes a general sentimental sympathy with the Boers. He went to see it in the spirit in which he would have gone to the theatre, and he reviews it as if he were analysing a farcical comedy. Such malice as he brought out with him was disarmed by the courtesy he met with. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and writes in a torrent of high spirits, retailing the camp gossip with all the wit of the *boulevardier*. He endorses Mr. Treves' complaint of the "plague of women," adding to it the characteristically French complaint that most of them were plain. Many stories are better told by him than by any of the other *raconteurs*. The story of "James" is new and delightful. M. Carrère professes to have heard it from Mr. Gwynne, of Reuter's, as an explanation of General Buller's slow movements after the relief of Ladysmith:—

Voici : James est un déserteur anglais qui, mécontent de sir Redvers Buller, s'est retiré sur les montagnes, et à lui seul, armé de son fusil, arrête l'armée du Natal, forte de quatre-vingt mille hommes.

Peste ! dis-je, mais c'est un Bayard.

N'est-ce pas ? À vrai dire ce n'est pas tout à fait la faute du général. Vous savez qu'au début de la guerre, Buller subit quelques pertes retentissantes. Alors l'opinion publique s'émut et on manda au général Buller de faire tuer le moins d'hommes possible. "C'est bien," se dit le commandant des forces du Natal avec une logique toute militaire, je n'en ferai plus tuer du tout." Et dès qu'il voyait un homme au sommet d'une colline il arrêta son armée. Si bien que les Boers, renonçant à occuper leurs commandos contre lui, se retirèrent. C'est alors que James, impatienté, à lui seul, tient la campagne. De temps en temps, l'armée de Buller parcourt quelques centaines de yards ; mais, soudain, on voit surgir derrière un kopje le fusil de James, et, aussitôt, on éleve de formidables retranchements.

One naturally looks to see how the French journalist was impressed by our leading men. In the case of Lord Roberts it is not the military genius but the domesticity of the Commander-in-Chief that most impresses him:—

Presque toujours lady Roberts et ses deux filles l'accompagnent, et chaque après-midi, dans le banlieue de Prétoria, il est touchant de le voir errer, commédans une idylle, le chef de l'armée envahissante, pacifiquement entouré de sa famille, ni plus ni moins qu'un rond-de-cuir sentimental s'en allant faire, entre deux écritures, la promenade de digestion.

Cela révolte évidemment la conception militaire des Allemands, des Italiens, et des Français qui sont restés ici, mais comme c'est délicieusement britannique, et pittoresque pour les journaux illustrés !

On the other hand he regards Lord Kitchener as a man to be afraid of, and tells a characteristic story of the reply of the Chief of the Staff to a dandy officer who asked for his autograph on a silk handkerchief daintily embroidered with lace.

Kitchener prend le mouchoir, le tourne, le retourne, et, parlant de profil:—

C'est sans doute le mouchoir de madame votre sœur ? dit-il.

Mais non, fait le cocodés avec une moue charmante, c'est le mien.

Ah ! dit Kitchener, c'est le vôtre.

Et, tendant le mouchoir, sans y rien écrire, il demande :

Quelle est la dimension de vos épingles à cheveux ?

M. Carrère is inclined to depreciate General Baden-Powell, and he thus represents the interview between Lord Roberts and this popular commander :—

C'est très bien, lui dit lord Roberts, quand le nouveau général vint lui présenter ses hommages. C'est très bien d'avoir ainsi défendu Mafeking ! Mais c'est bien inutile et puéril, et cette ville ne valait pas tant de bruit. Votre résistance héroïque, sans doute, a, en tous les cas, été bien gênante pour nous. Allez et ne recommencez plus.

Et le timide B.-P. s'en retournait la tête basse, relégué désormais au rôle de gendarme.

The book is full of stories of this kind. How much or how little truth there is in them does not greatly matter. They are invariably entertaining. Some English publisher should certainly arrange for a translation.

"THE ETERNAL CONFLICT."

THE ETERNAL CONFLICT, an Essay, by William Romaine Paterson (Benjamin Swift) (Heinemann, 6s.), is a book which will please some readers, startle others, and perplex not a few, and not without reason. Clever, abounding in telling, resonant phrases, marked by some distinct merits in style, "The Eternal Conflict" at the outset seems to promise much, and for a time keeps the reader in doubt and suspense as to how far that promise is to be fulfilled. To write in a lyrical strain about the problems of religion and philosophy, to seek to solve them by brusque *dicta* and other shorter methods than those of the sages of the past, to express oneself in a style which now seems modelled on that of Heine, now on that of d'Annunzio—all this is not exactly novel. It is an easy substitute for hard thinking and precise language. But Mr. Paterson has more to offer than this. Here and there he lets fall a sentence full of insight. More than once we seem to be about to get something distinctive and unique, deeper and better than reminiscence. Once or twice we come on a few words which are more than rhetoric and aggressive paradox. In the first pages, as in the last, there is evidence of considerable literary skill, no small reading, and a keen eye for the effects of ethical creeds on conduct.

But, as a whole, what is performed is somewhat crude—certainly not equal to what is promised. The elements that are Mr. Paterson's own are really few ; he rhapsodizes too much, and the rhapsodist is rarely inspired ; more often he is drawing on discursive reading, and restating with studied exaggeration what has often been said with the simplicity of truth ; and in Mr. Paterson's case, as in many others, we find that there may be a free use of "I," the writer may often come forward to the footlights, and yet present little that is distinctly original. Amid epigrams startling, if not finished, we come upon such sayings as these :—"The infinite is beyond qualitative and quantitative expression." "The eyes of truth are tigers' eyes and full of wild horizons." Mr. Tupper could not surpass these gems. To speak of Nietzsche as "a philosophical bounder" is to sink to a lower stratum of literature than that in which Mr. Paterson aspires to dwell. We do not quarrel with such sentences as these, though they are not to be greatly admired : "Religion at its best is a prolonged emotion and kind of eavesdropping on the unseen." But the context of such grotesque sayings should not make the obscure more obscure. We note an abstinence from simple direct expressions, a hankering after what is strained, a delight in what, to vary slightly one of his expressions, may be called "the fracas" of phrases. Too often, when he has said something weighty and seems about to let fall something still weightier, he gesticulates, hits out wildly, and

breaks into words of fervour and obscurity. We do not complain of the absence of close reasoning—that is not promised. The grave fault is that the thoughts want coherence ; the author's own moorings are not fast. Whole pages are little more than unconnected comments on a broken necklace of beautiful quotations. And with reference to quotations, why, by the way, is Mr. Paterson so prodigal with little tags of German, some of which are not very happily or accurately translated ? It is difficult to place Mr. Paterson, not by reason of the subtilty of his thoughts or the obscurity of his language, but rather by reason of the indefiniteness of his reflections. Sometimes a sentence seems prompted by an attractive word in that which preceded it rather than by any logical necessity. The masters whom he delights to quote—and he appreciates the best in literature—were not the slaves of their phrases. Perhaps the message, such as it is, which the writer would deliver is that "the final task of a thinker is a statement of the dilemma between the intellect and the emotions" ; a great theme, no doubt, but one to be handled by the intellect rather than the emotions. "It is an endless and abominable drama which we are compelled to act and to watch." That is one of the sentences which give the key-note to the volume ; a note struck ages ago and more clearly than in this clever little volume. To these criticisms justice compels us to add a word. Once or twice, especially towards the close, the somewhat confused thoughts seem to take order. The writer lets fall sentences which show that he is becoming master of his luxuriant language. Never, however, is the essence of the thought crystallized in one satisfying sentence. The reader who asks for bread will receive a phrase.

L.-B.-W.

Every cricketer is at this moment, to use Mr. W. S. Gilbert's phrase, "either a little liberal or else a little conservative" ; either for or against the alteration in the l.-b.-w. rule proposed by Mr. Alfred Lyttelton last week at Lord's. This being so, on taking up Mr. Robert Lyttelton's new book, *OUT-DOOR GAMES : CRICKET AND GOLF*, in the Haddon Hall Library (Dent, 7s. 6d. n.), one turns first of all to the two chapters in which he deals with the reform of cricket. His brother's speech last week might almost be called a brilliant epitome of the chief points set down in the present book. The number of drawn matches, resulting from the great superiority of the bat over the ball in present-day cricket, the power of inferior batsmen to make big scores on our splendid wickets, and the danger of dulness and monotony which seems to threaten our national game—these are the chief considerations which have led the committee of the M.C.C. to bring forward a remedy which purports to place the bowler on a greater equality with the batsman. The new rule—as all the world now knows—proposed to draw imaginary parallel lines from wicket to wicket, and to make the parallelogram thus formed the territory of the bowler. Any batsman, who, standing within this territory, intercepts with his body a ball which would have hit the wicket—*no matter where the ball pitched*—would now be out "leg before wicket," had the new rule been passed. One of the chief objections that has always been made to possible reforms of the l.-b.-w. rule—that the umpire would be put in a greater difficulty in giving his decision—cannot be urged against the particular reform now proposed. It was not suggested that the batsman should be out on all occasions when his body intercepts a ball on its way to the wicket, for he, or the part of him which the ball hits, might be outside the parallel lines aforesaid. A simple rule that the bat and not the body should defend the wicket would, indeed, land the umpire in the greatest difficulty. How could he decide whether a ball which hits the batsman's body when he is not in front of the wicket would or would not have proceeded on its fatal course and bowled him ? The task of the umpire would really be easier under the new rule than under the old. He would have to decide two things only—(1) whether the part of the body struck by the ball is in front of the wicket ; (2) whether the ball would

have hit the wicket had it not been stopped by the batsman's body. Under the existing rule he has also a third point to decide—(3) whether the ball pitched on the wicket.

But it is not so easy to dispose of some other objections to the proposed alteration. Mr. Edison argued rather ingeniously that the proposed rule would make the batsman more cautious, and thus defeat one of the chief objects of legislation which is intended to make the game more lively. Mr. A. G. Steel was "dead against" the reform, and urged that all batsmen would be at the mercy of lob bowlers breaking from leg. Also it was officially announced that the new rule had been tried in America, and that the Philadelphians strongly urged the M.C.C. not to adopt it. It would be rash to venture an opinion where so many great authorities disagree. But there would surely be no harm in having the new rule tested at Lord's and elsewhere. Last year a new regulation with regard to boundaries was tried at Lord's with a view to discovering whether it should be generally adopted or not. Why should not the l.-b.-w. rule be experimented upon in the same way? One thing is certain—that cricket is a good enough game to interest a few millions of people for a year or two during which the advantages or disadvantages of the alteration could be thoroughly and widely investigated before any definite step is taken. The M.C.C. would then have facts to go upon in making up their minds.

It is time to return to Mr. Robert Lyttelton's book. This does not pretend to be a treatise on cricket and golf—nor is it a volume of cricket reminiscences, of which we have had more than enough of late. Without burdening his reader with statistics the writer deals in a sensible and humorous fashion with questions which are now uppermost in the minds of cricketers—county qualifications, unfair bowling, the relation between professionals and amateurs, and so forth. Writing about Australian cricket he comes to the same conclusions as the great Australian cricketer, Mr. Giffen, in his book "Bat and Ball." Our bowling and fielding are, on the whole, inferior to that of the Australians; but we have been able to give them more than one excellent lesson in the art of batting. Mr. Lyttelton's remarks on what he terms some of the pettifogging rules of golf are extremely just, and from a sociological point of view his account of the career of the "caddie" as a profession is well worth reading. We have only one fault to find—viz., that he mars a lucid and agreeable style of writing by some grammatical errors. Moreover, C. J. Thornton and Ranjitsinghi should be written C. I. Thornton and Ranjitsinhji. The coloured illustrations of old cricketers are admirable.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SERIES.

The new volumes of the Cambridge Historical Series fully realize the hope, expressed in modest terms by the editor, that "the Series will be useful not only to beginners, but to students who have already acquired some general knowledge of European history." We do not think that any future volume is likely to show a greater mastery of the subject or to contain more valuable lessons for all classes of readers than Dr. Cunningham's *ESSAY ON WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN ITS ECONOMIC ASPECTS, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN TIMES* (4s. 6d.). It is the sequel to a previous volume which dealt with the Economic History of the West in the Ancient World. But the problems treated in the present volume are infinitely more complex; and it is really astonishing to find so much information, so fruitfully and suggestively handled, within the compass of a small volume. No living Englishman has thrown more light on Economic History than Dr. Cunningham; and his work is always refreshing for its largeness of view and its complete freedom from the spirit of the doctrinaire. He distinguishes between three broad periods in the growth of our social and economic system. First we have the age of reconstruction, when the fabric of society was rebuilt after the barbarian invasions by Christian influences and, later, under the regis of a central authority at Rome. This was an educative period, when man was learning the true moral

dignity of labour, and when the transition took place from natural to money economy and from the household as the economic unit to the city. Next we have the age of discovery, when the ecclesiastical system was broken up, and when the intervention of capital first lessened the importance of civic life, and then, in a vastly extended world, fostered the rise of rival commercial nations. And lastly we have the age of invention, when industrial changes revolutionized the relations between labour and capital and developed so marvellously the resources both of man and nature. Upon the last period—the sphere of political economy as a science—Dr. Cunningham does not dwell at great length, doubtless because, as he says, "the Industrial Revolution has nowhere exerted its full influence as yet"; and his object is rather to show the *nexus* of cause and effect, which, in the various changes from ancient society, has brought about the present state of things. Incidentally he discusses many subjects, which are of the deepest interest to all thoughtful students, as the influence of the early monasteries, the contact with Islam through the Crusades, the rise of the gilds, the mediæval theory of price, and the ecclesiastical condemnation of usury. On this last point Dr. Cunningham is content to show how the change in moral ideas was gradually effected by the increased power of capital. He does not, like Mr. Lecky in his *History of Rationalism*, regard the teaching of the mediæval Church in the matter as having "cursed the development of civilization"; he rather demonstrates, as Mr. Lecky omits to do, that the change in question was facilitated by the revival of Roman Law.

His concluding pages on the character and tendencies of modern civilization are among the most valuable in the book; and his remarks on the application of capital to new lands deserve quotation, for they seem to have a special reference to the great question of the day.

It is easy to denounce the "greed" of prospectors and pioneers who open up some new country; but their gains are not merely personal, since their enterprise is only rewarded when they succeed in meeting a general demand by catering for the requirements of the inhabitants of the thickly-populated European countries. We live in times when claims to exclusive privilege are subjected to careful scrutiny; civilized peoples are insisting that the resources of the earth shall be utilized to their fullest extent; they resent the claim of any barbaric or half-civilized people to retain territory when they are careless about turning it to good account. It is in the interest of the race as a whole that the possibilities of life on the globe should be fully enjoyed; and those who prefer to live as hunters or nomads on land that is suitable for tillage will never be able to hold their own in the struggle for subsistence. If any tribe or community refuses to bring its energy to bear in turning the land to the most profitable use it is likely to be ousted by others who are ready to undertake the task.

These observations deserve all the more attention because Dr. Cunningham does not forget to plead on cosmopolitan grounds for the establishment of an effective white police in such backward communities for the benefit of the native races of which they are largely composed.

In *THE FRENCH MONARCHY, 1483-1789* (2 vols. 9s.), Mr. A. J. Grant has found a congenial subject for which he is excellently equipped. In these days of compendiums and hand-books history is too commonly written by some learned dryasdust, whose brain is so packed with facts that he can spare no attention to their effective presentation. But Mr. Grant's work is of quite another order. His period affords him splendid opportunities of which he takes full advantage. His style is lucid, easy, and flowing, and rises at times to considerable graphic power, as in his descriptions of the "St. Bartholomew," the siege of La Rochelle, the struggle of the Fronde, the Wars and Court life of the "Grand Monarque." But he seems to us more at home in the fields of war and foreign affairs than in those of religious controversy and domestic policy. He explains, indeed,

very fully the causes of the rottenness of the *ancien régime*—its oppressive and unequal taxation, its neglect of agriculture, its often chaotic finance. He is right, too, we think, in making large claims for the old monarchy.

It had saved France from internal disorder and foreign dominion, and had enlarged her frontiers. It had secured her unity of language, customs, and administration, and had allowed a high form of civilization to spread through the country. It had fostered and stimulated the spirit of nationality. The Revolution was not so entire a break with the "past" as its chief actors imagined; it was not able to tear up the roots of the nation that were embedded in the Middle Ages. In many respects it did but continue under republican forms the work of the Monarchy.

All this is true enough; but in describing the decline of the French power from the truce of Ratisbon—or, as we should rather say, from the peace of Nimeguen—to the eve of the Revolution, Mr. Grant does not lay sufficient stress upon the offences committed by France against the religious sentiment of Europe, or upon the stupidly paternal type of her administration. He strongly condemns—as who would not?—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and he appraises correctly its evil results for France; but he spoils his censure of the infamous "dragonnades" by a false analogy with the action of the English in Ireland in 1796-98 when menaced by French invasion. Again, in relating the encroachments of Louis upon the Empire in 1683, he barely alludes to the tremendous thundercloud of the Turkish invasion, which hung over Vienna at the very moment of the Diet of Ratisbon. The fact, which Mr. Grant admits, that Louis was in virtual, if unrecognized, alliance with the Sultan for his own ambitious ends at this supreme crisis was a mortal offence to enlightened Christian feeling. But for the sword of Sobieski the progress of Europe might have been stayed for a century.

In the praise which he gives to the domestic policy of Richelieu and Colbert Mr. Grant looks no further than the circumstances of the time; he scarcely seems to realize that the best intentioned measures, even though temporarily successful, may do infinite harm when based upon a radically false principle. Dr. Cunningham, who also speaks appreciatively of Colbert, exactly hits the nail with the remark, "An economic despot had need to be omniscient, and Colbert was not wise enough to play the part of Providence with success." But perhaps the worst example of the over-centralization of the *ancien régime* was the treatment which it dealt out to the colonies. On this subject Mr. Grant's narrative is meagre and disappointing. He devotes a few pages to the struggle in which France lost her possessions in India and America; but beyond a passing hint of the disadvantage to Canada of autocratic government from home, not a word is said of the deeper causes of these disasters. If, as Mr. Grant thinks, the French are not successful as colonizers, their earliest efforts to found an empire beyond the seas surely call for more detailed notice. Here Dr. Cunningham, though less directly concerned with French history, in part supplies Mr. Grant's omission. He speaks of "a widespread popular ambition" as a phenomenon almost peculiar to England at the time of her first expansion. He also notes such causes as the heavy expense of the French colonies owing to mismanagement, the too paternal regulation of commerce, inadequate means of communication with the mother country, and the scarcity of the best class of emigrants.

In the third work just issued in the Cambridge Series, CANADA UNDER BRITISH RULE, 1760-1900 (6s.), this subject is still further illustrated by Sir John G. Bourinot, a distinguished French-Canadian. Although his principal theme is the history of the British colony, he wisely begins with a chapter on the French *régime*—already sketched by him at greater length in his "Story of Canada." In reviewing its system he says that the colony was governed simply as a province of France, and that "the people were never taught to depend exclusively on their individual or associated enterprise." But the struggle for

predominance in America—in which, according to Mr. Grant, the French colonies were completely overweighed by the English—certainly originated in the encroachments of the former upon the British *Hinterland*; and their alliance with the more warlike Indian tribes largely discounted the disparity in numbers. But nothing in colonial history has been more remarkable than the thorough acquiescence of the French in British rule, and their loyalty to it in times of special trial, as when France supported the American Revolution, or when war broke out in 1812 between England and the States. Those critical periods are most ably described by Sir John Bourinot; and his history makes a timely appearance at a moment when we are facing a similar racial problem in South Africa. He shows that French Canada has been loyal in spite of occasional jealousy between French and British, because there was no hasty attempt to assimilate the races, and because England had shown no desire to interfere with the just liberties or the cherished institutions of the French. Sir John is at no pains to conceal his doubts whether similar results would have followed the early absorption of Canada by the States. One of his most interesting chapters is styled "The Evolution of Responsible Government"; and he shows clearly what patience was needed on both sides to tide over the difficult problems which troubled British statesmen from 1815 to 1840. The chapters which relate the first efforts at Confederation, its gradual accomplishment, and its practical working will repay the most careful study. They bear witness to great foresight on the part of both British and colonial statesmen; and some of the latter displayed more than once remarkable public spirit in preferring general to party interests. In view of the just completed Federation of Australia, the account of Canada's thirty-three years' experience contains many lessons, and perhaps some warnings. Sir John Bourinot gives some space to a critical comparison of the two Acts; and in an appendix he arranges their chief provisions in parallel columns. He evidently thinks that the guarantees against hasty legislation and democratic impulse in the Canadian Constitution are superior to those in the Constitution of Australia. And he is impressed by the fact that Canada is more influenced by the spirit of English ideas than Australia, "which has copied some features of the fundamental law of the United States." But Australia has not the motive for avoiding all appearance of such imitation, which existed in Canada in 1867. The last chapter reviews the relations between the States and Canada from the beginning of the Republic, and deals at length with questions like that of the Alaska boundary, which are still unsettled. It is interesting to note Sir John's opinion that questions in dispute between the two Powers have been treated with far more regard for Canadian interests since the Confederation was established. The whole book is, in short, one which should be read by every Englishman who is interested in colonial matters. On the political side its account of Canada's fortunes is as ably written as it is complete; but we wish that the author could have found space for a description of the rapid development of the Western and Northern provinces. It should be added that each of the three works is provided with an index and with excellent maps.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Herbert Paul's Essays.

The contents of Mr. Herbert Paul's volume *MEN AND LETTERS* (Lane, 5s. n.) are already familiar, for few readers who have a taste for scholarly criticism will have overlooked these essays in the *Nineteenth Century*, where most of them appeared. Mr. Paul has a sound judgment, a pungent style, an extraordinarily retentive memory for facts and *dicta*, and an intimate acquaintance with the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—especially the former. On the other hand, we do not find in him the breadth of view or the imaginative faculty of the great masters in criticism; his mind is one of those

which are more concerned with particulars than with generals ; and his style, which, to put it at its highest, may be described as a kind of blend of Johnson and Macaulay, abjures too strenuously and ostentatiously the liberal graces of diction which later critics have successfully practised. He is determined to be the "plain blunt man" and to "speak right on." He has always a point to make, and he makes it in what the grammars call a "simple statement," scoring a ruthless pencil through any subordinate sentence or parenthesis which the natural man may in a moment of *abandon* have introduced into the original draft. So much said, we may warmly commend these studies of Sterne, Swift, Halifax, Selden, Macaulay, Gibbon, and others to our readers, confident that they will enjoy the atmosphere of scholarship, good taste, and allusive wit which pervades every page of Mr. Paul's book.

More Notes from a Diary.

It is a laudable practice to make a note at the close of each day of any thing interesting one may have heard or read, and the more so if the society in which one moves is one of culture and influence. This Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has done for many years, as an unceasing flow of published volumes bears witness, and he at any rate deserves some credit for the laborious care he has devoted to the task. One cannot, it is true, avoid a lurking suspicion that the high personages with whom, as he tells us, he has breakfasted or dined are not quite fairly represented by the rather laborious epigrams or indifferent puns here recorded. But readers of "tit-bit" literature, spiced as this is by so many social notes about celebrities, will find entertainment in *NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1889-1891* (Murray 18s.), and if some of the stories are familiar to-day, they were, perhaps, original when Sir Mountstuart recorded them ten years ago. Here and there one lights upon a tit-bit of real interest, such as this of Browning, of whom we have heard it asserted that he confessed to having forgotten the meaning of some parts of his poems. According to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff—and the story is well authenticated—Browning, when spoken to about the obscurity of his poems, said, "I have heard that criticism before, and have twice gone carefully through them without being able to detect a single obscure expression."

Venice.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's massive work, *THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC, ITS RISE, GROWTH, AND FALL, 421-1797* (2 vols., A. and C. Black), contains over 1,600 pages, closely packed with facts and references, and must weigh several pounds avoirdupois. It has also an excellent index, and forms a wonderful cyclopædia of all matters concerning the famous city on the Adriatic. Like Venice itself, it has grown prodigiously, during many years, from humble beginnings. Inspired by an enthusiasm which seized him he knows not how, Mr. Hazlitt resolved to write a book on Venice at a time when he knew little about the subject, had never seen the place, and knew not a word of Italian ; and it is not surprising that he should now describe his first attempt, published in two volumes in 1858, as a rather weak performance. But it met with an encouraging reception ; and an enlarged reissue, in four volumes, appeared in 1860. Since that time an immense body of material previously unknown or inaccessible has been placed within the reach of students, and for forty years Mr. Hazlitt has amused himself from time to time in bringing his work up to date. Besides a host of monographs and minor works, he has ransacked the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, the formidable *Diaries* of Sanuto, which alone extend to over 50 octavo volumes, and the *Storia Documentata* of Romanin ; he has also profited largely by Mr. Rawdon Brown's invaluable *Venetian State Papers* in the English Rolls series, which, taken by themselves, in his opinion "reduce to wastepaper the entire corpus of old-fashioned literature produced from time to time in Italy and elsewhere on the history and constitution of the Republic." Mr. Hazlitt's touch is none of the lightest, but he knows how to make good use of his authorities, and the general annals of Venice are now presented in his pages with a fulness which only the conscientious student can properly appreciate. The latter

half of the second volume appeals to a wider circle of readers. It comprises an extremely interesting series of chapters on old Venetian life in its various aspects—political, commercial, ecclesiastical, artistic, literary, social, and domestic. Mr. Hazlitt is an accomplished antiquary, and in this section of the work he appears to the best advantage.

What Makes Novels Popular?

COLLOQUIES OF CRITICISM (Unwin, 2s. 6d.) is written in the form of dialogue, and is reminiscent to some extent of the method of Sir Arthur Helps. It contains a good deal of sound criticism. One problem which the writer really gets very near to solving is : What are the principles, other than their literary merits, which determine the popularity of novels ? He perceives that, so long as one is on the plane on which manners matter, the essential thing is that the point of view of the writer should be the point of view of the majority of the readers. Otherwise the readers get angry, think they are being laughed at, and cannot make out why. The author instances the satirical description of the "garrison hacks" in Miss Broughton's "*Joan*." He might, perhaps, have found a better example in the satirical descriptions of the lower middle classes in a long series of Mr. George Gissing's novels. The class which Mr. Gissing satirises is really the great novel-reading class. They are inclined to treat him as if he were an uncivil tradesman, and take their custom elsewhere. On the other hand, they like Dickens because he gives them genial caricatures instead of portraits in which they recognize their lineaments :—"If Dickens had painted Mr. Pecksniff without any exaggerations at all, the vast number of people in Mr. Pecksniff's own position would have failed to see the moral comedy of his character. By exaggerating him Dickens places him at a distance from such readers. He places him below them ; and he thus enables them to occupy the detached position of critics."

Dickens, that is to say, succeeds, in a large measure, through "social sympathy" ; the novelist of whom the critics say that he "writes like a gentleman" can never win popularity on such lines. If he succeeds, it will be by rising to the plane on which manners do not matter—the plane of the primary passions :—

Under the deepest emotions people of all classes speak far more alike than they do on ordinary occasions ; and even if their manners are not precisely the same, the differences become unimportant. They are accidents ; they mean nothing. When a husband and wife are discussing their daughter's marriage, it is difficult to forget the class of society to which they belong. Every feeling they utter will probably have some reference to it. But when a man is bending over the bed of a wife or son who is dying, all that is essential in his feelings or in his language might as well belong to a man of one class as another. The social point of sympathy is nothing ; the human point of sympathy is everything.

Other problems of criticism are discussed in the book ; but this is the most interesting of them and also the most satisfactorily treated.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE MARCH, by H. F. Mackern (Murray, 6s.), gives an American journalist's view of the war. He is a sympathetic *confrère*, *Britannis ipsis Britannior*, maintaining incidentally that "the natural outcome of international politics must be the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race." Nothing less, in the view of Americans who look ahead, can save the United States from the necessity of fighting for the Monroe doctrine in Brazil, as soon as the German fleet is a little bigger. The book is bright though not in the least literary.

THE LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS (Methuen, 6s.) is a biography of the gentleman who is known to the American Army List as Colonel W. F. Cody, and to the rest of literature as "Buffalo Bill." It is written by the eminent showman's sister, Mr. Helen Cody Wetmore, and will suit those who like this kind of reading ; it would be an acceptable present to a boy. We read with a particular interest that "genuine royal blood courses in

Colonel Cody's veins." He is descended, it appears, from "Milesius King of Spain, that famous Monarch whose three sons, Heber, Heremon, and Ir, founded the first dynasty in Ireland about the beginning of the Christian era."

JAPAN AND THE COMITY OF NATIONS, by Baron Alexander von Siebold, translated by Charles Lowe (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.), relates carefully and accurately the gradual diplomatic recognition of the Land of the Rising Sun as the equal of Europe and the United States. A useful little book of reference.

It is not easy to understand why BENENDEN LETTERS, LONDON, COUNTRY, AND ABROAD, 1753-1821, edited by Charles Frederic Hardy (Dent, 15s.), should have been published. This budget of old correspondence is stodgy and uninteresting; it throws no new light upon public affairs, and lacks entirely the attraction so often possessed by old letters. The editor thinks that the intrinsic quality of the documents is good, and that they are somewhat remarkable from the fact that the connecting thread of a single long life runs right through them. We do not agree with him in either particular. Far more are we in accord with him when he expresses a fear that some readers may find one of the parties to the correspondence tedious and verbose. This is precisely our opinion of every contributor to the collection. Possibly the book may have some antiquarian interest in the Weald of Kent, since most of the letters were written to or from Benenden; the world at large, we fear, will yawn prodigiously and pass by. The two principal characters are one Cox, a person of indifferent morals, who for many years in the latter part of the eighteenth century was a clerk in the Sick and Hurt Office on Tower-hill, and his friend Ward of Benenden, squireen and land agent, who, at seventy-six, was compelled by a combination of injudiciously aggressive politics and slovenly account-keeping to exile himself to France—not an altogether agreeable retreat for an Englishman in the early years of the Republic, one and indivisible. Other personages there are who flit through the book, but they awaken no sympathy and hardly any curiosity. Mr. Hardy's own notes and explanatory matter are the most readable part of the volume, while many a better book has had a much worse index.

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

If art is anything greater than a badly-paid profession, then painters have a mission. What their mission is depends upon the point of view, and just now, in spite of the famous French cynic's remark that the ugly was first introduced into art when the first portrait was painted, artists appear to regard portrait-painting as their mission. In deciding this, and knowing that success in this direction has most alluring and substantial recompense, most painters forget that the well-doing of portraits is the most difficult of all the phases of artistic expression. It very seldom happens that the portrait-painter is assisted to make a fine picture by the material upon which he works, and to succeed he must draw firmly and unhesitatingly, paint well, and see below the surface; he must be, or persuade us that he is, as introspective as a mind-doctor, as alert as a hunted animal, and as educated as a savant. That this is too much to expect has been proved over and over again. It is because Mr. Sargent has these qualifications in more or less degree that he remains the portrait-painter of the hour. Whether he will ever be anything greater than this remains for the future to decide. Our doubts are based upon some consideration of past methods. We take Rembrandt as an example—the portraits he painted are portraits of men and women that we have met in various degrees of life. He sacrificed the light and colour of five-sixths of his picture, the fascinating, if enervating, qualities of tenderness, to his love of true contrasts of light and shade. It is, indeed, the facts of light that compel admiration in the Dutchman's work. Yet we never fail to recognize the human interest, the mastery,

and knowledge which render his most artificial effects everyday realities. And then there is Velasquez—form, expression, beauty of colour, and character. It is impious to contrast Mr. Sargent's "Daughters of A. Wertheimer, Esq." with any great work, just as it may be fruitless to ask why there is an "Esq." after the dealer's name. What can be said of Mr. Sargent's "bravura" strokes, of the hair that is modelled rather than painted, of the lights that are forced and loaded, or of the mental vision which could conceive that such subjects could contribute to the making of a work of art? Can any one say, looking at this picture, what are the personal traits, the characters of these two ladies? Judged by the half-opened lips of the taller of the two sisters, the whole thing is a vast joke, and as such we are content to regard it, save that the accentuation of the ungraceful turn given to the shorter sister's arm by means of the fan, and the inanity of the left hand appear to us to indicate that even the painter had tired of his joke before he was well through with it. But all the *diablerie* which tempted Mr. Sargent to make this ruthless experiment would appear to have deserted him in the presence of "Mrs. Charles Russell" and of "C. S. Loch, Esq." These two portraits are in many respects alike. The flesh tints are simple and true, the figures shape easily in their frames, the modelling is firm, and there is form and expression in every inch. More than this, there is infinite variety in the pale, umber tones of the flesh. There is the impression that "Mrs. Charles Russell" is a living reality. A warm, breathing, witty personality rather than a painted image comes irresistibly before the onlooker. It is in portraits such as this that Mr. Sargent may live. The life that he gives may give immortality to him.

Little as we had intended, in a preliminary notice, to consider any picture in detail, the prominence of Mr. Sargent's seven portraits has detained us, just as "Her late Majesty Queen Victoria," by Benjamin Constant, must compel our attention at the outset. There can be very few whom this portrait of her late Majesty will satisfy. It is a misreading of character, neither regal nor motherly. The French artist appears to have seen the great ruler as an accessory to an impressive and Gothic piece of furniture. There is little grace and less dignity, and a sadness of colour over all which will deceive no one. The sitter is phlegmatic and the artist uninspired, and the great subject has left the painter unmoved, his "vision" notwithstanding.

It thus happens that two of the pictures that will be most discussed, Mr. Sargent's aggressive sisters and M. Constant's Queen, leave us dissatisfied, and nothing is lost by thus early stating our well-considered convictions. And yet two failures will not make a winter of discontent, and much that is quite equal to the standard of achievement set in former years remains. This, perhaps, is the characteristic of the present exhibition—it is the expected after all that almost always happens. No one who has watched Mr. Arnesby Brown's work of recent years will be surprised at his success to-day, at the absolute sunlight with which he has flooded his "Morning"; and the grace of Mr. Shannon has prepared us to accept with pleasure so complete an illustration of his undoubted merits as "The Flower Girl." The charm of freedom and freshness suffuses the whole canvas. Mr. Abbey again demands our attention with a somewhat unusual subject presented with fine imaginative workmanship, and Mr. Stott, Mr. Clausen, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. MacWhirter do not fall below themselves. Why then should we complain? No sane person would expect to find a nation living under the conditions that control human effort to-day producing two thousand masterpieces of art every year; and it is quite as well that it should not be so. The bright and unprejudiced maidens of Suburbia, who, thanks to schools of art, have a very fair standard of criticism, no less than the magnates of Maida Vale, come to Burlington House to see what the painters who have caught their fancy are doing. They never take quite kindly to novelties; and, perhaps, they are right and most of the critics wrong. There is enough and

to spare of good work painted quite up to our expectation. For a first visit it should be sufficient to look carefully in the first room at "In the Cotswolds," by Alfred East; "On Lamington Down," by H. H. La Thangue; "Miss Kitty Shannon," by J. J. Shannon; "The River Bank," by Edward Stott; "Sheltered Pastures," by E. A. Waterlow; "Ali Baba," by Albert Goodwin; "The Golden Barn," by George Clausen; and "Fine Feathers," by Helen Cridland. In the second room "The Cloud," by Arthur Hacker; "The River Plough," by David Murray, and "A Breezy Upland," by E. J. B. Taylor. In the third gallery "The Duckpond," by Arthur Meade; "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem," by E. A. Abbey; "Helen and Hermia," by Sir E. J. Poynter; "Mrs. Charles Russell," by J. S. Sargent; and "Nymphs Finding the Head of Orpheus," by J. W. Waterhouse. In room IV. "The Flower Girl," by J. J. Shannon; a "Provençal Village" and "Gathering Plums," by H. H. La Thangue; and "The Gipsy," by Elizabeth Forbes. In the fifth room "Sons of the Soil," by Geo. Clausen; "Birds of Prey," by C. Napier Hemy; and "Rest! Rest!" by Florence Small. In the sixth, "Morning," by Arnesby Brown, and "The Old Fabrique, Christiania," by Fritz Thaulow. In the next gallery pictures by J. Aumonier (513), David Murray (531), and Sidney Meteyard (543); in the eighth room Herbert Draper's "Tristram and Iseult," and J. S. Sargent's "C. S. Loch, Esq.," in the "gem" room, "December in Provence," by H. H. La Thangue, "A Panic," by Geo. C. Haité, "December," by Fred. Hall, and "A Box at Old Drury," by Talbot Hughes. In gallery X., "In the Venusberg," by Hon. John Collier, "Come Lasses and Lads!" by Young Hunter, "Sir Charles Sitwell," by J. S. Sargent, and "The Finding of Ophelia," by Herbert Gandy; and in the last oil-colour room "The Captive," by Herbert Draper, "Evening," by Arnesby Brown, and "The Steam-Saw," by Lindsay Macarthur. These are more than sufficient, and we shall return to them; for it is a no less interesting Academy than usual, and these pictures, at least, deserve consideration.

W. L. C.

FICTION.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic.

There are, as Mr. Rider Haggard explains in a prefatory note to his new book, two ways of writing an historical novel—"the first, to choose some notable and leading characters of the time to be treated, and by the help of history attempt to picture them as they were; the other, to make a study of that time and history with the country in which it was enacted, and from it to deduce the necessary characters." In *LYSBETH* (Longmans, 6s.) he has chosen the second method, and to our thinking very wisely. The depicting of "notable and leading characters" of the past is rarely successful in fiction, particularly when they chance to be protagonists of the story. Mr. Rider Haggard takes in "*Lysbeth*" a few undistinguished burgher families of Leyden, and an equally undistinguished Spanish soldier of fortune, and with their aid succeeds in setting before us something of that terrible life that the Hollander of the New Religion had to lead during the tyranny of Philip and the Inquisition. There are those who will say that they prefer to read of these matters in the pages of Motley. "*Lysbeth*" is a good book for all that—the best romance, in our opinion, that Mr. Haggard has yet produced—though it is quite possible that it may not prove the most popular. It is well conceived and admirably told. To say that there is not a dull page in it is a commonplace form of praise, and does not necessarily mean much, for the same is said daily of the last detective story, but it is none the less true of "*Lysbeth*." Not only is the fighting brisk and excellently told—the defence of the shot-tower, the escape from the torture-chamber, and the saving of Hendrik Brant's treasure are admirable—but the men and women are all unmistakably alive and there is an unwonted dignity and pathos in the conception of the story. We knew that Mr. Rider Haggard could paint a bit of fighting prettily enough, but there are scenes in this book

informed with a quiet and restrained power with which we had scarcely credited him. Since Charles Kingsley wrote "*Hereward the Wake*"—and it is curious how many points of resemblance there are between that book and "*Lysbeth*," in spite of the difference in time and scene—we have had no romance breathing quite this spirit of high courage and strenuous optimism. The subject was a worthy one, and Mr. Haggard has treated it worthily.

Morbidezza.

"Asta Steele, restless, and with the untrammelled walk of a panther, stole to her window and threw open the shutters. Her skin this morning, after sleep, had that peculiar *morbidezza* which is so marked in those of West African blood. The warmth of sleep had sucked the colour from her cheeks and forehead, and under her eyes the dark stains, seen against the warm pallor of her flesh, appeared a brownish purple." The morbid colouring seen in the face of the heroine of *TANGLED TRINITIES* (Heinemann, 6s.) gives us the note and sentiment of Daniel Woodroffe's clever, if painful, novel. In a typical dull Kentish village abides a commonplace, rather foolish parson whose well-meaning attempts to help his flock by drawing on his own narrow means are not appreciated. Why? Because the ignorant and *borné* people of the parish know that he has negro blood and dislike him on that account. Mr. Steele does not know their reason, but his daughter does. The blood that seems to make him tactless and unattractive gives his daughter an exotic beauty and a highly interesting temperament. It is one of the freaks of mixed ancestry, and like many other rather remarkable facts in "*Tangled Trinities*" is founded on elemental truth. Asta Steele is at odds with the world from the first; the commonplace vicarage does not help her, the principles of Christian life as understood among the people she knows do not console her. The development of this penniless and beautiful girl—on the lines, alas, that descend to Avernus—is extremely interesting. For once in a way we can believe in the characters we meet. They are generalizations of well-known types, but the insight with which they are generalized makes them live. Colonel Skene, the "white officer" who crosses Asta's path and, but for the fact that the Fates are three and Love but one, could have made her happier, is admirably drawn, and like the other people of the story takes his place with the inevitableness of Greek tragedy. Asta's attempts to make her own way by nursing, governessing, and acting are well told, and her final step whereby she places herself under the protection of a Russian Grand Duke is led up to in a way at once convincing and unexpected. The tiny taint of black blood is over the whole; Asta's life is shadowed by it and the main factor in her history is her negress servant, Judith. Judith's is a new and powerful character in fiction. She represents in the complicated sum of our civilization the item of freed West African blood. She can be an obedient servant-slave in an English vicarage, or an influence of savagery, an echo of barbarism, if permitted a wider field. "There was about the woman a philosophy which, if not very deep, was pretty shrewd, and was sound as far as it went. That it didn't go far was because her brain-cells were not constructed that way. For thousands of years Judith's people had been content with the present; for thousands of years they had slept in the shade and giggled in the sun and rejoiced at trifles. . . . Never in all those years had they troubled about morals." With this devoted guide Asta enters upon wrong, but there is no evil in her heart. When at last she believes that Skene has given her up as lost, she may be inclined to quote as the author does on the title-page:—

Look, you have cast out Love! What Gods are these
You bid me please?

The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!
To my own Gods I go.

It may be they shall give me greater ease
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

But the reader will feel that if Christianity has failed Asta, her "own Gods" will do no better for her. The book is not one for a governess to read to her pupils, but it is a remarkable study of an exceptional temperament.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—III.

We are glad that Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet in the *Contemporary* finds something satisfactory to say about "cheap Literature." One cannot but smile when one hears the penny novelette decry by those who pay six shillings for fiction of about equal merit, and journals of the "Tit-bits" order which, at any rate, impart information sometimes of an instructive kind, laughed at by those who delight in pages of "society paragraphs." Mrs. Bosanquet has made a study of the penny novelette. Its essential foolishness is patent; but it is, so she reports, on the whole healthy in its tone; and it is improving. The author of "Drifting" writes on the "Economic Decay of Great Britain." He is at present in the stage of facts—and startling and uncomfortable they certainly are—but in a subsequent article he will get to conclusions. Among other articles, most of which treat of the subjects with which one expects a magazine to deal at the moment—the war, Army Reform, China, and the Liberal Party—we may call special attention to M. Jules Legrand's article on "Church and State in France since the Concordat."

The most interesting thing in *Temple Bar* is an extract from an old diary written by one of the train-bearers at Queen Adelaide's coronation in 1831—Lady Georgiana Bathurst. The behaviour of the House of Commons in the presence of Royalty has certainly improved since those days. "When the King put on his robe of cloth of gold as head of the Church and walked towards the altar they (the House of Commons) shouted with laughter."

The Archbishop (we are told) had some difficulty in getting the crown on the Queen's head; there was a large cushion of hair on the top of her head, and the agony of the Bishop of Chichester was great at seeing how very tottering it was, and yet nobody dared touch it; after the prayer was said Lady Brownlow assisted in securing it.

There is an editorial note to the effect that Lady Georgiana's diary was never intended for publication. It was, indeed, too frankly outspoken. "The Queen (it is said) looked remarkably well, much less red and heated in the face than she generally is." May Byron writes in this number lightly and yet learnedly on the burdens of songs.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Schütz Wilson gives us an intimate account of the career of Rachel Félix, the great French tragédienne. He remarks that "though the genius of Rachel gave temporary life to the French classic drama, she could not restore it to a permanent hold upon the stage." Have the works of the *grand siècle* really become so out-worn in these days of romanticism and symbolism? Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt have done something towards keeping them alive. The chief interest attaching to Sir Robert Howard (the subject of a paper by Mr. Herbert M. Sanders) is the controversy in which he engaged with Dryden on the respective merits of blank or rhymed verse in drama. According to modern ideas Dryden, who appeared in his celebrated "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" as the champion of rhyme, was on the wrong side. Mr. Sanders, however, might have mentioned that he afterwards changed his opinion, and wrote his later plays in blank verse.

In the *Monthly Review* Miss Edith Sichel writes intelligently of "Charlotte Yonge as a Chronicler," and Mr. Erskine Childers has some sensible things to say about "Relations between officers and men on active service." On the whole, however, the number is dull compared with some of the other reviews.

Dr. T. Miller Maguire is always good reading, not the less so because he writes as if he were swinging a shillelagh. "Guerilla or Partisan Warfare" is his subject in the *United Service Magazine*; and his point is that we err on the side of leniency in our treatment of De Wet and the fighting peasantry of South Africa, and that "no invaders have ever allowed the same man to be a peasant to-day and a warrior the next day and a peasant again the next week except our invaders of the Orange State and the Transvaal." There are also articles on the Ashanti Campaign, and on the waste of horses in the South African fighting.

As usual there is more solid fact than literary distinction in the *Empire Review*. Lord Thring contributes an authoritative exposition of the law, actual and contemplated, of "Imperial Copyright." Captain H. Acton Blake discusses the advantages of the merchant service as an opening for young men; and Mr.

G. Seymour Fort, in his "Recollections of Government House," has a certain number of good stories to tell. For instance:—

Frequent inquiries reached us from persons in England concerning lost relatives. The geographical ideas of the writers were at times somewhat extraordinary, and the form of addressing his Excellency was often very quaint. Sometimes the correspondent would begin: "Your Almighty Highness." The descriptions of the lost one were usually of a domestic nature, and in one case the inquirer appended to her statement the words: "You will be sure to know him as he has red hair and all his clothes are marked F. H."

The *Badminton* has a most interesting biography of "the Oldest Living Cricketer"—Mr. Herbert Jenner Fust, aged 95, who played for Eton against Harrow in 1822, and for Cambridge against Oxford in 1827, and in 1833 was President of the M.C.C.; also a good climbing article by Mr. Claude E. Benson, entitled "On the Fells of the Lake District." There are the usual coloured pictures.

In the *Universal and Ludgate* we may draw attention to Mr. Harry de Windt's illustrated interview with Prince Henry of Orleans. We read that Prince Henry's alleged animosity to England is "an invention of the English Press"; but do we not remember the French Press inventing the same legend? Another interesting paper is that by Mr. J. Hayward on "The Small Trades of Paris." On the whole this magazine is improving.

The *Argosy* contains a good article on Exeter College, Oxford, with a story of the days when Oxonians, coming almost exclusively from the West Country, had a reputation for provincialism. One of these, being examined in divinity, was asked, "Who was Moses?" "Moses," he answered, "I knows nothing about Moses, but ax me about S. Paul, and there I has ye."

We have also received *Good Words*, with an article on Sir George Stokes by Mr. R. T. Glazebrook, and the *Sunday Magazine* with a study of Charlotte Yonge, by Miss Christabel Coleridge.

Other magazines sent to us are the *Century*, with a fine illustrated character sketch of M. Loubet, the *Journal of Theological Studies*, with an obituary notice of Canon Bright by Dr. Sanday, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Art Journal*, dealing at some length with the Glasgow Exhibition, the *Essex Review*, the *Woman at Home*, with short stories by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, Miss Edith Fowler, and Miss Adeline Sergeant, the *Architectural Review*, the *House, Cassell's Magazine*, *Little Folks*, *St. Nicholas*, and the *Lady's Review of Reviews*, a new publication which comes from Glasgow.

Correspondence.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Permit me to call your reviewer's attention to the matter at issue between us.

He stated categorically that I had ignored a possible reference to the Gunpowder Plot in *Macbeth*, and had founded on Shakespeare's supposed silence on the subject a principal argument against the reality of the conspiracy. In reply I showed that both statements are at variance with fact. Though tacitly acknowledging that he has nothing to offer in support of his previous assertion, instead of withdrawing it, he now writes as though the one point in dispute were the relative frequency of Father Garnet's various *aliases*, which is altogether a subsidiary question, though not without an interest and importance of its own, and one on which he fails to convince me no less than upon others.

Confining myself to what is most to the point, I find that he makes the following statements:—

I can only say that a further examination of original authorities bearing upon his career leaves no other course open except for me again to record my opinion that 'Farmer' was the favourite *alias* used by Henry Garnet. Moreover this Jesuit was as well known by the names of 'Roberts' or 'Phillips,' as by 'Waley' (*sic*) or 'Darcy.'

It would be far more satisfactory to have some indication of the "original authorities" which enforce such a conclusion.

In my own experience of contemporary documents it is just the other way—"Walley" is without comparison the most usual of his aliases, "Farmer" one of the least. If, to test the point, we take the *Calendar of State Papers* covering the period of the Powder Plot, we find the names assigned to Garnet thus distributed. Neither "Roberts" nor "Philips" is mentioned at all. "Farmer" occurs once, coupled with "Meaze." "Meaze," including this instance, occurs thrice. "Darcy" thrice, "Walley" 11 times. The last, moreover, is alone used officially even after his capture instead of "Garnet" itself.

It is, moreover, somewhat of an assumption that these other names, though attributed to him, really denoted Garnet at all. In the letter of Sir Everard Digby, to which Father Taunton in his communication refers me, a "Mr. Farmer" is certainly mentioned, who was clearly a priest. But was he Garnet? This is by no means plain. When elsewhere in the same collection of letters Digby mentions this Jesuit, it is as "Father Walley" (No. 3) and "Wallee or Garnet" (No. 7)—"Walley" being apparently more familiar to him than the true name. It is hard to understand why writing, seemingly to the same correspondent (his wife), he should, if he meant to designate the same person, use on this one occasion only (No. 9) a different appellation.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

May 8, 1901.

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

SHENSTONE'S "LINES AT AN INN AT HENLEY."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I perceive that in your issue of this week you refer to the question whether Shenstone's well-known "Lines at an Inn at Henley" were written at Henley-on-Thames or Henley-in-Arden. It is at any rate obvious that Boswell thought that Henley-in-Arden was the Henley referred to. In the "Life" he and Johnson leave Oxford on March 21st; they dine at "an excellent inn at Chapel-house," where Johnson repeats the lines; they then pass through Stratford-on-Avon, and "lie this night at the inn at Henley where Shenstone wrote these lines," which they leave early on March 22nd and reach Birmingham at 9 in the morning in time for breakfast. Thus it is clear that Henley must mean Henley-in-Arden, and the opinion of Boswell, who had probably discussed the question with Johnson on the occasion, would seem to be somewhat strong evidence on the point. The situation of Shenstone's seat, "The Leasowes," also favours the claim of Henley-in-Arden.

Yours, &c.,

May 4.

LENNOX MORISON.

MISATTRIBUTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I agree with your correspondent "D. P." in to-day's issue that "the first use of quotations is more interesting than their accuracy," but he seems to me to misuse "quotations," for does not this word imply a definite reference to a passage in a writer? He is thinking of the strange or remarkable sayings of eminent men.

The other day I found this passage in a book remarkable in itself—"Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy, by General Meredith Read (Chatto and Windus, 1897)"—the reference is to vol. 2, page 202; the quotation is from an unpublished letter in the collection of the late General, and this collection must be a striking one.

Voltaire writes to M. de Labat on Feb. 6, 1756, "God is usually with great fleets, as He is with great battalions."

Napoleon gets credit for having said "Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions," but the sayings are obviously the same. I can only suppose that Voltaire frequently repeated this as a saying, or that M. de Labat did; and that it came to Napoleon as a saying of Voltaire, or as a common saying.

I am, Sir, &c.,

May 4.

C. S. OAKLEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—With regard to the saying "being in two places at once like a bird," the following occurs in a letter written by Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who died 1749. "It seems a difficult point for me to put both orders in execution, unless, as the man said, I can be in two places at once like a bird." The letter relates to the rising of 1745, and was printed in the Jacobite Correspondence issued by the Abbotsford Club.

Yours,

May 7, 1901.

E. GORDON DUFF.

"A HONEYMOON IN SPACE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It may be good, bad, or indifferent taste for a reviewer to compare one living author with another; it may even be good manners to make puns on their names; but direct charges of plagiarism should not, in common fairness, be lightly advanced. I am sure, therefore, that you will allow me to put the facts of the present case before your readers.

The stories which I have spun into a connected yarn in this book were published under the title of "Stories of Other Worlds" in *Pearson's Magazine* both in England and America more than twelve months before Mr. H. G. Wells' *Moon Story* made its appearance. Part of it was written in the island of New Caledonia, whither even the fame of Mr. Wells has not yet penetrated.

Mr. Wells has no greater admirer than myself, but my admiration does not quite extend to "the sincerest form of flattery." In fact when I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance he characteristically remarked that he had always disliked me on account of an unpleasant habit I had of anticipating his ideas. For my own part I can put my hand on my typewriter and solemnly affirm that I am as innocent of appropriating his ideas as he is of taking mine.

As several other reviewers have fallen into the same error as your own, I hope you will grant me an inch or two of your space so that I may remove an impression which, I have no doubt, is as annoying to Mr. Wells as it is unjust to myself.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Mayfield, St. Mary's Grove, Chiswick, W., April 7.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOKS.—In *Murray's Magazine* for November, 1889, John Murray the Third wrote an interesting article on the origin and history of the famous Handbooks for Travellers, which are about to change the old imprint of the Albemarle-street house for that of Mr. Stanford. The story—still issued in booklet form by Mr. Murray, we believe—was drawn from him in consequence of an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which appeared to give to Baedeker the credit of inventing this class of literature; and Mr. Murray took up the challenge with a vengeance. The first of his guides, dealing with Holland, Belgium, and North Germany, appeared in 1836; the first of Baedeker's series, that for Holland and Belgium, written in German, was published three years later, with an acknowledgment of the compiler's obligation to "the most excellent guide-book ever published, 'Murray's Handbook for Travellers,' which has served as the foundation of Baedeker's little book." Mr. Murray had reason to be proud of his achievements. There were no railroads when, in his twenty-first year, he first set foot on the Continent, and the only guides deserving the name were: Ebel, for Switzerland; Boyce, for Belgium; and Mrs. Starke, for Italy.

Sorry was I [he says] when, on landing at Hamburg, I found myself destitute of such friendly aid. It was this that impressed on my mind the value of practical information gathered on the spot, and I set to work to collect for myself all the facts, information, statistics, &c., which an English

tourist would be likely to require or find useful. I travelled thus, notebook in hand, and whether in the street, the *Eilungen*, or the Picture Gallery, I noted down every fact as it occurred. These notebooks (of which I possess some dozens) were emptied out on my return home, arranged in routes, along with such other information as I could gather on History, Architecture, Geology, and other subjects suited to a traveller's need; and, finally, I submitted them to my father. He had known nothing of my scheme, but thought my work worth publishing, and gave it the name of "Handbook," a title applied by him for the first time to an English book.

It was during his travels in this connexion that "Mr. John Murray, Jun.," visited Goethe, at Weimar, and presented him with the MS. of Byron's unpublished dedication of *Werner* to him. Later on he had personal interviews with Prince Metternich—an acquaintance renewed afterwards when the Prince was an exile in England—and Count Szechenyi, who had just completed his design of steam navigation on the Danube. The first four Handbooks, with the exception of the guide to Switzerland—"in which I was assisted by my good friend and fellow-traveller William Brockedon, the artist"—were written by Mr. Murray alone; but as the series proceeded he secured such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Sir Francis Palgrave for North Italy, Dr. Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, Mr. George Dennis for Sicily, &c. To-day the foreign handbooks number nearly thirty, and the home ones about the same number. Of late years the series has been under the charge of Mr. Hallam Murray, who is a partner with his brother in the Albemarle-street house, and many of the handbooks have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date.

A preliminary programme has been prepared for the fourth International Publishers' Congress, to be held from the 10th to the 13th of next month at Leipzig. Among the London publishers who have promised to attend are Mr. Murray—who presided over the London congress two years ago, and who is one of the honorary presidents of the Leipzig conference—Mr. Frederick Macmillan, president of the Publishers' Association of Great Britain, and Mr. Heinemann, who is to read a paper on "The Sale-or-Return System." Mr. Murray will second a report to be read by Herr Hermann Credner, of Leipzig, on "The Permanent Bureau of the International Publishers' Congresses." Mr. D. C. Heath, the well-known educational publisher of Boston, U.S.A., who opened a preliminary discussion on "The Need for More Complete Protection of Copyright in Educational Works" at the London Congress, will read another paper on the subject. A report on "Copyright Relations between the United States of America and European States" will be read by Dr. Karl Trübner, of Strassburg, and seconded by Mr. Macmillan. Among the other papers to be read are "Publishers' Interests and the Published Price," by Dr. W. Ruprecht, Göttingen (seconded by M. Le Soudier, Paris); "The Relations between Authors and Publishers on the one part, and the daily Press on the other, with regard to Reviews," by Herr Paul Ollendorff, Paris; and "Duty Charged on Books and its Relation to New Commercial Treaties," by Dr. Alfred Giesecke, Leipzig (seconded by Herr E. Treves, Milan). In the section devoted to the music trade Mr. Arthur Boosey will read a paper on "The Appropriation of Copyright Music by the Manufacturers of Mechanical Instruments such as the *Æolian*," and Mr. David Day on "Piracies of Copyright Music."

The publishers are following the natural course of events in meeting this time in Germany, the three preceding congresses having been held in Paris, in Brussels, and in London. The German publishers, bent on making a success of the social, as well as the business, side of the congress, have drawn up a tempting list of entertainments—concerts, banquets, a reception by the town council of Leipzig, and visits to places of interest; while as a wind-up to the proceedings the members have been invited by the Corporation of Berlin Publishers and Booksellers to see some of the sights of the capital and to attend a farewell banquet there. Mr. Edward Fairholme, who made an excellent general secretary at the third congress, is going to Leipzig to read a report on the London proceedings, and to act as secretary to the English commission.

Messrs. Constable announce a volume of hitherto unprinted autograph poems by James the First of England. The existence of the poems in the Bodleian Library at Oxford has been recently discovered, and permission to print them has been given by Bodley's Librarian. The editor is Mr. Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College. The title-page is an exact reproduction,

mutatis mutandis, of that which was engraved for the folio edition of the King's works, published under his own supervision in 1616. There will be several colotype reproductions of the pages of the book, and, by permission of Sir Robert Gresley, the frontispiece is a hitherto unpublished portrait of King James. The edition is limited to 275 copies, of which 250 numbered copies will be for sale.

We mentioned last week the approaching completion of Mr. Laird Clowes' "History of the Royal Navy." The original idea was to limit the history to five volumes, but so much fresh matter about the last century came into the editor's hands that a sixth volume became inevitable. It is now announced that the important part played by the Naval Brigade in the South African campaign has made a seventh volume necessary.

M. Paul Formeaux, whose "Napoléon Prisonnier" has just gone into a second edition, is preparing a monograph in two volumes on the island of St. Helena.

Messrs. Hood, Douglas, and Howard have just issued an attractive pamphlet on "The Gainsborough Duchess," containing, besides a reproduction of the picture itself, a portrait of Gainsborough and other illustrations, with a life of the painter, an account of the picture, and the full story of its theft—a useful memento of perhaps the most extraordinary incident in the history of English art.

"Famous New York Families" is the title of a book to be published by Messrs. Putnam, in which the author—Margherita A. Hamm—endeavours to give the intimate history of city and State through the histories of some thirty prominent New York families. The writer has had access to many family documents which have never before been published. The early history of the United States remains a prevalent note in new American literature. Besides the forthcoming "History of the Scotch-Irish Families in America" and the record of "The Thirteen Colonies," already announced, Messrs. Putnam have a volume in hand by Mr. Woodbury Lowery on "The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States, 1513-1561." Two illustrated volumes on "Historic Towns of the Western States," edited by Lyman P. Powell, with an introduction by R. G. Thwaites, are also announced.

"Tennyson" will be the subject of the next volume of Messrs. Dent's "Temple Cyclopædic Primers." An introduction has been written by Mr. Moreton Luce, and a short biography opens the volume. Some account is given of a hitherto unpublished poem.

Mr. Brimley Johnson announces a novel by Mr. A. T. Story, entitled "Master and Slave," which treats of life in agricultural districts. Some of the articles on "No Room to Live in the Villages," recently published by the *Daily News*, were from the pen of Mr. Story.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Britain's Austral Empire." With 40 photogravure portraits and letterpress by G. Firth Scott. Sampson Low. £4 4s. net.
[A memorial of the birth of the Australian Commonwealth.]
- "Australasia, Old and New." By J. G. Grey. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- "Before the Great Pillage, and other Miscellanies." By Dr. A. Jessopp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
[Essays mainly concerned with Church and parochial life in England before the Reformation.]
- "The May Book." Edited by Mrs. Aria. Macmillan. 10s. net.
[Published in aid of the Charing-cross Hospital, with contributions from well-known authors and artists.]
- "Penelope's Irish Experiences." By Mrs. K. D. Wiggins. Gay and Bird. 6s.
- "Naples; Past and Present." By A. H. Norway. Methuen. 15s.
Illustrated by A. G. Ferard.
- "Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow and Her Other Friends." By three of the late poet's friends. Wells Gardner.
- "The Love Letters of Victor Hugo." Translated by Elizabeth W. Latimer. Harpers.
[The letters written by Victor Hugo to his fiancée, 1820-1822.]
- "The Stage during the Year 1900." By W. E. Hooper and others. Spottiswoode. 210s. net.

Fiction—

- "London Only, a Set of Common Occurrence." By W. Pett Ridge. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
- "Two Moods of a Man, with other papers and Short Stories." By Violet Fane. J. C. Nimmo. 6s.
- "Bitter Fruit." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. Long. 6s.
- "The Seal of Silence." By A. R. Conder. Smith, Elder. 6s.
[Mr. Conder died before he could complete the revision of this his first and last book.]
- "The Wise Man of Sterncross." By Lady A. Noel. Murray. 6s.
- "A Forbidden Name: a Story of the Court of Catherine the Great." By Fred. Wishaw. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE ACADEMIC GREGORIES. By AGNES G. STEWART. (Famous Scots Series.) 7½×5, 153 pp. Oliphant. 1s. 6d. n.

LORD SALISBURY. By E. SALMON. DR. W. G. GRACE. By A. WYK. (Bijou Biographies.) 5¼×3¼, 94+90 pp. Deane. 6d. each.

[The "Lord Salisbury" is a readable little life, written by an enthusiastic Conservative admirer. "Dr. W. G. Grace" is a capital and concise summary of the Doctor's career. There is a list of his averages for forty years, showing an average for the whole period of 40.78.]

THE FURTHER MEMOIRS OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. 7¼×5¼, 173 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.

DRAMA.

MIMES AND RHYMES. By A. RICKETT. 7½×5, 96 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d. n.

[A collection of satiric sketches, parodies, and verses, mostly gleaned from "Punch" and other periodicals. The most original and amusing are the "Masterpieces Modernized"—*Hamlet*, revised by G.B.S.; "*Pickwick*," revised by R. le G.—H.—ne; "*Vanity Fair*," by H.—H.—C—ne, &c.

EDUCATIONAL.

LIVY: BOOK II. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by R. S. CONWAY, Litt.D. 6¼×6¼, 208 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1500-1870. (Cambridge Series.) By W. H. WOODWARD. 6¼×4¼, 232 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. n.

THE AGRICOLA OF TACITUS. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by J. W. E. PEARCE. 7½×5, 127 pp. Bell. 2s.

THE FRENCH PICTURE PRIMERS. 1st and 2nd. By MARQUERITE NINET. 7¼×4¼, 38+40 pp. Blackie. 6d. each.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF GREECE. By the REV. A. S. WALPOLE. 6¼×4¼, 284 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREEKS. By E. S. SHUCKENBROUGH. (Cambridge Series.) 7½×5, 388 pp. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d.

A FIRST LATIN READER. By R. A. A. BEESFORD. 7½×5, 100 pp. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. Book VI. (Illustrated Latin Series.) Ed. by H. B. COTTEBILL. 7¼×4¼, 148 pp. Blackie. 2s.

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL. Book II. Ed. by S. E. WINBOLT. (Illustrated Latin Series.) 7¼×4¼, 119 pp. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

WORLD PICTURES. (An elementary Pictorial Geography.) By J. B. REYNOLDS. 8¼×5¼, 128 pp. Black. 1s. 6d. n.

[Short popular accounts of different countries, with questions and abundant illustrations.]

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By E. P. CHEYNEY. 8×5½, 317 pp. The Macmillan Company. 6s.

THE CRY OF THE POOR. By R. H. SHERARD. 7¼×5, 223 pp. Digby, Long. 3s. 6d. n.

PATRIOTISM AND ETHICS. By J. G. GODARD. 7¼×5¼, 373 pp. Grant Richards. 5s.

FICTION.

IN ARCADY AND OUT. By O. M. HUEFFER. 7¼×5¼, 114 pp. Brimley Johnson. 3s. 6d.

TALES FROM NATAL. By A. R. R. TURNBULL. 7½×5, 182 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d.

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER. By W. LE QUEUX. 7¼×5¼, 402 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE. By BERTHA BUNKLE. 7¼×5¼, 452 pp. Macmillan. 6s.

[In the days of Henry of Navarre.]

THE WISDOM OF ESAU. By R. L. OUTHWAITE and C. H. CHOMLEY. 7¼×5¼, 344 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[A story of farm life in N.-E. Victoria.]

THE MOTHER OF EMERALDS. By FERGUS HUME. 7¼×5¼, 337 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

[The scene passes from Ireland to Peru, where a wonderful underground city of the Incas is discovered.]

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY. By MRS. S. CROWNSHIELD. 7¼×5¼, 382 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

HER MOUNTAIN LOVER. (The Dollar Library.) By HAMLIN GARLAND. 7½×5, 303 pp. Heinemann. 4s.

MR. LEOPOLD LUGWELL: HIS BIRTH AND UPBRINGING. By P. STERN. 7¼×5¼, 308 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

PACIFICO. By J. RANDAL. 7¼×5¼, 335 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.

NINETEEN THOUSAND POUNDS. By B. DELANNEY. 7½×5, 303 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

DERWENT'S HORSE. By V. ROUSSEAU. 7¼×5¼, 275 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[A South African Story.]

THE GOOD RED EARTH. By E. PHILLPOTTS. 7½×5, 319 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

[A Devonshire Tale.]

ROSA AMOROSA. By GEORGE EGERTON. 7¼×5¼, 244 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

[The Love letters of a woman; written before those of an Englishwoman were even announced.]

MY LADY OF ORANGE. By H. C. BAILEY. 7¼×5¼, 240 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[A story of the Dutch wars of the sixteenth century.]

MY SON RICHARD. By D. SLADEN. 7¼×5¼, 351 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

[A romance of summer life on the Thames across which comes "the apparition of the spirit of the Boer" war.]

JEUX PASSIONNÉS. By GABRIEL MOURREY. 7½×4¼, 304 pp. Paris 1901. Ollendorff. Fr. 3.50.

ROBERT ANNY'S POOR PRIEST. By ANNE R. MEYER. 7¼×5¼, 347 pp. The Macmillan Company. 6s.

THE MODERN ARGONAUTS. By MME. E. ORZESKO. Trans. from the Polish. By Count S. C. de Boissons. 7½×5¼, 315 pp. Greening. 6s.

[Another novel by the authoress of "An Obscure Apostle."]

A GOODLY CHILD. By CATHERINE P. SLATER. 7¼×5, 83 pp. Wells Gardner. 1s.

THE TOWER OF WYE. By W. H. BABCOCK. 7¼×5¼, 330 pp. Philadelphia: Coates. \$1.50.

HISTORY.

THE EARLY AGE OF GREECE. Vol. I. By W. RIDGEWAY. 9×5¼, 684 pp. Cambridge University Press. 21s.

HISTOIRE DE FRANCE DEPUIS LES ORIGINES JUSQU'A LA REVOLUTION. Vol. III. Fasc. I. Saint Louis Philippe le Bel. By CH. V. LANGLOIS. 9¼×7½, 96 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr. 1.25.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By S. MATHEWA. 7¼×5¼, 287 pp. Longmans. New York. 5s. n.

LAW.

THE WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT, 1837. A Plea for Revision. By R. T. THOMSON. 8¼×5¼, 96 pp. E. WILSON. 2s. 6d. n.

MARITIME LAW. By A. SAUNDERS. 9¼×6¼, 322 pp. E. WILSON. 21s.

LITERARY.

COLLECTED WORKS OF THE RIGHT HON. PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER. LAST ESSAYS. (1st Series.) 7¼×5¼, 360 pp. Longmans. 5s.

STORIA DELLA LETTERATURA INGLESE. Di A. R. LEVI. Vol. II. 8×6½, 530 pp. Palermo: Reber. L. 7.

LORD MACAULAY. By D. H. MACGREGOR. The Members' Prize Essay. 7¼×5, 139 pp. Cambridge University Press. 2s. n.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MANNERS FOR GIRLS. By MRS. HUMPHRY. 7¼×4, 139 pp. Unwin. 1s.

THE HUMAN NATURE CLUB. By E. THORNDIKE. 7¼×5¼, 235 pp. Longmans, New York. 5s. n.

[An "Introduction to the Study of Mental Life" in the form of dialogue.]

DR. OGILVIE'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 7¼×5¼, 476 pp. Blackie. 2s.

THE TRAINING OF THE BODY. By F. A. SCHMIDT and E. H. MILES. 9¼×6, 522 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

HOW SAILORS FIGHT. By J. BLAKE. 7¼×5¼, 259 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A GARDEN DIARY. September, 1893-September, 1900. By EMILY LAWLESS. 9×5¼, 245 pp. Methuen. 7s. 6d. n.

A HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS. By J. E. HARTING, F.L.S., F.Z.S. (New Rev. Ed.) 9×6, 520 pp. Nimmo. £2 2s. n.

[This edition of the handbook, first published in 1872, now gives in one volume an account (admirably printed) of British birds, with the addition of coloured plates of their heads, information as to rare birds, &c., brought up to date, and new particulars as to size and weight, a list of County Avifaunas published since 1872, and an abundance of exact references to books in which further particulars are given. The scheme of classification remains unaltered.]

POETRY.

POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY. By S. R. LYSAGHT. 7¼×5¼, 171 pp. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. n.

THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER AND OTHER POEMS. By STEPHEN GWYNN. 7¼×5, 108 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

AS THE CHINESE SEE US. By T. G. SELBY. 7¼×5, 253 pp. Unwin. 6s.

THE CHINESE CRISIS FROM WITHIN. By WEN CHING. Ed. by the Rev. G. M. REITH. 7¼×5¼, 365 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[Articles by a Chinaman writing under a *nom de guerre*, which appeared in the *Singapore Free Press* last year, containing an indictment of the Manchu dynasty, and proposals for reform, with biographical notes on the members of the Tsung-li-Yamen.]

HISTOIRE DES RELATIONS DE LA CHINE AVEC LES PUISSANCES OCCIDENTALES, 1863-1900. L'Empereur T'oung Tch'ê, 1861-1865. By HENRI CORDIER. 7½×5¼, 570 pp. Paris: Alcan. Fr. 10.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

EFFIE HETHERINGTON. By R. BUCHANAN. 7¼×4¼, 264 pp. Unwin. 6d.

THE METHODS OF ETHICS. By H. SIDGWICK. 6th Ed. 9×5¼, 526 pp. Macmillan. 14s. n.

THE LIFE AND POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE CRABBE. By HIS SON, New Ed. 9¼×6¼, 594 pp. Murray. 6s. n.

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS. (The Minerva Library.) 7¼×5, 750 pp. Ward, Lock. 2s.

THE WHITE COMPANY. By A. CONAN DOYLE. 8¼×5¼, 222 pp. Newnes. 6d.

THE STOLEN BACILLUS. By H. G. WELLS. 9×6, 128 pp. Methuen's Sixpenny Library.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND. New Ed. By VISCOUNT MILTON, M.P., and W. B. CHEADLE, M.D. 7½×5, 336 pp. Cassell. 2s.

SNOWFLAKES AND SUNBEAMS. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. 7¼×4¼, 376 pp. Ward Lock. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PSYCHOLOGY.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF DRUGS. By M. S. PEMBREY and C. D. F. PHILLIPS. 8¼×5¼, 99 pp. Arnold. 4s. 6d. n.

[A series of carefully explained experiments upon the frog, with diagrams.]

FACT AND FABLE IN PSYCHOLOGY. By J. JASTROW. 8¼×5¼, 375 pp. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. n.

EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. Vol. I. By F. B. TITCHENER. 8¼×5¼, 456 pp. The Macmillan Company. 10s. n.

THEOLOGY.

LAITY IN COUNCIL. Essays on Ecclesiastical and Social Problems. By LAY MEMBERS OF THE ANGLICAN COMMUNION. 8¼×5¼, 334 pp. Wells Gardner. 10s. 6d.

THE CHURCH IN GREATER BRITAIN. By O. R. WYNNE, D.D. 7¼×5¼, 261 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s. n.

RABBI JESUS, Sage and Saviour. By W. MACINTOSH, Ph.D. 7¼×5, 274 pp. Blackwood. 3s. 6d. n.

[Suggested by difficulties brought under the author's notice as President of a Young Men's Christian Association.]

THE EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY. By S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D., D.C.L. 7¼×5¼, 204 pp. The Macmillan Company. 5s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE, Vol. III. By J. S. FLETCHER. 10×7¼, 494 pp. Dent. 7s. 6d. n.

THE CYCLISTS' TOURING GUIDES. Vol. II, England (North). By A. W. RUMNEY. 7¼×5, 75 pp. Philip. 1s.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 165, by A. F. MACKENZIE, Jamaica.

BLACK. 11 pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 166, by A. F. MACKENZIE, Jamaica.

BLACK. 11 pieces.

WHITE. 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 167, by Max Karstedt.—White (2 pieces)—K at K R 3; B at Q 7. Black (4 pieces)—K at K B 5; Kt at K Kt 5; pawns at K R 5, K Kt 4. Black plays and wins.

PROBLEM No. 168, by Max Karstedt.—White (2 pieces)—K at K R 3; B at K 8. Black (4 pieces)—K at K B 5; Kt at K 4; pawns at K Kt 4, K R 5. White moves—a drawn game.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A.C.W. (Bromley).—1. By accident, although using your interesting notes, acknowledgments of solutions were apparently overlooked. Did you note No. 147? Q-B 4 would be very commonplace. 2. If you and all others would add authors' names in each case it would be very convenient.

R.E.M., A.W.J. and others.—You go to work the wrong way. It is difficult to emphasize too strongly the fact that composers recognize certain leading principles of construction, and when you try to solve by giving a commonplace check or taking the first piece at hand you do violence to all of them, and waste your energy fruitlessly. Try something subtle and artistic. Begin anew with above prize-winners.

NOTES BY CORRESPONDENTS:—"I was much struck with the variety of play in No. 160."—W.M.B. "The sacrifices of the queen are pretty, and the variations produced by pawn defences are interesting."—A.C.W. The same correspondent writes, re No. 155, that it is solved by 1. K-B 5, K-Kt 8; 2. B-Q 3, P-Kt 8=Q; 3. B×Q, K×B; 4. B-K R 2, P-R 6; 5. K-B 4, P-R 7; 6. K-B 3, P-R 8=Kt (for if P queens, K-Kt 6 wins); 7. R-K Kt 2, P-B 4; 8. R-K 2, P-B 5; 9. K×P, and wins the ending from this point, being identical with one by Bachmann published in "Literature" a few weeks ago. We may well commend such studies to the attention of players and students.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 151, by G. E. Carpenter (2), B-Q 5. No. 152, Carpenter (3), 1. B-Kt 3, R×B; 2. R-Kt 5, &c. Or 1. B-Kt 3, R-Kt 4; 2. Q-B 6 ch, &c. No. 153, *La Stratégie* (2), Q-K R 2. No. 154, same, White wins by 1. R×B ch, P×R; 2. P×B P, &c. No. 155 (See note). No. 156, Amundsen (2), R-K 2. No. 157, Schaad (3), 1. Q-Q Kt 2, Kt×Q; 2. P-Q 4, &c. No. 158, *La Stratégie*, White wins by 1. P-R 7, Kt-Kt 2 ch; 2. K-Q 5, and wins. If 1. P-R 7, B-B 3; 2. P-R 8=Q ch, &c. No. 159, Jespersen (2), B-Q B 2. No. 160, Marotti (3), 1. P-Kt 3; Kt-B 4; 2. Q-K 5 ch, Kt×Q; 3. Kt-B 6 mate. Many variations.

The following are Correct Solvers:—J. D. Tucker, 153, 154, 156, 157; Ernest O. Smiley (Leeds), 156, 158; A. Grose (Kensington), 155, 158; Arthur A. E. Thoms, 162, 163; W. M. B., 159, 160; Otto Würzburg (Michigan), 140, 141, 143 to 145, 147 to 149; A. C. W., 130 to 146, 148 to 160; W. Newsom, 154, 157.

THE LITERATURE OF CHESS.—M. Rosenthal, the veteran master who was mainly responsible for last year's Paris tournament, has issued, through the Société Anonyme de Publications Périodiques, 13 Quai Voltaire, a chess treatise (*"Traité des Echecs"*) of about 470 pages, post 8vo. The work, which is, of course, in French, is much more than a mere record of the tournament, though it includes, we believe, all the games played therein, with useful notes. There is an introduction explaining the origin of the great tournament of 1900 and giving also the elementary principles of the game, so that novices may easily follow the notation and the games. The games of the tournament follow, and the volume closes with about 80 pages devoted to the discussion of various openings. Such a work deserves high commendation. We should be glad to believe that the necessarily heavy expenditure involved in its production is justified by the sale.

We have occasionally read of chess in Iceland, where, it seems, there are one or two flourishing clubs. Now the chess players there are issuing a magazine, which, by the way, is far better in its matter and general get-up than any, except the best German chess magazines. The title (we do not attempt the accents) is "Í Uppnami; Íslenzkt Skakrit," (Petur Zophoniasson, Chess Club, Reykjavik, Iceland). All chess players will cordially wish these Icelanders all prosperity.

WORKS BY THE

Hon. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE,

Author of "Talks with Mr. Gladstone" (Second Edition Enlarged), "Benjamin Jowett: a Personal Memoir" (Fourth Edition Revised), &c.

SEVENTH EDITION. Demy 8vo., pp. 460. With Photogravures of Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache and Hon. Mrs. L. A. Tollemache. Cloth elegant, gilt top, price 7s. 6d.

SAFE STUDIES.

Contents:—HISTORICAL PREDICTION—SIR G. C. LEWIS AND LONGEVITY—LITERARY EGOTISM—CHARLES AUSTIN—RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GROTE AND MR. BABBAE—MR. TENNYSON'S SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY—PHYSICAL AND MORAL COURAGE—THE UPPER ENGADINE—NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE, DEAN STANLEY, AND CANON KINGSLEY—THE EPICURIST'S LAMENT—POEMS BY B. L. T. (HON. MRS. L. A. TOLLEMACHE)—INDEX TO THE CLASSICAL AND OTHER QUOTATIONS, WITH ENGLISH RENDERINGS.

FOURTH EDITION. Demy 8vo., pp. 262, cloth elegant, gilt top, price 2s. 6d.

STONES OF STUMBLING.

Contents:—THE CURE FOR INCURABLES—THE FEAR OF DEATH—FEARLESS DEATHS—DIVINE ECONOMY OF TRUTH. Appendices:—RECOLLECTIONS OF MARK PATTISON—MR. ROMANES' CATECHISM—NEOCHRISTIANITY AND NEOCATHOLICISM: A SEQUEL—INDEX TO THE CLASSICAL AND OTHER QUOTATIONS, WITH ENGLISH RENDERINGS.

"One of the most stimulating writers of the day, especially in the sketch-portraits of the people who have influenced him. His essay on Mark Pattison is not likely to be forgotten by any Oxford man, or, indeed, by any student of modern letters, who has chance to read it, and it is safe to foretell that the same will be the case with the 'Personal Memoir' in which he has enshrined his recollections of the late Master of Balliol."—THE TIMES.

"Since the death of Hayward, we know no English litterateur who has, in the same degree as Mr. Tollemache, the happy knack of recollecting or collecting the characteristic sayings and doings of a distinguished man, and piecing them together in a finished mosaic."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"It will not be surprising to any clear-minded reader of this and its companion essays that, in Pattison's final letter to his friend from Oxford, he should have finished it with the following words:—'For my part I cannot expect ever to see you again, and I must content myself with here recording my experience that your conversation was to me more stimulating than that of any man I ever met.' These essays must have a striking resemblance to that conversation."—LITERARY WORLD.

"The 'Safe Studies' are those to which it is impossible for any human creature to raise the smallest objection on any ground whatever, and they are about four times as long as the 'Stones of Stumbling.' These stumbling-blocks may possibly at some period or other have given scandal to a part of the population by no means likely to read them; but in these days the public has swallowed so many camels that we do not think Mr. Tollemache's gnats would even make any considerable portion of them cough. . . . We propose to make some observations on the most important of these charming essays. They are all singularly well worth reading, and may be described as the works of a most ingenious, accomplished, and cultivated man of leisure, who writes in order to fix recollections and systematize speculations which interest him, and not for the purpose of advocating particular views in the spirit of a partisan or propagandist. . . . The only likelihood of Charles Austin being remembered at all lies in the chance of the survival of the touching and striking account given of him by his accomplished, grateful, and most appreciative pupil."—The late Mr. Justice Fitzjames Stephen, in the ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

These ESSAYS, RECOLLECTIONS, and CAUSERIES, by the HON. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE, were collected in their original form [which, of course, did not contain the Pattison Recollections] at the late Mark Pattison's request. The books are issued at Cost Price.

London: WILLIAM RICE, 3, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

FIVE YEARS ON THE DEVIL'S ISLAND

JUST READY, Price 6s. net.

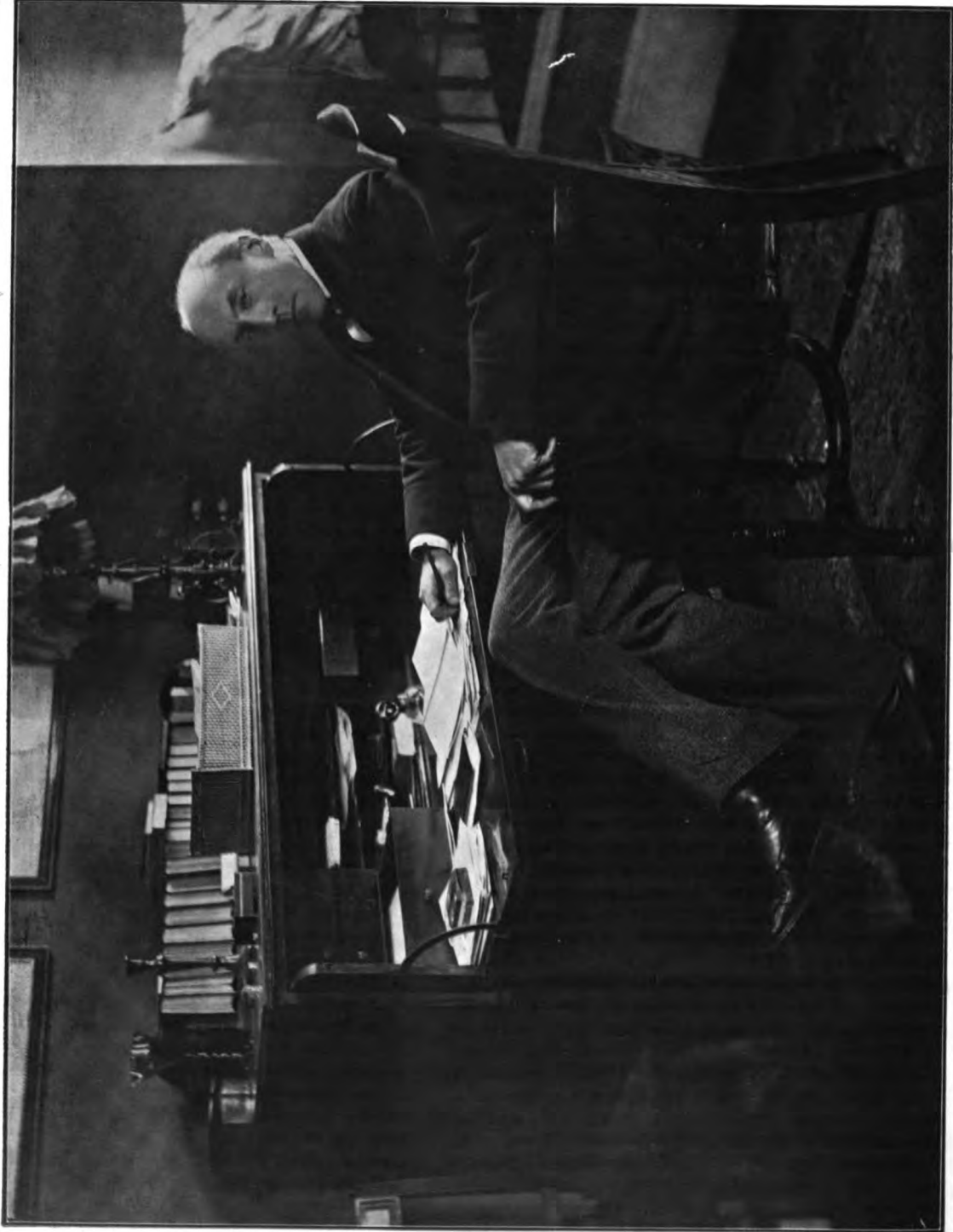
FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE

By

ALFRED DREYFUS.

With Portraits and Illustrations from the Author's Sketches.

LONDON: GEORGE NEWNES, Limited.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE

Elliot & Fry, Photographers.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 187. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	401, 402, 403
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—II. Mr. Anthony Hope. An Appreciation, by Arthur Waugh	404
PAPER-PATTERN NOVELS.—A "Personal View"	406
THE AMERICAN BOOK WORLD	407
THE TASTE FOR FICTION IN MÆDIEVAL ITALY.—II. By W. G. Waters	409
A UNIQUE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"	409
FOREIGN LETTER—France	411
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
The Love Letters of Prince Bismarck.....	413
Bolingbroke and His Times.....	414
Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate.....	414
The May Book	415
Educational Books	416, 417
Fiction—	
The White Cottage—Rosa Amorosa—The Lost Land—John Townley—The Silver Skull—Strange Experiences of Mr. Verschoyle—My Son Richard—Parlous Times—The Moving Finger Writes—Sosa—The Vaulted Chamber—A Daughter of Mystery—Days of Doubt—Prince Rupert—Roderick Camp- bell—Christopher Ferringham—Lest We Forget—The Black Wolf's Breed—Dinah Kellow—Harlaw of Sandle—Odd Fish— Idylls of the Fells—Voysey—Belinda Fitzwarren—Our Family Portraits—The Great Magician—The Lone Star Rush	418, 419, 420, 421
ART—Spanish Art in the Guildhall	422
LIBRARY NOTES	423
CORRESPONDENCE—Rapier and Dagger—"Songs of the Sword and the Soldier"—"The Eternal Conflict"—Shakespeare and the Gun- powder Plot	423, 424
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for...	424, 425
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	425, 426

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a portrait—the third in the series of "LITERATURE" PORTRAITS—of Mr. Rider Haggard, with some account of his literary work. The number will also contain a "Personal View" by Mr. Justin McCarthy on "The Revival of the Irish Language and Literature."

* * * * *

Pillars of Society was the second of Ibsen's plays of modern life, and appeared in 1877. It has faults, both ethical and dramaturgic. But it showed so few traces of age this week, when it was acted for the Stage Society, and in a general way fitted so well to the circumstances of to-day, that one cannot call it anything but a fine play. The ideas of the plays of 1877—British or foreign—are now the ideas of the past. The ideas which Ibsen makes us think about in *Pillars of Society* are still some of them the ideas of to-morrow. This is the ultimate test of any work of literature, after all. As Matthew Arnold put it, it is not the works which are oracles for their own generation that live; it is the works that are a little ahead of their time. The principal characters—Berwick and Lona Hessel—were well acted by Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Constance Robertson, both trained under Mr. Benson. Mr. Charles Quatermain, another Bensonian, was also good as the fatuous schoolmaster whose idea of keeping home sacred is to draw the curtains and bar the door against the facts of life. For the rest, the repre-

VOL. VIII. No. 20.

sentation was unequal. It really is a discredit to our stage that only three scratch performances should ever have been given in England of a play so constantly acted in Germany, as well as in Norway and Sweden, and containing so much to interest and stimulate an intelligent audience.

* * * * *

German research is following the fashion and turning its attention to love letters. Bismarck's we have already had—we notice them in another column. We now find Kant playing his part on the stage of epistolary erotics. Few students of the philosopher have suspected the existence of these letters. Heine says nothing of them in his immortal portrait of the Sage of Königsberg revolutionizing the philosophy of the world without moving beyond the walls of his native city. They appear nevertheless (together with the famous correspondence with Fichte) in the second volume of Kant's correspondence issued by the Berlin Academie der Wissenschaften. The lady, Fräulein von Horbert, addresses Kant in impassioned and stormy language on the pretext of consulting him about certain affairs of the heart, and finally proposes marriage to him—a proposal which Kant, from the serene heights of the critical philosophy, politely but firmly declined, though he continued the correspondence for some time afterwards.

* * * * *

Miss Rose Graves-Sawle, who has just passed away, was the third of the three ladies christened Rose, commemorated in Walter Savage Landor's verse:—

I now have heard
Gloeful, chirping Rose the third.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, writing to *The Times*, calls her "the third Rose Aylmer." She was the grand-niece of the first, the real Rose Aylmer, the heroine of the well-known lines:—

Ah! what avails the sceptred race!
Ah! what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

This lady was the daughter of the fourth Lord Aylmer. She made Landor's acquaintance when he was still a young man and lent him a story by Clara Reeve which suggested his "Gebir." Her niece, Lady Graves-Sawle, the mother of the lady who has just died, is now the sole survivor of the three Roses—the second Rose, who,

Upon her wedding day,
Carried home my tenderest lay.

* * * * *

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. Cencas Mackay, which has compelled him to resign the Sheriffship of Fife and Kinross. He is the chief living representative of the old union of law and literature at the Scottish Bar. His "History of Fife and Kinross" is a highly valuable work. From 1874 to 1881 Mr. Mackay was Professor of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh, and last year he presented the University with £2,000 to supplement the salary of the assistant to the Professor of History.

M. Maeterlinck is in London at present and was in a box at the Royalty Theatre when Mrs. Patrick Campbell revived *Pelleas and Melisande* on Saturday. There was a loud call for him at the end, and in response he bowed his acknowledgments. The dreamlike fantasy of his imagining is now firmly established in the favour of a small but discerning public, to whom Mrs. Campbell's annual performances (this is the third year she has given them) are very welcome.

* * * *

Young Italy has found its epic poet, and this poet is no less a person than d'Annunzio. The sun of his genius seems at last to have triumphantly pierced the clouds which obscured it from the eyes of his compatriots, and a chorus of eulogy has greeted his "Canzoni di Garibaldi." Carducci himself has crowned the head of the novelist with the laurels of the poet. The epic, when complete, will be in seven sections, viz. :—(1) "La Nascita dell' Eroe"; (2) "L'Oceano a la Pampa"; (3) "La Notte di Caprera"; (4) "Da Roma alla Palude"; (5) "Aspromonte e Mentana"; (6) "La Corona della pace"; (7) "La Morte dell' Eroe." The third of these, "La Notte di Caprera," has just been published (Treves, Milan). It describes the return of Garibaldi to Capri after his first campaign. In the night he is kept awake by the voices of Nature singing to him of his immortal deeds. He hears in them the tumult of battles, shouts of victory, the pæans of a liberated people. But in the background looms the shadow of Rome still enslaved, Rome once free and held by a hero against the French. The voices speak of heroic combats, of the attack four times repulsed, the farewell and retreat from the city. Then all becomes silence around the listener. The bleating of a lost lamb falls on his ear. He sets off to find it and restores it to its mother, and, like another Cincinnatus, he resumes his bucolic labours.

* * * *

A correspondent writes :—It may be suspected that the really inexcusable offenders in the matter of misquotation, recently dealt with at large in your columns, are not the journalists, but the writers of books. They, at all events, cannot plead inexorable pressure of time. In "Babs the Impossible," for example, Madame Sarah Grand quotes three times, for purposes especially relevant to the opening of the story, a four-lined stanza from Bryant's "To a Waterfowl." Her version contains two mistakes. Mr. Le Gallienne is an incurable misquoter. He has this in "The Life Romantic"—

I know not thy soul from thy body,
Neither our love from God—

which can only be a quite shocking mutilation of Rossetti's famous lines from "The House of Life" :—

Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor
Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

Mr. Herbert Paul, in the opening essay of the book you reviewed last week, says that Pallas in "Cenone" is "now made to express herself" thus :—

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead men to sovereign power.

The word in the second line is, of course, "life" not "men." Another point in this most admirable essay is worthy of note. Mr. Paul observes that "an interval of about twenty years elapsed between the publication of 'Ulysses' and the publication of 'Tithonus.'" That is true; but any comparison between the two poems should take account of the fact that "Tithonus" was begun at the same time that "Ulysses" was written, although it was not brought out again and finished until the end of 1859, nearly twenty years later.

* * * *

The death of "the great Mac Dermott" has re-opened the not very important question of the origin of the political nickname of "Jingoes"; and we have even been favoured with learned disquisitions on the history of the phrase "By Jingo" whence it was taken. The last time the discussion arose was

when President McKinley spoke of being "Jingoes into war." The *Daily News*, then, on the authority of the "Dictionary of National Biography," assigned the credit or discredit of the first use of the phrase in print in 1879 to the late Professor Minto. Thereupon Mr. J. G. Holyoake wrote to remind the *Daily News* that he had himself used the word in a letter to its own columns on March 13, 1878, and that his friend Professor Minto was well aware of the fact. The "Dictionary," by the way, merely says Professor Minto "gave currency" to the phrase. The *Saturday Review* prophesied as early as 1880 that the word might become as widely known and as respectable as the name of Whig or Tory, and took occasion to point out in an amusing passage its inappropriateness. "If we turn," wrote the reviewer, "to the celebrated refrain which has given currency to the word, and which will be remembered longer than many verses of greater lyrical value, we can find nothing more in it than the expression of a modest firmness and self-reliance. It breathes defence not defiance. It affirms that we have no desire for war; but that, should war arise, we have the means to face it. This temperate affirmation is clinched with an oath, reprehensible, indeed, and by no means refined, but far less objectionable than many other such words that we unfortunately hear even from the Liberal working man when we walk the streets."

* * * *

Light has been thrown on Balzac's origin by recent investigations. His father's birth register has been unearthed in the archives of the Tarn Department. His name was Balssa, and he was the son of a ploughman. When he died, at the age of 82, in 1829, he had already changed his name to Balzac, and the prefix De was added by his son.

* * * *

A morning paper, we notice, asserts that the quaint tenement in Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, shortly to be razed to the ground in preparation for the new thoroughfare, is, "without doubt," the real "Old Curiosity Shop" of Dickens' novel. This picturesque structure, alas, has no claim to be considered as the home of Little Nell and her grandfather. Dickens seems to have intentionally refrained from offering a clue to its exact whereabouts. Mr. Allbut, however, affirms (in his "Rambles in Dickens-land") that he was informed by a lady, personally acquainted with the novelist, that she was taken by Dickens to Green-street, near Leicester-square (behind the National Gallery), and he himself pointed out No. 10, Green-street, where the business of curiosity-dealing was then carried on, as the original of the Little Nell's home; her bedroom was an inner room, divided from the shop by a glass partition. This house was swept away when Charing-cross-road was constructed. There is evidence that the little red-roofed building in Portsmouth-street was first called "The Old Curiosity Shop" in 1868, when the then proprietor (Tessyman, a dealer in old books, paintings, &c.) had those words placed over the front for purely business purposes. Before that date, no suggestion had ever been made that the place was the veritable "Old Curiosity Shop" of the story. The misleading inscription on the plaster front, "immortalized by Charles Dickens," was apparently added by Tessyman's successor.

* * * *

An American contemporary, *Collier's Weekly*, announces the discovery that Mark Twain was indebted to an earlier humorist for his famous story of the jumping frog of Calaveras County. The story, we are told, "emanated from the fertile brain of Samuel Seabough, the well-known Californian journalist of the days of '49," who wrote it for the *Independent*, published at Stockton, California. It appeared in the number of December 11, 1858; and our contemporary quotes the whole of it. A bit at the end will suffice for purposes of comparison :—

"Hello!" said one. "He's sick; they've drugged him."

"Lightnin' has struck the critter," dryly remarked Boniface.

"Throw off," remarked another.

Old Weaseleye pushed through the crowd, and, picking up the discomfited racer and holding him above his head, squeezed out of his stomach about a pound of bird-shot which Boniface had fed him in the night, mistaking them for flies.

Forty high-pressure boats pulling against the current of the Mississippi, or a hundred howling wolves would be a dead silence to the roars and yells that followed Joe as his coat-tail disappeared behind the next hill.

Certainly this is Mark Twain's story though Mark Twain told it better; and another of Mark Twain's famous stories, "The Great North American Pie Biter," is traced by our contemporary to the same source. The curious thing is that the original author never considered that he had a grievance, though his friends, years afterwards, wanted him to take the matter up:—

He said it was true that he had originally written both stories for the papers named, but that Mark Twain had taken them and made them humorous and famous. He added that he did not propose to claim their authorship for, as they then stood, they bore no resemblance to the originals, and both being actual occurrences he considered that Mark had a legitimate right to dress them up, and was now entitled to own them.

One wonders how many authors would have taken that genial view of the case.

* * * *

Those Englishmen who enjoy seeing themselves as others see them should read an "Essai d'une Psychologie Politique du Peuple Anglais au XIX^{ème} Siècle" (Colin). M. Boutmy, the author, is well known to the British public; his studies on the English Constitution are hardly less familiar than Bagehot's brilliant monograph. He has spent an entire lifetime in the collection of British social and political facts, and his treatment is far richer and more scientific than Emerson's in his "English Traits." The Englishman will learn here why surgical operations succeed better on an Englishman than on an Italian; why English prose had so belated a development; why Ruskin is one of the most typical of Englishmen; why the soul of the nation is among the dissenters and not in Anglicanism; why England, which in its foreign contacts, is the most unsocial of countries remains at home the most liberal and hospitable. There is no book which has appeared in Paris for months likely to arouse more genuine interest in English readers.

* * * *

The success of the German Theatre in London has set on Mr. Grein and others to consider whether a French theatre could not be established on the same lines. French plays would probably appeal to a wider class than German plays, if they were reasonably well acted. A guarantee fund is being subscribed and we may hope that the idea will bear fruit.

* * * *

A correspondent writes:—"There has come into my possession a Shakespearian item of genuine interest. It is a marked copy of the catalogue of the memorable sale of Shakespeare's house and relics on the 16th of September, 1847. I have also obtained with it the original sketch for the picture of the scene in the auction mart, which was published at the time in the *Illustrated London News*, containing portraits of Sir F. Madden, of the British Museum, Peter Cunningham, Charles Knight, Payne Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, &c. The auctioneer was the famed George Robins, that prince of auctioneers for gorgeous and flowery eloquence; and this sale gave him an opportunity of displaying his auctioneering rhetoric in its finest and most full-bodied form. The catalogue is a large quarto. The green cover has fortunately been preserved, and it is adorned with portraits and views. It would almost seem that my copy of the catalogue is the auctioneer's own copy, as it contains two additional items written in, which were not in the copies of the catalogue as printed and issued to the public.

"From the 'Particulars' we learn that 'pilgrims to this shrine of genius were attracted from the earliest part of the

last century, and that the ever memorable jubilee at Stratford, instituted by Garrick, induced an immense assemblage of all those anxious to do homage to the memory of the all-inspired bard, while from that period an increasing flow of devotees may be traced, until within the last thirty years, when the blessings of peace reigned throughout the world, and the facilities of travelling having increased, visitors from all parts of the world rushed with a spontaneous and universal feeling to visit the abode and birthplace of the mighty dead.' In the true 'Ercles vein—a style unknown until the advent of Robins—the auctioneer speaks of the great necromancer whose mighty mind has led one and all to that reflection which must tend to ameliorate and gladden the hearts of those whose delight it is to peruse and ponder on his writings, and who must exclaim, with a well-known writer, 'Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures on our chequered path, and beguiled our spirits in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life.' Appended to the 'Particulars' is a copy from the register at Stratford-on-Avon of the baptisms, marriages, and burials of the Shakespeare family from the year 1558 to the death of the last descendant of the poet, George Hart, in 1778.

"For Shakespeare's house and the buildings adjoining an offer of £1,500 was first made, and this was immediately advanced upon to £2,000 by Mr. T. S. Butler, of Upper Clapton. The London and Stratford Shakespeare Committees finally secured the lot for £3,000. The next five lots were the visitors' books of autographs, extending from May, 1821, to September, 1847, containing the autographs of almost all the eminent men of the time, and these became the property of Mr. Butler, at an expenditure of seventy guineas; a small bust of Shakespeare, carved from the veritable mulberry tree, fetched £18 18s; the chairs and cabinets, some of them curious and elaborate, brought no large sums; and a fine though slightly imperfect old black-letter Bible ('Breeches Bible') of the year 1589 went for £2 2s.—a very different sum from what it would have fetched to-day."

* * * *

THE SYMBOLIST.

Help me to seek that unknown land,

Help me to see the shrine,

Help me to feel the hidden hand

That ever holdeth mine.

Help me to seek and I shall see,

To hear and I shall know,

To feel and I shall hold in fee

The realms of earth below.

Help me to mourn and I shall love:

What grief is like to mine?

Crown me with thorn, the stars above

Shall in the circlet shine!

The mystic angels group and kneel

Before the cross of flame,

They cry, as through the gloom they steal,

The glory of the Name.

The Temple opens wide, none sees

The love, the dream, the light;

Oh, blind and finite, are not these

Blinding and infinite?

The veil, the veil is rent! The skies

Are white with wings of fire

Where victim souls triumphant rise

In torment of desire.

Help me to seek: I would not find;

For when I find I know

I shall have clasped the wandering wind

And built a house of snow.

ALFRED NOYES.

44-2

"Hibernicus" writes: "I am desirous of reading up the work done in English literature by 'Irish' authors of all sorts; and also to try and trace any effects which Irish writers may have had upon English letters. Can you inform me whether there are any books published dealing with such writers collectedly; or with the more abstract point? If you can oblige me on this point it would be a very great favour—one added to the many benefits which I have already derived from the columns of your paper."

Some interesting comments passed on the American book trade by Mr. George Haven Putnam are reported in another column. We learn with interest that the expense of putting a book on the market is greater in the United States than here, owing to the need for advertising in many centres of culture, and the high cost of keeping travellers in the field; but we surmise that this disadvantage is fairly well balanced by the fact that authors usually (and properly) accept lower royalties from American than from English publishers. More interesting, from the literary point of view, is Mr. Putnam's contention that "the great stream of traffic between England and America is broadening the interest of the reading public on both sides," and that "we grow more familiar with each other's country and characteristics and like to read about them," and above all that this happy state of things is attested by "the larger audience which the American author can nowadays find over here." To what extent actual figures support this representation Mr. Putnam does not say; and no doubt exact figures would be difficult to get. But there is no doubt that the conditions of the international book trade have changed considerably of recent years; and perhaps the most striking change that has come over them is a certain well-defined divergence of taste between English and American readers of American books. In the old days the American books which acquired popularity in England were almost invariably the books of the authors who were the most popular in their own country too. The names of Washington Irving, of Longfellow, of the Rev. E. P. Roe, of Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, of Emerson, of Bret Harte, and of Mark Twain suggest themselves at once as illustrations of the truth of the statement in many diverse branches of the literary art. At the present moment, however, we find a new phenomenon—a number of American authors whose sales are unparalleled in the history of bookselling, but whose popularity finds rather a faint echo on this side. There is the exception, of course, due to exceptional circumstances, of the religious story by the Rev. Charles Sheldon; but the rule is unaffected by it. For the American writers who are most highly regarded here are such writers as Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Atherton, and Miss Wilkins, while the popularity of such immensely popular writers as Mr. Winston Churchill, and the author of *David Harum*, if not actually bounded by the frontiers of the United States, certainly does not leap to the eye in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It seems singular, but perhaps the explanation is not really very far to seek. It lies in the fact that recent American successes have not been purely literary successes, but have been achieved upon what we may almost call "provincial" lines. Books like "*Richard Carvel*" do not appeal to humanity at large, but to the local patriotism of the United States. There are plenty of local patriots to buy them; and their very limitations are no doubt locally helpful to their sales. But the cosmopolitan appeal must necessarily be made from a broader platform. The fact that he speaks from such a platform, championing the cause and expressing the sentiments of white men generally, is one of the reasons why Mr. Rudyard Kipling has such a following in America as no American writer has in England. Similarly the American writers who have been most warmly welcomed by English readers have been humourists like Mark Twain, or pathetic writers like Harriet Beecher Stowe, or cultivated writers like Mr. Henry James. For tears and laughter and culture are all cosmopolitan; whereas local patriotism is uninteresting away from the locality.

Literature Portraits.—II.

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

Literary success is often difficult to predict; but in the case of Mr. Anthony Hope there could have been no mistake from the outset. No competent judge of the popular taste could have failed to see that a popular success was assured and inevitable. Nowadays, with the multiplication of libraries and of publishing houses to supply them, it is easy enough to get a hearing; probably every book of any quality gets published sooner or later. But to gain the public ear is another matter, and our purveyors of fiction have not yet perhaps quite grasped the fact that what the public wants is not so much to be taught and lectured at as to be represented and portrayed. Yet, over and over again, the repetition of popular success enforces the lesson; it is the representative man who holds the public. He may represent only a class or a sect, but if he represents it sincerely and radically he will find it rally round him, and the larger his field the larger, of course, his following. The one certainty in popular fiction, as in politics, is that "the man-of-the-hour" is always found to be not so much an individuality as a reflection or sublimation of many individualities—a man made in the image of his fellows, and bearing their superscription, like a phylactery, upon his forehead.

To these qualifications no one among the novelists of to-day answers more fully than Mr. Anthony Hope, for he represents—and does so with genuine frankness and vigour—the most characteristic qualities of the well-bred and well-educated Englishman of the time. His talent, and the ideals for which it stands, are the natural fruit of our public-school and University education; his heroes, under whatever guise they appear, are forthright modern Englishmen. They might have stepped from the Guards' Club or from the pavilion at Lord's; we know them at once, and we know them true to life. And since they are our countrymen and our own familiar friends, we are slow to subject them to criticism. Theirs is the world with which we all sympathize, and in which many of us live the whole of our easy and contented lives. Let us see for a moment our natural faces in Mr. Hope's clear and shining glass.

The life to which he introduces us is healthily, manfully enjoyable; "there are our young barbarians all at play." There is nothing here of the subtler shades either of emotion or of thought, no looking before and after, no pining for what is not. It is a sunny afternoon; and whether the adventure be of the heart in Dolly's boudoir, or of the sword in Streisau, it is taken up freshly and with a soul for any fate. Life has for these excellent, but rather limited, fellows no perturbing problems, and very little illusioning poetry; everything is straightforward, simple, and direct. It is a world where a man will meet with some temptations, but more adventures; and, when the temptation comes, the way of escape is plain before him. Love is a good thing, but honour is a better, and when a man is at crossways he can only take the right one. *Noblesse oblige*. The Southern lover would sacrifice his world to his passion; the Englishman resigns Flavia to a nobler code of duty. Life is not always easy, but its ways are clear; a man can only be a gentleman after all.

That this is Mr. Hope's world is explicitly clear in his stories of adventure; but the same ideal is implicit in his tales of modern politics and sketches of London society. The modern Englishman, and the modern Englishwoman, too, reappear under every circumstance, sane in mind as in body, and issuing always in action. That is, indeed, the second characteristic of his work; energy is its keystone. Modern honour and modern energy underlie it all, and excellent qualities they are. The British public school system is built exclusively upon their foundation; and as yet no sounder system of education has been invented!

It is interesting to notice how neatly these characteristics

have fitted into the scheme of current fiction. The representative man always arrives when the hour is ripe for him, and Mr. Hope has not been exempt from his opportunity. The old melodrama, whether of the library or the theatre, has languished during the last few years; even the Adelphi has failed to retain its patrons. The familiar, unsophisticated sentiments, which were good enough for our fathers, are found at last to be threadbare; even the gallery no longer thrills to the old trumpet-call, "An Englishman will never strike a woman!" And pat to the moment, "like the catastrophe of the old comedy," comes Mr. Anthony Hope, with a new and polished method of melodrama for the stalls. The "Zenda" school of story, whether in the book or on the stage, is really nothing, of course, but refined melodrama, with the old offences of fustian shorn away. The characters are the old friends, tinted with a new manner; the tradition of action is sustained; there is nothing new but the invention. One feels this particularly, perhaps, in the case of the villains. Rupert of Hentzau, for example, is but a superficial schemer. Like Richard of Gloucester, his villainy is entirely displayed in active resource; there is no underlying spirituality of evil as in Iago. He is cast in a mould, and ticketed with a quality. He acts up to the ticket, but always acts, and only acts; and even his villainy borrows a reflected glory from its objective. This, indeed, is of the essence of Mr. Hope's method. The interest in his villain's machinations is animated by the fact that they are directed against a modern Englishman, thrown by the fantastic spirit of adventure into an almost mediæval environment. This device, in which Mr. Hope was anticipated by Stevenson, adds greatly to the effect of his narrative; how greatly we get some idea when we compare the "Zenda" and "Phroso" stories with his purely historical novels. This side of his work is commonly disparaged by criticism; but it is work entertaining enough, of its rather artificial kind. It is refreshingly free from Wardour-street archaism, and, like everything Mr. Hope does, it moves with vivacity and colour. But it certainly does serve to show, what many critics overlook in the more original stories, that Mr. Hope has not much gift for characterization. When we get a new tale of pure action we are carried away by the spirit of the thing, and do not stop to analyse character; but when historical personages are represented, concerning whom certain facts of character are generally known, we begin to look for more motive and more detailed portraiture. And, missing them, we then appreciate that these things are not part of Mr. Hope's equipment, and that all his people have a certain superficial and conventional quality; they talk and act rather than think.

His contributions to dramatic literature, pleasant and unaffected as they are, have no striking qualities to differentiate them from his fiction. The best of them—the drawing-room school of melodrama—afforded easily effective parts to actors of subordinate individuality, while the "English Nell" and "Lady Ursula" experiments are of a familiar order of costume play which appeals rather to the ingenuity of the stage-manager than to the art of dramatic interpretation. On the stage his bright and diversified dialogue shows, naturally, to advantage; but he has given no scope to what is rather presumptuously called "the creation" of character. And this again emphasizes the fact that action and word rather than motive are the main-springs of his method.

This is true also of his social sketches, his "Dialogues," his "Comedies of Courtship," even, too, of his more ambitious studies, such as "The God in the Car" and "Half a Hero." Here there are much more delicacy of handling and a genuine sense of that sort of surface-level emotion which plays over the comedy of modern philandering. Moreover, the workmanship is often intricate and of rare finish. Even the too much reiterated trick of aposiopesis adds to the natural air of the conversation. "In moments of effort," said Stevenson, "one learns to do the easy things that people like"; and no one who has any sense of the literary craft will imagine that these apparently simple effects of Mr. Hope's are secured without much comparison and elaboration. Still, even in this gay and

natural world a certain superficiality dissipates the sentiment. The emotions displayed are those commonly touched by *vers de société*, which Frederick Locker, himself a master of the method, described as the interests of a world where "a boudoir decorum is preserved, sentiment never surges into passion, and humour never overflows into boisterous merriment." In his women, who are almost uniformly shallow, this foible is no doubt intentionally emphasized, but it overflows into the masculine realm as well. Mr. Hope's men are not "men of feeling"; sentiment is felt and acknowledged, but never with a fervour beyond the limits of breeding and behaviour; no one is greatly affected—not even the reader.

But these very qualities—for they are actually qualities rather than defects—stamp Mr. Hope as the representative Englishman we have already described him. "The modern Englishman," said Taine, "is influential and respected. He has the pleasures of self-esteem and the satisfaction of conscience. He knows that he has authority, and that he uses it loyally, for the good of others. And this healthy state of mind is supported by a wholesome life. . . . He lives in the open air, he withstands the encroachments of a sedentary life, which always leads the modern man to agitation of the brain, weakness of the muscles, and excitement of the nerves. Such is this elegant and common-sense society, refined in comfort, regular in conduct." Such, too, is the society into which Mr. Hope conveys his readers. It has more of the adventurous spirit than Taine ascribed to it, and is, perhaps, rather strenuous and downright than actually "elegant," but in all other details the Frenchman's observation is unquestionably correct. And it is a thoroughly sound and invigorating society in which to move and act. Its records, whether at ease in Mayfair, or in perils in Ruritania, will not, it may be, make literature of the first order; for that, even in fiction, more vigour of thought and more sense of the seriousness of life are needful. Still, it remains a good world to live in, and its people are, in their way, true and profitable companions. They are, at least, men, and leaders of men; sincere, open of hand and heart; and, when you want them, you know where to find them. Their superficiality is of ideal, not of conduct; and, if they only see one side of a question, that partial vision does not prevent them, when it comes to action, from acting in the one right way. In a word, they are thorough-going Englishmen; and that, to an Englishman himself, is warranty enough.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Mr. Anthony Hope had probably little inkling of the golden harvest ahead when he sowed his first literary seeds a dozen years ago. He was a barrister, and took to writing partly to occupy his leisure. But he was not sanguine enough to think that any publisher would care to run the risk of bringing out his first venture—"A Man of Mark"—so he had it printed at his own expense and published it on commission. The critics received it with mingled praise and blame. It was not a financial success at the time, but it must have long since repaid its author, for Messrs. Methuen, its present publishers, have not only brought it to a fifth edition in six-shilling form, but have printed two large editions of it in their sixpenny "Novelist" series. "Father Stafford," Anthony Hope's second book, was written in 1890 and refused again and again by various publishers before Messrs. Cassell took it up and published it at six shillings. Even then it hung fire for a long time, waiting for the author's reputation to be made with his later books. It is now published by Cassell's at three and sixpence, and has also gone through one of their immense sixpenny editions. His next book was "Mr. Witt's Widow," which was published in 1892 by Innes. It was very favourably reviewed and sold fairly well as a six-shilling book. To-day it sells as well as ever, and has reached its seventh edition—including a recent sixpenny reprint which was exhausted within a week or so of publication. It now appears with "Sport Royal"—the short stories originally contributed by Anthony Hope to the *St. James's Gazette*—"Half a Hero" and "Comedies of Courtship," in the uniform three-and-sixpenny edition published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., who took the books over from Messrs. Innes. "Half a Hero" was originally published as a two-volume novel, and only had a small sale at

fast; but it went well as a six-shilling volume, and does even better in its present form.

In 1893—the year after his unsuccessful fight as a Liberal candidate against Viscount Curzon for the Southern Division of South Bucks—Anthony Hope began his connexion with Messrs. Methuen, when they published his book, “A Change of Air” (now in its sixth edition), and, with the exception of 1896, they have issued a new novel from the same pen every succeeding year. “A God in the Car,” which they published in two volumes in 1894, was begun before “The Prisoner of Zenda,” but was put aside so that the latter could be finished. This was originally brought out by Messrs. Arrowsmith at 3s. 6d., but they now publish it at 6s., uniform with its sequel, “Rupert of Hentzau.” Arrowsmiths are also the publishers of the “Indiscretion of the Duchess,” issued in the first place as one of their annuals, but now produced in the more substantial style of the other volumes. The year 1894 was an eventful one for Anthony Hope. It was the year not only of “The Prisoner of Zenda” and “The God in the Car,” but of “The Dolly Dialogues” (the new series of which will no doubt, like the old, be reprinted in course of time in book form), and the year in which he gave up the Bar to devote himself entirely to literature. Since then success has followed success with almost monotonous regularity. Every year his popularity increases, and each new book goes better than the last. About forty editions, for instance, have been printed of the eight novels published by Methuen—which include, besides those already mentioned, “Phroso” (1897), “Simon Dale” (1898), “The King’s Mirror” (1899), and “Quisante” (1900)—and they are all still in constant demand. One of the earlier books, “The Chronicles of Count Antonio,” will shortly be included in the sixpenny “Novelist” series. Another of Anthony Hope’s novels, it should be added, is published by Messrs. Longmans—“The Heart of Princess Osra” (1896). It is understood that his play, *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* (produced at the Duke of York’s Theatre in 1896), is founded on a novel which has been copyrighted both in England and America, and it is possible that we may yet have it in book form on this side of the Atlantic.

PAPER-PATTERN NOVELS.

A “Personal View.”

[BY A REVIEWER.*]

In these prolific days, when every reviewer who possesses a pretty wit and no bowels of compassion can have his sideboard, his mantelpiece, and his chairs heaped with novels, it is the custom to marvel at the degeneracy of an age that can turn out waste matter until the “general reader” takes his daily walk between dust heaps. What struck me, before the truth dawned, was the reverse of this impression of degeneracy. “What stupendous energy,” I thought, “what perseverance, what power of seeing life steadily and seeing it an inch at a time appears to belong to all my fellow-creatures! I have the same equipment as the greater part of them—arrogance, ignorance and facility—besides the advantage of having handled the ropes for some years and being familiar with their every twist. But the ‘sustained effort’ of writing a novel remains steadily beyond me.” Out of all the chaotic mass of human beings, with their interests and actions and passions, how to carve a compact slice and turn it into a mould and out again with a pretty shape and all its angles gone?

A burning conviction on any subject whatsoever—the more remote its aptness to fiction the better—might be of use. Let a man take to heart the over-population of England or the under-population of France, the disadvantages of marriage or the evils of the motor-car, and he is pretty sure of a long, perfectly inartistic, and probably popular result. The daily Press will say he has laid a fearless finger upon a festering sore; the weeklies will speak of it as “A highly interesting study.” But

most of us who have not yet written novels are young enough to have buried our convictions with our illusions; we dig them up later and mumble them again, as a dog mumbles a bone; but in the meantime there is not enough of them to make a penny novelette. A fresh form of unpleasantness is another promising foundation for a novel. But how few there are left! Unmarried ladies have laid “a fearless finger” upon most of them. And it is a serious fact that people who long to write novels savouring of impropriety go in fear of their relatives. Agony strives with humour as they picture the spectacles adjusted and the awful pages turned by beamingly admiring elders. Few have the disarming spirit of a young writer whose work I recently met with. Her book was steadily and conscientiously improper, and she dedicated it “To my dear father and mother, to whose literary incentive I owe this, my first effort.” After that, there was not much left for “my dear father and mother” to say—but they probably said it.

The people who, without either conviction or audacity, paid out their yearly novel less laboriously than if it had been their income-tax seemed to me to be mystic and wonderful. As a reviewer, I read them with reverence and “slated” them with compunction. Then the naked facts became apparent to me. Four or five out of ten of these people write the same novel! It is literally true. There are only about half-a-dozen novels written by the second-rate and third-rate authors. You may read half of one of them, put it down, take it up again (as you think), read the other half, glance at the title, and find that you have been reading two books—half of each! The “flats join” quite accurately. If it is the changed identity novel, the apparently ineligible lover will be in full swing of a passion inspired by “himself alone” when the book is half written. If it is the arbitrary will novel, the cousins who have fiercely resolved not to marry “to order” will be surprising a love-light in each other’s eyes, and turning away “with a bitter little laugh” whenever things begin to look promising. This method of mildly tantalizing is good for at least six chapters out of the last seven. The seventh is concerned with the skating, shooting, or dog-cart accident which reveals each inanity to the other. Quite twenty popular novelists will be found to blend indistinguishably over this recipe. Its title will be “Love’s Victory” or Somebody’s “Secret.” And throughout not a spark of real love or passion can be found in it. If it were only real—if there were blood in it—if the novelist either imagined or even observed for herself one pair of lovers possessed by any form of love, from the basest to the highest, and would reproduce the merest shadow of what she saw, the faintest echo of what she heard, one would not complain of the framework. All skeletons have a strong likeness to one another. It is when there is no body round them—nothing but the kid and horsehair of the tailor’s dummy—that we refuse them their audacious claim to human interest. There is no need to fall into the opposite pit of minute realism, with its conscientious reproduction of every thrill, which has the ludicrous effect of making sin itself uninteresting. The masters of style have shown how light a touch will make their characters stand out as palpable flesh and blood. Read the scene in one of “Mark Rutherford’s” books between Thomas Broad and Fanny Allen at “the religious picnic.” It is not love and does not pretend to be—but how extraordinarily real it is! My twenty novelists would have been quite capable of taking the scene in hand. They would have used at least twice as many words (the same words, approximately) and it would all have resulted in—a description! No. An old woman, who lived in a village near Clifton, used to

* Previous “Studies in Recent Fiction” by the same writer appeared on Nov. 24, 1900 (*The Long Novel*), Dec. 15, 1900 (*The Weird*), and Feb. 23, 1901 (*The Foreigner*).

make a steady living by the manufacture of honey out of turnips—I think it was turnips. “There’s many as don’t know the difference,” she chuckled, “and it tastes much the same, and costs much less.” It certainly costs much less. It takes no imagination, no sympathy, no exhausting climb after the truth, to use the turnips heaped up ready to the hand and turn out an innocuous, marketable imitation. But what of the public palate dulled by the turnips until it finds that they “taste much the same” as real honey?

Not only with love but with villainy (revenge, tyranny, murder) does the many-headed writer of one novel take his types ready-stuffed from the shop-window. When has there ever been a creature so consistent, so preposterous as the “bad man” of the conventional story? He is forever in the same mood. He has a power of concentration and remorselessness that would make a Napoleon of him if he chose. Yet the feeblest device is enough to bring him to disaster. If he is of the physically violent order, he will move earth and heaven to get the heroine into his power; and having gained his object, he will let her out again, “without a stain upon her character.” He will get the hero into bonds and mock him with threats of torture, and release him without a scar upon his person. If he is of the slightly subtler kind, he will still pursue his end without any of the caprices or compunctions that make a man human—and dangerous. A creature so ostentatiously compact of evil would have no chance of corrupting anybody. From the moment when he enters a room, with his eyes too close together, kicks the family dog, and causes the infant daughter of the house to cry “Go ’way, bad man!” he would be perfectly harmless; for the people who might be affected by him would certainly have read my twenty novelists, and learnt to take him at his true value.

Not only are the broad lines of these would-be artists all untrue to life, but the touches which fill in the detail are largely false as well. Take the stock way in which an agitating piece of news is generally received. It is the breaking of a paper-knife. Unless I gave chapter and verse, the number of times in which this particular device is used would hardly be credited. Somebody is “toying” with an ivory paper-knife. A name is uttered in some startling connexion; and the “frail toy” snaps in two pieces. Now, I have made a special study of this question, simply because I wished to see for myself whether the accident was so usual as really to have impressed itself upon the twenty novelists, or whether it was simply their docility of imitation. I found that a verbal shock causes a cessation of muscular action, and not a sudden spasmodic intensifying of it. If a man were “toying” with a paper-knife and an arresting speech were made to him, it would be literally arresting. He would keep his hands perfectly still for an instant, as if to listen better. In the heat of an argument, on the contrary, he would probably bend the paper-knife more and more recklessly until it did actually snap. This is an insignificant piece of observation, but it shows how many people will shirk noticing the smallest facts for themselves, and will take them on trust from others. It reminds us of the stage start, in which the hand is clenched and jerked up to the mouth. Hardly any one living starts like that. But the stage has such limitations, and such dangers lie in over-subtlety, that one accepts the obvious from it, in gesticulation at any rate. Why an author, with all the world before him, should bind himself to fixed antics, I cannot understand. It is easier, and usually more lucrative, to refrain from writing a novel than to write it.

A. H.

THE AMERICAN BOOK WORLD.

The American book trade will have a distinguished representative at the Leipzig Congress next month in Mr. George Haven Putnam, the head of the house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. One of the most learned of publishers, and the author of two scholarly studies of literary conditions from the earliest times to the Middle Ages, he has done much towards increasing the solidarity of interests between authors and publishers on the other side of the Atlantic. His father founded the house of Putnam in America in 1837, and three years later came to London to inaugurate a branch of the business over here. It was during the elder Putnam's eight years' stay in England that Mr. George Haven Putnam was born. He was a student at Göttingen when the American Civil War broke out, and he had three years' active service as an officer in the army of the North. At the present moment Mr. Putnam is in England—on his annual visit to the London branch of his house—and we were fortunate enough to learn his views on the subject of the American book trade in general and the recent successes in American fiction in particular. Mr. Harper was lately credited with the sweeping assertion that the British book trade was declining; that England was falling behind America in the development of literary talent, and that the United States was now the book market of the world. Mr. Putnam smiled when we asked him if that was the general impression in the United States, but as he had not seen the statement he preferred not to express an opinion upon it.

But, he added, it ought not to be a question of one country against another; and, fortunately, the great stream of traffic between England and America is broadening the interest of the reading public on both sides. We grow more familiar with each other's country and characteristics, and we like to read about them. “Certainly we have widened out our sympathies in this respect in America, and that the feeling is reciprocated is clearly shown by the larger audience which the American author can nowadays find over here.” The extraordinary sales of certain books in the United States, he continued, have been due to a combination of causes, but mainly to the improvement in the average quality of the home product and the rapid development of literary taste of the people as a whole. With a population of seventy millions it is easy to see that once a book commands attention its selling possibilities are tremendous; and in these days of swift communication, a book that is talked about in New York will immediately be heard of in almost every town in the States. Then its success comes by leaps and bounds. “But publishing in America has its difficulties. Over here, for instance, it is a simple matter to send your traveller to any part of the kingdom, but in a country of such immense distances as America it is a more serious matter. To keep a traveller in the field costs £2 a day east of the Rocky Mountains, and £3 west of the Rockies, apart from his salary. Advertising, too, is a more expensive undertaking in the States than in England, for we have to do it on a much larger scale. Advertisements in the London papers are seen everywhere, and the English author, for the most part, is satisfied with these; in our case the author is not content with advertisements in the New York papers only; he expects to see them repeated in the other leading cities of America. And all these items have to come out of the publisher's margin, so that sometimes, with a book that seems to the outsider to have been something of a success, the margin of profit has vanished.” But what about the “dry goods stores”? Mr. Putnam admitted that certain of these establishments were playing an important part in the book trade of the country—but he maintained that they were rendering a service of their own. The difficulties in the way of the regular bookseller were deeply to be regretted, and he hoped that the new net scheme would do something to restore the bookselling trade. But one's personal feelings could not be allowed to affect the well-being of the book-world as a whole, and American publishers, he said, had no choice but to accept the advantages offered by the book depart-

ments opened by the "dry goods stores" in an increasing number, of which the business was intelligently and, generally speaking, admirably managed.

A distant relative of Mr. Putnam—his great great-uncle—is to be the subject of the next volume in the "Men of Energy" Series—"Israel Putnam, Farmer, Pioneer, Major-General," written by one of his direct descendants, Mr. William F. Livingston. Major-General Putnam left his plough for the battlefield and did good work under British Commanders before the Declaration of Independence, and then fought his way up to Second in Command under Washington. He takes his place in the "Men of Energy" Series as a first-rate citizen as well as an excellent soldier. Another biography published by Messrs. Putnam is "Roger Ludlow, the Colonial Lawmaker (1590-1664)," by John M. Taylor. Roger Ludlow, the "Father of Connecticut Jurisprudence," was the old Balliol scholar who left the English Bar to sail for America, to be one of the first settlers in Dorchester. He became one of the ruling spirits of Connecticut, and was appointed to codify the laws of the colony in 1646, "Mr. Ludlow's Code" being established four years later. The most stirring years of his life, however, were spent in his town of Fairfield, protecting the frontier against both the Indians and the Dutch, and bringing a hornet's nest about his ears by raising volunteers. The Government said he was attempting an insurrection, and Ludlow, resenting this reflection on his patriotism, abandoned the colonies and returned to England, eventually, it is believed, settling in Ireland. An important work in the press for the series of "Writings of the Fathers of the Republic" is the "Constitutional Decisions of John Marshall," first Chief Justice, edited by P. A. Cotton, of the New York Bar.

Apropos of our recent article on English bookbinding, an American Correspondent writes:—On the whole, book-binding receives more encouragement, I fancy, in America than in England. Some little time ago the *New York Times* published some views on the subject, from which I quote the following:—

"There is more originality and thought in their format," said a well-known English publisher, backing up his assertion by producing half a dozen American books at random from his shelves. "They spend more time and money on a book than we do. They will give \$20 for a cover design, and another \$20 to the man who produces the brasses (stamps) to impress it. If we give a sovereign for the design and another for the brasses we think we are doing the thing stylishly." The American book cover conveys an impression of thought, and probably is in itself an admirable advertisement of the contents of the book. On the other hand, it may be observed that an English publisher recently stated that he had produced a book which he would match against anything of its kind in America, and he had only sold four copies of the edition!

Editions de luxe of standard authors with expensive bindings do, without doubt, find a market here, and there are not a few firms who make a speciality of this branch of the book trade. A city in Wisconsin is more suggestive of breweries and foundries than of literature; but "The Philosopher Press" at Wausau in that State is producing a limited edition of "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám"—twenty-six copies on Japanese vellum in full levant leather, sold at £20 a copy, and 100 copies on hand-made paper at £5 a copy—the pages bordered with a Persian design, in which the gold is hot-stamped leaf, and the borders filled in by hand with water-colours in the rich colourings of Persian art. To judge from the sale of other limited editions, there will be no trouble in selling off this edition, and purchasers will be eager to get the low numbers, as many book-lovers take a pride in having No. 1, or as near to it as they can get of a numbered edition. Such at any rate was the experience of B. C. Montgomery, of Rochester, N.Y., who disposed without undue delay of an "Edition Magnifique" of Shakespeare limited to twenty-five copies, and issued in twenty-four octavo volumes at £8 a volume, and an "Edition des Amateurs" of Tennyson in twelve volumes, limited to 100 copies, at a cost of £6 a volume. Both these editions were printed on finest imperial

Japan paper, bound in full crushed levant or full polished calf. The Shakespeare is illustrated with 240 etchings and photo-gravures. The same publisher had similar good fortune with an edition of seventy copies of the Waverley Novels in forty-eight small octavo volumes at £2 a volume, of 500 copies of Victor Hugo's works in thirty volumes at £1 a volume, and thirty-two volumes of 100 numbered sets of Dickens' work at £5 a volume. Other expensive editions of these authors and of George Eliot, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin, Byron, and others are selling almost as freely. These are by no means the only houses who devote their whole attention to this class of work; witness the successful issues by the "Roycroft" shop at East Aurora, who have just published an elaborate catalogue of their work. Their edition of the "Rubáiyát" comprised forty copies on Japan vellum at £2 a volume, and is not such an elaborate work as that of "The Philosopher Press." But another volume by the "Roycrofters," "The Last Ride by Robert Browning," has each stanza enclosed in a specially hand-illuminated border, signed by the artist, and, to quote the words of the publishers, "is an approach to the Ideal; it has the flavour of the Missal and bears on every page and part the apparent touch of consecrated labour. . . . Joy will be the possession of each one of the 'Eleet who owns a copy.'" After this, one breathes a sigh of relief in finding that the price is only £20 a volume in the edition of twenty-five copies on classic vellum, individually bound in full levant, hand tooled, with other less elaborate copies at lower prices. Other issues are the "Essay on Walt Whitman" (Stevenson), "The King of the Golden River" (Ruskin), "Christmas Eve" (Browning), and Tennyson's "Maud," all limited editions elaborately got up and priced at £2 and £1 each according to their style.

Dr. Azel Ames, a member of the Pilgrim Society, publishes through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. a large octavo volume which, it is stated, will give all that is authoritatively known about the voyage of the Mayflower. The little ship of 180 tons, with 100 Pilgrims on board, dropped anchor in Plymouth Harbour, Massachusetts, on the 11th of December, 1620, and it is natural for the patriotic New Englander of to-day to revert with pride to its history and to cherish as their most sacred possessions relics of the Pilgrims which were brought over from the old country and survived the perils of the voyage and of nearly 300 years' existence. The authenticated relics include old-fashioned chairs belonging to Elder Brewster, Governor Bradford, and Myles Standish, and a cradle the property of Dr. Samuel Fuller, the physician to the Pilgrims. But the wanderer through New England towns and villages of to-day is lost in wonder how the devout Elder or the patriotic Governor could have found a use for the vast number of chairs of various shapes and sizes which they are alleged to have sat on, or how many babies Dr. Samuel Fuller reared for himself or others whose cradles are now reverently preserved as relics of the Mayflower. It must have been a wonderful boat, this ship of 180 tons, and we picture it sailing into Plymouth Harbour with chairs and cradles hung on to every mast and rope, chests and bureaus bulging out of every porthole, and the captain directing the movements of the ship from a pinnacle of household furniture of antique design. If we are to believe the artist of one of the frescoes at Westminster, the ship Mayflower showed yet another marvel; for it is there represented as flying the Union Jack, which was not invented before 1800.

Some high prices were obtained at the recent sale of Mr. F. W. French's library at Boston. A complete set of Charles Lever's works, sold in fifty-five volumes, went to J. O. Wright and Co. for £92; MS. of the Bible in Latin, circa 1220, a little damaged, £12 10s.; Burns' Poems, 1787, £6 5s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 1885-8, 16 vols., £37 10s.; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 1866, first edition, £11 9s. 2d.; first edition of "Pickwick," in original parts, £16 5s.; "Tale of Two Cities," in original parts, £11 9s.; "David Copperfield," in original parts, £6 5s.; Dickens' Christmas Books, 1843-48, £10 18s. 7d.; first edition of Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," bound by Riviere, £7 5s. 10d.; first edition of Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette," 1887, £5 6s. 3d.

THE TASTE FOR FICTION IN MEDÆVAL ITALY.

[By W. G. WATERS.]

II.

In spite of the blight cast by the popularity of the "Decameron" upon chivalric romance, the realist movement set going by Boccaccio was not entirely unchecked. Some ghost of the dead Provençal culture must have been walking in Central Italy at the time when the "Pecorone," the collection of stories which comes next to the "Decameron," was put together. The scheme of Ser Giovanni's poem might have been taken direct from Troubadour romance. The crude realism of Boccaccio falls once more into the background, and the writer—who must have read some story like that of Geffroi Rudel and Melisande of Tripoli—sets forth how Aurette the lovesick youth was moved to the worship of the beauteous nun Saturnina simply because he had heard report of her graces and perfections. They managed to meet and tell one another stories every day in the convent parlour. There was no crafty intrigue, no befooling of husband or father. Aurette, who had spent all his substance in *cortesia*, had attained his object by putting on a priest's frock and getting by the favour of a friend the post of convent chaplain. By losing his heart in this fashion Aurette was following strictly the rules of Troubadour etiquette. A few of the stories resemble those of the "Decameron," but the greater part of the work is filled with historical narratives taken from Villani's chronicles. It is hard to explain the cause of this abrupt change in subject. Perhaps the author may have felt himself overshadowed by the fame of his illustrious forerunner, or even outdone in popularity by the more racy work of his contemporary Franco Sacchetti; more probably he was driven to alter his line of narrative through distaste of the gross and lascivious subjects which in those days formed the stock material of the world of fiction; for his stories, judged by the standard of his age, are pure both in form and spirit. The "Pecorone" seems to have enjoyed a certain popularity, but it found no imitators. The romance of chivalry had made its last bid for favour amongst the Italians.

With Sacchetti, the contemporary of Ser Giovanni, the realist movement made a further advance. Sacchetti rarely travels beyond the *borghi* of Florence for his subjects; his tales are generally descriptions of petty life, the coarsest practical jokes told in the coarsest possible language; they have no setting like the "Decameron" and the "Pecorone"; and many of them are mere anecdotes in the style of Poggio. With Sacchetti the vehicle of expression is degraded as much as the subject-matter, for he writes his stories in the roughest vernacular without the least effort after literary style. The time had evidently come when the popular novelist might dispense with all rhetorical ornament. But Sacchetti's novels, unattractive as they are as literary performances, are perhaps the most valuable of all in helping to reveal the inner life of the citizen. The thoughts and feelings of the common people are set before us in the language they themselves used. The point of the story is almost always some artful trick, or still more artful retaliation. The Florentines evidently hankered after chronicles of common life told in the most pungent phrase; for Grazzini (Il Lasca), who wrote "Le Cene" some century later, followed the same line and achieved just as great popularity. Meantime in the south had appeared a collection of tales altogether different, the "Novellino" of Masuccio, which certainly ranks in merit next to the "Decameron." The Florentine story tellers had not spared the priests and the religious orders, but there was generally a spice of good-humoured banter in their castigation of the gallantries of a peccant friar. It was reserved for Masuccio to exhaust the vocabulary of hate and contempt over the abominable wickedness of the Neapolitan clergy and of the corrupted women who shared their offences. Masuccio's book first appeared in 1476, and the four other editions which came out before the end of the century give evidence of its popularity, and show that the public taste was fully in sympathy with his attack on the abuses of the Church.

With all his hard words Masuccio was no foe to true religion for he reserves his highest eulogy for St. Bernadino, St. Antonio, and the other great evangelists; but the Papal authorities must have liked his "Novellino" less than did the lay public, seeing that it was one of the first books put on the Index. The appetite of the Italians for fiction was thoroughly roused and for the next century novels were poured out by the hundred. Firenzuola, Cinthio, and Bandello were the best known of the novelists of the sixteenth century, but their tales are largely imitations or variants of the writers already named, and they call for no special mention because they show little variation from those which preceded them, a proof that the public taste was still the same—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that none of these later writers possessed the gift necessary for the direction of taste into a new channel. At last came a change; in 1550 Giovanni Francesco Straparola published in Venice the "Piaci-vole Notti," a collection of stories on the old lines, with a "Decameron"-like setting and *novelle* of the normal type, of which some were original, and others—and here comes in the distinctive characteristic of the "Notti"—were taken from Oriental sources and enriched with that supernatural interest which the "Decameron" had banished from fiction. The reign of materialistic realism was over, and the fairy tale had found its place in modern literature.

The fact that this collection came out at Venice counts for something. Travelling Venetian traders may have heard and repeated these stories—some of which are almost exact renderings of the Arabian Nights, which were not done into any European language till 150 years later—or some Eastern story-teller may have told them upon the quays of Venice. Straparola, like Ser Giovanni, illuminates fiction with romance, but he does more than this. In all Ser Giovanni's romances of chivalry there is no touch of the marvellous. All his plots are worked out by natural means, but Straparola draws upon the miraculous without stint. For instance, one story common to both, has for leading incident the ascent of the lover to his mistress's chamber by the aid of an eagle. Ser Giovanni makes the eagle a colossal hollow figure, inside which the lover is transported; but Straparola lets him transform himself by magic into the form of the bird and fly up to the lady's balcony. In Straparola, too, we find the first European rendering of our old friend "Puss in Boots."

We have trespassed beyond the bounds of mediævalism; indeed at this point imaginative literature in Italy ceased to put forth any fresh growth. As a rule the Italian writers of fiction concerned themselves with little else than the typical Novella. Beyond Sannazzaro's Arcadia there is no important Italian contribution to pastoral romance, nor to the picaresque tales, written after the model of Lazarillo de Tormes; nor to such monstrosities as *Polexandre* or *Le grand Cyrus*, romances *de longue haleine*, with which the novel readers of the seventeenth century beguiled their leisure.

A UNIQUE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

SOME PARALLEL PRICES IN THE PAST.

On Thursday of last week a very large copy of a very small book made no less than £1,475. It was an *editio princeps*, with certain remarkable features, of Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Buy the truth, sell not wisdom, enjoined Solomon; but the legend over the library of the bibliophile is, as it has always been, acquire the rare, take no heed of the plentiful. The "uniquity" of this little volume made it thus valuable. Although Macaulay in 1854 wrote that "not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence," five examples can now be traced, three of them imperfect. This original issue was "printed for Nath. Ponder at the Peacock in the Poultry, near Cornhill," 1678. The copy which realized the unprecedentedly high sum last week measures 5½ in. by 3½ in., the largest known, the calf in which it was first bound is in excellent

state, and, save for two or three letters of the text and a portion of a marginal note, it is quite perfect. The feature upon which much of its value depends is the engraved portrait of Bunyan, for long deemed to attach to the third edition only. In the hilly background of this engraving is the suggestion of a city marked "Vanity," instead of, as in the third edition, "Destruction." Mr. R. E. Graves, of the British Museum, discovered slight remains of the letters "V" and "y" beneath those of the altered plate; moreover, the paper on which the 1678 plate is printed is similar to that of the rest of the book, which contains 232 pages of text, and is said initially to have cost 1s. 6d. Lowndes, the bibliographer, valued the late Mr. R. F. Holford's copy, lacking the frontispiece, at £50 in 1873; but not until now, so far as is known, has an example of the *editio princeps* come under the hammer. The opening bid of £100 was little more than humorous, the second quintupled it, and in less than a minute offers, among others from Messrs. Denham and Sabin, had raised the booklet to four figures. Onward from this point the "Pilgrim's Progress" was, so to say, pitched from one side of the Atlantic to the other, inasmuch as Mr. B. F. Stevens, the American agent, and Mr. S. C. Cockerell, one of William Morris' associates in the Kelmscott Press, said to be representing a home collector, were the combatants. At £1,450 the volume would have crossed the Atlantic, perhaps not again to be seen by bibliophiles in this country; but Mr. Cockerell made an advance of £25, and the hammer fell.

The incident is of even greater significance than may appear at first sight. Apart from *Horæ*, whether MS. or printed, the painted and illuminated miniatures of which give distinctive character to each, no book of the size of the "Pilgrim's Progress" has hitherto, we fancy, realized a comparable sum at auction. But, after all, the dimensions of the volume are a secondary consideration. It is of much more importance to note that, save for the greatest work in our language, and again excepting Books of Hours, &c., which contain idiosyncratic pictures, only outstanding examples from early printing presses have hitherto realized sums in excess of the Bunyan. It must not be understood, of course, that if brought to auction to-day fine copies of many another book would not make £1,500; but, so far, if we mistake not, this has not been the case. The following table gives details of a few of the highest-priced works which have come under the hammer, with in some cases a record of earlier sales:—

Fust and Schoeffer. Psalter. On Vellum	1459	Syston Park	.. 1884	£4,950
Same Copy	Sykes	.. 1825	Gs. 130
Gutenberg and Fust. Mazarin Bible. On Vellum c.1455	Ashburnham	.. 1807	4,000
Same Copy	Perkins	.. 1873	3,400
Same Copy	Nicols	.. 1825	504
Do., do. On Paper c.1455	Syston Park	.. 1884	3,900
Another Copy	Perkins	.. 1873	2,690
		Sykes	.. 1824	Gs. 190
Fust and Schoeffer. Bible. On Vellum	1462	Sunderland	.. 1881	1,600
Valdarfer. "Decameron" 1471	Roxburghe	.. 1812	2,260
Same Copy	White Knights	1819	918
Bernardino de Novara. Petrarch. "Trionfi"	1488	Sunderland	.. 1882	1,950
Caxton. "Life of Jason" c.1477	Ashburnham	.. 1807	2,100
Same Copy	Heber	.. 1834	87
Caxton. "Histories of King Arthur" 1485	Jersey	.. 1885	1,950
Same Copy	Fairfax	.. 1756	Gs. 2½
Caxton. "Canterbury Tales" c.1478	Saunders	.. 1896	1,880
[Copies sold between 1496 and 1500 at about 6s. 8d. each, or, say £3 to-day.]				
Caxton. "History of Troy" c.1474	Jersey	.. 1885	1,820
Same Copy	Fairfax	.. 1756	Gs. 8
Another Copy	Bernard	.. 1698	3s.
Shakespeare. First Folio 1623		.. 1899	1,700
Bunyan. "Pilgrim's Progress" 1678	Nash	.. 1901	1,475

At the head of the list is the second edition of the Psalter, printed on vellum by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459. This was the second book bearing a date, and the enormous cost of production was in all probability partly borne by some wealthy man at Mainz. To this day it remains uncertain how the beautiful capital letters, printed in two colours, the letter itself in one, the surrounding ornamentation in another, were produced. Some deem them to have been illuminated by hand, but Mr. Weale is

of opinion that they were "printed, subsequently to the typography, not by a pull of the press, but by the blow of a mallet on the super-imposed block." The late Mr. Bernard Quaritch bought this Psalter for the highest sum ever paid for a book at auction, and in his subsequent catalogue it was marked at 5,000 guineas. In the Mazarin Bible, second on our list, we have not only the first printed edition of the Bible, but the first book executed with metal types. The Paris copy has the rubricator's inscription, showing that it was finished prior to August 15, 1456, the earliest dated printed document being an Indulgence, November 15, 1454. Some idea of the appreciation of this great initial effort of the printing press may be gained by comparing the prices paid respectively in 1824 and 1873 for the Sykes-Perkins example on paper. The fourth book on our list is the first printed Bible with a date, and the first work divided by the date into two volumes.

One of the most memorable book sales ever held was that of the Duke of Roxburghe's great assemblage, dispersed in the summer of 1812. In a total of nearly £24,000, far and away the most noteworthy item was that which appears fifth on our list. As the issue of a spirited contest between the Marquis of Blandford and Earl Spencer, the former paid £2,260 for the "Decameron," issued by Christopher Valdarfer at Venice in 1471. That this was an inflated price for the period—and not for many decades was a like sum given for a printed book—is indicated by the fact that Earl Spencer procured the identical copy seven years afterwards to add to "the finest private library in Europe," for £918 odd. The Duke of Roxburghe is said to have given 100 guineas for the volume. The Roxburghe Club was founded in connexion with this historic sale in 1812, and by way of dedication a "Bibliomaniac Ballad," signed "Cristofer Valdarfer," was addressed to the thirty-one eminent book collectors forming it, "and all black letter dogs who have passed initiation." The value of the Sunderland copy of Petrarch's last work, the allegorical poem "I Trionfi," printed by Bernardino de Novara, depended in part on the fact that it had two sets of the six illustrations, one on metal and one on wood. These are full page cuts, measuring some 10in. by 6in., illustrating the triumphs of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and True Divinity.

Four works printed by Caxton appear on the table. Raoul le Fevre's "Boke of the Hoole Lyf of Jason" was translated out of the French by our first native printer, and is one of the earliest productions of the press he set up at Westminster. The Jersey example of the King Arthur is said by Blades to be the only perfect one. The colophon bears these words:—"Emprynted in thabbey westmestre, the last day of Juyl the yere of our Lord MCCCClxxxv." The *editio princeps* of the "Canterbury Tales" is a monument not alone to Caxton but to Chaucer. In Mr. Blades' opinion this, in many respects the chief production of his press, was the fifth book printed by Caxton at Westminster. It is without name, date, or place. "The History of Troy" is of surpassing interest inasmuch as it is the first book printed in English. Caxton had made a translation of this favourite work for the Duchess of Burgundy, and a considerable demand for copies seems to have sprung up. As the printer-translator informs us in the prologue to the third book, it was during its progress through the press that he learned the "new art of printing." The Earl of Jersey's copy is the only perfect one known.

It will be noted that each of the foregoing works has special claim on the collector from a typographical point of view. With the Shakespeare and the Bunyan it is different. The £1,700 First Folio had many contemporary seventeenth-century notes, which added greatly to its literary value, and, despite Dibdin's prognostication that a copy was never likely to fetch more than the 116 guineas paid for the Grenville example now in the British Museum, we cannot be surprised that in the general appreciation in other directions this First Folio has participated. Now Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" takes its place with Shakespeare in the company of monumental works issued within four decades of the birth-time of printing.

Besides the large sum given for the "Pilgrim's Progress," referred to above, another good price was the £340 for "Ivanhoe"—a portion of the original MS., comprising about 53 leaves. This portion, together with the 58 leaves sold in 1894, probably forms all of the novel that was written in Scott's own autograph. Among other important books to which we did not refer last week were :—

Shakespeare, "The Raigne of King Edward the Third," 1590	£68
"The Life and Death of King Richard the Second," 1634	£56
"The Two Noble Kinsmen," 1634	£33 10s.
Higden, "Polychronicon," 123 leaves of Caxton's 1482 ed.	£55
Montesquieu, "Le Temple de Guide," 1772, plates in three states, a fine copy	£74
Cowper, "Poems" and "The Task," first ed.	£23 10s.
Lamb, Lloyd, and Coleridge, "Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer," Bristol, 1796	£30
Tennyson, "The Last Tournament," first ed., 1871	£22
FitzGerald, "Salámán and Absál," first ed., 1856	£31
Scott, "The Lord of the Isles," 1815, presentation copy to Wordsworth	£34 10s.
"Marmion," 1808, also a presentation copy to Wordsworth	£44

After the hurry and rush usually so characteristic of the auction room, there was quite a leisurely air about the proceedings at Sotheby's on Friday and Saturday last. Two important, though numerically not large, collections of MSS. came up for sale. No one can say definitely what the precise value of an illuminated MS. is. There are no trustworthy criteria to work by, and no two volumes are ever alike. It is merely a question of what bidders are prepared to give. Hence every one takes time to think, and this general absence of haste fits well with the old-world tone of the books themselves. Besides the MSS. there were a few other volumes which went back to the beginnings of things in the book world. Cheek by jowl with French MSS. of the late fifteenth century were some fine books, on vellum too, printed by the great French printers Thielman Kerver, Eustace, and Hardouyn. One book, representative of the best qualities of them all, is assumed to have been written for Charles VII. of France. It is a regal volume of the best period of illuminated MS., and fetched £730. The principles of perspective, at that time new, are excellently worked out in its miniatures, which contain an epitome of contemporary costume and local architecture. This volume—like most of the other old books sold—is in excellent repair. The vellum has mellowed a little, but otherwise it might have come only yesterday from the Kelmescott Press. Where it has been all these 400 and odd years must remain a riddle to the bibliophile. We give a list of the large prices paid for some of the other old books :—Ingliš, E., "Argumenta Psalmorum Davidis," 1608, a tiny volume of 156 leaves of vellum written for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., for presentation on New Year's Day, £93; "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," late fifteenth century, an octavo MS. of 149 leaves of vellum, with eighteen full-page miniatures, £100; Vincent de Beauvais, "Mironer Hystorial," fourteenth century folio on 433 leaves of vellum, with nearly 100 miniatures, £100; "Le Livre appellee Boece de Consolatione," fifteenth century, a small quarto on 165 leaves of vellum, fine French work, with six miniatures, £210; "Passion de Nostre Seigneur Jhesu Crist," fifteenth century, small folio on eighty-six leaves of vellum, with sixteen miniatures, £230; "Horæ Gloriosæ semper Virginis Mariæ," fifteenth century, a duodecimo of 155 leaves on vellum, with nine miniatures, a fine Flemish MS., £235; "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," fourteenth century, a small quarto on 205 leaves of vellum with fifty-eight miniatures and finely-painted borders, £335; Josephus, F., "Les Anciennetez des Juifs," livres i.-xii. (No. cxlv. of the Ashburnham Library), a folio of 315 leaves of vellum, with thirteen fine miniatures, and bound by Clovis Eve, £955; "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," fifteenth century, a small quarto of 268 leaves on vellum, with sixty-four very beautiful miniatures, an exceptionally rich and interesting volume, every page being surrounded by brilliant floreate and leafy scrolls, £730.

FOREIGN LETTER.

FRANCE.

France and Russia—Paul Bourget—Marcel Prévost—François Villon.

M. Gaston Deschamps, who is at present lecturing in the United States, recorded the other day in the *Temps* the prejudice which the Boston reading public entertains against the yellow-covered French novel. M. Rostand's vogue was partly accounted for by the fact that his French publisher has clothed his latest book in a green cover. This differentiated it instantly from the volumes which an insufficient acquaintance with the Parisian output classes as noxious; and this distinction is, in fact, one of the best reasons which any one, except M. Rostand's intimate friends and the Academy, has been able to find for perusal of this poet. But the question raised by M. Deschamps—with lamentations with which even the foreigner can sympathize—is certainly an important one. No prejudice in the world was less able to give an account of itself. Yet it is deeply rooted, and the shortest way to proceed to its extirpation is to point to the amount of crocus-coloured literature now appearing in France which is distinctly not noxious, and thus show the prodigious absurdity of the generalization. Such an attitude for the critic is somewhat humiliating, but, *que voulez-vous?* he must seize the opportunities that lie in his way.

I recently dealt in some detail with the memoirs and histories that have appeared in France since the opening of the year. Let me now note some of the more purely literary productions during the same period. The curiosity of French literary circles has been directed towards Northern writers by the sudden arrival here of M. Björnstjerne Björnson, whose play, entitled in its French version *Au-delà des Forces*, has been brought out in special performances organized by M. Lugné Poë. Naturally, M. Stock immediately put upon the market translations of this piece, as well as of "Le Roi" and "Le Journaliste," and for some ten days in March the salons discussed the difference between the Northern soul, shrouded in fog, and the Latin soul, limpid and clear. The success of the great Scandinavian writer in Paris has not, however, been in any sense a popular one. It is the creation of a minority, and is not comparable with that which M. Björnson has enjoyed for many years in all the English-speaking countries. He had been here before, some twenty years ago, and had been accessible almost as long as Tolstoy; yet any book by the Russian gains in Paris an immediate sale—a form of flattery quite unconnected with the political alliance between the two countries. Tolstoy's most fleeting pages are instantly translated, and we have just had from M. Stock a translation of the philosophical articles written by Tolstoy during the last three years, entitled "Les Rayons de l'Aube." It contains Tolstoy's latest ideas on war and peace with reference to the Hague Conference and the Transvaal war; on suicide; on the assassination of King Humbert, his letter to the Doukhobors, and a number of more general articles on the duties of the Christian as citizen, all urging the maxim of Jesus, "to turn, when smitten, the other cheek to the smiter." It is curious to note the discrepancy between two sides of Tolstoy; on the one hand, as a corrosive influence on Russian society, the author of "Resurrection," the cause in no slight degree of the disturbances in the Russian Universities—and, on the other hand, as the evangelist of the Christian spirit of meekness. The Russian writers have, like the Encyclopædists, let loose the whirlwind and now seem to be surprised at their success. Gogol and Tolstoy are followed by the realists of the younger school, Gorki in his "Thomas Gordeieff" (Calmann Lévy) and Anton Tchekhov (some of whose best work has recently been published in French by Perrin under the title of "Les Moujiks"). The younger writers have come under Nietzsche's influence. The strain of sceptical Nihilism and unrest characteristic of the Slav temperament, charged with all the greater explosive force because of the compression to which it has been submitted in Russia, is beginning to startle French-

men and to startle Tolstoy himself. Frenchmen hardly realize that they are doing in Russia what England did in the eighteenth century in France—awakening liberal ideas. What Nietzsche has done recently in France by way of enforcing the spirit of individual revolt (through the translations published by the *Mercur de France*), France is silently but relentlessly accomplishing in Russia. Yet it will be long, no doubt, before Russian society reaches the state which M. Challemlacour so vigorously describes (apropos of Swift) in a posthumous book recently published—"when politics are transplanted into the highways, when a revolution makes in a few days a statesman of every artisan, an orator of every newspaper hawker, a congress of every gathering or of every barber's shop, the same evil, composed of suspicion, appetites, rivalry, fury and calumny, spreads like an epidemic among the masses." This book, by the way, "Études et Reflexions d'un Pessimiste" (Fasquelle), is one of great distinction of style, and contains remarkable criticisms of Leopardi, Byron, Shelley, and Schopenhauer.

The almost savage primitive power of a writer like Gorki is in strange contrast with the spirit of three books in themselves so reciprocally unlike as M. Paul Bourget's "La Fantôme" (Plon), M. Marcel Prévost's "L'Heureux Ménage" (Lemerre), and the curious document of romanticism which the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul has discovered and printed for the first time in his "Sainte-Beuve Inconnu" (Plon)—namely an unpublished novel by Sainte-Beuve. M. Bourget's work is powerful, but, as in all the work of modern Frenchmen (excepting, perhaps, M. Zola), the passions depicted are the complex ones of society, not those of impetuous and primitive races. The plot of the story is not easy to describe; stripped of its accessories and baldly stated, it seems almost odious. It is, in a word, the theme treated by Maupassant in his famous "Fort Comme La Mort," save that "La Fantôme" begins just where that novel ends. Instead of committing suicide, as the only way of triumphing over a passion which is intolerable, M. Bourget's hero, Malclerc, decides to run all the risks. What the situation is M. Bourget may be allowed to state in his own tongue:—

Il se rencontre dans la vie, écrit l'auteur, des situations sans issue, qui semblent ne comporter d'autres remèdes que l'attente. Les pires misères, et qui paraissent les plus inguérissables, finissent avec le temps, ou plutôt elles ne finissent pas, elles s'usent. Mais avant que cette force d'usure n'ait exercé son irrésistible pouvoir, il y a vraiment des problèmes de destinée insolubles. Le mariage d'Eveline en était un. En épousant la fille de sa maîtresse, comme il avait fait, à cause du sentiment qu'il gardait à la mémoire de la morte et halluciné par le mirage d'une saisissante ressemblance entre ces deux femmes, Malclerc s'était engagé, et avait engagé avec lui cette innocente, dans une de ces impasses morales qui ne permettent à un couple humain ni d'y rester, ni d'en sortir. Quoique le cas n'ait pas été prévu par aucun code, et qu'au demeurant il eût le droit strict d'agir comme il avait agi, il n'en avait pas moins manqué à une de ces lois non écrites que la conscience reconnaît comme absolument, comme irrévocablement impératives. Cette substitution, sentimentale et physique, de l'épouse à la maîtresse, de la fille à la mère, constituait une véritable monstruosité. C'était une anomalie, et d'autant plus irréductible que le charme de cette vivante n'avait même pas eu raison du souvenir de cette morte. Le malheureux Malclerc n'était arrivé qu'à empoisonner son présent par son passé et son passé par son présent.

M. Bourget has never been more impressive than in his analysis of this "case," and in Andignier and Eveline he gives us two of the noblest figures in the French literature of our time.

M. Marcel Prévost in his "L'Heureux Ménage" makes no pretension to any such ethical strenuousness. The "case" with which he deals is indicated by his title, and is so commonplace as to be part of the inevitable furnishing of the comedy of France. It is simply and frankly told—the story of the well-bred *Parisienne*, of the *bien pensant* world, who finds her conjugal felicity troubled by the ill-bred infidelity of her incomprehensible husband. There is a little girl in the book, Geneviève, who is

one of M. Prévost's most attractive characters. Nothing could be more graceful than M. Prévost's way of telling a story. The real traditions of clear French style live unadulterated in much of M. Prévost's earlier work. His "Lea" and its sequel seemed therefore in form a mistake. It is almost as absurd for M. Marcel Prévost to wish to become a Balzac, or even a George Sand, as it would be for an Anatole France to abandon the style of Voltaire in order to imitate Zola. Hence all who regretted M. Prévost's lapse into the "three-volume novel form" will be glad to learn that "L'Heureux Ménage" is one of his exquisite products in his old and admirable manner.

When we compare such a narrative as this with the romantic phraseology of Sainte-Beuve's resuscitated novel, we have unexpected, useful, although very much belated, data for the appreciation of the Romantic movement in French literature, with all its paraphernalia, its buskins, and its stilts. As a story, "Arthur" has no importance whatever; it is even less significant than "Volupté." Its significance is only as the "document" of an epoch. It contains, too, the whole text of a manuscript from which Sainte-Beuve quoted a few passages in the fourth volume of his "Portraits et Critiques Littéraires," and also a prospectus for the works of Victor Hugo, which settles a literary problem which has troubled the sleep of French critics.

Speaking of Victor Hugo I am reminded that the French biographer of Sterne, Prof. Paul Stapfer, has produced an elaborate study of "Victor Hugo et la Grande Poésie Satirique en France" (Ollendorff). The moralist and publicist is here more visible than the literary critic. M. Stapfer would seem to have been haunted by the question, "What would Victor Hugo have done during the great moral crisis of the last three years in France?" His answer is clear. Victor Hugo would have been on the side of the Dreyfusists and against "Nationalism." M. Stapfer's own manner takes on sometimes the prophetic lyricism of Victor Hugo. For example, "The French Revolution is a Golgotha, which, like that of Christ, constitutes a climacteric date in the history of humanity." Such want of taste explains much of the repugnance which the young lions of the "Nationalist" party feel for the leaders of Protestantism. The "Gardien du Feu" (Calmann Lévy), which a professor at Quimper and a folk-lorist of European reputation, M. Anatole Le Braz, produced last year, is a remarkable work. It is a seriously artistic performance. The tale is sombre, the plot of great simplicity, but the power with which the desolate Breton promontory, with the lighthouse in the offing, is depicted amid the shifting lights and shadows of the sea, recall the beauty of the great Greek drama in which grandiose human passions were given a setting where Nature itself sympathizes with the protagonists of the play. The note of pathos in this tale is Lotian, but the construction is more literary—and this, too, is crocus-coloured.

The new volume by M. Gaston Paris is charmingly literary in its flavour. In "François Villon" (Hachette), we have certainly a view of the delicious singer of the *dames du temps jadis*, which would only partially recommend itself to Mr. Havelock Ellis. This writer, it will be remembered, explained the peculiar note of personal emotion in Villon and Verlaine by the fact of their situation as social pariahs. No doubt the points of comparison between these two poets are facile and numerous, but if there is any one thing which the book of M. Gaston Paris shows it is that Villon, outlaw as he is by our standards, is not, by any means, a *rara avis* in the fifteenth century. The wretched complications of his life, of which his poetry is the reflection, were common enough in this strange epoch of social disorder, in which French society was fermenting between feudalism and Richelieu. Nothing could be more picturesque than the Paris described in this volume. There are pages on the student life here which are no less amusing than the account of Villon's promenades in the old Cemetery of the Innocents, where now are the Paris Central Markets, and where once was the famous painting of the "Danse Macabré" (this word, as M. Gaston Paris shows, should be thus written), which was copied all over Europe, and especially in Germany. W. M. F.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BISMARCK AS LOVER.

In reviewing *THE LOVE LETTERS OF PRINCE BISMARCK* (Heinemann, 20s. n.) it is not necessary to quibble over the question whether a man's letters to his wife are love-letters "within the meaning of the Act." The letters, whether we class them with love-letters or not, supplement our knowledge of Prince Bismarck in an interesting manner, and almost revolutionize the popular impression of his character. If the book had borne a motto on its title-page, nothing, in fact, would have been more appropriate than Browning's famous

God be thanked ! the meanest of his creatures
Has got two soul sides, one to face the world with
And one to show a woman when he loves her.

One ordinarily thinks of Bismarck, not only as strong but also as hard, unsympathetic, and unscrupulous—more particularly unscrupulous. And, indeed, not only his patriotism but also his vanity did sometimes lead him to emancipate himself from those scruples to which plain men with a normal sense of honour attach importance. His secret treaties, and his subsequent revelations concerning those secret treaties, published when his Emperor sent him back into private life, are there to prove it. But his letters, first to his *fiancée* and then to his wife, show him in a different and more attractive light—a man of strong affections, pronounced domestic inclinations, and definite Christian piety. He reads the Bible, and he quotes St. Paul's Epistles freely, and apparently desires to regulate his conduct by their precepts. Only when he fights a duel with "V." does the old Adam cry aloud. Then it is :—

We took our positions, fired at Bodelschwing's command,
and both missed. God forgive me the grave sin that I did not at once recognize His mercy, but I cannot deny it : when I looked through the smoke and saw my adversary standing erect, a feeling of disappointment prevented me from participating in the general rejoicing, which caused Bodelschwing to shed tears ; the modification of the challenge annoyed me, and I would gladly have continued the combat. But as I was not the insulted party, I could say nothing ; it was over, and all shook hands. We rode home, and I dined with my sister alone. All the world was dissatisfied with the outcome, but the Lord must know what He still intends to make of V.

The most interesting letters are unquestionably the earlier ones. In these, as is natural, the self-revelation is most complete. First we have two letters to Herr von Puttkamer, soliciting his daughter's hand, in which the suitor defines his religious position. He had sought peace of mind in vain "in uncomprehended writings of Hegel and particularly in Spinoza's seeming mathematical clearness." Then he had been "brought to the point of reading the Scriptures more consecutively" ; and though he cannot conscientiously say that his "feet are firmly established," he is "fixedly and manfully determined to seek peace with every man, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." The statement was regarded as satisfactory. The betrothal was celebrated ; and the letters to Fräulein von Puttkamer follow. They show Bismarck in sentimental moods of which those who only knew his public career would not have believed him capable. He has been like Werther, but his love has roused him :—

The English poems of mortal misery trouble me no more now ; that was of old, when I looked out into nothing—cold and stiff, snow-drifts in my heart. Now a black cat plays with it in the sunshine, as though with a rolling skein, and I like to see it rolling.

But if Fräulein von Puttkamer still loved sad poetry, he can find excuses for her. It is not a morbid taste, but rather "an advance in sensitiveness to and perception of poetry" :—

The thing that in an earthly sense is impressive and affecting, that can ordinarily be represented by human means,

is always related to the fallen angel, who is beautiful, but without peace ; great in his plans and endeavours, but without success ; proud and sad. Such things as there are, outside the province of religion, to stir our emotions, cannot, therefore, be cheerful and happy, but only serve as a constant finger-post, showing where we may find peace. If your mind has grown more receptive of the poetry of autumn, of frost on a night in May, and all human experiences of this class, then that fact proves that you are no longer a twelve-year-old. The storm that rages in the tops of the old trees, bending and breaking them, passes over the heads of children, children in body and mind, as it does over the little trees in the forest ; on becoming larger they grow up into the region of storms, and their roots must become stronger if they are not to fall.

Then, mixed up with thanks for presents of sausages, we have the young man's confession of political ambitions. He does not "think it unqualified good fortune to be an office-holder or even minister" ; his reason being that public office does not seem to promise sufficient scope for energy :—

The Prussian office-holder is like an individual in an orchestra. Whether he plays first violin or triangle, he must, without oversight or influence upon the whole, play off his fragment as it is assigned to him, whether he considers it good or bad. But I wish to make music such as I discern to be good, or none at all.

As for the career :—

What would be the outlook, then, for me, in my utter poverty, who of old have a dangerous tendency to spend more than I get—a tendency that I now combat successfully in my solitude, while I can scarcely endure falling behind any one in any respect when I am in the company of my equals ? If my career were the most successful I could expect, I should have an income on which I, with my requirements, could marry and set up a household in the city in my fortieth year, perhaps as president, or the like, when I shall be dried up with documentary dust, a hypochondriac, diseased in chest and abdomen from too much sitting, and need a wife as a nurse.

As a matter of fact, Bismarck was far more suited for important public office than Fräulein von Puttkamer was to be the wife of a man in a prominent public position. She generally stopped at home when her husband was "lying abroad for his country's honour." His letters of exhortation to her seem to indicate that she exercised a wise discretion in so doing. In some of the letters it is quite pathetic to see Bismarck struggling between his affection for her as she is, and his desire to see her develop into something different, by studying the French language and the manners and tone of society. He returns to the subject several times. This is the most striking passage :—

Read French, but if you love me, do not do so by artificial light, or if your eyes pain you ; in that case you had better ask mother to read aloud to you, for it is almost harder to understand than to speak. If you know of any agreeable piece of baggage you can get in a hurry to chatter French to you, then engage one ; I will gladly pay the bill. You will find yourself in a circle where French manners and conversation predominate ; so you are bound to familiarize yourself with these as far as possible. If you know of no person whom you like and who is available, never mind ; and, at any rate, I beg you not to consider this advice as a hardship, or as of more moment than if I asked you to buy yourself a green or a blue dress ; it is not a matter of life and death ; you are my wife, and not the diplomatists', and they can just as well learn German as you can learn French. Only if you have leisure, or want something to read, take a French novel ; but if you have no desire to do so, consider this unwritten, for I married you to love you in God and according to the need of my heart, and to have in the midst of the strange world a place for my heart, which all the world's bleak winds cannot chill, and where I may find the warmth of the home-fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without ;

not to have a society woman for others. I shall cherish and nurse your little hearth, put wood on it and blow, and protect it against all that is evil and strange, for, next to God's mercy, there is nothing which is dearer and more necessary to me than your love, and the homelike hearth which is ours everywhere, even in a strange land, when we are together. Do not be too greatly depressed at the change in our life; my heart is not attached, or, at least, not strongly attached, to earthly honour; I could easily dispense with it, if it should ever endanger our peace with God or our contentment. . . Farewell, my dearly beloved heart.

This was in 1851. Fourteen years later, the homeliness of Princess Bismarck was still such as to call for marital admonition. She has to be warned that she cannot possibly go to Homburg "without a maid and new dresses." The letter is addressed to "My eighteen-years-beloved Heart" :—

Since you have the misfortune to be my wife, the newspapers will surely take note on occasion of you and your attire. It is the misery of this position that the freedom of private life ceases, and therefore it is I warn you that in Homburg you ~~must~~ practise no economies which might be out of that measure which the public mercilessly defines for you, as the Prussian Prime Minister's wife, not according to your taste or means, but by your rank. We are unfortunately forced to regard a thousand thalers less than criticism on externals, and the part of a modest country housewife is no longer permitted you, at least not at watering-places !

These letters certainly reveal Princess Bismarck to us no less clearly than her husband. Having read them one is not surprised that the correspondence has less and less connexion with politics as the years roll on. The book, in fact, must be read for its human interest, and for nothing else. But that interest is quite enough to carry the majority of readers through the two volumes without a moment's weariness.

BOLINGBROKE.

BOLINGBROKE AND HIS TIMES. By WALTER SICHEL, late Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d. n.)

The fascination of Bolingbroke has certainly not died away. Among the most modern of the moderns Mr. Churton Collins and Mr. Arthur Hassall have attacked and defended him as if they were knights in the lists of old. Mr. John Morley, in his brilliant eulogy of Walpole, betrays, in page after page, his uneasiness in the presence of his hero's great rival, too great a man to be brushed aside with a smile, too great to be tackled, in such a sketch, with any convincing force. And still, it is incontestable, men remember Lord Beaconsfield and read "Sybil"; and the masterly chapter in which, as Mr. Traill wrote six years ago, was summarized "the whole of Disraeli's reading, reflection, and conclusions on English politics and political parties for three hundred years" is not likely to be forgotten when it places St. John among the three greatest of English statesmen. He was, we all know, as fascinating to his contemporaries as his memory has proved to posterity. He combined the charm of personal grace and wit, the knowledge and love of good literature, the talents of an astute party leader, the political principles of a man of honour and a statesman, in a harmony which Englishmen have always found peculiarly attractive. He belonged to perhaps the most brilliant body of literary men that has ever been gathered together in England in one age. He reached the summit of success; he touched the depth of misfortune. "What a world is this! And how does Fortune banter us!" The words have now a classic ring, and Bolingbroke has his place, almost without challenge, among great Englishmen of letters and great English statesmen.

It is on this bright and romantic figure that Mr. Walter Sichel has set himself to write an ambitious book. An admirer who does not fear to touch hyperbole in his praises, he is also a

student who has neglected not a single clue that might add to our knowledge of, or our interest in, the man and his times. We much doubt if any study of the English political literature of any period, even when we remember Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Firth, has been more close than that of Mr. Sichel. And the minuteness of his investigation has all been subordinated to his main object. He can digress, if we may say so, without being irrelevant. His illustrations, however detailed, never prove, on investigation, to be superfluous. Thus much we may say when we speak of what is but the first volume of the complete biography that is promised. A final estimate, till the whole work appears, we cannot make. Though the earlier career of St. John is dramatic enough, the deeper interest for the statesman and the student of letters is to come. We have seen the politician and the man of fashion. We have still to follow the career of the adviser of James Edward, the opponent of Walpole, the pedagogue of "the Boys," the man who gave the thoughts of his maturity to the world in the "Letters on History," the "Craftsman," and the "Patriot King." Mr. Sichel has not here attempted to set forth at length any coherent view of what Toryism, as it appeared to Bolingbroke, really was. He has vindicated, with some minuteness, and it must be admitted some lack of clearness, the Treaty of Utrecht, which, indeed, has been often vindicated before. He has sketched the social and political surroundings of St. John with an almost unerring accuracy and not without a certain piquancy and grace. But the greater part of his task is still to come.

It is easy briefly to describe the merits and defects of this book. And primarily it is a study that needs very careful reading and, often, following up. It is a professed vindication, and it does not hesitate to use the language of the partisan. It is so minute, so elaborate that inevitably, here and there, one cannot see the wood for the trees. In so great a mass of facts there must be a few slips. Here and there a story is told incompletely, as that of Bolingbroke's adroit action when he saw "Cato," or a fact slightly misstated, as when it is said that the adjournment till March 31, 1714, was due to "the approach of Easter Week," when Holy Week is probably meant. We think, too, that Mr. Sichel has fallen into the very common error of attaching too much importance to the statements of Defoe. He quotes him often, and sometimes as the only authority. It is too often forgotten that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" was not only a romancer when he wrote that immortal work or the Journal of the Plague. But it is not easy to catch Mr. Sichel tripping. While the final judgment, as we have said, must wait, we recognize the book as one of real importance, and one not to be neglected by any student of the eighteenth century.

BAGHDAD.

English scholars have generally been to the fore in Oriental archæology, if not always in Oriental philology, and it is gratifying to our national vanity to find so excellent an example of Arabic topography as BAGHDAD DURING THE ABBASID CALIPHATE, by Mr. G. le Strange (Clarendon Press, 16s. n.). We have often experienced the difficulty of getting any definite information out of the Arabic geographers and historians, who either assume that their readers are already acquainted with the famous city, or else describe it so vaguely and inconsistently that it seems impossible to make head or tail of the topography. Mr. le Strange, however, has accomplished the feat, thanks partly to the aid of an invaluable little treatise on the canals of Mesopotamia by a certain Ibn Serapion, who wrote at the close of the ninth century of our era, and who devoted to the water system of the Tigris and Euphrates a care and minuteness that would delight any irrigation engineer in Egypt or India. By mapping out the intersections of the canals which traversed Baghdad and its suburbs, it became possible to fix the positions of the chief buildings referred to in the histories of the Caliphs; and, although some difficulties still remain, Mr. le Strange may

be congratulated on having rebuilt the long-vanished mediæval city out of literary references, and enabled us to realise in imagination the place where "Haroun-al-Raschid" presided over the Golden Prime which Tennyson celebrated with so superb a disregard of the quantities of Arabic syllables. It must have been an extremely laborious and delicate task to establish the details of the topography on such obscure and random references as are found in the Arabic and Persian chroniclers; but Mr. le Strange is no novice at such researches, and he has done his work right well.

Like Constantinople, Baghdad grew up on both sides of a river, and fashion shifted the seat of royalty from one side to the other. It was founded by the second 'Abbâsid Caliph, al-Mansûr, in 762, on the site of a Persian village of the same name. The capital of the earlier or Omayyad Caliphs had been Damascus; but their successors required a metropolis more in the centre of an empire which had then spread as far as Tartary, and less open to the inroads of the Byzantine armies and the influences of the unruly tribes of Arabia. Charles Martel had set a bound to the westward expansion of the caliphate, and Islâm was now to face east, not west. The Saracens, too, were acquiring a taste for commerce and conquering their repugnance to the sea; their capital must be a seaport, and Baghdad on the broad Tigris offered great advantages for the Indian trade. Here, then, on the west bank Mansûr founded his new city. It was perfectly round in shape, with four gates—iron gates taken from another city and said to have been made for King Solomon—from which four streets, piercing the double walls, thick as the Great Wall of China, led to the central enclosure, an area of nearly a mile, where stood the Palace of the Golden Gate and the Caliph's mosque. The spaces between the palace enclosure and the main wall were filled with houses and bazaars. The main wall was a great rampart of large sun-burnt bricks, ninety feet high and 100 feet thick at the base; and the diameter of the city from ditch to ditch was nearly two miles. An important suburb, the nucleus of which was the camp of the Caliph's son, al-Mahdi, sprang up simultaneously on the eastern bank of the river, connected by bridges of boats, and this Eastern City, called Rusâfah, was the residence of the famous family of the Barmecide viziers. Other suburbs and palaces arose on both sides of the river; Hârûn-er-Rashid built his great mansion of the Khuld, Zobeida had her own palaces on the west bank, and the double city spread over a breadth of not less than six miles. The original Round City, however, did not survive the great epoch of the fighting Caliphs—the time when no Caliph died peacefully at Baghdad, but when "their tombs lie scattered over the length and breadth of the empire, from the pilgrim road near Mecca to Tûs in Khurâsân, or the gate of Tarsus in the north-west—for the burial-place of the Caliph was where he had died, on the road, so to speak, journeying in the affairs of Islâm." The fratricidal struggle between Rashid's sons, and the eighteen months' siege of Baghdad in 812-13—when the catapults of Tâhir pounded the brick walls to powder—ruined the Round City, and a century later the ramparts had disappeared. In the East no king repairs the buildings of his predecessors, so the ruins of the famous city of Mansûr gradually crumbled away, and the commercial quarters of Western Baghdad rose on its site.

On the east bank, however, the palaces of the caliphs continued to multiply. Jaafar the Barmecide's mansion became the palace of Mamûn, the Caliph who took so keen an interest in science and Greek philosophy; and the palaces of "the Pleiades," "the Crown," "the Tree" testified to the taste and luxury of a dynasty that had studied pleasure as a consolation for its loss of power. In the tenth century the Bûyid princes of Persia became the *maîtres du palais* of the fainting Caliphs, and new palaces and splendour marked their sway. A century later the Seljûks sat in the seats of the Bûyids, and the famous University of the great vizier Nizâm-el-Mulk, the friend of Omar Khayyâm, rivalled the splendid Hospital of a Bûyid prince. These munificent institutions reflect the noble spirit of the cultivated Sovereigns of Islâm, and the completeness of

their provisions and apparatus will astonish the reader who is not familiar with the high standard of civilization attained in Mahomedan countries in the Middle Ages. Unhappily, no trace of these great monuments of Saracenic science and public spirit remains, save in the countless writings of the scholars who studied under the learned professors of the Nizâmiyah University. Sieges and inundations undid the toil of wise Kings, and the final vandalism of the Mongol conquest in 1258, the fifty days' bombardment, the forty days' sack, completed the destruction of Baghdad. "The greater part of what was left of the city was laid in ruin," writes a witness at the end of the same century; "its inhabitants were all put to death, hardly one surviving to recall the splendour of what had been. People came in from the countryside to settle in Baghdad, seeing that its own citizens had all perished; so the city now is indeed other than it was, . . . but God, exalted be He, ordaineth all things."

In M. le Strange's eight plans, and in his clear and detailed chapters on the different parts of the city at various stages in its history, we see all that a very careful and complete study of the authorities can reveal. All the chief buildings, palaces, mosques, mausoleums, markets, and streets are identified and set down, and the periods of their life fixed from contemporary sources. The volume is, in fact, a marvellous triumph of reconstruction based upon literary evidence in place of excavations—which might lead to very slight results in the case of brick buildings. From an archæological point of view the book is fascinating, and we follow the various clues that lead to the final identifications with the greatest zest. But it must not be supposed that the work pretends to do more than fix the topography. It is not a history of Baghdad in the sense of a chronicle of what happened there, and we confess we should like to see M. le Strange not only provide the stage, but put the actors playing on it. Perhaps this may be done by himself or another in a second volume, and, meanwhile, all students of Mahomedan history will be grateful for so accurate a framework on which to work. Such trifling oversights as we have noticed are inevitable in a book abounding in names and critical remarks, but in a second edition M. le Strange would do well to correct a few misprints, such as Mâlik Shah, Kurn, Sanjâr, and to explain why he spells "Nich" without an "e."

The May Book.

Books published in aid of charities do not always give what the hypercritical would consider good value for the money; but no such charge can be brought against THE MAY BOOK (Macmillan, 10s. n.), compiled by Mrs. Aria in aid of Charing-cross Hospital. It is luxurious in appearance, and the contributors, whether authors, artists, or musicians, are all distinguished. Among the poets are included Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Robert Hichens, and Miss Corelli; while other familiar names are those of Mr. Henry James, Mr. Egerton Castle, Mr. Percy White, and Mr. Gilbert Parker. It would be ungracious, considering the occasion, to say that any author has done better or worse than any other, but we cannot resist the temptation to quote Mr. Austin Dobson's "Rondeau":—

In Angel Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.

Misnamed you say. For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel Court!

Nay: the Eternities are there.
Death by the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light;
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel Court!

EDUCATIONAL.

FRENCH.

Readers.

CONTES ET MÉLANGES (Black, 2s.) is an edition for schools of a selection from the shorter prose writings of Voltaire. The requisite Bowdlerizing has, of course, been done; and there are some ingenious oral exercises designed to enlarge the student's vocabulary, by grouping useful words. One can best show what these are like by quoting one of them:—

Le livre.—Qu'est-ce que j'ai à la main? Quel est le titre, l'auteur de ce livre? Comment se nomment les éditeurs (publishers)? Qui a publié, a écrit le livre? Combien de pages y a-t-il dans le livre? Combien de lignes à la page?—de lettres à la ligne? Combien de gravures? Qui a dessiné les gravures? De quelle couleur est la reliure? Qui a relié le livre?—le relieur.

This is an easy example. A more difficult one is:—

Une Épée.—(1) La garde sert à protéger la main; (2) la lame; (3) la pointe de la lame sert à frapper "de pointe"; (4) le tranchant de la lame sert à frapper "de taille"; (5) le fort de l'épée, tiers (third) du tranchant à partir de (from) la garde. Il sert à parer les coups; (6) le faible de l'épée, tiers à partir de la pointe. Il sert à frapper "de taille."

As preparations for "unseens" we should think these exercises would be useful.

CONTES FRANÇAIS, a selection with notes and vocabulary, edited by Emile le François (Blackie's Modern Language Series, 1s.), is a nice little book of easy stories, told in simple language. The notes are short and to the point. Mr. Arnold sends an edition of de Musset's charming MONSIEUR LE VENT ET MADAME LA PLUCIE (9d.), with notes and vocabulary.

Mr. F. W. B. Smart has carried out a good idea in his AGE OF LOUIS XI., AS DESCRIBED BY FRENCH CONTEMPORARIES AND FRENCH HISTORIANS (Black's Historical French Readings). There is, perhaps, less of the contemporary than might be wished, but the historians are almost as interesting. The book is not difficult in style or language, and any variations from modern idiom are explained in the notes. Something might have been said of the authors. There are a short historical introduction, exercises, pieces of prose, and essay subjects.

From Messrs. Blackie come two FRENCH PICTURE PRIMERS (6d. each) intended to make the first steps in French easy and interesting to very young pupils. They give simple sentences with illustrations. If there is a fault it is that the vocabulary includes too many out of the way words, such as *souricière*, *robinet*, *éperon*, *cochon-de-mer*, *gousse*, *phoque*, *gland*, *gui*. Children cannot remember many words at once, so that it would be more discreet not to go beyond the obvious ones.

Mr. Alfred Starck's FRENCH CORRESPONDENCE BY EASY STAGES (Blackie) is really an elementary French grammar in which the examples, exercises, and vocabulary are selected to illustrate the operations of the counting-house. For example, "A buyer from Liverpool has bought the acids from the manufacturer"; "Charles' banker has sent back the cheque"; "The joint stock company announced a dividend of eighteen francs"; "We have begun business in this town as soap manufacturers." No doubt it is more useful to mercantile men to be able to express sentiments of that sort than to be able to ask a stranger whether his aunt has given the grocer's silk stockings to the tallow-chandler, after the style of the pupils of Ollendorff. At the same time it seems rather an insult to a noble language to treat it, from the day on which the alphabet is learnt, as though it were merely a medium for the driving of bargains in commodities. To do so is surely to give colour to the views of those who hold that commercial education is no education at all.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE FOR STUDENTS AND TEACHERS OF FRENCH, by E. G. W. Braunnholtz, is a particularly well-arranged and useful bibliography. The books on such diverse subsections of the subject as "Phonetics," "French Spelling," "French Metre," "Provençal," &c., are brought together under their respective headings. The lists are selected, not exhaustive; but that is not a fault. The selection has been made with admirable discrimination; and it would be hypercriticism to suggest that an item here and there was too unimportant to be worth including.

There is no lack of English books about French literature. Mr. Ernest Weekley's PRIMER OF FRENCH LITERATURE (Blackie, 2s. 6d.) may serve the purposes of those who wish to get a synop-

tic survey of the subject at a sitting. The earlier literature is dealt with more satisfactorily than the later, and there are a few extracts from Villon and other writers of that period. The criticism of recent and contemporary writers is weak and superficial. One may as well not criticize at all as remark that "the weak point of the Symbolists is that they appeal only to the initiated"; and it is absolutely misleading to speak of Daudet as "belonging to the naturalistic school." The school influenced him, but he no more belonged to it than Dickens, the master whom he principally imitated, did.

GREEK

Demosthenes.

The edition, by a scholar so famous as Professor Goodwin of Harvard, of DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.) is something of an event; and we may say, after a careful examination, that it is worthy of its author. Professor Goodwin's keen instinct for the niceties of Greek syntax and his power of lucid exposition place the notes on a very high level. We would instance the notes on *ἐπὶ τῇ ἀνακρίσει* § 63.1, *ὥστερ ἂν εἰ ἡγοῦμενοι* § 214.4, *ἐπεχείρησ' ἂν* § 101.3, *ἂν ᾧ* after the optative § 148.4, and § 168.4, but these are only a few out of many. The *apparatus criticus* is full, and the most recent discoveries are used for criticism of the text. Thus [*δομενοι* *καὶ*] is bracketed in § 43.8, on the authority of the Oxyrhynchus papyrus, and the words *μηδὲν . . . βιορῇ* in the epigram of § 289 are explained, after Kirchhoff, as a quotation from Simonides, which explains the mysterious phrase *ἐν βιορῇ*. In a note which is a model of sound sense, the burning of the booths mentioned in § 169, instead of being due to a senseless panic, is explained by Professor Goodwin as referring to a beacon fire on Lycabettus. In fact, it is hard to overpraise the notes as a whole, though in a few points we might have something to suggest. Thus Thucydides' usage with *ἐπεὶ* is not fully stated on § 1.4. After *πρῶτον μὲν* the proportion of *ἐπεὶ* alone to *ἐπεὶ δὲ* is nearly four to one, and *ἐπεὶ δὲ* is regular where *καὶ* follows, whether or not *μὲν* precedes. Again, it is very doubtful whether the *ρομεία* of the Athenian riff-raff is exaggerated by Aristophanes (§ 11.6). Such practices still exist, or existed lately, for instance in Samos, where they caused much scandal—not to mention India; and the abuse was of the most ribald kind. The condemnation of the Boeotians for stupidity (§ 35.9) should be qualified, as Professor Roberts has lately shown in "The Ancient Boeotians." Lastly, we are not convinced that the text is complete in § 45.7 *πλὴν οὐκ ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦς*. The appendices we have read with the greatest interest, and we are glad to see that Professor Goodwin is quite clear (as against Holm and the latest tendency) that Demosthenes was not only a sincere patriot, but a far-seeing statesman. His indictment of Aeschines is completely convincing, and we cannot see how, after this demonstration, any other view can be taken. The tortuous story of the embassies is unravelled with great skill; and new light is thrown on the history from the inscriptions lately discovered at Delphi. There are some interesting remarks on the *γραφὴ παρανόμων*, which is elucidated by a comparison with the American Constitution. Other essays deal with the Suit Against Ctesiphon, the Trials of Aeschines and Philocrates, the Amphictyonic Council, the Hero Physician, the Manuscripts, and Stichometry in the MSS. of Demosthenes: from the last of which an unexpected argument has been drawn against the authenticity of the public documents cited in the Speech on the Crown.

Thucydides.

The Edition of THUCYDIDES: HISTORIES BOOK III., by H. F. Fox (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.), printed with the neatness and elegance which are usual in the Clarendon Press, is on the whole good. In some respects, indeed, it is very good. The account of the style of Thucydides in the introduction, the remarks on the text, and the greater part of the notes are all that could be desired. We have not space to call attention to these in detail, but must content ourselves with the most disagreeable, if it is the most useful, part of the critic's task in pointing out a few faults. More care is needed in the phrasing; it is incorrect to say that an adverb "qualifies" a verb (8.1). It would be easy to explain why words expressing duty or possibility need no *ἂν* to help out the meaning (10.6) The explanation of *παρὰ τοσοῦτον* takes no account of the meaning of *παρὰ* with the accusative, and is only a paraphrase (49.4); it would have been worth while to collect instances of the use of *παρὰ* here. We are glad to add that the interpretations of difficult places are well summarized and clearly put; but the editor is not always definite enough in his own opinion.

Herodotus.

Mr. W. J. Woodhouse, author of "Aetolia," is a good editor, as we have before had occasion to point out; and his edition of *HERODOTUS IV.*, 1-144, University Tutorial Series (Clive, 4s. 6d.), is not unworthy of his reputation. A very good summary of the author's dialect is prefixed, which will be found useful, and quite sufficient for practical purposes, by more advanced students than those whom the book is meant for. We can recommend it.

Æschylus.

ÆSCHYLUS: EUMENIDES, edited by T. B. Mills, M.A., University Tutorial Series (Clive, 3s. 6d.), is for the most part a useful little edition. The notes are much the same as others as far as they go. In literary appreciation, however, they fail, a common fault in this series. There are several serious omissions. On page 1, *τράγοι* should be explained; and *αὐτοῖσι* in lines 771, 774 is passed by without a word. Mr. Mills has not seen Delos, or he could hardly have explained *χορὰδα* (9) as possibly the cliffs on its west; the island outline, with Cynthus in the middle, is graphically described by "hog-back." On line 473 he has confused two different explanations of *κατηρυκώς*: *κατηρύω* "to train" could never give rise to the metaphorical sense "furnished with teeth." We like Mr. Mills' reading of 489 (*ὀρκῶν περὶ ὧντας μηδὲν*) better than Sidgwick's.

Euripides.

We cannot confidently recommend Mr. G. M. Gwyther's *BACCHÆ OF EURIPIDES* (Bell's Illustrated Classics). There is, in our opinion, too much help given in the text; to insert stage directions is good, but not so to add an elaborate summary of each small section. It is the notes, however, we chiefly find fault with. Mr. Gwyther writes incorrectly, e.g., he says "to be on guard against" when he means "to be on watch for" (67). Or he says the opposite of what he means; the *τραιηρίς* is explained as "every third year, i.e., according to Greek calculation, every other year" (133). Irrelevant facts are mentioned, as the three rims of the helmets worn by the priests of Cybele (120). A difficulty is overlooked in *ὥστε* for *ὥσπερ* (1,066). Lastly, the explanation of *οὐ μὴ προσοίσει* (343) is quite wrong; Mr. Gwyther apparently regards it as *οὐ προσοίσει* negatived by *μὴ*, whereas *μὴ προσοίσει* is the starting-point of the phrase. It is a pity, because most of the notes are judicious and adequate. The pictures here are very freely adapted, and have no archæological value; we are surprised to see the familiar three Graces, "from a bas-relief," dancing before a background of mountains.

THE RISE OF HELLAS, by E. G. Wilkinson, M.A. (Black's Historical Greek Readers, with vocabulary, 2s. 6d.), is an interesting and intelligent book, beginning in difficulty where *Graecula* leaves off, and advancing with greater speed than usual. It includes a wide range of style and vocabulary; the subjects begin with the myths and end with the battles of Plataea and Mycale. There are good comments on the matter, though the editor is a little too much inclined to rationalize. It is very unlikely that Hercules is a personification of the civilizing tendencies of the Phœnicians. The pictures are good, except Delphi, which is a caricature.

English Literature.

Mr. E. J. Mathew has written a *HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE* (Macmillans, 4s. 6d., pp. 534), clearly arranged and classified, with many facts, dates, and typical extracts, which for the earlier periods are particularly useful to the student. Although the editor's own English is not above suspicion, his criticisms are often clear and sound. The comparison of Shakespeare and Jonson, for example, is drawn out in some detail and summed up thus:—"We turn to Shakespeare for studies of human nature; from Jonson we only learn what our forefathers were like at some one particular period." Of course, the same detail cannot be expected in the treatment of lesser lights. The chief faults we have to find are these, and they are rather serious. The treatment of Elizabethan prose is meagre, and takes no sufficient account of the luxuriant vigour of Sir Thomas North, the grace and versatility of Greene, or the mordant invective of Nash, not to name many others, such as Holland, Lodge, L'Estrange, and the other translators. And the criticism of modern authors is somewhat blind to their merits. Mrs. Browning is placed above her husband, and Tennyson and George Eliot are depreciated. The former fault Mr. Mathew shares with most other historians of English literature. He seems at times to be too dependent on tradition for his criticism, and perhaps he has neglected parts of the field for want of earlier guides.

It is not easy to see the plan of selection in *LAUREATA, A BOOK OF POETRY FOR THE YOUNG*, by Richard Wilson (Arnold, 1s. 6d.). The pieces do not seem to be specially suited to the young; otherwise we should hardly find among them Southwell's "Shun Delays," Tennyson's "In Memoriam" stanzas, Arnold's "Rugby Chapel," and other such introspective or philosophical verse. But nearly all the pieces are of high excellence—all perhaps, if we except Hood's "November," which offends by its trivial play upon the word and its lack of form; and many are such as stir the blood, as the ballad of Agincourt, the Light Brigade, the ride from Ghent to Aix. The selection from Swinburne is poor. It consists of a so-called "Child's Song," with a flat ending; the concluding verses of the "Armada," unhappy specimens of his most gasping style; and "A Child's Laughter," which can only appeal to those who are not children. Nevertheless, although we cannot commend the principles of selection, we gladly admit that there is plenty of fine poetry in "Laureata."

Science.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF PHYSICS, Vol. I. General Physical Measurements, by Allan F. Walden, M.A., and T. T. Manley (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.), may be warmly commended to young teachers of Physics in schools, and will be welcomed by many of greater experience, not only by reason of its intrinsic merits, but also because it displays the methods of two teachers who have given an unusual amount of careful thought to the consideration of the method of presenting the first elements of physics to beginners. In the case of the older subjects of school study the experience of generations has already settled many of the questions which are still open in the modern subjects of school instruction in science, and the publication of books of this kind will help to make the differences less marked. The easiest method and that which naturally, but unfortunately, presents itself to the young teacher fresh from the University, imbued with confidence in his teachers and admiration for the results which he has seen to follow from their labours, is to present a scientific subject to children just as it has been put before him in his maturer years. In the case of Physics this fundamental error is not so marked as in Biology, because it is limited by the condition of the mathematical knowledge already acquired. This is an important matter, and is hardly sufficiently recognized in this book. The ordinary arithmetic of schools, the arithmetic of counted quantities, is an insufficient preparation for the study of physical measurements, and, until the arithmetic of measured quantities is definitely taught, it would be well to introduce a prefatory chapter on this subject. The paragraph on the Multiplication of Errors (which is a misnomer) might then be omitted, and the indication of the accuracy of a measurement by the number of places of decimals replaced by the number of significant digits employed. It is as yet premature to commend too highly any scheme for the teaching of Physics, but the plan developed in this book is good, and it certainly represents honest thought and careful practice.

School Histories.

HARROW (3s. 6d. n.) in Mr. Bell's Public Schools Series gives the history of the school first, and then an account of present-day conditions there. The account of the expenses is not so full as in the case of some of the other volumes, but there is a good chapter on Harrow songs.

A good deal of antiquarian research has lately been expended on Winchester by Mr. Leach and others, but a light and readable book, such as Mr. R. Townsend Warner's admirably illustrated *WINCHESTER* (Handbooks to Great Public Schools Bell, 3s. 6d. n.), was a desideratum. The history of the school and the salient features of its modern life are emphasized with the avowed object of informing parents who may think of sending their sons to Winchester. Some new and entertaining light is thrown upon the customs of the school in the seventeenth century by extracts from letters written by a gentleman commoner, Ralph Verney, to his father, and lent to the author by the present Lady Verney.

M. Pierre de Coubertin is known as an interpreter of France to England, in our own columns and elsewhere. His *NOTES SUR L'ÉDUCATION PUBLIQUE* (Hachette, 3f. 50c.) are intended rather for his own countrymen than ours. Possibly he covers too much ground to cover it all thoroughly; but he is a thoughtful writer, hampered by few prejudices, though decidedly opposed to the "feminism" championed by M. Marcel Prévost. "Il faut laisser à l'ouragan féministe le temps de passer," he writes; and he wants women educated for marriage and not for independent careers. In a country in which the convents absorb the old maids this doubtless seems more plausible than here.

FICTION.

Zack's Latest.

It was argued in our columns a few weeks ago that, though all long novels were not great, all great novels were long. The advocates of the contrary opinion will be entitled to quote the case of *THE WHITE COTTAGE*, by Zack (Constable, 6s.), which is short and amazingly good. The writer who can take village folk for her characters, can distribute among them the parts of a strong drama of elementary passion, can preserve their dialect and their characteristics of habit and thought without ever letting their actions or emotions seem grotesque or unconvincing, has done one of the most difficult things in the art of fiction. The story is a study of a woman's heart, and more particularly, of a woman's preference of a man who treats women badly to a man whose attitude towards women is chivalrous and respectful. The theme is essentially one which requires a woman to deal with it. When men have handled it, as they sometimes have, the note of special pleading has seldom failed to be audible. To them the psychological situation is a strange phenomenon observed *ab extra*. With women, if they perceive it at all, the perception is instinctive. It is their province to understand the success of Don Juan, just as it is a man's province to understand the success of Messalina. More particularly is this the case when we have to do with a Messalina or a Don Juan of humble life; and Zack's Don Juan is a fisherman. Her scene is laid in a little village on the North Devon coast and she seems to know her North Devon almost as well as Richard Blackmore knew it. Not only the dialect but also the habits of thought, the metaphors, the humorous way of looking at things are truly rendered. Nothing could be more delightful than the interlude in which the village constable tells how he went to Barnstaple fair to buy a present for the lady whom he wished to marry, and was persuaded by the stall-keeper to purchase five large coloured glass balls. He had explained that he wanted "sommatt wi' a look to it":—

"Then ses she to me, 'You couldn't go for to do a wiser thing than buy they five coloured balls. There's the blue wan,' she ses, 'the same colour ez the stripes across Her Majesty's breast; red, that 'ull put 'ee in mind of battle, murder, and sudden death, the same being, ez' the Prayer-book ses, always in our midst; green stands for the Emerald Isle, a part o' England, tho' I've heard a place wi' ways; yaller 'ull tell 'ee ivery Saturday night to put your money faithful in your wife's hand; purple pictures life, not overfull o' zarrer or o' joy, but fair eating and clothes to taste.' Wi' that I paid down my money, thinking I cudn't do a much wiser thing."

Tears and laughter are close together in the book, and the pathos is as admirable as the humour.

More Love-Letters.

It may soon become necessary to assign a definite place in literature to the imaginary love-letter, a form of writing which seems suddenly to have commended itself to several young authors who wish to discover some new method of communicating to the world their views upon things in general. The essay is discredited and dull; the love-letter may very well take its place, for a time. The advantages offered by this sort of writing are considerable, at first sight. There is, first of all, the romantic setting; then the spirit of curiosity that prompts so many of us to pry into what are ostensibly a woman's most sacred thoughts; and, finally, it is no longer necessary for the author to express her opinions with any regard to definite form. The conventions of the literary love-letter have not yet begun to exercise more than a gentle restraint, though the careful observer may note that some are beginning to assert themselves. Thus it is already essential, apparently, to begin every letter with a new term of endearment. But this is a small matter. As a means of literary expression we have no great quarrel with the love-letter, except on the score of sentimentality and an

unavoidable similarity in the form of the several letters when they come to be collected. The publication of actual love-letters is a different matter, and one that would seem to argue a certain obtuseness of the finer feelings. Yet it is the fashion for the authors (or editors) to insert explanatory prefaces vouching for the authenticity of their selections. "George Egerton," who is responsible for *ROSA AMOROSA* (Grant Richards, 6s.), prefixes a note expressly disclaiming comparison with other books of a similar nature on the ground that hers is no piece of exquisite literature, but "of value only as truthfully human." Furthermore, she has a long introductory notice, as it were, of the real writer, explaining in some fashion (perhaps rather lamely) how it is that the publication of this book cannot be considered as a breach of confidence. All this is well enough, no doubt, as a piece of literary make-believe, but it seems unnecessary trouble. Were the letters authentic, they should never have been published; supposing them to be merely the outcome of "George Egerton's" imagination, all this parade does not give credit to the reader's intelligence. To come to the letters themselves, we will admit cheerfully that they contain some very fine writing indeed, and some thoughts on the relation between husband and wife that were worth setting down. In short, they are good letters, full of excellent description of nature—is this also becoming one of the conventions?—and displaying a good deal of varied information and a character something out of the common. But the fault in this kind of writing lies in the unavoidable sameness, the constant repetition. It is always "Do you remember"—and then off into a sheaf of loving reminiscences, and after a dozen letters or so the iteration makes one "tired." To the lover himself these confidences are no doubt delightful, but the whole world of readers cannot be expected to put themselves in his position, and to read from his point of view. In short, books of this kind should be taken, if at all, in small doses. Read in any quantity they afflict us with a weariness of all such strained sentiment; the perpetual harping on the same string takes on an air of artificiality, and even the most intimate disclosures begin to pall. "Rosa Amorosa" contains a good deal that is quite worth reading, but a careful perusal of the book has not left us with an extraordinarily high opinion of the love-letter as a form of literary expression.

Ireland.

Miss Crottie writes with true Irish daintiness and sympathy the records of an Irish country town towards the end of the eighteenth century in *THE LOST LAND* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.). A note of sorrow is struck again and again almost as though the sorrowing took pleasure in their pain—a characteristic which every one who knows the Irish peasantry will recognize as true. So persistent is this note that it seems almost fitting that Thad, the large-hearted far-seeing friend of the poor and well-beloved head of the house, should die as the tale draws to its end. Some of the minor characters, notably *The Stranger* and *Jane Fogarty*, are drawn with rare skill, and Miss Crottie writes far better English, Irish though she be, than many English authors of to-day. Her style and choice of words afford pleasure apart from the story she has to tell.

It may be doubted whether many people will take *JOHN TOWNLEY: A TALE FOR THE TIMES* (Henry Deane, 6s.) as seriously as does its author, Mr. Robert Thynne. He has previously treated of Irish disaffection and shown himself a painstaking rather than a sympathetic student of a certain side of Irish politics and social life. The book hinges on the Phoenix-park murders and the Parnellite conspiracy. Mr. Gladstone, under the name of Mr. Mazyman, and other leading actors in the drama of those troublous days figure in the narrative. Few, perhaps, will care to seek their fiction among the pages whereon is written the tale of Gladstonian Home Rule. But for those who care to do so Mr. Thynne's well-written and earnest book has many attractions, treating as it does prominently of the part played in the struggle by the Roman Catholic priesthood.

Mechanics.

If you want a recipe for the popular, trim-built, soulless, semi-historical novel you may take Mr. S. R. Crockett's new book, *THE SILVER SKULL* (Smith, Elder, 6s.), and find the rules for its concoction as well as an excellent example of the result. As a highly-successful author Mr. Crockett takes his novel seriously and button-holes you in the preface, telling you that, "howsoever I may have succeeded in telling it," there is no truer and no stranger tale in all the long history of Italy than that of "The Silver Skull," which was the badge of a band of murderers, led by Ciro the Priest, in Apulia and the "Heel of the Boot," early in the last century. He also mentions that a quantity of "justificative material" has come into his hands; that he has himself lived, in his youth, in Italy and knows its "little wayside inns, its hill-set towns, tower-crowned and battlemented, the white farmhouses, the brown shepherds' shelters, the swarthy fisherfolk of Adria, the red-lipped, saucy-eyed maidens by the fountains . . ."; and that Mr. C. C. Lacaita and the journals of the late General Richard Church have been of great service to him. All this is interesting. But when one comes to the story of the Red Terror, the wild doings of the murderous Decisi, and the adventures of the gay Vardarelli riders it is apparent that the most fortunate collector of "romantic" data may yet produce a very artificial novel. Mr. Crockett seems to have felt as much, for he says that the present book can hardly be called a romance, "so close has the story been kept to the material facts of history." Writers like Motley have produced histories with all the vivacity of the novel, and novelists have written stories with the vital force of history; but Mr. Crockett falls between both ideals and fails to give us real men and women. The adventures of his marionettes are mechanically thrilling to the last degree; the actions of the characters read like melodrama; their diction hints the Surrey-side. But Mr. Crockett is an accomplished showman, and his puppets will very likely dance their way into the hearts of the public who, perhaps wisely, prefer the obvious to the subtle, the external accidents to the eternal verities.

The Occult.

To a certain class of mind it is a pleasurable thing to hover curiously on the edge of the occult. Such persons will find plenty of interest in Mr. T. W. Speight's *STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF MR. VERSCHOYLE* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), which is concerned with the successive re-incarnations of a rather commonplace person who becomes interesting because of the abnormal conditions in which he views life. The thing has been done with more sensationalism in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and with more humour in "Vice Versa." Mr. Speight's book differs in some details of the conception from both of these. There is here no exchange of identities, though we meet with the same commingling of "egos" (if that is the way to put it), the same dreadful legacies from the body's former tenant, the same "grotesqueries" consequent upon the wandering spirit's ignorance of the antecedents of his physical domicile. All this is made the most of by Mr. Speight who contrives to import a sentimental interest to catch sentimental readers.

On the River.

MY SON RICHARD, by Douglas Sladen (Hutchinson, 6s.), is a story which is likely to please, but the reader will find that certain passages in its first few pages are not necessary to his enjoyment. Such, for instance, are some preliminary notes addressed to various persons, and a third chapter which the author tells us "may be skipped by the reader who takes no interest in his country." The reader who does take an interest in his country may, we venture to think, risk a similar course without serious damage to his patriotism. The only preliminary note of importance is that which explains the change of title, which was originally "the great Company," a term applied by Mr. Sladen to the military caste (so far as such a caste exists), the ardour of which he tells us—though the moment is not quite a fortunate one for such an assertion—"will be enhanced a hundredfold by the reforms at the War Office." But the tale, we hasten to remark

again, is one which cannot fail to prove agreeable. Its background is the sunlit woods of the Thames, its characters appear always in pretty blouses or immaculate flannels and conduct their delightful flirtations in punts or bungalows. Every one is as "nice" as they can be—except one young lady, and she is pretty, well dressed, and agreeable; and a charming marchioness with her two daughters who come, under an incognito, into touch with the "great company" on the river, add a pleasant piquancy to the situation, while the military ardour of Richard and his departure to the front in Africa give it an actuality. It is in fact a story which may be read with enjoyment—not very probable indeed or very profound, but told with freshness, humour, and sympathy, and with the charm which always accompanies a novel in which the writer succeeds in making you like all his *dramatis personæ* without denying them character and individuality.

From America.

PARLOUS TIMES (Heinemann, 4s.), by Mr. D. D. Wells, is No. 2 of the Dollar Library, which we are told will give to English readers an impression of "the mercurial genius picturesquely expressing itself on the other side of the Atlantic. . . ." We are not quite sure of the mercurial genius of Mr. D. D. Wells, but any book from the author of "Her Ladyship's Elephant" and "His Lordship's Leopard" is welcome. "Parlous Times" is an exciting story of melodramatic English life as it is understood by a widely observant and moderately inspired American writer. Aloysius Stanley, Secretary of a South American Embassy, is a fortunate young gentleman in London who becomes entangled with three interesting ladies, one of whom is the wife of a very important and wicked and rather stogy Colonel Darcy. It is a well-told tale; a pleasant book to read and one likely to be almost as popular on this side of the Atlantic as with those "variedly composite and interesting people" who will enjoy it in the land of its birth.

Another interesting American novel, not belonging this time to the "Dollar Library," is Mrs. Grace Denio Litchfield's *THE MOVING FINGER WRITES* (Putnam's, 6s.), in which a plain tale is admirably told. Mrs. Litchfield is agreeably "literary" in her method, apt with quotation, elegant in allusion and experienced in the development of plot. "The Moving Finger Writes" is, perhaps, more essentially American in spirit than Mr. Wells' example of Transatlantic fiction.

Sensations.

An enticingly mysterious title, like a famous two-letter advertisement on the hoardings, piques the public curiosity, and of this Mr. St. John Raikes, the author of *SESA* (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.), is evidently aware. We naturally ask "Who or what is Sesa?" It would not be fair to hint at the depths of the many mysteries contained in this ingeniously constructed and genially gory tale of wholesale murder. Mr. Raikes writes so freely and unaffectedly of deeds of blood that the most sensitive ceases to be repelled. Thus, "Between us Campbell and I moved the body of Elvida, and, covering it and the other corpses with sheets, we placed the dying man upon the mattress." To the reader who has reached the point in the story where this sentence occurs, those "other corpses" will seem natural enough. But Mr. Raikes shows that he has gifts fitting him for work on higher themes than that of "Sesa," and next time we hope he will come in less bloodthirsty guise.

Mr. Harry Spurr, unless we are mistaken, has hitherto presented himself to the public in the character of a painstaking humorist; so that it is a little amusing to find the author of "A Cockney in Arcadia" grappling with real solid melodrama as he does in *THE VAULTED CHAMBER* (Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.)—the tale of the terrible vengeance of a Russian wife on those who have done to death her innocent husband. It is very easy to read, both because of its clear type and wide margins, and of the almost terribly facile style of the man who tells the tale. The mystery of the vaulted chamber to which the Princess Obanoff lures her victims and there despatches

them is not very original or ingenious, but there is throughout that strong melodramatic flavour that suits some palates.

A DAUGHTER OF MYSTERY, by R. Norman Silver (Jarrold, 6s.), begins well, with some sort of resemblance to actual life in the sayings and doings of its characters, but degenerates quickly. "Sensation" is all very well. There are plenty of people who like it; but it has to be well done. And modern gentlemen who go about slaying people and burying them out of hand, and who hiss "Ten thousand fiends!" when they are annoyed, are less terrible than absurd.

In DAYS OF DOUBT (Ward, Lock) Miss Alice Maud Meadows gives uncommonly honest value for 3s. 6d. There are 348 pages of story, exemplary in tone and exciting beyond the dreams of the most exacting sensation-seeker. Early in the book the hero, Arthur Richmond, who is about to be married to a conventionally charming heroine, prevents another gentleman, his double, from jumping over Waterloo-bridge. He takes him home to his rooms in the Temple, being determined to play into the novelist's hands; and soon after Arthur is knocked down in the street with his double's pocket-book in his coat, and the other gentleman, Harry Stanmore, lies dead in the Temple-chambers. Arthur is taken to a hospital and the relations of Harry surround him. His memory is supposed to have gone, and Miss Meadows has made a very fair start towards a novel of confusions. These are destined to be worse confounded in a hundred rather mechanical ways, but still the result is excitement, sensation, and a rush of interest.

HISTORICAL NOVELS.

Prince Rupert.

As a narrator of spirited stories of adventure Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has established his reputation with those who enjoy being swept along by unhalting tales of daring deeds. To such it does not greatly matter in what period or where the scene is cast. It happens that in PRINCE RUPERT THE BUCCANEER (Methuen, 6s.) the story is concerned with the time of Cromwell, when the worsted Royalists of fighting blood sought some field for their blood-letting propensities in the world's remote corners, the while the representative of the Stuart dynasty held inglorious Court at The Hague. In the Spanish Main, it would seem, carracks laden with gold bars and doubloons and pieces of eight were to be captured by any band of ruffians with sufficient thirst for blood and greed for treasure. As a combination of sprightly swordsman and cunning diplomatist Prince Rupert is drawn as a figure that challenges comparison, say, with D'Artagnan. To supply the "love interest" we have "Master Stephen Laughan," a maid who adores the hero, and follows him, disguised as a man, fighting by his side, all unknown to him, in the bloodiest engagements. For the kind of story where breathless adventure and skin-of-the-teeth escapes are the chief stock-in-trade one can hardly imagine the thing better done. The occasional bits of modern slang which slip into the seventeenth century diction are but superficial blemishes of a rattling story of adventure.

Stuart and Hanoverian.

In dealing with THE CURIOUS CAREER OF RODERICK CAMPBELL (Constable, 6s.) Miss Jean McIlwraith contrives to include almost as much variety of incident as Dr. Conan Doyle put into "The Refugees"—a story which we have been accustomed to consider as unrivalled in respect of breathless action. For Mr. Campbell, beginning with the pacific post of sergeant in the Edinburgh Town Guard, finds himself led to fight first for Stuart and then for Hanoverian in the rising of '45, and fills up his spare time by effecting the release of a prisoner after Culloden. Thence to Canada, where the canny Scot escapes a scalping party of Indians by the timely display of a wig—the trick is not new in fiction—and becomes a medicine-man and something of a power in the land. Naturally enough, many of the characters reappear in the New World, as actors in the struggle for the possession of Canada, and the gallant sergeant generally manages to be on the spot when events of importance are proceeding. The

story is well told; there is a love interest running through it which turns out happily; the characters are out of the common run; and nobody could accuse the author of lack of adventurous incident. In short, this is a creditable romance. No self-respecting Scot, we suppose, can refrain from handling one of the Jacobite risings, but Miss McIlwraith has imparted so much novelty into a hackneyed subject that we forgive her readily.

In Puritan New England.

In THE MAKING OF CHRISTOPHER FERRINGHAM (The Macmillan Co., 6s.) Miss Boulah Marie Dix has produced a fine picture of colonial America in the days of Puritan and Cavalier, but it lacks the *debonnaire* charm of her earlier and slighter story, "Hugh Gwyeth." Kester Ferringham is a dissipated young wastrel, bred in the Royalist camp during the Civil War, made captive at Worcester, and shipped over seas by his Puritan kindred. He is an engaging scamp—a strange figure enough in the godly little town of Meadowcreek, in Massachusetts; but his earlier escapades are too much in the nature of school-boy mischief for a man who has known the tragedy of the Civil War from Marston Moor to Worcester, and has sailed far seas with Prince Rupert. Christopher, however, soon gets on to more serious misdemeanours, such as dicing, drinking, and—most grievous of all—secretly aiding Quakers, and ends by being cast off by his kinsfolk, condemned to work out his debts as a bond-servant, and set in the stocks. Miss Dix's realism shows to advantage when she describes her hero's penance; she really conveys the ache, physical and mental, of those ignominious hours spent beneath the stare of enemies, idlers, children, "even the very geese" on the village green. The upbuilding of Christopher's character is less convincing than his earlier recklessness, and his love story is frankly conventional. Nevertheless, the slow-moving story quickens to an adventurous pace when the scene shifts to the Barbados, where Christopher rights old wrongs and captures the pirate ship after a struggle with death, narrated with almost brutal force, and returns in triumph to a reconciled Meadowcreek. The book is clever and conscientious, and if its style is too closely detailed for beauty, it certainly achieves reality, while Christopher himself is a vital figure. The retrospective condemnation of Royalists is uncalled for; and the unregenerate reader wonders whether residence in the American settlements was essential to salvation and whether a soldier under that loyal leader, Prince Rupert, might not have had some chances of proving his manhood.

LEST WE FORGET, by Joseph Hocking (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), is a long, closely-printed, but not at all tedious tale of the days of "Bloody Mary" and the great Cardinal. Mr. Hocking is fond of hairbreadth escapes. The frontispiece shows a damsel tied to a stake, and a stalwart youth lifting another man over his head with obvious intent to do him grievous bodily harm. The plot is really interesting. The accession of Elizabeth just in time to prevent the match being applied to the faggots round the damsel stretches "the long arm" a little, but will surely please all but the most case-hardened readers. Often as writers have represented Stephen Gardiner in fiction, there is originality in Mr. Hocking's portrait of "The Lion's Cub."

THE BLACK WOLF'S BREED, by Harris Dickson (Methuen, 6s.), is "a story of France in the old world and the new, happening in the reign of Louis XIV." The young hero, as gallant and foolhardy as he always is in tales of the sort, comes to Paris from Louisiana, and many are his adventures. They are told with great spirit, and an excellent picture is given of Louis' Court and time.

LOCAL STUDIES.

West Country Tales.

The country parish is very much in evidence just now. Dialect seems to possess a subtle charm for many writers, and those who have had the fortune to be born and bred in the provinces no doubt find it easy to produce books on this model—"Idylls of Country Life," "Sketches in Our Village," and so forth. Whether the reader finds his share of the bargain equally

easy is another matter. Mr. Christopher Hare, who is responsible for the collection of West Country tales which he calls *DINAH KELLOW* (Ward, Lock, 6s.), is tainted with the common heresy of dialect-mongers, that of thinking it necessary to torture his spelling in a vain attempt to reproduce accurately the vowel sounds of his villagers' language. Except in a philological treatise, dialect (as we have hinted before) should be indicated rather than painfully trans-literated. As for Mr. Hare's stories, "*Dinah Kellow*" itself, the first of the series, is also considerably the longest and the best; the others are so slight as to be mere sketches; and, with the exception perhaps of "*Jenima's Love Story*," they were hardly worth printing. The illustrations appear to be from photographs.

In a North Country.

HARLOW OF SENDLE (Blackwood, 6s.), by Mr. John W. Graham, the author of "*Neera*," is one of the pleasantest stories we have met with for many a day. It has originality and charm in manner, though not especially in matter. Over the whole there lies an agreeable distinction as of the eighteenth century. The style is at once pedantic and pleasant, informed yet gay, lucid but allusive. The subtitle tells us that the book contains passages relating to the family of Harlaw in Strathclyde, collected out of the note-books of Thomas Denton, Esquire, of Eselby, and it is this latter gentleman about whom we learn most. For it is Mr. Denton's style which makes the book, and the style is at least a better index to the man than a history of his actions. The note-taker of Strathclyde lives apart and watches with sympathetic interest the fortunes of his neighbours, the Harlaws. All that happens is that the family is threatened with destruction because its head happens to be a coldly proud gambler and recovers itself owing to the graces of its younger members. So stated the book sounds bald, but its vivid portraits and convincing method make it an excellent example of fiction. It is true that we may find the ultimate dialect of Strathclyde a little wearisome; and that young Harry Harlaw of Sendle, Mr. Tom Denton's hero, like many a hero on the stage of life, is a sad donkey whose heroics are a little like rodomontade; but the book is none the less agreeable and the portraits of the two charming girls, of Martin Rothery, of Lot Barwise, and a host of others make a book which all will enjoy. Among the massed battalions of novelists who set out with high hopes of giving us some new thing, Mr. Graham is one of the few who arrive. And his has been a simple method; he has chosen the charm of style, the use of sympathy and beauty, the classic means to an entirely satisfactory end.

East Coast Sketches.

It is often curious to notice how different the same object will appear under different handling. "*Athol Forbes*" knows his East Coast fishermen well, and deals in a series of sketches with the adventures of Mr. Cutting, skipper of the coasting brig *Rising Sun*. The incidents he relates are at times quite funny, but they are told in a manner that destroys most of the humour. It is impossible to resist a comparison with the work of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, who would have shown off the same wares to infinitely greater advantage. The fact is, Mr. Forbes is too self-conscious; he must intrude his own personality. Work of this kind is none the better for the writer's personal views; they are not particularly valuable in themselves, and the artistic value of the stories is spoilt by the figure of the author, dimly visible behind every paragraph. But as studies of East Coast characters we can recommend *ODD FISH* (Skeffington, 3s. 6d.) to all who wish to become acquainted with Yarmouth and Gorleston and the rest of a remote and interesting district of England. The book is decorated with photographs of the neighbourhood, which come in rather curiously as illustrations to fiction; but this, we suppose, is modern realism.

On the Fells.

IDYLLS OF THE FELLS (Brimley Johnson, 3s. 6d.) contains a baker's dozen of sketches by Mr. Kingsley Tarpey, carefully written and bound up together in a pretty little green-covered volume. The tone varies pleasantly, though, perhaps, rather

inclined to sadness; they have a distinct note of originality; and they are short enough to make no great demand upon the attention. Some of these idylls have appeared before, in the pages of the *Speaker*. Collected sketches are seldom successful, but these are marked by finer workmanship than most. Mr. Tarpey is liberal in his use of dialect, but he can write prettily descriptive passages, and has a sense of style. The book has for frontispiece a not very successful reproduction of a painting by the author—"The Cottage on the Fell."

VOYSEY, the title of Mr. R. O. Prowse's new novel (Heinemann, 6s.), is the name of an interesting young man whose acquaintance with Mrs. Detmond, the wife of a former acquaintance at Oxford, detains the reader through some 130 pages. Then comes a spurt. Voysey and Mrs. Detmond meet on the razor-edge of her husband's married happiness. At this point Mr. Prowse enters into a real analysis of passions, motives, temptation, remorse—and we are guided with minute care through the by-ways of temperament. Mrs. Detmond is as real as she is repulsive. Those who have a taste for psychological study will enjoy much of the book. The style is, as a rule, clear and incisive.

BELINDA FITZWARREN, by the Earl of Iddesleigh (Methuen, 6s.), is rather a disappointment. Perhaps unconsciously, we expected greater things from the son of Lord Iddesleigh's father, even in this new province of fiction. The "*Belinda*" of the book seems to us a trifle too puerile in her methods to convince. Her plan of going to an office for a business interview arrayed in a mask and domino would hardly commend itself to people over twelve. Moreover, her scheme of vengeance against the injurers of her father is a little out of date. Outside book-covers, and perhaps the island of Sicily, young women do not live for a vendetta. However, it can safely be said that the story is easily and pleasantly written, occasionally humorous, and always readable.

OUR FAMILY PORTRAITS, by W. Clinton Ellis (6s.), is a collection of short stories mostly written in a festive and hilarious spirit, though one or two, and notably the tale that gives the book its title, have a more serious flavour. It is full of rollicking humour and many mildly epigrammatic statements like this: "A time-table, like many other monthly magazines, is a mixture of facts and fiction. The names of the stations are facts, which the porters do their best to falsify; the figures represent fiction."

THE GREAT MAGICIAN, by T. R. Threlfall (Ward, Lock, 6s.), tells of a most formidable person with many kinds of magics at his disposal, who here, however, uses his powers on the side of the angels. The preface is disturbing. It says, "*Sidi Senussi*, the new Mahdi, is no myth. On the contrary, he is the most potent force in North Africa, and the diplomats of Great Britain and France stand in more awe of him than they care to publicly admit. Silent, inscrutable, mysterious, he is so jealously guarded in the remote Kuffra Oasis that no Christian or Jew is allowed to approach within hundreds of miles of it. Here he is storing up arms, ammunition, and wealth—for what?" For what indeed! The very lively pictures (by W. S. Stacey), make him all the more perturbing. Africa is a fatiguing and fidgety continent.

THE LONE STAR RUSH, by Edmund Mitchell (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), is a good average tale of love and gold—principally gold. One of the characters has no very high opinion of the gentlemen who come to the diggings to test ore. He expresses himself on the subject thus:—"Dunderheads or liars, sir—but most often liars. I reckon that Old Nick, when he claps eyes on a Coolgardie expert at the gates of Hades, has to kinder break the news of such an arrival to Ananias." The cover suggests the Christmas book. Although not perhaps written specially for girls and boys, "*The Lone Star Rush*" would not do much harm to either. It is in quite a different style from "*Plotters of Paris*," for instance, which we noticed last year.

ART.

SPANISH ART IN THE GUILDHALL.

Artistically speaking, England is not saved by its geographical position from successful invasion by the foreigner, and the City fathers, although they are spending money upon the pictorial embellishment of the dark purlieus of the Royal Exchange, have allowed their excellent curator, Mr. Temple, to go to Spain for his show material this year. The result is a collection of pictures which clearly demonstrates that the art of Spain has flowered and passed away. The native artist will not bestir himself, and the foreign artist has but little to do with a country which persists in keeping its eyes shut. It is so different with us where Van Dyke and Rubens, Canaletto and Claude, Winterhausen, Boehm, Whistler, Abbey, and Sargent have at different times set all our young painters thinking new thoughts. Nevertheless, if Spain has no artistic present, its past is singularly glorious. There is Velazquez, Murillo, Zurbaran, Eduardo Zamacois, Domingo, and—at a great distance of time and merit—Alvarez and Goya. It is, really, a sparse record numerically speaking, and we are indebted to the Guildhall authorities for securing so much that interests within the limitations of the art of a once dominant race. The art of the Spaniard, always excepting the colossal Velazquez, is not startling, but when he painted it was without haste, and the records as we have them to-day are eloquent in their testimony to the indifference of the worker to time or posterity. There was no New Spanish Art Club to disturb the serenity of such still-life painters as Barbudo or Gallegos, no one to be shocked by Goya, no archaeological experts to question the accuracy of Tusqueta. Francisco Pradillo painted brilliantly because he painted in the sunshine, and Fortuny had acclimatized his eyes to the glare of Morocco and the “blazing white walls” of Tetuan until his vibrating colour, seen in the sombre setting of our City, strikes us as surpassingly brilliant. Fortuny, then, and the newly-discovered Goya are, for most of the visitors, the surprises of the collection. Both are deserving of better acquaintance. Neither dispossesses Velazquez of his crown or leads us to accept Murillo once more with only that mild tolerance which has been accorded to the last of the sincerely religious painters. Murillo was no mere painter of gipsy Madonnahood. The two Sevillians can never be effaced from the records of serious art. There is a world of achievement between them, a great gulf fixed between the high intellectuality, truthfulness, and swift perception of the one and the sweetness and sentimentality of the painter of the “Immaculate Conception.” The two seventeenth century painters touched art at the opposite poles, and the smaller men, of course, are to be found occupying the intervening country. The Guildhall collection, nevertheless, confirms us in our view of Spanish art as a remarkable solecism—a nation with only one great painter, and he, perhaps, the greatest of all. The new room is devoted to his works, or, speaking more accurately, to work which it is difficult to dissociate from his name. Nowhere outside the Prado Gallery of Madrid can we hope to find forty genuine Velazquez gathered together, but a collection which includes the Duke of Wellington’s “Portrait of a Man” and “Water Carrier,” the Duke of Devonshire’s “Lady with a Mantilla,” and Lord Bristol’s “Don Balthazar Carlos,” must be accounted worthy of all attention. Among the Murillos, too, there is a “Dolorosa,” lent by M. Gaston Linden, which we do not remember to have seen before, and Mr. Beit’s “Prodigal Son Feasting,” which help us to repent the injustice with which we are sometimes tempted to treat a very sympathetic painter. The surprise of the collection is the zest with which the work of Goya is now received. He has been rediscovered for Londoners after the lapse of a hundred years, but he is no new genius to any who have studied art in Paris. Lord Clarendon, when Ambassador at Madrid, developed a strong taste for the works of the vigorous and sometimes eccentric painter, and perhaps the Guildhall collection will assist English-

men to do him tardy justice. The young and talented Mariano Fortuny never suffered a like neglect, but then he saw art with the eyes of an Italian and was not at all limited by the accident of his nationality.

Amongst the innumerable minor exhibitions that claim attention at the present time is that of the water-colour drawings of “The Seasons” by Mrs. Allingham at the Fine Art Society. The particular brilliancy and the power of retaining and reflecting light peculiar to water-colour painting are well understood by Mrs. Allingham, whose works hold a place of honour between early topographical work and the crudeness into which water-colourists fall who attempt the power and depth proper to oil colour. It is only in her inability always to retain the precious sense of atmosphere that we find her work a little disappointing. That she deals with subjects rather than with problems is not of necessity a blemish. She realizes the true value of her medium and shows its power of rendering minute details crisply and sharply.

In an adjoining room Mr. Sutton Palmer exhibits at once the beauties and the limitations of pastel drawing. He is most successful when he fixes in this somewhat unstable medium rapidly changing effects which elude even the most rapid water-colour painter and are impossible to the painter in oil. When he labours with a medium not fitted for sustained effort the effects are mechanical and meretricious and his colour opaque. The very texture of the paper employed suggests wooliness, and Mr. Palmer lays himself open to this serious charge in more than a score of instances. The livid colours are a matter of less moment, for all crayons soften in tone. We would counsel Mr. Sutton Palmer to study well the works of Girodet and some of the more modern Frenchmen. Art may be in a sorry way in France just now, but drawing in pastels is—with sculpture—one of the things that is understood much better by French artists than by us.

Pastel might be of great assistance to Mr. Goldsborough Anderson, who is exhibiting a series of “Fair Women and Other Portraits” at the Grafton Galleries. Mr. Anderson, we are officially informed, has been described as “the lightning portrait-painter.” He has produced “about 700” portraits during the last three or four years, but we feel that pastels would enable him to improve the extent of his truly astounding output during the next few years. With strict attention to business he might make it fourteen hundred. The medium has the additional advantage that if the picture is sufficiently well shaken before being exhibited much of it can be made to disappear. Seriously we fail to appreciate Mr. Anderson’s merits judged by his one standard of productiveness. And yet there are not lacking indications he might produce a picture which would attain to the level of a work of art. So long as his standard of excellence remains dominated by mere fecundity we can only marvel at the lapse from good intentions which has permitted the exhibition to be held in galleries where we are accustomed to see work painted with a loftier purpose.

Mr. R. G. Goodman’s African oil sketches are much better than might be expected. The artist is a keen observer and has a way of reproducing the very difficult atmosphere of the vast continent which will appeal at once to every artist.

Very delightful is the representative collection of work by Leon Lhermitte which now occupies the Goupil Gallery. From time to time Mr. Obach has shown in Cockspur-street very powerful landscapes by this painter, and Mr. McLean has usually one or more good examples of his work on exhibition in the Haymarket. This is the first occasion within our memory, however, when a really representative collection of work by one of the foremost French landscape painters has been got together. Throughout the whole the note of realism is fearlessly struck, but with the delicate precision of a master. Here almost faultless drawing is wedded to a poetic insight which we have learnt to associate—amongst French painters of the last decade—with Millet, with Corot, and with the more romantic amongst the Dutch painters. Whether M. Lhermitte works in charcoal, in pastel, or in paint, the same certainty of touch, the same romance of perception characterizes his work, and the Goupil Gallery just now should be the rallying point of all those who are satiated with the purposeless efforts which occupy the walls of so many of our galleries.

W. L. C.

LIBRARY NOTES.

A report that the British Museum authorities contemplated building a storehouse in the country for books not greatly used is contradicted.

The St. Marylebone Borough Council has—we are sorry to say—decided against the adoption of the Public Libraries Acts.

The second number of the Quarterly Record of the Wigan Public Library is something more than a mere report. It contains notes of much bibliographical interest besides annotated lists of books acquired and the first of a series of students' lists on English History. The twenty-third annual report of the same library witnesses a general increase in work. The reference collection meets with its due share of popularity as well as the lending department.

After several years' experience of cramped and unsuitable quarters, the Hove Public Library is to be moved into more commodious premises. It is an extremely popular institution. One in every eight of the population is a borrower; most London libraries have to be content to count one in twenty. In one street in Hove, so a member of the council declared, there was a ticket to every house.

An interesting point of law is being illustrated in Northwick. The public library—in spite of every effort to prop it up—is rapidly sinking owing to the subsidence of the ground on which it stands. The law allows a claim for compensation from any private house owner in such cases. This is not so if the doomed building is public.

The Dublin Municipal Council has decided to establish two additional public libraries in the districts recently added to the city—Clontarf and Drumcondra. The city cannot impose fresh rates on these absorbed townships for seven years, and the libraries will therefore be on a small scale, but the Council has decided to make certain alterations in the Clontarf Town Hall to form a public library, and will then proceed to stock it with books. Drumcondra has never had even a news room, but it has a sum available for library purposes. It will be seen that Dublin is stirring in the matter of the library movement.

American readers—as we see from the Report of the Librarian of Congress, Washington—take much interest in the English colonies. Lists of books on special subjects which have attracted popular attention are issued with the report, and our colonies occupy quite half the space. There is also a bibliography of Inter-oceanic Canal and Railway routes, comprising some 860 books and 1,100 articles. Other lists treat of Cuba, Hawaii, Alaska (70 pages filled by a list of maps), and Mercantile Marine subsidies. All the lists are creditable examples of labour and skill.

There is an alarming story from Russia of the educative effect of libraries told by a correspondent in St. Petersburg. A peasant applied at the Library at Bielovodsk for a book which would teach him "to live in truth." He was given a copy of the Gospels. On finding the text "And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," he proceeded to carry out the instruction literally. The fate of this unconscious disciple of Mr. Wackford Squeers opens up terrible possibilities. Librarians cannot obtain a certificate of moral stability from each applicant for books or confine the lending issues to blameless romances.

Correspondence.

RAPIER AND DAGGER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In his interesting article on Captain Hutton's "The Sword and the Centuries" your contributor might have emphasized one of his points by showing with what exactness (in the account given by Benvolio to the Prince of Verona) Shakespeare explains the character of the fight between Tybalt and Mercutio, who—

. with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt whose dexterity
Retorts it.

In the same speech there is also an illustration of your writer's

remark to the effect that a reckless and vigorous onslaught is apt to prove too much for science. Undoubtedly Tybalt is meant to be far more skilful in fence than Romeo, and the words of Benvolio indicate that, in accordance with the fitness of things, he is killed by the inferior swordsman in a rapid and desperate encounter, in which the "immortal passado, the punto reverso," &c., are scattered to the four winds—

And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.

As the words of Benvolio settle the question of rapier and dagger in *Romeo and Juliet*, so do the words of Osric settle it in *Hamlet*; but, apart from this and with regard to representation of the combat between Laertes and Hamlet, I do not see that which the writer of the article implies—namely, that single rapiers are inconsistent with the sequel.

At the same time, I cannot understand why, in the present day, fencing should be practically restricted to the foil. I have witnessed some very good rapier and dagger play, and can answer for it that there are few prettier sights.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM CAIRNS.

East Putney, May 11th, 1901.

"SONGS OF THE SWORD AND THE SOLDIER."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Re your notice of my "Songs of the Sword and the Soldier," will you be so kind as to let me make one remark?

"There is no Kipling and no Browning," because the works of the poet and the author are both in rather strict copyright. Besides, Browning's magnificent poetry contains little that would have been suitable to my purpose. Mr. Kipling has written a few fine, soldierly and patriotic songs; but his agent refused me permission to use any but one, and asked for the use of that one ("Recessional") a practically prohibitory fee.

ALEXANDER EAGAR.

* * As to Browning, we do not quite agree with Mr. Eagar. His collection is an interesting and representative one; but under Patriotic Verse, one may well desire (but for copyright) lines which we need make no excuse for quoting in full—especially for the benefit of those who do not read Browning, and do not credit him with the faculty of grandeur in simplicity:—

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand
and gray;
"Here and here did England help me; how can I help Eng-
land?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

"THE ETERNAL CONFLICT."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It would be ungrateful and undignified if I were to complain of the review of my book in your issue of May 11th. That review was penetrating and, on the whole, just. But perhaps it will not be considered out of place if I say that I think the reviewer was *not* altogether just when he said that "never is the essence of the thought crystallized in one satisfying sentence." The essence of the thought may be valuable or not; but surely it must be considered concentrated, centralized, and crystallized in such sentences as:—"There is nothing but tides," "Armageddon is the ultimate fact," "All that we can know is the everlasting Anabasis and Katabasis of things." Such "reflections" as these are not "indefinite."

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ROMAINE PATERSON.

5, Cornwall-mansions, Cornwall-gardens, S.W., May 12.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—It is indeed difficult to follow the thread of Father Gerard's arguments, when he endeavours to prove that "Farmer" was not a favourite *alias* of the Jesuit Garnett. To conjecture, as does Father Gerard, that the "Mr. Farmer" mentioned in Sir Everard Digby's letter was not Garnett is simply to ignore the whole drift of the context.

In the index attached to Father Gerard's "What was the Gunpowder Plot," I find the following reference:—

Shakespeare never alludes to the Plot, 226 note.

On turning to the footnote, printed on page 226, the author says:—

It is somewhat remarkable that the universal Shakespeare should make no allusion to the Plot, beyond the doubtful reference to equivocation in *Macbeth* (ii. 3). He was at the time of its occurrence in the full flow of his dramatic activity.

Yet, in face of this, Father Gerard actually is indignant because I remarked that he implied that there was no direct allusion to the Plot in the plays of Shakespeare! I see no need, therefore, to discuss the matter further, and must respectfully decline to continue the controversy which Father Gerard has raised.

I am yours faithfully,

May 14, 1901.

YOUR REVIEWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Father Gerard, S.J., is ingenious in his speculations. But to show they are of no value in the present case let me briefly set forward some of the reasons I have for saying that Garnett was well known by the name of "Farmer," and that an allusion to "Farmer" coupled with "Equivocation" would at once suggest to persons, say, in 1606, no one else but Father Henry Garnett, S.J.:—In the "State Trials" (Vol. II.) the name of "Farmer" as an *alias* of Garnett—(1) in the general indictment of the Conspirators (p. 159); (2) at Garnett's own trial in the Indictment; (3) in Sir John Croke's speech, at pp. 218, 229, and 234. This makes at least five mentions in open Court. Moreover, the name "Farmer" appears in the Proclamation for Garnett's arrest (see my "History of the Jesuits in England," p. 302). "Farmer" seems to have been a later *alias*, if we may credit one John Johnson, who, under examination, says he knew Garnett first as Meare, then as "Farmer" ("Calendar Dom Jac. I., 1606," p. 292). Father Gerard must bring forward some positive proof instead of curious speculations if he wishes us to believe that the name "Farmer" was not sufficiently notorious as an *alias* of Garnett to be understood by an audience, even if joined with "Equivocation," a subject regarded by the public mind as a *specialité* of the Jesuit Superior.

I am yours truly,

May 15.

ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Among the few ladies who have won distinction in the pursuit of archæology was Miss C. Maclagan, of Ravenscroft, Stirling, who has just died at the age of 90. Her work on "The Hill Forts, Stone Circles, and other Structural Remains of Ancient Scotland," published in 1875, was a monument of patient research; and she was also widely known for her admirable collection of rubbings of ancient sculptured monuments, which were done by a process known only to herself. To collect them she visited every parish throughout the length and breadth of Scotland and the Hebrides. The result was a marvellous series of over four hundred rubbings, which were recently presented by her to the British Museum. They form a wonderful history of Scotch monumental art, and suggest several curious ethnographical questions. They represent two great divisions or periods. The first, wherein the stones are mainly tall upright shafts, is on the east side of Scotland, and extends

from the seventh century to the twelfth. The second is on the west side of the Highlands, and stretches from the twelfth or thirteenth century to the Reformation. The Early Eastern style, spread to some extent over the west, and the earliest Iona memorials are instances of it; but the second division, where the carving is chiefly of foliage and scroll-like designs on flat grave covers, never reached the east. Iona furnished Miss Maclagan with fifty-four subjects, and another large series comes from the graveyards of Argyllshire. There is one remarkable feature in the western sculptures—viz., the late date (sixteenth century) to which ornaments and designs, often supposed in England to be peculiar to pre-Norman days, lasted in the Highlands. One of the latest of Miss Maclagan's rubbings, which measures as mounted ten feet square, is the great stone of Rodill in Harris, erected by Alaster Crotach to his father, William Macleod of Dunvegan, in 1528. The chief is represented in plate armour under a canopy, the back of which is filled up with figures, while the voussours of the arch are decorated with sculptured panels. Miss Maclagan often wondered that so elaborate a piece of sculpture could have been designed and placed in such a remote corner of the Highlands. She intended at one time to bring out a volume on Scotch sepulchral art from the earliest days, but the great diversity of opinion among various eminent archæologists whom she consulted discouraged her. She followed her "Hill Forts" with a privately-printed work called "Chips from Old Stones." The best article in it is that on the Nuraghi or early stone fortress dwellings of Sardinia, to which she gave special attention as illustrating the brochs of Scotland. Some of her rubbings are shown in the present Glasgow Exhibition, in which she has also a model, constructed by herself, of an ancient broch.

The announcement that "Colloquies in Criticism," which we reviewed last week, is from the pen of Mr. H. W. Mallock reminds us that there is another book, still unclaimed, which, when it appeared in March, 1899, we ascribed, purely from internal evidence, to the same writer. This was "A Reported Change in Religion," by "Onyx," a book which attracted far less attention than it deserved and gave a most interesting study, thrown into the form of fiction, of the Roman ideal as it presents itself to different types of mind. If it be Mr. Mallock's, his reputation would certainly not suffer from being connected with a book which shows so much delicacy of insight and so broad an outlook.

Messrs. Dent announce what they believe to be the first complete edition of the works of William Hazlitt, edited by Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller, with an introduction by Mr. W. E. Henley. The edition, which will probably run to twelve volumes, will contain a series of portraits of Hazlitt.

Over the grave of Professor Max Müller in Holywell Churchyard at Oxford has just been raised a tall Celtic cross of West Country granite—close to the somewhat similar memorial which marks the grave of Dr. Price, the Master of Pembroke College. On the granite curbing is the inscription:—"Wie Gott Will." The memorial was designed by the professor's widow, and executed by Mr. Harry Hems, the Exeter sculptor who is to produce the proposed memorial to R. D. Blackmore in Exeter Cathedral.

Books on the war are still coming. First there is Sir Henry Colville's account of "The Work of the IXth Division," giving his version of Paardeberg, Sanna's Post, and the Lindley affair, and next week the same publisher (Arnold) will follow with the campaigning experiences of the Hon. Sydney Peel, the third son of Viscount Peel, in an illustrated volume entitled "Trooper 8008, I.Y." Next week, too, Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish the book on "The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism," by Mr. W. Sanford Evans. Mr. Long has a volume in preparation entitled "On the War-path: A Lady's Letters from the Front," by Mrs. J. D. Leather-Culley, with photographs.

Messrs. Putnam have another book in hand by the authoress of the "Love Letters of a Musician" (1890) and the "Later Love Letters of a Musician" (1900)—Miss Myrtle Reed. The *New York Sun* ventured the conjecture that these books were by Mr. Andrew Lang. We believe we are right in saying that "Myrtle Reed" is not a *nom de guerre*. The new book is called "The Spinster Book."

The second volume, by Mr. Walter Wood, of "British Regiments in War and Peace," to be published on the 21st inst. by Mr. Grant Richards, deals with the famous "Fighting

Fifth"—the Northumberland Fusiliers, who have been gaining fresh laurels in the South African campaign.

Mr. R. Lydekker has written a book on the mammals of Europe, Western and Northern Asia, and America for Mr. Rowland Ward's series of books on the Great and Small Game of the World.

Three new volumes of verse are announced from Vigo-street—Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Anni Fugaces: A Book of Verse, with Cambridge Interludes"; Mr. Elkin Mathews promises the volume of "Sea Verse," by Mr. Guy J. Bridges (nephew of Robert Bridges), and "Chère Reine," by Miss Catherine Phillimore—three odes on Queen Victoria.

The next volume in the Cambridge series for Schools and Training Colleges will be "A Manual of School Hygiene," by Edward W. Hope, M.D., Professor of Hygiene at University College, Liverpool, and Edgar A. Browne, F.R.C.S.E., Lecturer in Ophthalmology in the same college. The Cambridge University Press will shortly add to the Pitt Press Series Erckmann-Chatrian's "Waterloo," edited by Mr. Arthur R. Ropes.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein announce "A Short Comparative Grammar," by Professor Karl Brugmann, of Leipzig, translated by George Davis Chase, Ph.D., late Assistant-Professor of Comparative Philology at Cornell University. This work is an abridgment of Professor Brugmann's well-known "Grundriss der Vergleichenden Grammatik." The abridgment consists partly in a restriction of the number of languages considered to Indian, Greek, Italian, Germanic, and Balto-Slavic.

Messrs. Bell will publish "An Itinerary of English Cathedrals for the use of Travellers" next week (as a companion to their "Cathedral Series"), originally written by Dr. J. G. Gilchrist, of the University of Iowa, and revised by the Rev. T. Perkins, who adds a chapter on English Cathedral Architecture in general. Mr. Perkins has also written a volume in the "Cathedral Series," on Bath Abbey, Malmesbury Abbey, and Bradford-on-Avon Church. The volumes on Ely, Bristol, and Ripon in the "Cathedral Series" will all be published very shortly. "St. David's" (1s. 6d. n.) has just been added to this series. The writer is Mr. Philip A. Robson, A.R.I.B.A.; and the illustrations include architectural drawings as well as photographs.

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode will issue shortly, under the title of "Victoria the Wise," a reprint of all the poems of the present Poet Laureate written to or of Queen Victoria.

Mr. B. T. Batsford asks us to say that the second issue of Mr. Edwin O. Sachs' "Modern Opera Houses and Theatres," promised for the opening of the Opera Season, has been unavoidably delayed by the illness of the author.

"Lena Laird," a forthcoming book by W. J. Laidlay (Sands), is described as a novel which "will appeal to all interested in the welfare of the Royal Academy."

Books to look out for at once.

- "The Private Life of the King." By One of His Servants. Pearson. 5s.
- "Lieut.-Col. Thomas Arthur Freeman: a Memoir." Blackwood. 6s. n.
[With portraits and other illustrations.]
- "Arthur Lawrenson. His Letters and Literary Remains." By C. Spence. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
- "The Life of Sir Harry Parkes in China." By Stanley Lane-Poole. Methuen.
- "Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet." By T. Common. Richards. 7s. 6d.
[Selections from the works of Nietzsche. With portrait.]
- "Life in Poetry, Law in Taste." Two Series of Lectures. By W. J. Courthorpe. Macmillan. 10s. n.
- "Complete Works of John Gower." Edited by C. Macaulay. Vols. 2 and 3. Oxford Univ. Press. Each 16s.
- "Stonyhurst: its Past History and Life in the Present." By the Rev. G. Gruggen and the Rev. J. Kealing. K. Paul. 7s. 6d.
[Vol. 1. of a series of histories of the Principal Catholic Colleges in England. Illustrated.]
- "Dark and Stormy Days at Kumassi, 1900." By the Rev. F. Ramseyer. Partridge. 2s. 6d.
- "The Northumberland Fusiliers. By W. Wood. Richards. 3s. 6d.
[Vol. 2 of "British Regiments in War and Peace." Illustrated.]
- "The Close of the Middle Ages, 1273-1494." By Professor R. Lodge. Rivington. 6s. n.
[Vol. 3 of "Periods of European History."]
- "Sixty Years on the Turf: The Life and Times of George Hodgman, 1840-1900." Richards. 21s. n.
- "Tales of the Stumps." By H. Bleachley. Ward and Lock. 3s. 6d.
[Ten stories of the cricket field. Illus.]
- "The Maid of Maiden Lane." By Amelia E. Barr. Unwin. 6s.
[Green Cloth Library.]
- "The Chronic Loafer." By Nelson Lloyd. Heinemann. 4s.
[New volume in the "Dollar Library of American Fiction."]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ART.

THE ACADEMY NOTES. 1901. 8½×5½. 156 pp. Chatto. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- OLD HIGHLAND DAYS. By DR. J. KENNEDY. With a sketch of his later life by his son, H. A. KENNEDY. 7¼×5¼. 228 pp. Religious Tract Society. 6s.
[A life of the well-known author and divine, who was chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in 1872.]
- OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN ALEXANDRA. By THE REV. CANON FLEMING, B.D. 8×5½. 31 pp. Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d.
- AN EVENTFUL LIFE. Autobiographical Notes. By A. G. HARRISON. 8×5½. 248 pp. Cassell. 6s.
[A record of Mr. Harrison's experiences as Christian Evidence Lecturer and of his work as a Methodist Minister and subsequently as an Anglican clergyman.]
- GRANDS ECRIVAINS D'OUTRE-MANCHE: Les Brontë—Thackeray—Les Brownings—Rossetti. By MARY DUCLAUX. 7¼×4¾. 334 pp. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

CLASSICAL.

- GRÆCIA. (Handy Classical Maps). Murray. 1s. 6d. n.
- THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS. Ed. by R. J. CHOLMELEY. 8×5¼. 391 pp. Bell. 7s. 6d.
- ARISTOPHANIS COMOEDIAE II. XENOPHONTIS II. PLATONIS OPERA II. (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis). 7½×5¼. Clarendon Press.]

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

- PUBLIC RELIEF OF THE POOR. Six lectures by T. MACKAY. 8½×5¼. 214. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.
- THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A Review of Progress. By A. G. SEDGWICK, SIR J. G. BOURINOT, and others. 9×6. 494 pp. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

- A SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By O. M. EDWARDS and others. 7¼×5, 380 pp. Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.
- THE PICTORIAL FRENCH COURSE. (Phonographic Series.) Ed. by P. BARBIER. 7¼×5. 127 pp. Modern Language Press. 2s. 6d.
[A useful and amusing plan. Each lesson deals with a familiar scene—the barber's shop, the station, &c. On the opposite page is a picture of the scene described, in which every person and object mentioned in the text is marked.]
- UN ANNIVERSAIRE À LONDRES, LES QUATRE CRI-CRIS DE LA BOULANGÈRE, and IL FAUT PENSER À TOUT. (French Reading Books.) By P. J. STAHL. 6¼×4¾. 80 pp. Arnold. 9d.

FICTION.

- MASTER AND SLAVE. By A. T. STORRY. 7¼×5¼. 97 pp. Brimley Johnson. 2s. n.
[A short story of an agricultural labourer "done to death by iniquitous social laws."]
- HORACE MORRELL. By C. HASELWOOD. 7¼×5¼. 319 pp. Drane. 6s.
[A religious novel, written in the interests of Evangelicalism.]
- THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S RESOLVE. By W. GRAY. 7¼×5¼. 280 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- THE DREAM-WOMAN. By KATHE WYLYNN. 7¼×5¼. 343 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS. By NELLIE K. BLIMETT. 7¼×5¼. 344 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- THE SECOND YOUTH OF THEODORA DESANGES. By MRS. LYNN LINTON. 7¼×5, 335 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- KITTY'S VICTORIA CROSS. By E. CROMIE. 7¼×5¼. 306 pp. Warne. 6s.
- FRANKS: DUELLIST. By A. PRATT. 7¼×5¼. 339 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- THE NANA'S TALISMAN. By M. ASHTON. 7¼×5¼. 348 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
- FREDERIC UVEDALE. By E. HUTTON. 7¼×5¼. 336 pp. Blackwood. 6s.
- THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S. By SIRYL CREED. 7¼×5¼. 399 pp. Longmans. 6s.
The story of an Anglican priest who learns to see the "miraculous wholeness and live force" of Rome.]
- A SORE TEMPTATION. By J. K. LEYS. 7¼×5¼. 330 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- THE SEAL OF SILENCE. By A. R. CONDER. 7¼×5¼. 330 pp. Smith Elder. 6s.
- A VANISHED RIVAL. By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON. 8×5¼. 295 pp. Cassell. 6s.
- A DAUGHTER OF THE VELDT. By B. MARNAN. 7¼×5¼. 338 pp. Heinemann. 6s.
- THE PHAROHS OF THE WEST. By F. A. D. 7¼×5, 208 pp. Bemoose. 3s. 6d.
- A FORBIDDEN NAME. By F. WHIGHAM. 7¼×5¼. 322 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
[A story of the Court of Catherine the Great.]
- IN SEARCH OF MADEMOISELLE. By G. GIBBS. 7¼×5¼. 373 pp. Philadelphia: Coates. \$1.50.

HISTORY.

- AUSTRALIA. OLD AND NEW. By J. G. GREY. 8×5½. 396 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
- MANCHURIA, Its People, Resources, and Recent History. By A. HOSIE, F.R.G.S. 9×6. 293 pp. Methuen. 10s. 6d. n.
- ACTS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL. Vol. XXIII. A.D. 1592. Ed. by J. R. DASENT, C.B. 10¼×6½. 428 pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode.
- THE ALFRED JEWEL. An Historical Essay. By J. EARLE, LL.D. Illus. 9×7. 196 pp. Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. n.
- L'AFFAIRE DU COLLIER, D'APRÈS DE NOUVEAUX DOCUMENTS. By FRANTZ FUNCK-BRENTANO and A. BÉGIN. 7¼×4¾. 356 pp. 12 illustrations. Paris: Hachette. Fr. 3.50.
- SOUVENIRS DU LIEUTENANT-GÉNÉRAL VICOMTE DE REISET 1810-1814. Publié par son petit-fils. Avec un portrait. Vol. II. 7¼×5¼. 561 pp. Paris: Calmann Lévy. Fr. 7.50.
- BERNADOTTE: NAPOLEON ET LES BOURBONS. 1797-1844. By LÉONCE PINGAUD. Avec un Portrait. 7½×3¾. 449 pp. Paris: Plon. Fr. 7.50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- PRÉCIS AND PRÉCIS WRITING. By A. W. READY. 7¼×5, 225 pp. 3s. 6d. Bell.
- A DEFENCE OF THE KING'S PROTESTANT DECLARATION. (15th thousand). By W. WALSH. 9¼×6, 58 pp. Sonnenschein. 1s.
- CONCISE ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. (New Ed.). By the Rev. W. W. SKERT. 8¼×5¼. 663 pp. Clarendon Press. 5s. 6d.
[Practically re-written.]

- BEFORE THE GREAT PILLAGE**, and other Miscellanies. By A. JESSOPP, D.D. 7½×5¼, 280 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.
[Chiefly sketches of parish life before the Reformation.]
- THE MAY BOOK**. Compiled by MRS. ARIA. In aid of Charing-cross Hospital. 11½×9½, 164 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n.
- ADDRESSES TO WORKING LADS AND PAPERS TO WORKING MEN**. By the RIGHT REV. A. F. W. INGRAM, D.D. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 6d. each.
- THE SUN CHILDREN'S BUDGET**. Vol. III. Ed. by PHOEBE ALLEN and DR. H. W. GODFREY. 8½×5¼. Wells Gardner. 3s.
- MORE MISTAKES WE MAKE**. Compiled by C. E. CLARK. 7½×5, 150 pp. H. Marshall. 1s. 6d. n.
- PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES**. By KATE D. WIGGIN. 7½×5, 343 pp. Gay and Bird. 6s.
- STRAY LEAVES FROM A BORDER GARDEN**. By MARY P. M. HOME. 7½×5¼, 340 pp. Lane. 6s. n.
- THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MONEY**. By W. W. CARLILE. 8½×5½, 373 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. n.
[Practically a history of money. Besides tracing its modern evolution the author goes back to classic and mediæval times, to the origin of money, its relation to ornament, &c.]
- THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK FOR 1901**. Ed. by J. SCOTT KELTIE, LL.D. With the Assistance of L. P. A. Renwick, LL.B. 7½×4¾, 1,320 pp. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
[Important changes in this invaluable book of reference have been made owing to the accession of the King, the inclusion of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in the British Empire, the Australian Commonwealth, and the new censuses all over the world.]
- LES BLÉS D'HIVER**. Studies on the Dreyfus Affair. By Joseph Reinach. 7½×4¾, 400 pp. Paris: Stock. Fr. 3.50.

PHILOSOPHY.

- VARIA**. Studies on Problems of Philosophy and Ethics. By PROF. W. KNIGHT. 9×6, 196 pp. Murray. 7s. 6d. n.
- THE USE OF WORDS IN REASONING**. By A. SIDGWICK. 8½×5¼, 370 pp. Black. 7s. 6d. n.

POETRY.

- THE QUEEN AND OTHER POEMS**. By R. GARNETT, C.B. 7½×5. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

- BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA**. By J. CAPTON. 8×5½, 333 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- GLIMPSES OF THREE NATIONS**. By G. W. STEVENS. Memorial Ed. Vol. II. Ed. by V. Blackburn. 7½×5¼, 296 pp. Blackwood. 6s.
[A reprint of the Sketches on London, Paris, and Germany, which appeared in the *Daily Mail*.]
- SERMONS TO YOUNG BOYS**. 3rd Ed. By the REV. F. DE W. LUSHINGTON. 7½×5¼, 120 pp. Murray. 3s. 6d.
- LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES**. (The Temple Molière.) 5¼×4¼, 69 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d.
- THE JUBILEE BOOK OF CRICKET**. By PRINCE RANJITSINGHJI. 8½×6, 160 pp. Blackwood. 6s.
- REPRESENTATIVE MEN**. (Temple Classics.) By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 6×4, 231 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d.
- LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS**. Vol. II. (Complete Ed.) Ed. by H. B. FORMAN. 7×5, 269 pp. Brimley Johnson. 1s. n.
- JOSEPH THOMSON, African Explorer**. By the REV. J. B. THOMSON. (Cheap Ed.) 7½×5, 358 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.
- THE FARÖE ISLES**. By J. R. JEAFFRESON, F.R.G.S. (Cheap Ed.) 7½×5, 272 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.
- THE HUNDRETH MAN**. By F. R. STOCKTON. (Cheap Ed.) 7½×5, 432 pp. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.
- STAND FAST, CRAIG ROYSTON, THE PENANCE OF JOHN LOGAN, JUDITH SHAKESPEARE**. By WILLIAM BLACK. Cheap Ed. 7×4¾, Sampson Low. 2s.

SCIENCE.

- GRASSES**. (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals.) By H. M. WARD, Sc.D., F.R.S. 7½×5, 190 pp. Cambridge University Press. 6s.
- THE LIFE OF THE BEE**. By M. MAETERLINCK. Trans. by A. SUTRO. 7½×5, 248 pp. Allen. 6s. n.
[M. Maeterlinck reserves for a more technical work his notes and experiments during twenty years' of beekeeping. Here he groups the facts more harmoniously, and "blends them with freer and more mature reflections."]

SPORT.

- SMALL BOAT SAILING**. By E. F. KNIGHT. 8½×5½, 297 pp. Murray. 5s. n.

THEOLOGY.

- CHRISTIAN DUTY**. By the REV. V. STALEY. 5¼×3¾, 194 pp. Mowbray. 9d. n.
- THE KEY OF KNOWLEDGE**. Sermons by W. G. RUTHERFORD. 7½×5¼, 272 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
- THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS**. (Little Books on Religion.) By J. STALKER. 6¼×3½, 130 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d.
- THE LORDSHIP OF CHRIST**. By J. H. GOODMAN. 8×5¼, 280 pp. H. Marshall. 3s. 6d.
- THE INNER WAY**. Sermons by J. TAULER. Trans. by the Rev. A. W. HUTTON. (The Library of Devotion.) 6×4, 324 pp. Methuen. 2s.
[Contains the sermons for festivals (most of them now translated for the first time) of the mediæval German Dominican, with a chapter on Mysticism.]
- THE LAST STEP TO RELIGIOUS EQUALITY**. By E. K. BLYTH. 7½×4¾, 24 pp. Unwin. 6d.
- HANDBOOKS TO THE BIBLE AND PRAYER-BOOK**. By the REV. F. L. H. MILLARD. 7½×5, 254 pp. Rivingtons. 2s. 6d.
- THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE**. By JOSHUA. Ed. by the REV. F. W. SPURLING. 7×4¾, 112 pp. Rivingtons. 1s. 6d.
- HESSLE HYMNS**. By G. T. COSTER. 7½×5, 72 pp. Brown. 1s. n.
- THE CORRECTIONS OF MARK**. Adopted by Matthew and Luke. Diatessarica. Part II. By A. E. ABBOTT. 9×6, 335 pp. Black. 15s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 169, by W. GRIMSHAW, Whitby.
BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 170, by VACLAV CISAR, Bohemia.
BLACK. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 171, by F. Amelung.—White (2 pieces)—K at Q 5; pawn at K Kt 7. Black (3 pieces)—K at Q 6; B at K R 4; Kt at K R 2. White to play and draw.

PROBLEM No. 172, by C. Dahl, Copenhagen.—White (8 pieces)—K at K R sq, R at Q 7, bishops at K B 5 and Q 6, Kt at Q R 3, pawns at K Kt 6, Q 2, Q Kt 5. Black—King at Q 4. Mate in three.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Herr Lasker is in New York and has been fulfilling several engagements at the Manhattan Chess Club. In single-handed matches he met E. Delvar and won brilliantly a Queen's Pawn Game. He next played E. Hymes, a very tough opponent, and the result was a draw. Lasker then met Hanham and won in 31 moves. This was followed by a special exhibition at which the whole club was opposed to the champion.

Essex have recently proved very successful. The county beat Surrey by 8½ to 7½, and Norfolk by 10½ to 5½.

GAME No. LXXX.—The following played in an important Northern match presents several points of interest :—

SCOTCH GAME.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
F. P. Wildman, Yorkshire.	A. Dod, Lancashire.	F. P. Wildman, Yorkshire.	A. Dod, Lancashire.
1. P-K4	P-K4	22. K-Kt2	R-Q7
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	23. Q-R-B1	P-R-Kt4
3. P-Q4	P×P	24. P-Kt3	K-Kt4
4. Kt-P(a)	Kt-B3(b)	25. P-R3	P-R4
5. Kt×Kt	Q×P×Kt(c)	26. P-QB3	R-R7
6. B-Q3	B-Q3	27. P-Kt4	P×P
7. Castles(d)	Kt-K5	28. P-B4ch	K-R4
8. P-R3	Q-B5	29. P×Pch	K-R3
9. Q-K2	P-KR4	30. R-B3	R-Kt7
10. Kt-Q2	Kt-K4	31. P-Kt5ch	P×P
11. Kt-B4	Kt×Kt	32. P-B5	QR-R7
12. B-Kt	B×RP(e)	33. B-B7	QR-E5
13. P×B	Q-RP	34. K-R-B1	P-R5
14. B-K5	Castles Q R(f)	35. R-Q3	R-R6
15. P-B	K-R-K1	36. R-Q8	K-R2
16. P×P(g)	P-K4	37. P-B6	P×P
17. B-B3	P-KB4	38. R-Q5	K-Kt2
18. B-B7	R-K5(h)	39. K-Q5	R-Kt5ch
19. B-B4ch	K-Kt3	40. K-B1	R-R8ch(i)
20. Q-P	Q×Q	41. R-B1disch	Resigns.
21. B×Q	R×B(i)		

(a) It has now become distinctive to describe this form of the opening as the Scotch Game. To be really the Gambit, the pawn must not be taken.

(b) We seldom see now what was once a favourite move in some quarters, 4.—Q-R5. Correct analysis shows it is risky. The present move is safe and sound.

(c) Taking with Kt P is better. White could get a good game by exchanging queens.

(d) Q-K2, and proceeding with further development is preferable. Black gets up a smart attack in consequence.

(e) Again bold and daring. Black, however, gets some attack and position also which he thought equivalent for his piece.

(f) Bolder than ever. The sacrifice of a second piece could have hardly been expected, and yet Black is not crushed by its loss.

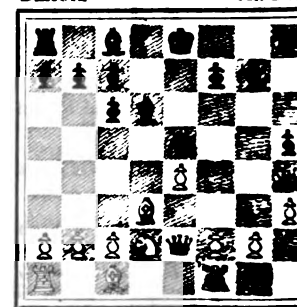
(g) This was pretty enough. Which suggests 16. P-Q7, ch. Q×P; 17. Q-B3, as being very much better.

(h) Black believes he should have drawn here by playing Q-R-Q5, instead of the move made. He certainly would have drawn had White in that case taken K R with K B, or taken E P with Q. The suggested move would have been difficult to parry in any case.

(i) After the exchanges, which are favourable to White's game, the play goes steadily on to the end-game. Still, care has to be exercised even yet to force a win.

(j) A blunder, of course. Had White been obliged to move K-K2, there was no favourable check next move. White had obtained a most favourable position, and should we think, win with it, without Black's blunder.—Notes by Mr. J. White, Leeds.

BLACK. Mr. DOD.



WHITE. Mr. WILDMAN.
White to play—move 11.

"Literature" Portraits. No. 3.

SUPPLEMENT

May 25, 1901.



MR. RIDER HAGGARD.

Photographed by Elliott & Fry.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 188. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	427, 428, 429
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—III. Henry Rider Haggard. With an Appreciation	430
REVIVAL OF IRISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE—A "Personal View," by Justin McCarthy.....	432
THE STOCK EXCHANGE CENTENARY	433
BADMINTON, by Sir Herbert Maxwell.....	435
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	436
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
The Work of the Ninth Division	438
Mr. Yeats' Poems.....	439
Tolstoy and his Problems.....	441
In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan	441
The Further Memoirs of Marie Bashkirtseff	442
A Picturesque History of Yorkshire	443
Max Müller's Last Essays—Handel—Small Boat Sailing—Wise Men and a Fool—An Eventful Life—Old Highland Days—Com- pany Law—The People of the Netherlands—Lord Macaulay— The Cry of the Poor—England's Phantom Army—English Dictionary—Pianist's A B C Primer and Guide.....	443, 444, 445
Tales that are Told—A Cardinal and His Conscience—Anna Lombard—Observations of Henry—Strange Happenings— Claudia Pole—Running Amok—A Bear Squeeze	446, 447
ART—The Royal Academy.—II.	448
CORRESPONDENCE—Jingo—Shakespeare and the Gunpowder Plot— The National Home-Reading Union (The Master of Downing College).....	447, 448
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for...	448, 449
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.....	449, 450

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT next week—the fourth of the series—will be Mr. Owen Seaman.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has lost his case against Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The latter had purchased from Mr. Kipling's American publishers a small supply of the authorized editions of his books and bound them for sale, to their retail customers, with the title-pages of the original publishers. They offered to meet Mr. Kipling's wishes as far as possible; but he was advised to claim substantial damages. The Judge has now "directed a verdict in favour of the defendants."

The stir created in Ireland by the attempt to revive the Irish language—on which Mr. Justin McCarthy writes in another column—has led to great activity in book production. Scarcely a week passes without a new Gaelic work, or a new announcement of one. Even such slow-moving bodies as the Royal Irish Academy and the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language have been caught in the whirl, and announce the early publication of works upon which they have been deliberating for years. But the Gaelic League is responsible for most of the publications. Among the minor works already published are several collections of songs and recitations in Irish, and quite a number of controversial pamphlets urging the study of Irish.

But the Publication Committee of the Gaelic League have more important works in hand. The works already published. Vol. VIII. No. 21.

lished include a story, and also two plays, by the Rev. Peter O'Leary, a distinguished Irish scholar; a romance of the Desmond Wars in the sixteenth century by the Rev. P. Dinneen, S.J., and a one-act drama by the same author called *Faith and Famine*. Other works by this industrious writer in the press include "Cill Ainne," a description of Killarney, and also *editiones principes* of the famous Munster poets Owen Roe O'Sullivan, John Clarach MacDonnell, and Geoffroy O'Donoghue of the Glens. Father Dinneen was the scholarly editor of the poems of Egan O'Rahilly for the Irish Texts Society. It is curious that while every Munster man who knows Irish, and most other Irishmen as well, know these poets in the originals or in translation, their poems have never yet been collected in book form. The Gaelic League also announces "Greann na Gaedilge," a collection of humorous Irish stories by Henry Morris, an original tale, "Tadg Goba," by J. J. Doyle, a collection of original stories by Mr. Thomas Concanon, another accomplished native writer, and a couple of volumes of Irish songs. There is thus considerable activity in Gaelic circles, and the promoters of the movement have been justified by the large circulation of their publications, which are selling by thousands. The Irish Texts Society, by the way, expects to have ready shortly the fourth volume of its Transactions, being Vol. I. of Keating's "History of Ireland," edited by David Comyn, and their Irish Dictionary is also due in the autumn.

Nero and the persecution of the Christians has long been an engrossing theme to novelists and playwrights. Sienkiewicz, Dean Farrar, and Mr. Wilson Barrett still leave the field open for the librettist and composer, and the period supplies the theme of an opera long promised by the Italian poet and composer, Arrigo Boito. Boito is, perhaps, best known in this country as the librettist of Verdi's later operas. The change of style in Verdi's later manner was largely due to his influence. But Boito has before now shown that he can compose as well as write. In his *Mefistofele* he attempted almost more than is possible on the musical stage. The librettist of Gounod's *Faust* contented himself with the episode of Marguerite. Boito attempted a condensed version of Goethe's entire poem. But the beauty of single scenes in his opera has long been acknowledged; and its many admirers will look forward to the completion of *Nero*.

Prefaces are generally dull, but they are sometimes necessary. Mr. Augustine Birrell achieves a notable feat in the preface which is prefixed to "Henry Broadhurst, M.P." In a preface which is wholly unnecessary he leaps at once to the front rank of preface writers; and its wit, good humour, and aptness gain rather than lose from the fact that there is really no reason at all why it should have been written. The book itself we must deal with elsewhere; but we quote a characteristic passage written apropos of the fact that Mr. Broadhurst, who has been an Under-Secretary of State, was not educated at any ancient foundation:—

Sometimes reports reach the outer world of an Eton dinner, where Prime Ministers past, present, and future sit cheek by jowl, Bishops jest agreeably with Field-M Marshals,

Governors-General of India and Canada exchange confidences of a kind never likely to be published by the indiscreetest of widows, Secretaries of State, old Parliamentary hacks, palm off upon Ambassadors, past-masters in the art of polite inattention, narratives to which the House of Commons has long learnt to turn its deafest ear, and all alike gaze with boyish rapture upon each other's garters, stars, and ribbons. At the given signal they rise in their places, clink their glasses, and cry as one man, "*Floreat Etona!*" How hard they strive to believe that they owe it all to Eton! It is an affecting scene, even when read about in a copyright report. Gratitude to an ancient foundation of learning, be it school or college, is always pleasing, and for my part I greatly prefer Johnson's filial regard for Pembroke to Gibbon's contempt for Magdalen; though, if it were a question of rational basis, it could hardly be disputed that the historian had more reason for his contempt than the moralist for his affection.

Mr. J. D. Logan undeniably challenges criticism in writing, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in praise of "American Prose Style." On the whole, and in a general way, American English, like Swiss or Belgian French, is more remarkable to the ear of the purist for its peculiarities than for its distinction; though, of course, just as some Belgians write good French, so some Americans write good English. The curious thing is that the American style is by no means at its best in the works of the Americans who seem most anxious to be stylists. Their search for the inevitable word is too obvious and laborious. You watch them fumbling for it; you are shocked at the number of quite ordinary words which they scatter (frequently in awkward patterns) over the page while they are stooping for it and turning it over to make sure that it is the word they want. Such, at all events, is the impression we too often derive from the prose style of writers like Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells.

On the other hand, one does get a very definite and characteristic prose style in the works of certain American writers who seem to be more concerned about their matter than about their manner. We ourselves should have been disposed to cite the case of Mark Twain, though Mr. Logan does not. When, in a serious article, Mr. Mark Twain expresses respectful amazement in the metaphorical sentence "this is pie," he is at least effective; and to be effective is one of the ends of style. On the other hand, Mr. Logan finds American prose admirable when it strikes a note of "manliness," as in such documents as Lincoln's Gettysburg address. There we agree with him; but the model is hardly one to which the American prose style of the present day very frequently conforms. It is hardly too much to say that there is absolutely nothing which approaches within measurable distance of Washington Irving or Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The copy of the Second Folio Shakespeare which sold for £103 at Puttick's on the 14th illustrates a point to which we have previously referred—the growing necessity for a stricter definition of the measurements of rare books. Book-collecting is now an international matter, and our measurements in inches and fractions of inches are too rough and ready to be of any practical use where small differences in the sizes of pages may mean a large sum of money. Apart from the damp stains, which probably accounted for its low price, this Folio was a fine and large copy. Its measurements were put down in the catalogue as $13\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. But a careful measurement showed that, according to the ordinary English rule, the book should have been stated as measuring $13\frac{3}{8} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$ inches. Even this is not quite correct, for the width is hardly the figure now given. Measurements in inches are becoming less and less trusted by English collectors, to say nothing of foreign bibliophiles to whom they

are unintelligible. There should be no difficulty in using the finer standard of millimètres for all exceptionally rare books whose reputations are practically universal and whose money value is so much affected by the size of their pages.

The one thoroughly interesting paper in the *Twentieth Century Review* is that on Verlaine by Count S. C. Soissons. It is partly critical and partly biographical, and, among other things, tells the true story of Verlaine's imprisonment in Belgium. He and Rimbaud had a scuffle in a *café*, and a pistol went off by accident wounding Rimbaud in the hand. The police ran in and Verlaine was arrested:—

A Belgian citizen would have been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for the unlawful carrying of firearms and unprovoked use of the same. But Verlaine was a Frenchman, police records pointed him out as a member of the Commune; complaints from his father-in-law and his wife, who hated him, were aggravating circumstances, the accused was given the severest punishment, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Apropos of the probably unique copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," sold a few days ago for £1,475, it was understood by many that the buyer, Mr. S. C. Cockerell, once Secretary of the Kelmseott Press, acted on behalf of a home collector—in other words, that the almost priceless little book would not leave this country. According to a credible report, however, the volume must by this time be on the other side of the Atlantic, where it will add to an already valuable collection. If this be so, it is, indeed, regrettable. Too many rare books are leaving this country, not soon, if ever, to return.

A SUNSET SONNET.

One twilight, low with clouds that hurtle by,
I lay among the wheat and barley-ears:
Their stems of steely lustre, like the spears
That bristled on the Mount of Calvary,
Gleamed fierce against a tear-disfigured sky.
An ancient wind bore down the hollowed years
Reverberate echoes of old gibes, old jeers,
Old shouts of "Crucify him, crucify!"

And lo, a sudden splendour I discerned
That spread and filled the universe entire,
The blood of saints to flecks of poppy turned,
The cruel thorns grew gold on every brier,
And through the agonizing cloud-forms burned
The glory of a martyrdom of fire.

ETHEL WHEELER.

The most notable literary portraits in the Royal Academy this year are those of Professor Skeat, of Mr. Frankfort Moore, and of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

A statue of Shakespeare is to be erected in Weimar, opposite Rietschl's Goethe and Schiller statue.

Much Ado About Nothing was successfully produced by the O. U. D. S. at Oxford on last Monday night. Professor Stanford's opera, *Much Ado About Nothing*, will probably be produced at Covent Garden next week.

Sir Courtenay Boyle, who died suddenly on Monday, was not only the author of "Hints on the Conduct of Business, Public and Private," but also a frequent contributor to the reviews, and an occasional contributor to *The Times*. In his earlier years he wrote verse. A poem of his, beginning

I in a lonely palace;
She in a lonely room,

had a great vogue as a drawing-room song in the seventies.

It is proposed to purchase Hogarth's House at Chiswick, and preserve it as a memorial and museum of Hogarth relics. Donations should be sent to P. W. Ramsay, Esq., London and County Bank, Chiswick, or to Walter H. Whitear, Esq., Ravenscroft Park, Chiswick, the treasurer and secretary respectively of the Committee that has been formed for the purpose. At least £1,500 will be required.

The death is announced, at Brighton, of Mr. Joseph Osborne, the well-known author of "The Horse Breeder's Handbook," and a favourite contributor to the defunct *Bell's Life*.

The 111th annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place on Friday, May 17. The Archbishop of Canterbury was in the chair, and among the men of letters present were the Earl of Crewe, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Kinloch Cooke, and Canon Ainger.

The Lord Chancellor took the chair at the thirty-eighth anniversary banquet of the Newspaper Press Fund on Saturday, and deplored the manners and customs of the journals which publish "defamatory gossip" in place of "real discussion."

We are glad to notice that Mr. H. K. Longman, of Trinity, Cambridge, who left Eton with so high a cricketing reputation, made the highest score in the Cambridge Freshmen's match last Saturday. He is following in the footsteps of his father, Mr. G. H. Longman, who was captain of the Cambridge Eleven in 1875.

Another cricketer who distinguished himself on Saturday was Dr. A. Conan Doyle, who played a not-out innings of 32 for the M.C.C. against Leicestershire.

Maxim Gorki, the well-known Russian writer, mentioned last week in our Paris letter, has been arrested as a revolutionist.

The *Rappel* learns that Count Tolstoy is suffering from intermittent fever. The Imperial Government has ordered all telegrams addressed to the distinguished novelist to be intercepted.

We are shortly to have "Tales from Tolstoy," by Mr. Nisbet Bain.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday the Royal medals for the encouragement of geographical discovery and research were awarded to the Duke of the Abruzzi, and Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, the explorer of the country between Lake Rudolf and the Upper Nile.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of £100,000 to establish branch libraries throughout the City of Glasgow is eclipsed by the magnificent donation of £2,000,000 to form a fund to pay the fees of any Scotch student at any Scottish University.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been made a Knight of the Norwegian Order of Saint Olaf, first class.

The balance-sheet of M. Yves Guyot's paper, *Le Siècle*, shows that the additional expenses entailed by the Dreyfus campaign amounted to no less than £12,000.

We are sorry to hear that M. Sully-Prudhomme is dangerously ill, and that some anxiety is caused by the health of Dr. Ibsen.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is at work on a new novel, which may be published in the autumn.

Mr. Wirt Gerare is travelling to Siberia on behalf of a syndicate of newspapers. The book which he will write on his return will be published by Mr. Heinemann.

The Wallace Collection will for the future be open to the public on the two paying days, Tuesday and Friday, at 10 instead of 11.

Paris has lately been, and perhaps is still, excited by a rumour that the *Figaro* has been sold to a German syndicate.

The story was not very credible, and is, in fact, contradicted in the columns of that paper; "*Figaro*," the action attributed to the proprietors of the *Figaro* would have been, in fact, the one inconsistency that would really be inconsistent with its character and antecedents. The *Figaro*, in truth, is notorious even in Paris for the alacrity with which it has changed its course to catch the shifting winds of public favour. It has been, at different times, a scurrilous paper and a respectable family journal. It has been for and against the Empire, for and against the Royalists, for and against the Republic, for and against M. Zola, and for and against Captain Dreyfus. Only people who keep diaries or have exceptionally retentive memories recollect exactly how many times the *Figaro* has changed sides. But with all its vagaries and *volte-faces* it has kept true to certain practices and traditions. Whether genially or offensively—and it can be very offensive as well as very genial—it has always held up the mirror to the boulevards, and remained not only characteristically French, but characteristically Parisian. Germans—and indeed German Jews—have sometimes been among its most popular contributors; but they have posed as good Parisians—some of them, like Jacques St. Cère, under assumed names—when writing for its columns. There could be no stronger proof of the permanence of the influence which a great editor—and this de Villemessant was—can exercise. De Villemessant was certainly the greatest journalist that France has ever known, and one of the greatest in the history of journalism. He had no other great qualities except those of the journalist; but he had those in a supreme degree. He was illiterate, quarrelsome, unscrupulous; but he knew what the public wanted, and he knew how to procure it. As an American would put it, he "sized up" the boulevardiers. He perceived that they did not want to be lectured or instructed, but to be entertained; that a scandal in Paris was more to them than a revolution in any foreign country; that their crying need was for a journal that should reflect the brilliant sparkle of the conversations in the cafés. The execution of this idea required, of course, quite other talents than those necessary for its conception; but de Villemessant possessed both sets of talents. He had a marvellous power of judging men, a marvellous skill in getting their best work out of them, and a merciless alacrity in getting rid of them as soon as their usefulness to him was exhausted. His theory was that every man had one good article *dans le ventre*, and his object was to get that article for the *Figaro*. There is a story to the effect that he once put pens, ink, and paper in front of his chimney-sweep and bade him write, and that the chimney-sweep's one article was satisfactory both to the editor and to his readers. On the other hand, he never spared the feelings of a dull writer, however high his reputation stood. Alphonse Daudet happened to be present at the dismissal of Paul d'Ivoy, who had been induced to leave the *Courrier de Paris* for the *Figaro*, but had failed to fulfil his editor's expectations. The poor man was dismissed without notice in the presence of the staff; and he referred de Villemessant to his agreement. "Your agreement? Go to law about it if you like," was the truculent reply. "I will have your articles read in Court, and we will see if any agreement can compel me to print such nonsense in my columns." It was not an amiable manner of doing business, but it was the manner of a man who knew his mind; and it was because de Villemessant knew his mind, and insisted on having his own way with something more than the severity of a drill-sergeant, that he was able to make the *Figaro* what it became and has remained in spite of all its see-saws of policy—the most distinctively Parisian journal in Paris. It would be a pity for such a journal to pass into the hands of proprietors unaffected by, if not actually ignorant of, its traditions. We could hardly bring ourselves to wish it, even if one of the visible consequences of the change were to be the adoption of a less carping tone towards ourselves; and there certainly is nothing to indicate that that is a part of the programme.

Literature Portraits.—III.

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD.

Once, upon a time when we were some of us younger, it was the fashion to go to Mr. Rider Haggard to be thrilled. As there is even now a large number of people who are young Mr. Haggard is still read with avidity. But we are thinking of the great days; "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and the rest were in brisk circulation at the libraries, and the fame of a man was being made on quires and quires of paper and in journals and other places where they sing the praises of those who, to glide back into a phrase outworn, have "arrived." For a brief but clearly articulate moment there was one literary god, and Mr. Lang was his prophet. Fame was followed by fortune, and the rest has been anything but silence. The list of his books, between twenty and thirty of them, is known everywhere, it reaches from "Cetewayo" to "Lysbeth"—the latest and one of the best of his novels, which shows that agricultural statistics have but heightened his historical imagination and his talent for story-telling. His name is now familiar as a household word. But the critical coterie having made his reputation handed him over to an eager and enthusiastic public and lightly turned its thoughts to newer comers. The general reader, however, is more faithful than those who try to lead his taste. Mr. Haggard's enormous band of admirers never ceased to enjoy and to buy even when some of his least valuable work was being published.

While those writings of his which may justly be considered history, such as "Cetewayo" and his *White Neighbours*, are exactly convincing, many of his novels make the heaviest demands upon the credulity of his readers. They appeal to the gay and unthinking more than to those who take their fiction seriously, who are fain to struggle with problems or who will only welcome a new sociological philosophy stated in epigram. These are complications of the art of novel writing which will be looked for in vain in the work of the author of "King Solomon's Mines." The idea of writing this book was, indeed, he has told us, suggested by an article on boys' books which turned his mind in that direction. With a marked gift for story-telling, a fluency and straightforwardness many greater men lack, Mr. Haggard has not perhaps precisely what is implied in the Ben Jonsonian phrase "a lettered mind." He is rather too much a man of action for that. Although he is, to a rash public, the type of a popular, successful, widely-read writer, he is not, to judge him of course only by his published books, in the strictest sense as was Stevenson, a literary man.

Among his non-ephemeral work, "Jess" reminds one that Mr. Haggard knows the Boer-land intimately and was an early adventurer in the continent of lost reputations. In 1875, at about 20 years of age, he was Secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal, and he was also on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. While with Sir Theophilus, Mr. Haggard committed what one suspects of being his only real literary indiscretion. An article entitled "A Visit to the Chief Secoconi" was printed in England and reached South Africa, signed with the initials H. R. H., shortly after the first annexation of the Transvaal. The Boer at home was described with anything but diplomatic tact, and the Dutch women were not praised—the history of "Lysbeth" was not known to Mr. Haggard then—and altogether the article made very bad reading for the Transvaalers who had many opportunities of seeing it in the *Afrikaner* papers wherein it was freely quoted. There was a stormy meeting of Boers in Pretoria, and Mr. Haggard's article was very nearly being the cause of war. When Sir Bartle Frere arrived in South Africa the young diplomatist had to explain, and he excused himself by saying that he had set down nothing but the truth. According to his own account, he soon learnt that therein lay his offence. Since those days, to the passer-by, Mr. Haggard's victories would appear to have come easily

enough, but he has once confided to an ever-sympathetic public something of early struggles with publishers and of dark laborious hours, although we have heard nothing from him of the heart-breaking hunt for the *mot juste* in which so many engage. Although his course appears to have been one of fairly constant fortune, there has been a hint or two from him that if all is not vanity, yet there is much vexation of the spirit in the pursuit of literary fame. In a very characteristic and interesting little memoir prefacing an edition of his mother's work, "Life and its Author," he speaks of that lady's disappointment in not being able to devote herself to literature, and asks whether this lack of opportunity was not a blessing in disguise. "Some," he adds, "who have experience of the rough paths leading to any kind of literary success worth winning may entertain their own opinions on the subject." The point of view is characteristic of Mr. Haggard. The reticency of the typical cultured Englishman is over all he has done. There are writers in whom the pursuit of literary honours has broken down this hard reserve, but with Mr. Haggard it is otherwise. He will write you a dashing, entertaining, external romance if he can, but he will not publish love letters from a manor house nor analyse the less obvious emotions of his soul for your amusement. Thus, with a high sense of his art, he writes for a wide and general public the books which come and conquer and pass. But it would seem that Mr. Haggard does not wish to gain the whole world. He is quite content with his readers, from whom a certain modesty and humour prevent him from asking too much. A young lady was once a visitor at his house, and—seeing the book lying on the table—said, "Oh, have you read 'Dawn'? It is a first-rate novel; I have just finished it." "Somebody explained," Mr. Haggard remarked when he told the story, "and the subject dropped, but I was not a little gratified by this unintended compliment." That was a long time ago, and many have been the compliments, with and without intention, that have come to him; but to please a young lady, a visitor at a country house, has been, one fancies, an ideal he has never permitted to escape him. During the heyday of his popularity he had, however, written one book which I believe will live. "Jess," apart from a certain topical interest which is, no doubt, selling it at the present time, has inherent the essential qualities of art. When the coterie of fame makers had done their work they began to think that Mr. Haggard with all his gifts was not a great artist. Was it not "J. K. S." who was among the first to hint that the author of "Allan's Wife" and "Mr. Meeson's Will" could be wearisome? Every one will recall the phrase linking him with Mr. Kipling which soon passed into (news) paper currency and became too tattered and worn for quotation.

His many official and other experiences in South Africa have been used, but not greatly used, in his fiction; he was "full summ'd to tell of deeds above heroic," and the note of actual life is a little hampering when such is the case. In the early days we read much about the imaginative wonders of "She," and now that we find its author writing of country life in agricultural England we can appreciate that quality at its true value. The inviolate laws of free trade make a farmer's year a little difficult. But Mr. Haggard knows how to make its history seem agreeable and tempt us back to the land. It has been hinted, I think unfairly, that he does not labour under the disadvantage of knowing too much about the subject—he certainly does not labour under the still greater disadvantage of knowing nothing about anything else. It is often what he knows about something else that makes him interesting—in his letters to the Press on the subject of farming as well as in other matters. Even when subsoils appear to fill his whole heart he can turn aside to admire the landscape. Mr. Haggard is fortunately many sided. He is a sportsman who is a member of the Athenæum; a novelist who has joined the Sports; a farmer who is to be found at the Savile, and a Justice of the Peace who may occasionally be seen at the Authors' Society, and has been Chairman of its Committee. He knows better than most men how he will appear in the eye of posterity, for he has been made into an admirable picture—with gun and cloak—by

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, who illustrated "Jess" some years ago. As a writer of fiction his rapid fame has settled into a tradition; as a guide and philosophic friend to farming there is no novelist with whom I would sooner go—

. . . . to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

E. M.

Mr. Rider Haggard, like Mr. Anthony Hope, was not an immediate success as a novelist. Nor was it a work of fiction that first bore his name on its title-page, for "Cetewayo and his White Neighbours," which made its appearance in 1882, was a semi-political book on South African affairs, and included his views on the Transvaal rebellion. The Boers had just been given back their independence, and Mr. Rider Haggard—one of the few survivors of the original handful of men who hoisted the Union Flag on the annexation of the Transvaal—had given up his South African property in disgust at the turn which matters had taken. "Cetewayo and his White Neighbours" was the first thing he wrote on his return to England, but no publisher would look at it until Messrs. Trübner took it up, and offered to bring it out on the half-profit system, on the condition that the author paid £50 down towards the cost of production. It was some years before that £50 found its way back to Mr. Haggard's pocket, but the sum must have proved a fairly good investment in the long run, as the book pleased the Cape politicians, and eventually worked its way into a revised and cheaper edition. Portions of the work were reprinted in Mr. Haggard's shilling story "The Last Boer War," which Messrs. Kegan Paul published in 1890, when the South African crisis again became acute. The late Mr. Trübner seems to have behaved extremely well to Mr. Haggard in his early literary days, encouraging him to write a novel, and promising to get it published for him, though Mr. Trübner's firm did not deal in fiction. Even Mr. Trübner, however, found it no easy matter to find a publisher for "Dawn"; his publishing friends would have nothing to do with it as it stood. Mr. Trübner, with sturdy faith in his author's ability, submitted the manuscript to Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson for report. The late Mr. Jeaffreson sent a kindly note of criticism, favourable on the whole, but advising the entire revision of the story and the substitution of a happy ending for the melancholy fate which the author had mapped out for his heroine. The advice was taken to heart; the book was re-written, and "Dawn," in its new shape, was at once accepted by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett and published by them in three volumes in 1884. "The Witch's Head," Mr. Haggard's second novel, was published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in three volumes in the same year, and soon went out of print. But it was not a large edition, and the publishers did not care to run the risk of re-issuing the tale in one volume form. "Then it was," the author tells us in his story of "My First Book" in the volume of literary reminiscences published under that title by Messrs. Chatto and Windus:—

I came to the conclusion that I would abandon the making of books. The work was very hard, and when put to the test of experience the glamour that surrounds this occupation vanished. I did not care much for the publicity involved, and, like most young authors, I failed to appreciate being sneered at by anonymous critics who happened not to care for what I wrote, and whom I had no opportunity of answering. It is true that then, as now, I liked the work for its own sake. Indeed, I have always thought that literature would be a charming profession if its conditions allowed of the depositing of manuscripts when completed in a drawer, there to languish in obscurity, or of their private publication only. But I could not afford myself these luxuries. I was too modest to hope for any renown worth having, and for the rest the game seemed hardly worth the candle. I had published a history and two novels. On the history I had lost fifty pounds, on the first novel I had made ten pounds, and on the second fifty; net profit on the three ten pounds, which in the case of a man with other occupations and duties did not appear to be an adequate return for the labour involved.

But chance at that moment led him to read a timely article in favour of boy's books, and it occurred to Mr. Haggard that he might at least do as well as others in that profitable branch of literature. This was the turning point in his literary career. He wrote "King Solomon's Mines," and the immediate

and remarkable popularity of that romance brought him to the front with a bound. Yet Mr. Haggard assures us that three firms, including his own publishers, refused even to consider the book, and it was left to Cassell's to make the lucky venture in 1885. They sold about 100,000 copies within the first five years, and it still sells steadily in its new and revised three-and-sixpenny form, besides going through an enormous sixpenny edition. The natural result of this success was to send up the circulation of "Dawn" and "The Witch's Head," and both books, in various new editions, passed first from Messrs. Hurst and Blackett to Mr. Spencer Blackett and thence to Messrs. J. and R. Maxwell, eventually finding safe anchorage with Messrs. Longmans, who, with one or two exceptions, now publish all Mr. Haggard's works. Before they became his recognized publishers, however, Mr. Spencer Blackett (now manager for Messrs. Kegan Paul) had published two new volumes by Mr. Haggard—"Mr. Meeson's Will" and "Allan's Wife and other Tales"—but these, after a certain amount of wandering on the part of "Allan's Wife," also came to seek shelter under the sign of "The Ship" in Paternoster-row. "The Wizard" appeared as Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual, 1896. "Jess" is published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and it has gone through many editions since they first brought it out in 1887. As a sixpenny book—published by Messrs. Newnes by arrangement with Messrs. Smith, Elder—it has proved one of the most popular of the paper-covered editions on the market, and the outbreak of the present war sent up the sales of the book in both forms. It was in 1887, when they brought out "She," that Messrs. Longmans began their direct connexion with Mr. Haggard, and now they have a list of twenty novels under his name. "She" was dedicated to Mr. Andrew Lang, and went remarkably well. It appeared in a new and revised edition in 1896, and has also been a great success as a sixpenny novel, Messrs. Newnes bringing it out in that form by arrangement with Messrs. Longmans. The remaining works published by Longmans are—"Allan Quatermain," 1888; "Maiwa's Revenge," 1888; "Colonel Quaritch, V.C.," 1888; "Cleopatra," 1889; "Beatrice," 1890; "Eric Brighteyes," 1891; "Nada the Lily," 1892; "Montezuma's Daughter," 1894; "The People of the Mist," 1894; "Joan Haste," 1895; "Heart of the World," 1895; "Dr. Thorne," 1898; "Swallow: A Tale of the Great Trek," 1899; "Black Heart and White Heart, and other Stories," 1900; and "Lysbeth: A Tale of the Dutch," 1901. Ten years ago they also published "The World's Desire," which Mr. Haggard wrote in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang, and which went to a new edition in 1894. The demand for "Lysbeth," which has been one of the most successful novels of the present season, shows that Mr. Haggard has lost little of his old popularity. It is interesting to learn, too, that his commonplace book for 1898, "A Farmer's Year," still has a ready sale, and has, indeed, become a standard book on the subject. As a landowner and farmer Mr. Haggard cultivates some 370 acres in the Waveney Valley, which divides Norfolk from Suffolk, and at the present moment, as most people are doubtless aware, he is giving the results of his inquiries into the agricultural conditions of different parts of England in a series of contributions to the *Daily Express* under the title of "Back to the Land." These will probably appear subsequently in book form. Straying into yet another path of literature, Mr. Haggard has lately been embodying the experiences of a tour in Palestine—interwoven with the records of mediæval pilgrims to the Holy Land—in a serial which has been appearing in the *Queen*, and will be published by Messrs. Longmans in the autumn. The new work is called "A Winter Pilgrimage." Next month Mr. Haggard is to preside at a dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club, when the Bishop of London—like his predecessor Dr. Creighton in 1899—will be the guest of the evening.

Mrs. Humphry Ward was the guest of the evening at the ladies' dinner given at the Hotel Cecil on Saturday by the Authors' Club. Dr. Conan Doyle presided, and the members and guests present included Sir Rennell Rodd, Lady Rodd, and Miss Rodd, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., Dr. Romesh Dutt, Mr. and Mrs. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, Mr. F. T. Bullen, and many others. Mrs. Ward, in replying to the toast of "The Ladies," proposed by Dr. Doyle, made an interesting defence for the novel with a purpose.

The pension dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press, postponed on account of the Monmouth election, will be held on June 15, at the Hotel Cecil. Those who wish to attend are requested to communicate with the Secretary at 33, Chancery-lane.

REVIVAL OF IRISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

A "Personal View"

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

It has not been in my power to lend any help towards the effort which so many of my countrymen are now making to promote something like a revival of Irish literature and the Irish language. Indeed, I have to confess that I am one of the many Irishmen engaged in literary occupations who cannot speak or read the language of Ireland, and who know only at second hand anything about Irish literature. But I have always from my very early days felt an interest in the subject, and have long been hopeful that some such effort might be made as that which appears to have been taking of late an organized form. During my boyhood the influence of Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, Clarence Mangan, and many others brought a stirring among the minds of the young men whom I knew for a study of genuine Irish literature, just as some of the poems of Thomas Moore had done for an earlier generation. Owing to many causes nothing very definite or practical came of the impulse just then, but I think its influence never wholly faded since that time, and may be said to have found new expression in the more direct and determined organization of the present day. I suppose it will hardly be denied by any one now that Ireland has a national literature which belongs directly to her history, her traditions, her soil, and her atmosphere, and owes nothing of its growth to the influence of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It is no part of my purpose to enter into any consideration of the various causes which during so many generations and even centuries combined to bring about the almost total neglect and for a time the actual suppression of Ireland's ancient literature. We have now arrived at a period of the world's history when the Anglo-Saxon himself may be expected to feel a genuine interest in every effort to bring into the light of day the buried treasures of Irish poetry, romance, and history. The most casual stranger visiting Ireland, if only he have a mind and heart open to artistic impression, must see in the ruined castles and abbeys which meet his eye everywhere throughout the island, must hear in the legends and stories which cannot but reach him on his way, must find in the mountains, the lakes, and the rivers, must feel in the very atmosphere of the island evidences enough that he is passing through a country which must have had a literature distinctively its own. If he looks for evidence of a more literal and practical order he can find it amply and even lavishly set forth in the priceless literary records which for all that has come and gone are still preserved in the Irish capital. Now I venture to think that there is no living Englishman of intelligence—Mr. Podsnap I believe has been dead this some time—who would not welcome any effort towards a revival of the study of that long neglected literature. So far as Irishmen are concerned I think it is little short of a disgrace to most of us that we should have found time and opportunity, or should have time and opportunity found for us and forced upon us, to study the ancient literature of so many other countries to the total neglect of our own. Most of us are fairly well acquainted with the stories which Homer has to tell us, with the plots and personages of the great Greek dramas, with the Thousand and One Nights, with the Nibelung legend, with the companionships of King Arthur's Round Table, and

with Roland and Oliver, and we know nothing except what a few words from Moore or from Mangan may suggest to us about the early poetry, romance, and legends of our own country.

The late Lord Russell of Killowen, in a speech made not long before his too early death, deprecated the idea of any serious attempt towards the restoration of the Irish language. His argument seemed to be that any effort to make the Irish language a common mode of speech among Irishmen of the present day would be a wholly unnecessary, even if it would not be a wholly impossible, task. Now I think the most enthusiastic Irish Nationalist would hardly set himself to deny that in the English language, which we can most of us speak with tolerable fluency and accuracy, we have an instrument for the expression of our thoughts which can put them into adequate words no matter how far-reaching our imagination or how precise our scientific purpose. Mr. Goldwin Smith had at one time an idea that the scientific men of the civilized world might sooner or later agree to make classic Greek their common language for the sake of the greater precision it would afford them in the expression of their ideas. For most of us, however, I am willing to admit that the English language will quite enable us to express to each other all that we want to say, and that the revival of the Irish language for this purpose alone is not a necessary condition to our progress in civilization. But I am decidedly for the teaching of the Irish language as part of an Irishman's education, and that being done or agreed upon I am willing to let the future take care of itself. I cannot see any disadvantage whatever in making the young Irishman of the coming generations a person who starts in life with two languages to carry him on. It is almost as easy to teach a child two languages as to teach him one, and we have most of us travelled in foreign or at least in parts of foreign countries where the speaking of two tongues was almost a necessary condition of ordinary existence. I cannot regard it as an objectionable burden to impose on my countrymen of the coming generations, if they were set to learn English and Irish from the very beginning of their education; and I very much wish that such burden had been imposed upon me when I was beginning to learn the names of the animated and inanimate objects around me.

For the present, however, I am mainly interested in that part of the movement which has for its object a general revival of the study of Irish literature. I have read with great satisfaction the letter lately addressed by a patriotic Irishman and a distinguished soldier, Sir William Butler, to one of the local divisions of the Gaelic League in which he describes the work of the League as "a truly noble labour." "You are opening," Sir William Butler goes on to say, "the long-choked springs of a pure and beautiful knowledge, and by offering to a national mind, which has always been hungry to learn the revived art, music and literature of its own, you are raising the surest barrier against the depraving influence—I might say the soul-destroying poison—of the modern bookstall." I may be allowed to indulge in the fond hope that the modern bookstall is not quite such a store of poison as Sir William Butler describes it, for I have many highly esteemed friends, men and women, whose works are to be found at every railway station and in every circulating library, and I cannot help believing that the reading of their books has done much good for most of us. But I can cordially agree with Sir William Butler in believing that we all want other literature besides that which even the best selected of modern bookstalls can supply, and I am convinced that Irishmen and Irishwomen could hardly be better occupied than in looking

back through the waves of time for the long faded glories of literature they cover.

I am not considering the whole question from the point of view which is proper to the antiquarian or the linguist or even the general scholar. [My wish would rather be to impress upon ordinary readers, like myself, that the long lost treasure caves of Irish literature contain wonders of romance and legend and poetry which would open to every intelligent mind new visions of beauty, idealism, and imagination. I may own that I am sometimes filled with a feeling of wonder and of regret when I think of the manner in which the ordinary English reader, even of the intelligent class, goes along through life with an almost absolute ignorance and indifference to some of the noblest treasures of his own literature. I am well acquainted with large numbers of Englishmen and Englishwomen, supposed to be adequately educated and always in the habit of reading books, who have never taken the slightest interest in some of the greatest poems and dramas the genius of England has yet produced. Every one we meet knows something of Shakespeare because we all go to see certain of his plays enacted now and then at a theatre, and so we are led to talk about him and perhaps even to think about him, but I wonder what proportion of the cultivated audience who attend the first night of a Shakespearian performance at the Lyceum have any personal reason for knowing that in the dramas of the Shakespearian age, apart from Shakespeare's own plays, England has a dramatic literature probably superior to that of any other country in the world if we leave out the country and the age of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

It is no part of my task, however, to recommend a movement for the revival in England of some great forgotten English dramatists and poets; I am only concerned with the Gaelic revival which is going on in my own country and among true lovers of literature here as well as there. I feel satisfied that any Englishman who pays attention to the subject, and who makes himself acquainted even through the medium of translation with some of the works of genuine literary art bequeathed to us by the Irish language, will feel and will admit that he has gained something of unspeakable worth by the discovery. England, too, still owes a heavy debt to Ireland, quite apart from any question of political legislation, for the manner in which during centuries she may be said to have banned and excommunicated every effort to keep alive the memories of that which had been for so long a time a living literature in Ireland. The Gaelic literature has peculiarities, qualities, and charms which are not to be found in the literature of any other race. Study the classical works of Greece and Rome, of the Eastern world so far as we know anything about its classics, of England, of France, of Germany, and you will have left much undiscovered and untouched which you would not willingly miss if you have neglected to learn something about the classics of native Irish literature. If the Gaelic League can thoroughly arouse us all to a sense of what we have lost and are losing by our indifference to what the Irish language has done for us, we shall all find that a new world of wonder has opened upon us of whose existence we had not in our former days the slightest conception. So far as Ireland is concerned I do not think it is by any means too much to expect that those of the coming generations who have intelligence and taste enough to make themselves acquainted with the literature of England, France, and Germany will as a matter of course make themselves acquainted with the literature of their own country as well. Irishmen are as a rule rather quick at the learning of languages, and there must be something in the genius and con-

struction of the language belonging to one's own native country which ought to help him to a more easy mastery of it than if it were some absolutely foreign tongue. Whether Irish is ever to become a familiarly spoken language in Ireland I do not venture to say, but I think the Irish revival movement will have accomplished a splendid success if it only succeeds in making intelligent Irishmen and Irishwomen as well acquainted with the romance and the poetry of the language which was once the living tongue of their own country as they are now expected to be with the romance and the poetry of England, France, and Germany. Better to know it by translation than not to know it at all; better, much better still, to read it through the medium of its own language; best of all for those who educate themselves to read and to speak the language of their own people.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE CENTENARY.

SOME LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

"If Cæsar were to re-appear on earth," said Sydney Smith facetiously, "Wettenhall's List would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the Temple of Janus; Thomas Baring would probably command the Tenth Legion; and the soldiers would march to battle with loud cries of *Scrip and Omnium Reduced, Consols and Cæsar.*" Money is perhaps even more potent to-day than when the writer of these words "grew old merrily" in the Rectory of Combe-Florey. During the century that has passed since William Hammond on May 18, 1801, laid the foundation-stone of the first building in London devoted exclusively to "the transaction of business in the public funds," the telegraph wire and the daily newspapers, have served to enhance a thousand fold in the esteem of two-thirds of the populace the importance of Stock Exchange incidents. The Royal Exchange, so proclaimed by herald when Queen Elizabeth opened the original building in January, 1571, has long ceased to be "the eye of London." The Stock Exchange, known among brokers as "the House"—regardless of the Parliamentary claims of St. Stephen's, and the academic claims of Christchurch—has become, so to say, the annexe of ten thousand homes all over the country; an annexe whither more or less frequently men fare to experience the intoxication inseparable from the endless movements of the money market. Within half a mile of Capel Court the nerves of the civilized world converge; and, just as the telegraph wires pour out their fateful messages in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where once stood a collegiate church and sanctuary, so daily and hourly do the hopes and fears of a million folk centre in that little world, bounded by Broad-street and Throgmorton-street, a stone's throw from the garden fleched from the father of John Stowe by Sir Thomas Cromwell.

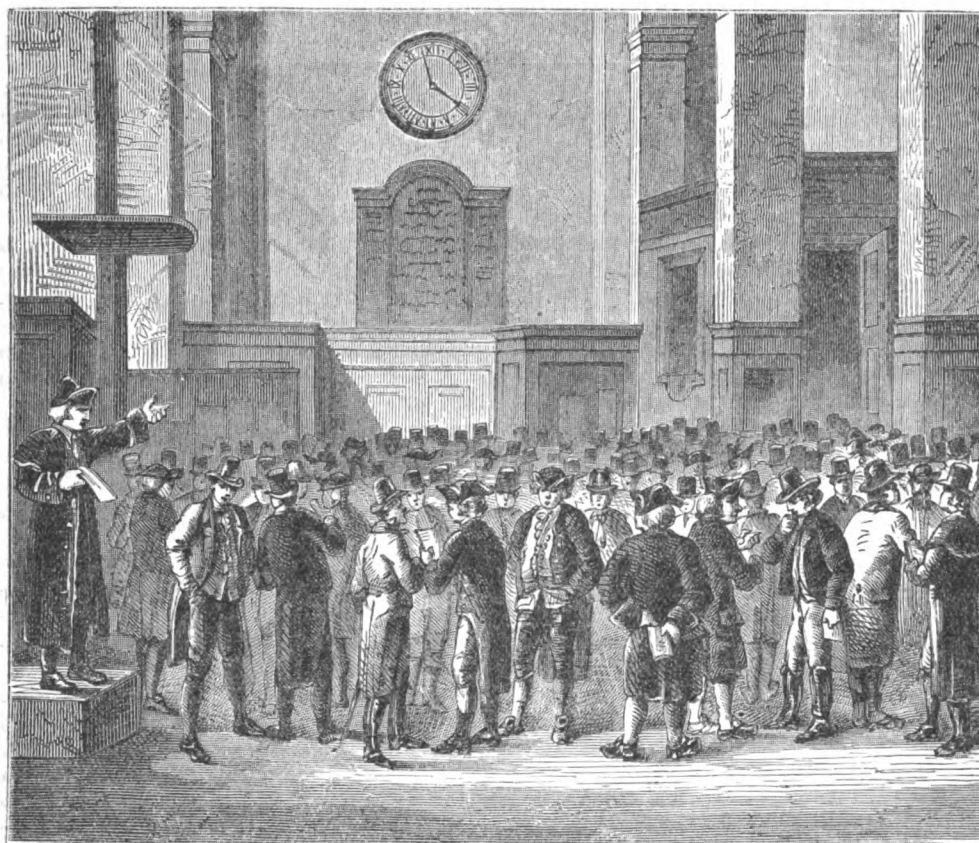
Last Saturday the Stock Exchange celebrated the centenary of the laying of the first stone in Capel Court; but though as a corporate body it dates only from the beginning of the nineteenth century, the conditions of which it is the outcome are traceable to a much earlier period. Till 1698 dealers and jobbers in the share market were wont to meet in the Royal Exchange. Here met the grave Fleming in fur-trimmed coat, the Venetian in long and sumptuous robe, the vivacious Frenchman, the sun-tanned Italian, the Turk in fez. The majority were intent upon bartering merchandise; the few, remembering the fabulous sums gained and lost in the tulip mania which swept over Holland in 1634, desired to grow rich in swifter fashion. At this time the broker had his walk upon the Royal Exchange, where took place transactions in the funds of the East India and other great corporations. Complaints became frequent that the Royal Exchange was being used for other than its legitimate purposes, and in 1698 the dealers determined to move to 'Change Alley, then a relatively unfrequented space. A contemporary pamphleteer has left this word-picture:—

The centre of jobbing is in the kingdom of 'Change

Alley and its adjacencies. The limits are easily surrounded in about a minute and a-half. Stepping out of Jonathan's into the Alley, you turn your face full south; moving on a few paces, and turning due east, you advance to Garraway's; from thence, going out at the other door, you go on still east into Birchin-lane; and then, halting a little at the Sword Blade Bank, you immediately face to the north, enter Cornhill, visit two or three petty provinces there on your way to the west; and thus having boxed your compass, and sailed round the stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again.

Gay, in his "Trivia," gives us one of many descriptions of the City at about this time:—

The tricking gamester insolently rides
With loves and graces on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the grasping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.



ON 'CHANGE.

[From an Old Print, about 1800. The Figures by Rowlandson; Architecture by Nash.]

For long, besides the Alley itself, the two famous coffee-houses already named were haunted by speculators. The name of Garraway's survived till 1866. Its founder was believed to be the first retailer of tea in this country, and his shop bill, printed in Ellis' Letters, begins by saying that "tea, in England, hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it has been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments." But Garraway purchased a quantity of tea, and made the beverage—

According to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers in those Eastern countries . . . and very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resorted to his house in Exchange Alley, aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof; and to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice, that the

said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound.

Defoe mentions Garraway's as the resort about noon of "people of quality." As to Jonathan's, "the general mart for stock jobbers," as it is described in the *Tatler*, No. 38, it has many literary associations. In Addison's brief survey of "My Own History," the *Spectator*, No. 1, he says:—

I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club. Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species.

Again, one of the scenes in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1718, is laid in Jonathan's, where, amid the hubbub of stock brokers' talk, serving boys cry "Fresh coffee, gentlemen—fresh coffee! Bohea tea, gentlemen." Three decades later Smollett deplored that his satire had not

. . . yet supplied a scourge
For the vile tribe of usurers
and bites

Who sneak at Jonathan's and
swear at White's.

Allusion cannot here be made to a hundred exciting incidents in the history of 'Change Alley; to the thousand ruses, successful and unsuccessful, resorted to by financiers and the stock-jobbing fraternity; how, during the struggle between the old and the new East India Companies, Boroughs were sold almost as freely as lottery tickets; how Thomas Guy, founder of the great Hospital, amassed half a million sterling, in large part by buying from sailors, at greatly reduced rates, the paper money which they were compelled to accept as wages. Apropos of the notorious "Charitable Corporation," whose cashier decamped in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, Fielding in his farce *The Lottery* makes Mr. Stocks say, in answer to a question of Chloe, that the Corporation "is, Madam, a method invented by some very wise men, by which the rich may be charitable to the poor, and be money in pocket

by it." The events of 1720, when 'Change Alley became a veritable cock-pit, cannot be passed without notice. In 1711 the South Sea Scheme was originated by Harley, Earl of Oxford, with a view to the extinction of the National Debt, which at that time amounted to £10,000,000. Nine years thereafter, having in 1717 advanced to the Government a sum of £5,000,000, the Corporation offered to become responsible for the whole public debt of something like £30,000,000; and, despite the protests of Walpole, this scheme was sanctioned by Parliament. Up to this point the project had been honestly, if mistakenly, promoted; but now any and every method was adopted to advance the price of the stock. Every one, from the Prince of Wales to the penurious cleric, speculated, and the cry was

'Get money, money still,
And then let virtue follow, if she will.'
This, this the saving doctrine preached to all,
From low St. James' up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quill stands quivered at his ear,
To him who knotches sticks at Westminster.

Sir Isaac Newton, then in his 68th year, almost alone among men of letters, was not drawn into the vortex. Asked as to the issue of the people's infatuation, he said he "could calculate the motions of erratic bodies, but not the madness of a multitude." The elder Scraggs gave John Gay £1,000 South Sea Stock, and inasmuch as he is said to have received £1,000 for his "Poems," published in 1720, it is all but certain that he purchased on his own account as well. At one time Gay's gains amounted to £20,000. Swift and Pope recommended him to buy a comfortable annuity with the money; Erasmus Lewis to invest it in the funds and live on the interest; Dr. Arbuthnot to trust to Providence and live on the principal. Arbuthnot sold his South Sea Stock too late, but philosophically comforted himself for the loss of £2,000 by saying that this would cause him only to ascend two thousand more pairs of stairs. Gay refused even to make "sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day," and like many others he was a heavy loser. He could, however, write wisely on the subject. Of his friend, Thomas Snow, the banker-goldsmith of Temple Bar, he asked

Why did 'Change Alley waste thy precious hours,
Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams.

In 1718 Pope was in a position to think of building a house in London; but instead of so doing he bought the Strawberry-hill property at Twickenham in the following year. He, too, invested money in the South Sea Scheme, and at one time might have realized at an enormous profit; even in the result he is said to have been a slight gainer. Pope corresponded on the subject with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Teresa and Mary Blount, each of whom was more or less concerned. Besides writing "A strange but true Relation how Edmund Curll of Fleet-street, Stationer, out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change Alley and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent Jews. And how he was circumcised and initiated with their mysteries," Pope thus sketches Sir John Blunt, the puritanical scrivener, who originated the South Sea Bubble:—

'Twas no Court badge, great Scrivener, fired thy trains;
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gains.
No! 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, Patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace.

The unctuousness of Blunt is suggested in Pope's couplet—

"God cannot love," says Blunt, with tearless eyes,
"The wretch he starves," and piously denies!

Nor does Pope ineptly sum up the mad scenes in the 'Change Alley of 1720:—

Statesmen and patriots ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.

We may compare with this three quatrains by Swift in which he likens 'Change Alley to a gulf in the South Seas:—

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime, secure on Garraway's cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder's skulls,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

In Colley Cibber's play *The Refusal*, produced in 1720, he makes

use of terms which are now definitely associated with financial operations. Asked by Granger if all his money had been made on 'Change, Witting answers:—"Every shilling, Sir; all out of stocks, puts, bulls, shams, bears, and bubbles." Cibber, moreover, has left us a vivid little sketch of the Alley. "You'll see a duke," he says, "dangling after a director; here a peer and a 'prentice haggling for an eighth; there a Jew and a parson making up differences; there a young woman of quality buying bears of a Quaker; and there an old one selling refusals to a Lieutenant of Grenadiers."

Among the 156 Bubble companies floated at this time, not the least curious are those in which prospective profits were to be gained from "Importing a large number of jackasses from Spain," and, most illusory of all, from "An undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." From the £1,000 at which shares in the South Sea Company once sold in the market, the stock fell to £135, and the Bubble burst.

On July 14, 1773, a number of stockbrokers met at New Jonathan's Coffee House and determined that thereafter "it should be called the Stock Exchange, which is to be wrote over the door, the brokers then collected sixpence each, and christened the house with punch." The beginnings of the Stock Exchange, as we now know it in Capel Court, date from 1801, the inscription beneath the foundation-stone then laid ending with these words:—"The inviolate faith of the British nation, and the principles of the Constitution, sanction and secure the property embarked in this undertaking. May the blessing of that Constitution be secured to the latest posterity." If less picturesque than old 'Change Alley and Garraway's and Jonathan's, at any rate the public cannot now gain access to the greatly enlarged buildings, and, save in "the street" speculators are unable to witness actual dealings; dealings hardly less tumultuous during a scare nowadays than in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

BADMINTON.*

[BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.]

The discouragement and ultimate suppression of what they politely term "blood-sports" are the objects advocated with more earnestness than nicety of argument by members of the Humanitarian League. Consistent in this, if in nothing else, they identify themselves more or less intimately with vegetarians, citing, in support of their primary doctrine that man is bound to apply the same treatment to the lower animals as to his fellow-men, the demonstration by modern science of the common origin of all animated creatures, but forgetting or avoiding the logical conclusion to which universal acceptance of this doctrine must lead. If the sixth commandment is to be construed so as to prescribe the duty of civilized man to beasts, how can one avoid similar application of moral and ethical obligations outside the decalogue? It would not be difficult to show that this would bring the work of civilization to an abrupt stop. With the universal assent of white men, we have pronounced slavery to be a violation of duty to our neighbour. "Lord, who is my neighbour?" If it is my horse or my ass, then must I go afoot for evermore, if these reformers have their way, seeing that under no system but slavery can these animals be induced to draw or carry me half a dozen yards. All beasts of draft and burden are slaves, working under compulsion, from the King's pampered State creams to the coster's donkey.

Such be some of the reflections suggested by several numbers of the *Humanitarian* recently received by the present writer, containing marked passages vehemently uncomplimentary to him, on account of his opinion that a sportsman is not necessarily an inhuman monster—may even be habitually merciful in behaviour to dumb animals. And these reflections tend to merge into speculation as to the fate of a considerable branch of English

* "The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt." By T. F. Dale. (Constable, 21s.)

literature when the ethical revolution shall be accomplished which is to send all field sports into limbo after the Royal Buckhounds. No more editions of the evergreen Izaak, as it please you; be anathema henceforward "Nimrod's" pernicious page, wherein you shall learn only how to kill a fox scientifically. Whyte-Melville and William Scrope may be spared, perhaps; the first for his pretty love-stories, the second in virtue of the folk-lore and historic association which he managed to weave even into his narrative of the muckle hart of Benmore; but both must be mercilessly edited for the consumption of humanitarian families.

And how shall we deal with the incorrigible Mr. T. F. Dale, so closely identified with the chronicle of these "blood-sports"? Not content to have filled many columns of the *Field* with ephemeral records, he has already paraded his devotion to the chase in his "History of the Belvoir Hunt," and now returns to his darling theme in "The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt." He has done it so well, too, that I fancy the number of his readers will go far to reassure those who fancy that foxhunting is losing its hold upon the affections of our people. Mr. Dale has feelingly described how sorely some of its pillars in the land have been crippled by the long depression in agriculture and fall in rents, and apprehends further limitation of establishments in consequence of the onerous death duties. But the fact is that long ago the end was pronounced to be at hand by one well qualified to judge thereof. It was in the 'thirties, I think, that "Nimrod" discerned the speedy doom of foxhunting in the spread of railways, and, strange to say, the novel sport of steeplechasing. Threatened men live long. There are no signs apparent that Englishmen are willing to give up in favour of croquet and amateur photography those arduous exercises which put endurance and resource to the test, and, paradoxical as it may appear, cause them to cherish the very animals of which they take toll. The day has not yet dawned when English eyes will cease to brighten at sight of horse and hound, and, even should the huntsman's horn fall silent in the vales where it has echoed so long, unborn generations will yet turn with delight to stirring records of the sport of Kings. (Casting his eye back over the last sentence, the writer is reminded that the Badminton fashion has discarded the horn in the field for a business-like whistle.)

It is not given to every good sportsman to write readably on sport; there are few drearier specimens of literature than some produced by the best of performers in the field. Beckford had the right literary blend; so had Tom Smith of the *Hambledon*; so had C. J. Apperley, better known as "Nimrod," and still better, to readers of *Surtees*, as Pomponius Ego—albeit it used to be whispered that he got along faster at his desk than over a country. And Mr. Dale not only knows his subject, but how to write about it. In the title he has chosen he is a trifle misleading; one has to get through half the volume before reaching the eighth Duke of Beaufort. Moreover, Mr. Dale's naivety in the preface rather gives one pause. He tells us that the present duke has perused the book before publication, which "will be a guarantee that its views represent on the whole the feelings of the late duke's friends." Disabling fetters, these, upon a serious biographer; but Mr. Dale aims at no more than to depict the late duke as a sportsman, a landlord, and country gentleman "without trenching on ground where strangers have no right to trespass." There is, first, a condensed and lucid account of the origin and rise of the *Somersetts*, in tracing which Mr. Dale seems to have shared the fate of so many amateur genealogists in being pulled up short by the expert. Mr. J. H. Round has pronounced the opinion that the second Marquis of Worcester forged or "faked" the patent of dukedom dated 4th March, 1646. Mr. Dale declares that such an act would have been "entirely out of harmony" with the marquis's character, and unkindly suggests that Charles I. was much more likely to act dishonestly. I am content to leave the meed of rogue to be awarded by more competent hands than mine. I must confess, also, that the biographical chapters upon the late duke, subjected as they have avowedly been to the approval of the family, have less

interest for me than the chronicle of the pack and its doings. One is accustomed to look for more in one holding the highest rank of nobility than that he should merely excel in killing foxes and driving coaches. It is proper that he should do these things well, if such be his fancy, and undoubtedly the late duke did them right well; but they scarcely suffice for the life work of a great noble, or at least do not qualify him for the dignity of a biography. The eighth duke, however, graduated in literature, for we have Mr. Dale's assurance that, when, late in life, this mighty hunter undertook to edit the well-known *Badminton Library*, he had no idea of being a mere figure-head. No doubt he received much technical guidance from the assistant editor, Mr. Alfred Watson, but it was the duke's thorough practical acquaintance with almost every branch of British sport which gave its peculiar stamp to the series, and placed them far above all previous essays in that particular domain. He was not content with mere supervision, but contributed much original matter from his own pen; the chapters on riding and driving are just as good as there is any need for.

It is in the technical part of his book that Mr. Dale is at his best. For some time after 1728 there were two packs kept at *Badminton*, neither of them strictly foxhounds, though no doubt both hunted fox occasionally. In 1734 there were thirty couple of harriers and six couple of staghounds. To Henry, the fifth duke, is assigned the credit of founding the foxhounds. Returning from a bad day with stag, he threw his hounds into *Silk Wood*, where they found a fox which gave him a splendid gallop. Thereafter "he steadied his hounds from deer and helped to found one of the greatest of our national sports." Much interest will be found by masters of hounds in the account of the evolution of these foxhounds, till the *Badminton* badger-pies became a strain as famous and distinct as the *Belvoir* tans. The *Beaufort Hunt* has never borne a reputation for hard riding, but it can boast some famous runs, notably that with the *Greatwood* fox on 22nd February, 1871, which takes a place in the annals of the chase beside Mr. Anstruther Thomson's *Waterloo* run and the memorable performance of the *Belvoir* from *Jericho Gorse*. The distance traversed in the *Greatwood* run was twenty-seven miles in three hours and a half; from point to point was fourteen miles; there was only one check, and only seven men saw the finish. The story is told right well in Mr. Dale's last chapter.

Seldom have I seen a good book so wretchedly served in the matter of illustration. There are a few fair portraits, but the reproductions of pictures are the poorest possible specimens of the cheap process, and the photographs of groups, &c., are little better. I note a curious blunder on page 201. "The third season the duke carried the horn, that of 1857-58, was undoubtedly a bad one. It was the first winter of the *Crimean War*." Now the fact is that this duke first hunted his own hounds when William Long retired in October, 1855, so it is a mystery how the *Crimean War* finds its way into the business at all. The blue-and-buff of the *Badminton Hunt* has weathered the darkest years of agricultural adversity. The hounds still share with the *Belvoir*, *Brocklesby*, and *Fitzwilliam* packs the distinction of never having passed from the family of the original founder. From this well-managed establishment, as well as from Mr. Dale's excellent description thereof, I part with a cordial "Prosit!"

THE DRAMA.

"THE SECRET ORCHARD."—REVIVALS.

Who is Miss Grace Lane? She may be known to provincial audiences, but I, for one, had never seen her on the London stage until her appearance last week in *The Secret Orchard*. I conjecture that she is a young lady with a future, though on this occasion she was playing a young lady with a past. Joy (surname not stated) is the victim of heredity. Her mother was a bad woman, and Joy has the eyes of a devil. Charles Henri Stuart, Duke of Cluny, has looked into those eyes, to his own undoing and hers. He gives her a pearl necklace and thinks he is

rid of her. For this unprincipled conduct you are to look to heredity again, the Duke, as his name imports, being a descendant of the exiled Stuarts. The Duchess ("née Helen Church of Virginia") is, as her name imports, a woman of piety, and one of her pious works is the adoption of Joy. Thus the mistress is brought by the long arm of coincidence under the same roof as the wife, and the question to which the playwright, Mr. Egerton Castle, invites our attention is, What will happen when the truth comes out? What happens is a duel, in which the Duke, stricken with remorse, allows himself to be shot. The Duchess and Joy are left mingling their tears over his corpse. This lugubrious ending strikes me as rather cheap pathos. Anybody can make a deathbed scene affecting; but the really interesting thing is to know how people get out of entanglements of this kind while going on living. Mr. Castle will, perhaps, reply that, as a moralist, it was his business to prove (once more) that the wages of sin is death. In that case he should not have misled us by writing half his work in the key of comedy. I understand that the play is founded on a novel, and, perhaps, in the leisurely process of print the atmosphere is more successfully preserved. Perhaps, too, the novel explains why the Duke's confidant should be Minister of Fine Arts, why the Duchess's aunt should be "née Mary Charch," and why the Duchess's maid should be a mulatto. On the stage the significance of these facts is not apparent. But let me return to Miss Grace Lane, who can act with passion, and in repose can convey the *air fatal* without melodramatic exaggeration. To be sure she makes too much play with those wicked eyes, feeling apparently that the author's point about heredity must be made at all costs. It is an uncanny character, and not every young actress knows how to be uncanny with measure and propriety. Miss Lane does. We shall hear of her again. Miss Hilda Rivers as a sprightly American ("née Nessie P. Dixon of Buffalo") speaks as "Buffalo gals" are required to speak by English audiences, but is otherwise natural and pleasing. As for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (Duke and Duchess), they have unsuitable parts and so cannot be either natural or pleasing. They are excellent comedians—Mr. Kendal has of late years become almost as clever a comedian as his wife, which is saying a very great deal—but there is no chance for comedy in the part of a saint who is always casting up her eyes to heaven, or in that of a husband who is always going about in the sackcloth and ashes of repentance. Their success in Mrs. Clifford's play has tempted them to go on exploiting the gloomy. I beseech them to come out of the tombs. They are really full of fun. Sane and sparkling comedy is their proper element. It is a poor heart that never rejoices, as Mr. Pecksniff said on a memorable occasion.

My own heart particularly rejoices over the revival of Mr. Carton's *Wheels within Wheels* at the Criterion. It treats conjugal infidelity lightly—I do not mean with immoral cynicism, but, as M. Anatole France would say, *avec allégresse*. Observe that Lady Curtoys does not run away with Mr. Egerton Vartrey. Honour is saved. But there is not too much fuss about honour in the piece, and there is not a trace of sentimentality. Curtoys is a bit of an ass but not a bad fellow. Lady Curtoys is a bit of a flirt but not a bad woman. In truth, it matters little what they are or are not, for their relations merely serve as an excuse for the delightful adventures of Mrs. Onslow Bulmer, the lady who saves her friend from an elopement by taking that indiscretion upon herself. The spirit and sense and humour of Miss Compton in this part act on the nerves like a tonic. Years ago (in courtesy to all parties I will not say how many) I saw this lady, in a provincial playhouse, make her first appearance on any stage as Maria in *The School for Scandal*. No one who was present on that occasion could have foreseen the genial, imperturbable, authoritative actress of to-day. When I think of the difference I feel a tenderness to all *débutantes*—they may turn into such artists as Miss Compton, though I admit the chances are against it; for it is not every actress who can hope to marry a playwright like Mr. Carton, able and willing to fit his wife's talent to perfection. In *Wheels within Wheels* Mr. Arthur Bouchier

and Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. Dion Boucicault resume their old parts, and they were never more amusing. For a light, digestive entertainment playgoers may safely be directed to the Criterion.

Mr. H. A. Jones' *Rebellious Susan*, now to be seen at Wyndham's Theatre, does not stand revival quite so well. Mr. Wyndham is as good as ever in his favourite part of *l'ami des femmes*, and Miss Mary Moore is still quite charming in a part well within her rather limited range. But Mr. Jones, choosing virtually the same theme as that of *Francillon*, challenges comparison with Dumas *fil*s on his own ground, and—well, revival for revival, I would rather it were *Francillon*. There is no sentimental love affair in the French play; there is in the English, and it is rather mawkish stuff. Further, the difference in the character of the husbands tells heavily against the English play. The French husband is a gentleman who has for a moment forgotten himself, and one does not pity his wife when circumstances compel her to forgive him; the return of Lady Susan to the arms of that worthless nincompoop, James Harabin, is a real tragedy. But Mr. Jones seems (through the mouth of Sir Richard Kato) to find it "all werry capital." His thesis is that married couples must be kept together at all costs, scandal and social inconvenience being apparently regarded as in all conceivable conditions worse than ill-assorted unions. This is genuine cynicism, and *Lady Susan*, though outwardly a merry piece, leaves rather a bitter flavour on the palate. But how good Mr. Granville Barker is in the (already obsolescent) character of Fergusson Pybus, the prig who desires to "stamp himself upon the world"! Here is another young player who ought to go far.

A. B. WALKLEY.

The high price of £1,200 was given at Sotheby's on the 16th for a MS. copy of Wycliffe's translation of the Bible. It is a large folio of 269 leaves of vellum, finely written, and is probably the work of an English scribe at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Early copies of Wycliffe's translation are so rare that the price seems at first sight to be low as prices now stand. But, considering its condition, this book is really one of the dearest ever sold at auction. Of the thirty and odd pages with fully illuminated borders hardly one is in perfect condition. Owing to damp the illuminations have set off on the opposite pages, and there are dozens of pages where the damp has caused the ink to run in a most disastrous manner. Of the other notable books included in the same sale the following were the more important:—

Allot, "England's Parnassus," first edition, 1600.	£38.
Behn, Mrs. A., "Female Poems on Several Occasions," first edition, 1679.	£14 5s.
Burton, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition, 1621.	£26 10s.
Drayton, "Polyolbion," the two parts, first edition, 1613-1622.	£15 10s.
Goldsmith, "Retaliation," first edition, 1774.	£26 10s.
Goldsmith, "She Stoops to Conquer," first edition, 1773.	£14 10s.
Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village," first edition, 1770.	£18.
Goldsmith, "The Good Natured Man," first edition, 1768.	£11 10s.
Goldsmith, "The Traveller," first edition, 1765.	£12 5s.
Goldsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield," first edition, 1766.	£85.
Johnson (R.), "The Seven Champions of Christendome," 2 vols. in one, 1608.	£42.
Jonson, Ben, "Workes," 2 vols., first edition, 1616-1640.	£35.
Killigrew, "Comedies and Tragedies," first collected edition, 1664.	£18.
Marlowe, "Hero and Leander," 1637, fine copy.	£15 10s.
Pope, "An Essay on Criticism," first edition, 1711.	£19 10s.
"A Booke of Christian Prayers," a fine copy of Daye's print of 1578, the first edition of Elizabeth's prayer book printed for public use.	£26.
Puttenham, "The Arte of English Poesie," 1589.	£16 5s.
Shakespeare, "Pericles," a fine copy of the 1635 quarto.	£66.
Sheridan, "The Rivals," first edition, 1775.	£20 10s.
Sheridan, "The School for Scandal," first edition (1778).	£31.
Shirley, "The Schoole of Complement," first edition.	£12 10s.
Spenser, "Colin Clout," 1595.	£24 10s.
Spenser, "Complaints," first edition, 1591.	£49 10s.
Spenser, "The Fairy Queene," first edition, 1590-1596.	£147.
Sterne, "Tristram Shandy," first edition, 1761-1767.	£12 10s.
Waller, "Poems," first edition, 1645.	£8.
Wycheley, "Miscellany Poems," first edition, 1704.	£14 10s.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

FROM BELMONT TO LINDLEY.

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION. By Major-General Sir H. E. COLVILLE, K.C.M.G., C.B. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. n.)

The book which General Colville has written on the work of the Ninth Division will be eagerly read, if for no other reason, to see what the author has to say on the incidents which led to his supersession. There is, however, very little of a controversial character in it. General Colville has detailed the circumstances of the engagement at Sannah's Post and of the march to Lindley, but he has added little in the nature of criticism or discussion. He has throughout taken the attitude which characterizes his brief description of the fateful interview with Lord Roberts at Pretoria :—

What he and I said to each other has nothing to do with the story of the Ninth Division. I have often dwelt, may be at tedious length, on my own thoughts and motives, as it was on these that the Division moved, and for some of which it had to suffer ; but henceforth these affected no one but myself.

The motive of the book is the desire to vindicate for the officers and men of the Division, for the Divisional Staff, and for Smith-Dorrien and Macdonald, the credit which no one will grudge them, but which has been somewhat obscured by the reverse which has overtaken their Commander. The question whether Sir Henry Colville should leave the story for another hand to write, or tell it himself, could only be decided according to the line which that story was to take. Probably no one else could have performed the task so well. There are a few marks of haste, a few errors in proof correction, but the narrative is singularly lucid and charming. It is fortunate in every way that Sir Henry Colville has not deviated into the polemical. With very considerable literary gifts, and the power of graphically conveying military situation, he seems deficient in the intuition which enables a man to seize the vulnerable point in an adverse argument. The talent which is effective in drawing up a military memorandum or a State paper is not by any means necessarily associated with forensic ability. Whatever judgment may be formed on Sir Henry Colville's case, any one who reads the criticisms—printed in the Appendix—on General Broadwood's despatch will see that General Colville failed to grasp a number of important points, which he afterwards somewhat sketchily indicated in his memorandum to the War Office.

A preliminary chapter briefly refers to the fortunes of Lord Methuen's relief column. There is a reminiscence of the afternoon before the Magersfontein disaster which has a pathetic interest.

I had had a few minutes' talk with Wauchope the afternoon before, and had said to him that, as we were in reserve, I did not suppose we should see much of the fight. He shook his head and said :—" Things do not always go as they are expected ; you may not be in reserve for long."

The rear-guard action of the Grenadiers will long be remembered by the regiment with pride.

Shortly afterwards the Grenadiers got the same chance, of which they took the fullest advantage. I had often thought at home that we did not practise rear-guard actions quite enough, but if Crabbe and his men had been doing nothing else all their lives they could not have carried it out more neatly. As soon as they began to move, the enemy's guns turned most of their attention to them, and at times Crabbe's lines could hardly be seen through the dust ; but when we did see them they were strolling quietly along in slow time, utterly unconcerned, alternate files halting and facing the enemy, while the others retired to a fresh position, in which they halted till the advanced files had passed through them. In Hyde Park the movement would have been called perfect ; at Aldershot it would have been said that it was too regular

and slow ; at Magersfontein it, at all events, showed the Boers that, if the British soldier does not mean to hurry, it is not easy to make him do so.

The operations of Paardeberg are a matter of common knowledge. Still, as those were the occasions of a great distinction to a Division which afterwards met with very ill luck—quite undeserved by themselves, whatever may have been the desert of their Commander—the considerations which led General Colville to decide on a final and successful advance are not without interest.

The thick scrub between us and the Boer lines made it difficult to know exactly what direction the northern trench should take ; but on going to the end of it on the morning of the 26th, I found that it was clear of the trees, and looked into the west face of the Boer laager. To have carried it more to the south-eastward would only have exposed us to enfilade fire, while a turn to the north-east would have taken it, if carried on far enough, right outside the laager. I therefore made up my mind that we ought to make a fresh start from the right bank. It seemed to me that, if we could once gain the ground clear of the trees, we should have the laager at our mercy. I knew Lord Roberts was very adverse to trying an assault, so got hold of General Eliot Wood, his Chief Engineer, and went through the trenches again with him, with the result that he, too, thought that no further good could be done with the present trench. Fortified with this expert opinion, I went to Lord Roberts, explained the situation, and got his leave to try an advance that night.

Very soon after the arrival at Bloemfontein troubles began to come thickly upon the Division and its General. Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most novel detail which this book contributes to our knowledge of the incident of Sannah's Post is General Colville's description of his feelings when he received the advice, from Colonel Martyr, his subordinate, to join him on Boesman's Kop—advice which he afterwards himself passed on, as Senior Officer in Command, to Brigadier-General Broadwood.

I was overtaken by a Mounted Infantry officer with a message from Colonel Martyr that he was on the top of the Kop, and advised me to come there. I yield to no one in my regard for the British infantry soldier ; but his greatest admirers must admit that he is not a rapid mover, especially when he is taken in bulk, and I know nothing more trying to the temper than the conviction that one ought to fly when perforce one has to crawl. Had we been able, on first hearing the guns near Springfield, to move at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, we should have saved the situation, and I knew it ; and the further knowledge that we could do no more than two had, I own, made me rather irritable that morning, and inclined to go ahead somewhere, if it was only for the sake of going. . . . Therefore, when this young officer invited me to climb Boesman's Kop, which seemed out of the way, I am afraid I answered him rather sharply and rode on. I have never seen him since, and never knew his name ; but if he is still alive, and happens to read this, I hope he will forgive me, especially as I acted on his message after all. For, on thinking it over, I remembered that Martyr was a hard-headed man and a good soldier, and that, as he knew that he was under my orders, he would certainly have come down to meet me, unless he had some good reason for staying where he was ; so I pocketed my fidgets and went up the hill.

General Colville mentions, what was already well known, that Macdonald advised the pursuit of the guns by the Waterworks route, that being the line taken by the Boers who carried them off. On the other hand, Smith-Dorrien recommended the route by Watervaal Drift, as cutting directly into the line of retreat, and avoiding the danger of being delayed in the spruits by the Boer rear-guard. General Colville did not receive Broadwood's message urging an advance on the spruits, but he considers that this would not have affected his decision, as General Broadwood was stationed in a hollow, from which nothing could

be seen, while from Boesman's Kop the enemy was visible and the country lay spread out like a map.

General Colville's account of the march from Ventersburg, through Lindley, to Heilbron, shows that the Highland Brigade accomplished a remarkable feat in making its way so rapidly, unprotected by cavalry, through a country infested by large bodies of the enemy, who offered a stubborn resistance. Unfortunately, the march accomplished nothing. General Colville was in error in thinking that he was ordered to Heilbron to set free Hamilton for operations across the Vaal. Heilbron had been already evacuated. Although Macdonald shared General Colville's views as to the urgency of reaching Heilbron by the date named in the orders, this does not detract in the least from his admirable work as brigadier, since the responsibility for the decision rested entirely with Colville, the Divisional Commander.

Apart from the difficulties in which General Colville became involved, the description of the work of the division is bright and pleasant reading. Admirable feeling seems to have pervaded the whole division. The Staff could not be beaten "for good solid hard work and all-round common sense." The troops were a set of heroes; it is impossible to decide the question of precedence between Shropshires and Canadians, Cornwalls and Highlanders. With a few light touches General Colville has made us intimately acquainted with the men whom he commanded. Ewart, who first comes to our notice, working, with Ruggles-Brise, day and night, in defiance of General Colville's warning, that "if they kept on as they were going, they would both be in hospital before long"; who makes a flag for headquarters out of the lining of his greatcoat; who for fifteen years had been missed steadily by various enemies, yet "during the four months" he was "with the Ninth Division was rarely without a bandage on some part of him," and whom we last catch sight of, "looking very doleful," on the platform at Heilbron, as the Staff steamed out of the station; Smith-Dorrien, whom "it is always a pleasure to meet," whether he is arguing in language (which his Commander cannot print) with an obstinate sentry who delayed a whole brigade, or, whether to reach him, one had to cross an unsavoury battle-ground, strewn with carcasses of cattle, by putting "a cigarette into one's mouth and spurs into one's horse, and thanking heaven they were not elephants"; the General's orderly, an excellent fellow, who unluckily "commandeered" a watch—a very poor one to be hanged for—and was marched off to the Provost-Marshal, causing the General to waste so much sympathy during the night-march that he felt almost injured when at dawn the fellow turned up in his usual place; and the ragged, footsore soldiers, at last reduced to such a state that "some of the men's nakedness would have been less striking if they had taken their rags off altogether"—these people have been made very real to us without the employment of any tricks of art or the extravagant colouring of the later school of war-correspondents.

Sir Henry Colville has some shrewd and penetrating remarks on the subject of Boer tactics:—

The Boer, with many very strong points, has his limitations, a knowledge of which lets one take liberties with him. He is a good shot (though not so good as we thought before the war), with an inborn talent for choosing a position, a master of the art of taking cover, very mobile, and very clever in the way in which he covers his retreat. But having chosen his position, he rarely leaves it till he is forced from it or out-flanked; he is extraordinarily sensitive as to his flanks, and, in spite of his mobility, rarely changes front to meet an out-flanking movement. He never makes a counter-attack, or, having once retired, rallies on the same day. He can therefore be held in front with a handful of men, which a European enemy would sweep away, and which can afterwards be used to take the position without any fear of their being driven back by a rally. He can always be moved out of a position, if it is small enough to be outflanked in one day; by the second day he will have taken up another to meet a flank march.

General Colville seems to have been a commander of the type of Lord Hill, Wellington's lieutenant in the Peninsular War. He was scrupulously careful of the well-being of his troops. Perhaps it may be thought that he was too careful. But he remembered the morning of the Modder River engagement, when the men were told that they would get their breakfast at the Modder River station, and the terrible butchery of Magersfontein. Other officers, who had not passed through such harrowing experiences, naturally chafed at his determination to spare his men fatigue or loss that was not inevitable.

That the Highland Brigade, within two months of its heavy punishment and its collapse at Magersfontein, should have taken without flinching the bloodiest share of the assault at Paardeberg, and this after a march of thirty miles, with scarcely any pause before going into action, says much not only for the indomitable spirit of the men, but for their gallant Brigadier; yet some of the credit must be given to the Divisional Commander and his staff, who organized a Division only a few days old into the effective body that was chiefly instrumental in forcing Cronje to surrender. The first days of the Division's career were as brilliant as the close was dark. This book will stand out from the literature of the South African War in virtue of two distinctive qualities. The clearness and grasp with which military situations are explained will appeal to military critics. The general public will inevitably be attracted by the natural and genial touches which make the Ninth Division appeal to us, not as a piece of military machinery, but with the directness of human sympathy.

THE REVISED POETRY OF MR. YEATS.

Between covers, redolent, we were almost going to say, of the symbolism and mysticism within—for the Rose in the midst of waving lines and interwoven foliage is central upon them—Mr. W. B. Yeats once more reissues in *POEMS* (Unwin 7s. 6d.) an edition of those of his poems which were first collected and reprinted in one volume in 1895, and again revised and reprinted in 1898. The collection does not include anything from "The Wind Among the Reeds," or the recently published "By Shadowy Waters," but consists, as formerly, of "The Countess Cathleen," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Wanderings of Oisín," and the two series of lyrics grouped together under the titles of "The Rose" and "Crossways."

Nevertheless one thing, if one thing only, differentiates this from the last edition of the *Poems*, since into "The Countess Cathleen" Mr. Yeats has introduced a new scene which may be said to complete the development which the play underwent as far back as 1895, while it rounds off the conception of Aleel, the mystic and poet of the people, in whom we are now enabled to realize more clearly the very spirit of that vague and shadowy yet beautiful folk-lore of which the play is so full. Many will be familiar with the tale which tells how, in old times, when famine pressed hard upon Ireland, and the folk who dwelt upon the domain of a certain rich and beautiful Countess Cathleen were dying for want of bread, there appeared two demons disguised as merchants who offered to buy the souls of the starving poor; and how Cathleen, frustrated by their wickedness in all her attempts to succour her people and unable to stay the hateful traffic, sacrificed her own soul to win their redemption, yet was herself redeemed in the end by virtue of her motive and the beauty of her renunciation. Working upon this basis of self-sacrifice Mr. Yeats wrote in 1891 a play which even in its earliest form substitutes for the profoundly moving austerity and the terrible directness of the *Antigone* of Sophocles a wild and mournful poetry which lifted it at once into a fine atmosphere of its own. At first, however, Aleel (or Kevin, as Mr. Yeats had him then) was but faintly sketched in as one whose songs "of the dim Danaan nations in their raths" had made Cathleen long for some peaceful land of faery in which she might dwell for ever and so lose the fret and trouble of the times. But in the edition of 1895 he is one of the central figures

at the death of Cathleen, after which he breaks into a heart-rending cry of despair and bitterness till an angel comforts him with an assurance of her salvation ; and when the play was produced in Dublin two years ago it was felt that the conception now needed further development. Hence he is now represented as Cathleen's lover, and himself urges her in the new scene between them to flee from the unimaginable evils that beset her. We certainly think that the dramatic intensity of the play is increased by this scene, which also brings into clearer contrast contending moods and moral motives which each in their own way are beautiful and unselfish. Here is the heart of it :—" I lay in the dusk," says Aleel,

Upon the grassy margin of a lake
Among the hills, where none of mortal creatures
But the swan comes—my sleep became a fire.
One walked in the fire with birds about his head.

Cathleen, steeped as she is in the old fairy traditions of the country-side, thinks that this must be Aengus, the god of beauty, poetry, and youth, who reigns eternally in Tir-nan-Ogue, the Country of the Young. "He may be Aengus," Aleel breaks in, "but it may be that he bears an angelical name, and he bids you come and live in the hills"

Among the sounds of music and the light
Of waters till the evil days are gone.

But Cathleen will not. "He bids me go," she cries,
Where none of mortal creatures but the swan
Dabbles, and there you would pluck the harp, when
the trees
Had made a heavy shadow about our door,
And talk among the rustling of the reeds
When night hunted the foolish sun away,
With stillness and faint tapers. No, no, no,
I cannot.

Aleel entreats her, faltering. He had thought but of the peace and healing of his enchanted fairy land ;—God would take care of the people—the vision was angelical. But Cathleen turns away from him. "Nay, not angelical," she says,

but of the old gods
Who wander about the world to waken the heart—
The passionate proud heart that all the angels
Leaving nine heavens empty would rock to sleep.—
Do not hold out to me beseeching hands.
This heart shall never waken on earth. I have sworn
By her whose heart the seven sorrows have pierced
To pray before this altar until my heart
Has grown to heaven like a tree, and there
Rustled its leaves till heaven has saved my people.

It is this contest between the impulses of Christianity and those of older and vaguer faiths that is for ever crossing and complicating Mr. Yeats' continuous dream of peace and purity and youth. We see it in one aspect in "The Land of Heart's Desire," in another in "The Wanderings of Oisín." But in "The Countess Cathleen" it is not so much the struggle between opposite impulses as the possibility of their reconciliation, if both are born of good, that is finally dwelt upon.

The Light of Lights
Looks always on the motive, not the deed
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone,

says the Angel to Aleel, and we seem to see a connexion between the sentence and a passage in the preface. Let Mr. Yeats speak for himself :—

I would, if I could, add to that majestic heraldry of the poets—some new heraldic images gathered from the lips of the common people. Christianity and the old nature faith have lain down side by side in the cottages, and I would proclaim that peace as loudly as I can among the kingdoms of poetry, where there is no peace that is not joyous, no battle that does not give life instead of death ; I may even try to persuade others in more sober prose, that there can be no language more worthy of poetry and of the meditation of the

soul than that which has been made or can be made out of a subtlety of desire, an emotion of sacrifice, a delight in order, that are perhaps Christian, and myths and images that mirror the energies of woods and streams and of their wild creatures. Has any part of the majestic heraldry of the poets had a very different setting ? Is it not the ritual of the marriage of heaven and earth ?

The minor alterations in this and the other long poems do not seem to call for much comment. Some of those in "The Countess Cathleen" were made necessary by the larger changes. In other cases again a line here and there may seem to some to have lost savour by the substitution of an English equivalent for an Irish term. Or it is a fastidious ear that dictates the change, and here Mr. Yeats seldom makes a mistake. On the whole, however, we are inclined to think that he tends to over-revise his work, and over-revision is apt to seduce criticism into dwelling too much upon refined subtleties and minute details. Take the case of the little poem called "The Pity of Love." Originally it ran :—

A pity beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love ;
The folk who are buying and selling,
The stars of God where they move,
The mouse-grey waters on flowing,
The clouds on their journey above,
And the cold wet winds ever blowing,
All threaten the head that I love.

Now it is :—

A pity beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love ;
The folk who are buying and selling,
The clouds on their journey above ;
The cold wet winds ever blowing ;
And the shadowy hazel grove
Where mouse-grey waters are flowing,
Threaten the head that I love.

Now either of these versions tenderly enshrines the same pathetic thought, but the reader who pauses too long to consider whether the improved rhythm, for instance, sufficiently compensates for the changed order, or whether the last line is better with eight or seven syllables, is likely to find emotion evaporating in the process.

Turning to the notes at the end of the volume we find that Mr. Yeats has written at some length upon the origin of "The Countess Cathleen," which has been much discussed in Ireland. He tells us that he first came across the story in what professed to be a collection of Irish folk-lore in an Irish newspaper some years ago. Though he made inquiries he was unable for some time to trace it further, but he learnt later that it was a translation of a story included in a short collection of *contes* and articles by Leo Lespès, published under the title of "Les Matinées de Timothée Trimm." It was over the signature of Timothée Trimm that Lespès, a man of many pseudonyms and much versatility—he was born on the date of Waterloo, died in 1875, and wrote in his earlier days under the names of "Le Fusilier," "Le Commandeur," and "Lepsel"—wrote the *causeries* which contributed so largely in the early sixties to the success of *Le Petit Journal* ; and it is curious that this old Irish legend, if old it is, should have been first put into literary form by the French *littérateur*. Lespès, however, appears to entertain no doubt that it was widely known among the poor in Ireland when he wrote it down, and though his sources of information are unknown to us it seems unlikely that he should have invented it.

Le boiteux [he says], l'aveugle, le paralytique des rues de Dublin ou de Limerick, vous le diraient mieux que moi, cher lecteur, si vous alliez le leur demander, un sixpence d'argent à la main. Il n'est pas une jeune fille catholique à laquelle on ne l'ait appris, pendant les jours de préparation à la communion sainte, pas un berger des bords de la Blackwater qui ne le puisse redire à la veillée.

On the other hand, Mr. Yeats, whose acquaintance with his national folk-lore is extensive, has failed to find any knowledge of it in the cottages of Ireland. The late Mr. A. E. W. Larminie included in his "West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances" a Donegal variant of undoubted antiquity, of a woman who goes to hell for ten years to save her husband and stays there for another ten on the condition that she may carry away as many souls as can cling to her skirt. Mr. Larminie was able to print the Irish original together with the English version of this tale, but of the Countess Cathleen no written Irish version has so far proved discoverable. After all it is not the origin but the idea itself that matters; yet we hope, for his own satisfaction, that Mr. Yeats will finally prove the "essential antiquity" of his very beautiful tale of self-renunciation.

AN INTERPRETATION OF TOLSTOY.

The perplexed English public may be grateful to Mr. Aylmer Maude for his sympathetic study of Tolstoy and his philosophy of life—*TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS* (Grant Richards, 6s.). The sketch of the man and the summary of his teaching certainly evince his striving towards absolute sincerity; his untiring effort to bring the outer life into harmony with the "Inner Light," for this Quaker phrase is the best guide, perhaps, to Tolstoy's course of conduct and its best justification in theory. How to impress the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, as the foundation truths of creed and conduct on the political and social structures of our time, is the problem for all Christian thinkers. Tolstoy would solve the problem for the world, as in his own life, by abnegation of wealth and position, by practical acceptance of the hard saying, "Whosoever of you will be the chiefest shall be the servant of all." Can we thus unbuild the world's civilization? Would this avail to reconcile the conflicting claims of intellect and spirit in their many developments? Is renunciation of individual gifts of birth and fortune possible? The philosopher has himself, as his disciple admits, been forced to compromise. And though Tolstoy has approximated in simplicity to the peasant state, it is unconsciously but a dramatic assumption of the character. He can hardly know the peasant's keen apprehension of the failure of the harvest, the possible suffering of actual famine; and therefore he cannot attain to the peasant's faith. With the outlook of a widely-experienced thinker he cannot know the peasant's narrowness of horizon, and therefore he misses the peasant's singleness of conviction. To live as the peasant lives there would need be the power to renounce that inalienable birthright—the more sensitive nerves and finer brain tissues of inherited culture. Such objections, however, are not touched on by Mr. Maude, who fully justifies the philosophy he expounds. Tolstoy's philosophy is a protest against the world, the flesh, and the devil—a stirring call to the higher life of the spirit. Its failure as a working force lies in its neglect of the fact that such passion of sacrifice as his is not a universal but a most exceptional endowment. It has given the Church its martyrs, and to this age Mazzini, William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown of Osawatimie, Father Damien, and —Leo Tolstoy.

In accordance with his theories of life is Tolstoy's estimate of art. He does not, as his critics complain, underrate art; he over-estimates the willingness of common men to listen to the direct spiritual message. In accepting art as the power of transmitting emotion he recognizes it as one of the vital forces of life. Because of this recognition he arraigns art as an unfaithful herald of the Divine, universal truth. In his over-emphasis upon the direct ethical intent of art he does not recognize sufficiently the purifying effect of the fire of emotion, the uplifting power of ideal beauty upon an over-materialized world. Hence Tolstoy's smirching accusation of sensuality against the maiden love of Juliet. Hence his estimate of the Greek passion for pure beauty as "the ideal that was held by a semi-savage, slave-holding people who lived 2,000 years ago, who

imitated the nude human body extremely well and created buildings pleasant to look upon." Such words prove the master's limitations, which are frankly admitted by his disciple Mr. Maude.

The book is a series of essays more or less closely linked with the gospel according to Tolstoy. One gives a most interesting study of the Doukhobors, their spiritual conception of the Christ within us, their kinship to the Quakers in their claim for an individual revelation and their doctrine of non-resistance, their community without government, their good health without doctors, their religion without priests, and their courage under persecution. In their behalf Tolstoy published "Resurrection," and so far abjured his objection to moneymaking as to accept payment to aid in their migration to Canada. This sympathy is significant of Tolstoy's own antagonism to war as opposed to the plain teaching of Christ.

Mr. Maude speaks with authority as an interpreter of Tolstoy to Englishmen, but in one essay he departs from his subject in a manner more likely, we are afraid, to arouse hostility than sympathetic consideration. Tolstoy cannot be held responsible for the pro-Boer sympathies expressed by Mr. Maude in "War and Patriotism," which open up the whole question of England's relations with the Transvaal. But we may wish for this book a wide and responsive reading, for the world is in no danger of too sudden a conversion to the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount.

TRAVEL.

IN TIBET AND CHINESE TURKESTAN, by Captain H. H. P. DEASY. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.).

A story is told of an enterprising young officer who made persistent but unavailing efforts to get into Chinese Tibet, and who at length seemed to have undermined the opposition of the frontier guards by lavish bribery. He proceeded exultant to be slung across the Indus in a basket; but, when in mid air above the rushing current the basket stopped, and he was only hauled back—to the Ladakh side—after promising to desist from any further attempts upon the forbidden land, whither, however, his "backsheesh" had gone before. Although such was not the immediate fate of Captain Deasy, the obstacles which he encountered on his several approaches to this and similarly inhospitable territory were enough to deter any one less determined to persevere in the pursuit of exploration and survey.

Beginning in 1896, by utilizing a leave season with one companion to enter the south-west portion of Tibet, he undertook to traverse and map ground hitherto untouched by other travellers. In this latter respect alone was the desire easy of gratification. For six months roughly out and home from Leh the explorers struggled and worked among the mountains and passes, the brackish lakes and stony wastes of the desolate region south of the Kuen Lun Mountains; and between parallels 78° and 83°. They surveyed routes, practicable and impracticable; they established new, or checked old, altitudes; and they reached a highest point at the glacier of Nabo La, 18,880ft., where also they completed the system of triangulation by connecting it with what are known in the G. T. Survey of India as "Tartary Peaks, Nos. 1 and 2." For difficulties other than those of climate and physical features of the land there were robberies by nomad Chukpas, the doubtful attitude of Tibetans, and sickness, mountain and other. Caravan men were inexperienced or mutinous; ponies strayed and were abandoned. On one occasion the leader of the party himself was lost for a day and a night in the desert. Among other lessons taught by this journey were, that aneroids are unreliable for altitudes above 18,000ft., and that with the thermometer about zero cordite becomes ineffectual, the bullets from a carbine dropping within fifty yards of the firer.

But this first expedition was only the precursor to a more sustained series. In 1897, having meanwhile left the Service.

Captain Deasy turned his independence to account in a fresh direction. This was the careful survey of that part of the valley of the Yarkand River extending from the west end of Raskam to the neighbourhood of Yarkand, which on Lord Curzon's map of the Pamirs and adjacent country, published in 1896, is represented by dotted lines of uncertainty. Some Europeans had already crossed the river at Langar (*en passant*, there are two Langars in misleading proximity in the latest map), and Grombchefskey had done so at Sanglash, but no other traveller had followed its course below the west end of Raskam. Yarkand was reached by the Gilgit-Hunza route and the Taghdumbash Pamir, and certain errors in the existing map (lat. 37° N.) were rectified on the way. By subsequent observations from this neighbourhood the computation of the height of Muz Tagh Ata was fixed at 24,400ft., corrected by Colonel Wahab in 1899 to 24,321ft. Dr. Sven Hedin, it may be noted, placed it at 25,600ft.

Between 1897 and 1899 the author may be said to have oscillated between Turkestan and Tibet, nibbling at the latter from the North during the summer months, and making the former the ground for his winter labours. This arrangement was in part recommended by the better chance afforded by the channel of the Yarkand River when frozen for threading its precipitous gorges, and, while it entailed great additional hardship and suffering upon the explorer and his followers, it was the means whereby eventual success was gained. This issue was not, however, attained until the fourth separate attempt, in Christmas, 1898. The gain to geographical research is that a stretch of the Yarkand river, some 300 miles in length, from Bazar Dara to a point where the river is crossed by the road to Khotan, has been accurately added to our knowledge. Of this, at least that portion between the west end of Raskam and Kosarab had never before been surveyed. This in itself is no mean contribution, and when it is taken into account that the achievement was the outcome of efforts repeated time after time against check and failure, under conditions of extraordinary severity, with marches and countermarches until scarcely a remote valley or exposed pass would seem to have been left untested, Captain Deasy may well be congratulated on his performance.

Reverting in the summer intervals from this portion of his task to his first love, the traveller made two further expeditions into the confines of Tibet, via Khotan and Polu, with a brief but not fortunate deviation into the Takla Makan desert from Guma. Herein he missed both the perils and the success that attended Sven Hedin's more protracted search for buried cities. Although not penetrating far into Tibet—his furthest point east was Kara Sai, 84° 10' 48"—the author worked the district which he touched with thoroughness, and, after convincing himself of the non-existence of any feasible caravan route towards central Tibet, marked the sources of the Keriya and Khotan rivers, and ultimately established touch between his later and previous surveys, and by consequence formed connexion with the Survey of India. In his observations he was much hampered by atmospheric conditions, snow on the summits and haze in the flats. Perhaps to the latter phenomenon may be attributable the fact that Marco Polo nowhere makes mention of the giant Kuen Lun Mountains. The author managed to get a good view of a double peak in them, which he registers at 21,850ft., but does not name. Other impediments were of course found in the sub-hostility of Chinese officials, and the dread of the natives for their Pombos and the mysterious powers of Lhasa. While at Kashgar the author had occasion to contrast the positions of the representatives of Great Britain and of Russia, very much to the advantage of the latter Power, which recognizes that to be respected of the Oriental you must make a brave display.

The value of Captain Deasy's book is mainly geographical. In the narrative it is perhaps inevitable that the writing should often be infected with the weary and cheerless nature of its setting. Certainly the effect of such frequent headlines as "bleak bivouac," "waterless camp," "barren and waterless country," "sickness," "fever camp," "death of animals," is depressing. But of its permanent merit there can be no two

opinions. Remembering Sir Richard Burton's warning that travel in unknown lands is waste of time without suitable instruments and skill to use them, Captain Deasy had mentally equipped himself by learning astronomy and surveying, no less than with some study of surgery and medicine. In the latter connexion it was a little hard on the native whose repeated cry of "issuk" (donkey) was confounded with a similar sound meaning "hot," that, being mistaken for a fever patient, he should receive payment for his beast in pills.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

IN THE FURTHER MEMOIRS OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF (Richards, 5s.) we learn more of the gifted Russian girl so exceptional—not in temperament, for innumerable women feel, think, and act as she did during a certain phase of development—but in combining the power of literary expression with the courage of self-revelation. The self-revealing woman as a rule cannot write, while the woman who can is remarkable generally for self-reticence. Nevertheless, these final entries in Marie Bashkirtseff's journal would have been scarcely worth printing, were it not that the real interest of the slender book is to be found in her correspondence with Guy de Maupassant which concludes it.

The inauguration of this correspondence well illustrates a certain type of woman; the type which is entirely incapable of passion—to be passionate you must be something more than a sublime egoist—and which seeks at all costs intellectual stimuli. Marie, satiated with the adulation of her own circle, with the incense perpetually offered up to her as musician, sculptor, painter, and best-dressed woman in Paris—this last triumph perhaps was the one which she really most enjoyed—looked about her for a new excitement, and found it in the idea of a correspondence with some celebrity, some literary man of genius who would appreciate the pretty things that occurred to her.

Once and again in life you read some book which completely overwhelms you. The strength and beauty of your author's thought, the perfection of his style, move you so powerfully that—particularly if you are young and generous—you find yourself compelled to write and thank him for the wonderful emotions he has given you—and more often than not he never replies to you at all, so there the matter rests. But Marie Bashkirtseff was actuated by no such foolish if lovable hero-worship. Always filled with herself she woke up one morning with the desire of getting the pretty things she imagined she knew how to say appreciated by a connoisseur, and passing under review the names of the writers then famous in France—Zola, Dumas, Daudet, Maupassant (later on she regretted she had not addressed herself to Zola instead of to his lieutenant, as she uncritically terms Maupassant)—finally selected for her experiment *le pauvre Guy*. From Marie's first epistle signed "Miss Hastings," and addressed from the Bureau de la Madeleine, to the last signed Maupassant a dozen letters passed between them, and we must express our candid opinion that the girl comes out of the correspondence far less creditably than does the man. She shows plenty of vanity and egotism and of that unlovely caution which would have all the pleasures of playing with fire, and yet run none of the risks. She plays unfairly; knowing herself who her correspondent is, never for one moment will she lift the veil of her own anonymity. In her first letter she writes, "Now, mark me well" (which is the literal translation of *Notex bien*, but not the equivalent. Who would ever dream of writing in English, "Now, mark me well"? Translators are traitors indeed). "I shall remain always unknown for good." And she thus naturally defeats her avowed object of becoming the *confidante* of his soul. For Maupassant replies with masculine good sense:—"What can mystery add to the charm of relationship by letter? . . . In the last two years I have received about fifty or sixty letters from unknown persons. How shall I choose among these women the *confidante* of my soul, as you say? When they are willing to show themselves and make acquaintance as in the world of simple bourgeois, relations of

friendship and confidence can be established ; if not why neglect the charming friends one knows for a friend who may be charming but is unknown ; or who may be disagreeable whether to our eyes or to our thought ? ”

The good temper, the honesty, and the wit of Maupassant's side of this correspondence, which he had done nothing to invite, and more than once sought to terminate, have added to our admiration for him, and we wish to accentuate our opinion in view of the depreciatory tone towards this great writer which Mr. G. H. Perris has adopted in his preface.

THE TOURIST IN YORKSHIRE.

A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE. By J. S. FLETCHER.
Vol. III. (Dent. 7s. 6d. n.)

This volume brings to a conclusion Mr. Fletcher's labours in describing the beauties of the many-acred shire. There is pleasant reading here and again in these 450 pages, and some of the views are charming. The book will possibly gratify certain hasty tourists, and pass away some idle hours of the less informed residents. But, so far as accurate information is concerned, we are bound to say that the book is of very little value, and is, indeed, very misleading. Why Mr. Fletcher, who possesses some power of writing and appreciation of scenery, should have cared to produce all this amount of well-printed material without asking any antiquary's advice, and without reading or digesting anything sound of recent date, is a complete puzzle not in any way solved by a Philistine preface. Near the beginning of this volume—which deals with the North and East Ridings—comes the account of Malton. The description of the two old churches of New Malton is faulty, but that of Old Malton Priory Church, which Gilbert Scott styled “a magnificent remain of one of the noblest periods of mediæval art,” is full of error and confusion. For instance, we are told that on the west side of the quadrangle (cloister garth) was the refectory, and “in the south-west corner a crypt over which presumably the chapter-house once stood.” If this was true the conventual arrangements of this Gilbertine house (whose male inmates Mr. Fletcher wrongly terms monks instead of canons) were the most extraordinary on record, and are quite contrary to any known plan of any known order. The fact is that the frater or refectory opened from the south alley of the cloister, and the vaulted chamber or “crypt” now under the modern abbey-house was the undercroft of the frater. The chapter-house with a crypt under it has yet to be found. There is a curious inscription below the capital of one of the pillars of the north arcade of the nave, which a tiro would know to be of fifteenth or early sixteenth century date ; of this Mr. Fletcher produces a facsimile, but assigns it to a prior who died in the twelfth century.

Starting on a tour from Malton to Helmsley the author passes through Appleton-le-Street, and remarks that it “still retains its Norman tower.” There is nothing Norman about it ; its Saxon style is perfectly obvious ; indeed, of that style it is a well-known plain example, and is of two different dates. The next village, just beyond, is Barton-le-Street, where there are most remarkable Saxon sculptures in the porch ; this is ignored, and the information given is insufficient and incorrect. Slingsby comes next, where the church was entirely rebuilt by Lord Lanerton in 1869. It is the only church within a radius of several miles of Lasingham that has no trace of Saxon work extant ; but Mr. Fletcher says that the village is “chiefly interesting because of its church, which appears to be of Saxon origin and has been carefully restored.” A mile or two further is the village of Hovingham, where the unbattered tower is mainly Saxon, but is here called Norman. The description of the great Cistercian house of Rievaulx is inadequate and incorrect, and the same must be said of the accounts of Byland Abbey and Kirkham Priory. Kirkdale church is quite celebrated, and has had much that is fairly accurate written of it during recent years, but the description in this volume is disappointingly poor.

The well-known Saxon sun-dial over the south entrance, with the most interesting church inscription in all England, is given quite wrongly and in special characters which are no more like the original than Tenterden steeple is like Goodwin Sands. A good deal less space than is occupied in giving this inscription in large type would have sufficed for a photographic picture of the original. The church of Lasingham, the early centre of the Christianity of this district, redolent of the memories of Bishops Cedd and Chad, about which some of our best ecclesiologists have of late written, is described after a halting and bewildering fashion. No archæologist of to-day can possibly believe that the present crypt is the original one of Saxon date, though there is something to be said in favour of parts of the outer walls. Turning to the East Riding the accounts are equally unhappy. Mr. Fletcher seems to have a knack of consulting out-of-date works for his ecclesiology and architectural jottings, and so gets wrong with the grand fabrics of the Minster and St. Mary's church at Beverley, of which much that is sound by Messrs. Bilson, Stevenson, Nolloth, and others has of late been written. Of Watton Priory (not “Abbey,” as Mr. Fletcher has it) the account is grievously misleading. It deserved better treatment, for in some respects its remains are the most interesting of any English religious house. It was a large Gilbertine priory, and was one of the three that remained double-houses, that is, for nuns and canons, at the time of the Suppression. Of those three Walton is the only one that has been excavated and expounded ; with the remains of the other two this is not possible. The excavations were begun in 1893 by Mr. St. John Hope and the Rev. Dr. Cox. Their explorations were no secret matter ; columns about the interesting discoveries appeared in the *Yorkshire Post* and *Leeds Mercury*, and shorter and more technical accounts in various London weekly papers. The then newly-formed East Riding Antiquarian Society paid special visits to the site, and the work was done by public subscription. The discovery and planning of the double church and the two separate cloisters was quite an event in the record of monastic work of the only order of English foundation. And yet Mr. Fletcher seems never to have heard of anything of the kind, but gives two or three pages of gossip about the place from works that are now quite out-of-date. At all events in “*Picturesque Yorkshire*” it might be expected that some account or an illustration would have been given of the very beautiful fifteenth century oriel of the Prior's Lodging at Watton, which is in perfect preservation. But, no, it is altogether ignored. The kindest thing to suppose is that Mr. Fletcher has never visited Watton, but simply trusted to old books, such as those by Poulson and Grange, which have long ago been worn threadbare.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Max Müller.

After reading Max Müller's *LAST ESSAYS*, First Series (Longmans, 5s.), we feel a natural regret that the Professor was not able, so his son tells us, before his last illness to revise and enlarge them before publication, according to his usual custom in such cases. Not, however, because of any deficiency in the treatment of his matter, but simply because the Professor's fresh, lucid, and original mind so illumined a subject that the reader inevitably wants to hear more. As it is, these papers “on Language, Folk-lore, and other subjects” are reprints of essays in the monthly reviews, or from public lectures and addresses. One which will be read with interest at the present moment is a delightful paper on “Dean Liddell as I Knew Him.” Of the others, perhaps the most generally interesting are a masterly paper on “The Savage” and a remarkable investigation of the early mnemonics in “*Literature before Letters*.” Another subject of importance on which the Professor had collected far more material than is here made use of is on the coincidences between Buddhism and Christianity—a contribution to the comparative study of religion, on which a further instalment of essays is to be published in the autumn. The value of these discourses lies

in the fact that there is no living writer who approaches Max Müller in the faculty of presenting in an attractive form the wider aspects of scholarship—the origin of language, the relation between thought and speech, and the many subjects of research connected with the historical development of the human mind. No writer that we can think of is able as he was to address, at the same moment, both the savant and the general reader and to interest them both. One essay is a political one—on the Schleswig-Holstein question. The book is well indexed.

Handel.

In Mr. F. J. Crowest's series of "Master Musicians" (Dent, 3s. 6d. n.), Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams follows up his able little volume on Bach with HANDEL. It is difficult to say anything new about Handel's music after what so many musical specialists, such as Mr. Rocstro and Dr. Chrysander, have written; nevertheless we wish that Mr. Williams, with his sound musical knowledge, had devoted a little more space to the compositions at the expense of some of the biographical detail. The present series is ostensibly designed for the vast number of readers who nowadays take a superficial interest in music—people who crowd our concert rooms and require to be told, so to speak, what to look out for in a work of art. Handel's oratorios offer a capital opportunity for this kind of explanatory comment. The mere fact that an oratorio is music put to words makes it easier to bring out many of its essential points. We do not say that there is no musical criticism in Mr. Williams' book. He writes interestingly but briefly on Handel's instrumentation and takes a sane view on the much vexed question of Handel's plagiarisms. He makes a rapid survey of the various forms of Handel's musical activity. But he conveys a very sketchy idea of the nature of Handel's greatest works, of the cause of the immense impression they have made upon Englishmen. In accordance with his purpose Mr. Williams gives a long and admirable account of Handel's struggle for success as a writer for the musical stage, amid the opposing factions of Buononcini, Ariosti, and the rest. But it was not till Handel was fifty-five and had abandoned opera for oratorio that he composed the music which still holds such sway over the English public. Mr. Williams himself confesses that it would be hopeless to attempt a revival of Handel's operas—and the kind of reception which they would meet with may be to some extent realized since the ineffective revival of Purcell's *Dido and Æneas* at the Coronet Theatre the other day. No one could deny the greatness of individual songs contained in these operas. They still appear as occasional gems in concert programmes. But for various causes—the conventionalities of the opera-house in those days, burlesqued in Gay's *Beggar's Opera* and ridiculed by Addison in the *Spectator*, the tyranny of solo singers and of an audience that would not endure a chorus, and the consequent repetition of aria after aria—taken as a whole a Handelian opera is only of interest to the antiquarian. But his oratorios are still and cannot cease to be of the most vital importance; and we wish that Mr. Williams had devoted more space to bringing out the special points of interest in this wonderful series of works.

The Art of Sailing.

It is very rare, indeed, for a deepwater sailorman to know much about boats or the proper method of handling them, and it thus happens that in one branch of seamanship the amateur has the best of the most experienced "shellback." And among amateurs and yachtsmen Mr. E. F. Knight, or "Falcon" Knight, is high in the first-class by reason of his very varied experience of the sea in all kinds of crafts, from a ketch to a coble or an Arab dhow. In *SMALL BOAT SAILING* (Murray, 5s. n.) he has produced a handy and compact guide to sailing so far as it can be done in a book. It is a question, however, for those who have been rash enough to seek death by single-handed sailing, and are now almost old enough to know better, whether too much encouragement is not given to the inexperienced by such books as these. It is true that Mr. Knight himself deprecates his formal knowledge being substituted for experience. Nevertheless, it remains true that a clear statement of the right thing to do in a sudden difficulty reads so easily that the greenhorn is

convinced that he can do it. When, however, he finds himself off a high coast in a sudden squall with a rising sea and in an open boat which will not act just as it was expected to act, the man who loses his head will not remember Mr. Knight's directions. It is, at any rate, well to remind the ambitious without knowledge that the use of such a book as the one in question is only to carry the inexperienced to the next stage in practical management. Like all books of its kind it will be of most real service to those who know almost as much as the author, and are, perhaps, preparing to sail some other kind of boat than that to which they have hitherto been accustomed. For if all seamanship is an art in which knowledge must be ready on the tongue or in the hands, small-boat sailing is that branch of it in which swiftness of decision is of the greatest importance. The worst dangers give the least time to meet them, and it is on tidal waters and near the coast that the worst dangers occur. It is at least a great point in Mr. Knight's book that, like all men who know his branch of seamanship, he is always on the side of caution, at any rate when giving advice to others. It is, perhaps, being too critical to remark that some of his own adventures given incidentally are examples of rashness which would have been better omitted. They might encourage those who are only too ready to run their heads into dangers from which neither their brains nor their endurance can extricate them.

"Wise Men and a Fool."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's collection of articles upon literary persons, *WISE MEN AND A FOOL* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), does not seem to us a remarkably valuable addition to the bulk of critical matter dealing with such men as Robert Louis Stevenson, Dr. George MacDonald, Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, Emerson, the Brontës, Tennyson, the Brownings, and some others of the mighty dead. But it is a book the would-be reading public should like; it is addressed, it seems, rather to those who wish to interest themselves in literature than to those who have studied it or practised it. Its title indicates Mr. Kernahan's native modesty and his hearty interest in the men and women of whom he writes. His criticisms and strictures are often weighty, but his appreciations do not always produce quite the result he has intended. We have always been among the warm admirers of Mr. Frederick Locker's verse, but after reading the article entitled "A Society Poet," we are conscious of a certain sense of repulsion. Mr. Kernahan's judgments on the poet are as irreproachable as they are familiar; his quotations are well justified and yet one is disappointed both in the poet and in his critic. Perhaps it is the following little story and the way it is told that has warped our point of view:—"Once," writes Mr. Kernahan, "when he and I were chatting together at a literary 'At Home,' a guest, to whom he was only slightly known, broke into our talk by slapping him roughly on the back, exclaiming 'Well, Locker-Lampson, how are you? You never seem to get any older.' Mr. Locker replied with perfect courtesy to the effect that he was quite well, but I, who heard the emphasis with which he prefixed 'Mr.' to the offender's name, and saw the look of haughty surprise which flashed from his eyes, felt that I would rather have faced a pistol at seven paces than that look." Somehow this reminds us of a couplet written, we think, as an epitaph by Locker for himself:—

A rather sad man, still at times he was jolly,
And though hating a fool he'd a weakness for folly,

and we wonder which was the folly and which the fool of Mr. Kernahan's rather pointless anecdote. The review of the work of Tennyson is one of the most valuable in the volume, and the estimate of Emerson, under the title "A Poet who was not a Poet," has a touch of insight and a note of individuality which is lacking in some of the other articles. As a whole, "Wise Men and a Fool" is a book we can recommend to those who are rightly struggling to be free of that province of art with which Mr. Coulson Kernahan deals. He is a kindly and sympathetic guide; lucid, painstaking, and earnest, even while he lacks the inspiration necessary for the highest criticism.

Religious Autobiography.

One does not often find a religious autobiography so fresh, racy, and candid as *AN EVENTFUL LIFE* (Cassell, 6s.). The Rev. A. J. Harrison, who is now Incumbent of S. Thomas the Martyr, Newcastle-on-Tyne, seems to have had from youth a genius for perilous adventure, and has "knocked about" the world as few clergymen have done. As a boy he almost drifted into journalism by becoming secretary to a journalistic Major. The Major, however, one day called him a liar, on which he packed up and went off after flinging the inkpot "with no small force" into the Major's face. After that he was a navy; but he eventually became a Methodist minister, and finally joined the Church of England. His main work, however, has been that of a Lecturer and Debater on Christian evidences; and he feels "a little lonely without" Mr. Bradlaugh. It is an honest, cheery, wholesome book. "I have carried the story," says Mr. Harrison, "only to 1884. If readers wish for more, well; but if they have had enough, well also." For ourselves, we vote for more.

OLD HIGHLAND DAYS (Religious Tract Society, 6s.) is the autobiography of Dr. John Kennedy, supplemented by his son Mr. H. A. Kennedy. It will be read with interest by all who knew or were influenced by this eminent Congregationalist writer and Divine, whose high qualities became well known in London during his tenure of the pastorate of the historical Stepney meeting, where he earned the title of the Nonconformist "Bishop of East London." In the early part of the book, as the title indicates, will be found some interesting reminiscences of religious life in the Highlands in the first half of the last century.

Company Law.

The large number of Joint-Stock Companies—bubble and otherwise—which have come into existence during the last few years in consequence of the increased facilities for the establishment of such companies granted by recent Legislation has naturally led to a vast development of Company-Law Literature, to which a further impetus has been given by the "Companies Act, 1900." The complications which have thus been set up are no doubt a justification for Mr. G. F. Emery's *TREATISE ON COMPANY LAW* (Effingham Wilson, price 21s.). The author has done his best to digest into a convenient form the large mass of incongruous material which was ready to hand, and if the result cannot quite be called a conspicuous success, the fault rests not so much with the author as with Parliament for having tinkered the subject of Company Law by a succession of piecemeal alterations instead of replacing the original "Companies Act, 1862" by a well-conceived measure of revision and consolidation. Mr. Emery begins with the *modus operandi* of starting a new Company, the Preparation of Articles of Association, the Register of Shareholders, the Register of Directors, the Management of Meetings, the Allotment of Shares, Contracts with Companies, and the Preparation of Prospectuses, and he ends, as so many Companies end, in "Winding-up." All these matters are dealt with in succinct form, and a person consulting the book will have no difficulty in making himself acquainted with the general principles of Company Law. We think, however, that Mr. Emery's book might have been more useful if he had amplified a good deal his information for the guidance of those engaged in the framing of Prospectuses. This is an important matter which has received a good deal of attention from his Majesty's Judges during the last half-a-dozen years, and their opinions on the right and the wrong way of framing Prospectuses, if set out more fully than Mr. Emery has done, would certainly have enhanced the up-to-date value of his labours. Finally, the entire absence of marginal notes and chapter summaries materially lessens the usefulness of the book as a book of reference for people who are in a hurry—and nowadays we are all in a hurry—and the Index does not compensate for these omissions.

The Netherlands.

Miss Ruth Putnam's translation of Professor Blok's *HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NETHERLANDS* continues to appear. There

are to be five parts in all, and Part III. (Putnam's, 12s. 6d.), dealing with the war with Spain, is now before us. This is the best known and also the most interesting period of Dutch history, and it is in the relation of the thrilling events involved that Professor Blok most clearly exhibits his qualities and defects as an historian. The qualities are learning, thoroughness, exhaustiveness. From the point of view of the scientific school, the work would appear to have been so done that it need not be done over again. Professor Blok was entitled to say the last word on the subject, and he has said it. The pity is that he is so appallingly uninteresting and undramatic. His most thrilling stories fail to thrill, and his heroes cut unheroic figures. Take the story of the siege of Leyden, and the opening of the dikes, for instance:—

The water was still low. A fortnight more passed without action. Suddenly, on September 20th, a north-westerly storm broke. The water rose higher and higher, and the fleet sailed on, though under difficulties. The Spaniards in the dikes tried in vain to repel these newcomers. Finally, on October 2nd, the beleaguering force, fearing the rising water, stealthily retreated. It was just in time.

Compare that with Motley. It is like comparing one of Lord Kitchener's despatches with Napier's description of Albuera or the storming of Badajoz. One can say the same of Professor Blok's account of the siege of Haarlem, in which that gallant woman warrior, Kenau Hasselaar, is not even so much as mentioned. One might say the same of many other episodes. The book, in short, is a monument of erudition, presented in a form repellently austere. One misses the lights and shades by which the historian, who is also a literary artist, enables the reader to see at a glance which are the important and which the unimportant events. The book, in short, will do more to facilitate than to popularize the study of Dutch annals. But the fact that we found it tedious must not blind us to its value. Students may feel no affection for the book, but they will not be able to do without it.

Mr. D. H. MacGregor's *LORD MACAULAY* (Cambridge University Press) won the members' prize in 1900, and is a good prize essay as prize essays go. The criticism of Macaulay's ballads is particularly apt.

THE CRY OF THE POOR (Digby, Long, 3s. 6d.) contains an account of the experiences of Mr. R. H. Sherard travelling "as a pariah" in some of the chief towns of the United Kingdom. The tour was undertaken as "a literary commission," and records solely facts and not conclusions—the facts being sometimes rather uncertain, as in the case of the rate of wages at Belfast. The book contains, however, a good many *data*, well strung together, on which the social reformer may work. The worst individual Mr. Sherard seems to have met with is the "Edinburgh loafer."

ENGLAND'S PHANTOM ARMY (Sands, 1s.) is an anonymous pamphlet on Mr. Brodrick's Army reorganization scheme, which it rakes with scathing criticism.

A new edition of Dr. Ogilvie's *ENGLISH DICTIONARY* (Blackie, 2s.) has a supplement "containing words recently introduced"—not into the language but into the dictionary.

There is a good deal of useful matter in Mr. W. H. Webbe's *PIANIST'S A B C PRIMER AND GUIDE* (Forsyth). Mr. Webbe takes a wide view of the pianist's requirements, providing him with a brief sketch of musical history, a descriptive catalogue of pianists and composers, a list of "What Music to Play" in several grades, a bibliography, and even a guide to music publishers, in addition to the usual chapters on the practice and theory of music. To include so much he is compelled to be a little summary on important matters—e.g., he defines such an essential thing as "touch" without giving any hints how to acquire it. But if only as a book of reference, and it is much more, the primer is well worth some of the pianist's pocket-money.

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

In giving so much of their wall space this year to portraits the Royal Academy, it must be confessed, is not altogether unmindful of the material side of art. It is a secret none too zealously guarded that the placing of a commission to paint a portrait with a member of the Academy occasionally implies that the portrait will hang in Burlington House. This is not necessarily prejudicial to good work. Nevertheless, the "outsider" has less certainty of being "hung," and his chances of obtaining sitters is lessened accordingly. Even here, however, the hanging committee has been unusually kind this year, and the painters may be expected to benefit thereby. An artist who has to make a living by his brush can hardly quarrel with the spirit which dominates contemporary art. And bad as many of the portraits are, they are better, taken in the bulk, than the subject pictures. It might well be asked, for instance, whether her late Majesty is not more honoured by Benjamin Constant's inadequate portrait than by the subject pictures suggested by the close of the longest reign. The portrait proves what we have always believed—that the French painter is seldom successful with women's portraits. He represents them abroad more or less as unabashed advertisements for magnificent jewellery. In England he bestows upon the late Queen but few queenly attributes. If we feel this, however, with the most ambitious effort in portraiture, what good is there to be said of the subject pictures—of W. L. Wyllie's nerveless and mechanical "Passing of a Great Queen" and Mr. John Charlton's photographic and laboured "2nd February, 1901"? Neither has much excuse for its existence in the age of that flickering reality the biograph.

We see, then, how successfully the ideal evades the painters of to-day. Mr. Herbert Draper, in particular, fails to interest us in his Iseult, and his Tristram is wanting in the vigour of the age of abundant manhood. The most illustrative of all the failures, however, is probably the Hon. John Collier's "Venusberg." The ideal is so well brought down to the period of Voyagey carpets that the picture, in spite of the undeniable qualities of strong draughtsmanship and not unpleasant colour, is almost improper. It is so true to fact, so deficient in emotion. Then there is Mr. Tuke's "The Coming of Day." Again the ideal is so misunderstood that the plain person wonders why the sleeping figures are so famine-stricken and uncomfortable, and what the upstanding misty, but not mysterious, spright expects to do next. It is better to have the idealized reality of Mr. Clausen's "Golden Barn," or Mrs. Stanhope Forbes' "Gypsy," than the materialized ideality of Mr. A. T. Nowell's "Awakening of Spring," and the President's "Helena and Hermia." Two pictures in this class arrest attention. They are Mr. Hacker's "The Cloud," and Mr. H. Gandy's "The Finding of Ophelia." Both suggest thought and invention. It is true that Mr. Hacker's principal figure is only a very little more than a skilful painting of the nude; but it is that little more, and the precious quality of thought finds expression in the subsidiary figures, particularly in the contrast suggested by the lowest head. In Mr. Gandy's picture imagination plays an even greater part. The artist is expected to carry us further than the narrator. His province, properly understood, is to be satisfactorily definite even when portraying the merely imaginary, for he should be able to realize a fancy with more sureness than the most skilful writer. Mr. Gandy's picture is a fitting illustration of our point:—

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
. but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

This is all the poet has to tell, and upon so slight a text the painter carries on with much beauty the story of "The Finding

of Ophelia." It is realized imagination, lovingly painted landscape, the actors well conceived and the drowned Ophelia beautiful to the end. It offers a true illustration of the artist's mission, while Mr. Penrose's "Queen Margaret of Anjou and the Robber," Blair Leighton's "The Accolade," Seymour Lucas' Wolsey picture and Chevallier Taylor's "Honi soit qui mal y pense," show that the artist who regards himself merely as an illustrator leaves us unmoved. The same difference accounts for the failure or success of the landscape painter. The same power to see beyond a merely capable topographical illustration is at the root of our admiration for Corot and his followers and for our own Frederick Walker and George Mason. It is thus that the dexterity of Sidney Cooper and H. W. B. Davis, of Ernest Parton, Clayton Adams, and B. W. Leader fail when compared with the insight, the temperament of George Clausen, Arnesby Brown, David Farquharson, Colin Hunter, Julius Olsson, and of David Murray, E. A. Waterlow, and E. J. Gregory, when at their best. And it is when tried by the touchstone of temperament that so many popular painters fail. W. L. C.

FICTION.

Tales that are well Told.

TALES THAT ARE TOLD (Methuen, 6s.), by Miss Mary Findlater and Miss Jane Helen Findlater, are those for which we have the warmest welcome and the most attentive ear. That the respective authors of "Over the Hills" and "The Green Graves of Balgowrie" should do nothing mean, in the literary sense, is a foregone conclusion, but that they should be able to give us a collection of six such delightful and graceful stories as the present volume contains is a cause for sincere congratulation. Where all are good, Miss Mary Findlater is at her best in the story, which covers some 100 pages, called "My Little Hester." Apart from the note of mysticism and the excellent use of humour in it, there is a sense of gentleness, of love and beauty, which only an artist can get into his work. It contains in a marked degree that indefinite quality of charm which no laborious artisan can capture, and which is given only occasionally to writers of fiction. We know that some consider it but indifferent taste to compare one living writer with another. But the standard is a convenient one, and at the risk of giving offence we must say how pleasantly Miss Mary Findlater recalls our early memories of the work of Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. It is not, of course, that there is the slightest hint of plagiarism, but the same delicate and tender spirit which informed the novels of Miss Thackeray is to be found within the covers of "Tales That Are Told." In the work of both the Miss Findlaters the characters are real and sympathetic, and the quaint, quiet air, the reserved force and humour of their stories will make them live for many a day. Among the others, "Life's Deceitful Morning" is extremely interesting and entertaining. It tells how a young girl who had had the advantage of "finishing" at the historical West Country school kept by Mistress Hannah More changes from a would-be romantic little fool into a wise and gentle woman. How this came about the reader must find for himself. In so doing, and in reading the other stories, we can assure him of some pleasant hours, for the authors have wit and grace, insight, courage, dignity, and delicacy, and they give us of all of these freely in "Tales That Are Told."

Dedications.

The dedications which occasionally appear in the forefront of novels are very welcome to a reviewer. They indicate immediately something of the point of view of the author. "To all who have helped me, especially to my Aunt, Anna Cunningham Graham," writes Miss Graham Hope after the title page of *A CARDINAL AND HIS CONSCIENCE* (Smith, Elder, 6s.), and one feels at once that we shall encounter the careful work of an earnest writer and grateful egoist. How useful thus to be assured that we shall not be overdone with would-be humour or

undone by an indiscretion. Miss Hope's inscription is not belied; her historical novel is a careful and often effective piece of writing. The House of Guise may be said to be the background and the Cardinal of Lorraine the hero. The members of the House are not much like human beings; the heart of their desires is not made clear to us, but the love of the Cardinal for the Calvinist lady is well depicted and the point of conscience which arises is extremely interesting. It saves a rather artificial and occasionally dull book from the charge of commonplace; it proves that with courage and a knowledge of life Miss Hope might, even independently of her aunt, easily become a writer of some achievement.

"Dedicated to C— my C— 'Verona's summer hath not such a flower'" is "Victoria Cross's" way of indicating the inner spirit of ANNA LOMBARD (Long, 6s.). The over-strained note of "To C— my C—" is sounded too often throughout the extraordinary story supposed to be told by a young gentleman, Gerald Ethridge, "who had come out at the head of the Indian Civil Service Examination and been granted the coveted position of Assistant Commissioner." It is perhaps characteristic of a certain contempt in the author for the art of convincing her readers that she chooses to tell her tale through the mouth of a man. The talk between Ethridge and his friends robs the book of much *vraisemblance*. This, for example, at the Commissioner's great dance:—"Well, Gerald, old man, what makes you look so awfully blue? Come and have a pick-me-up, a bitter or something is just what you want." "A bitter" is quaint, but there are stranger things to be found in the conversations of "Victoria Cross's" mere men. When, however, she deals with a woman's passionate love she seems endowed with an intuition far outrunning common experience. Anna Lombard loves two men at once and is so entirely non-moral as to think nothing of living with both. The daughter of a general and the heiress of a thousand conventions, she is sometimes mysteriously Greek, sometimes Oriental, and sometimes Machiavellian. She is generally wicked and always interesting; this can hardly be said for her lovers, but the author endows them with an air of romance and sets them in scenes of gorgeous Eastern colouring so that one forgets something of right and wrong as they are understood in the Occident. "Anna Lombard," like several other clever novels, is not intended, at least is not suitable, for the young. The seasoned reader will not, perhaps, be the better for reading this strange and contradictory book, but he will find in it many a fine passage, many a brilliant picture of life and emotion.

A waiter sees a good deal of the world, especially if he, like Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's friend Henri, for so he prefers to call himself, is cosmopolitan. OBSERVATIONS OF HENRY (Arrowsmith, 1s.) is very cheerful and amusing, and each of the five "observations" is in its way original and express the point of view of a waiter in a waiter's diction. "The Surprise of Mr. Milberry" is highly farcical; "The Ghost of the Marchioness of Appleford" is that also and a story of true love in low life as well. As Henri says, "Whether a man's running away from a thing or running after a thing, he stops at a hotel on his way"; and this particular waiter has observed at many inns of strange meetings, with the result that what he tells to Mr. Jerome makes a pleasant addition to the comfort of a Pullman or the leisure of an easy chair.

If variety still be considered charming, STRANGE HAPPENINGS (Methuen, 6s.), a collection of stories by H. D. Lowry, W. Clark Russell, W. E. Morris, Grant Allen, W. Beir, L. Cope Cornford, Beatrice O'Connor, Martin Ross, Frank Bird, L. Galbraith, Mrs. Fleming, F. C. Philips, H. B. Marriott-Watson, Hamlin Garland, Francis Prevost, and Clara Savile-Clarke should please, for its variety is infinite. It is a book for the shelves of the guests' chamber. Those who are not interested by Mr. Clark Russell may like Mr. Philips or Mr. Lowry, and those who care for none of the three can range at large among the other fifteen *contes* with a certainty of finding amuse-

ment. Mr. Lowry's story of the walled-off grave in the churchyard at Landane is a rather painful account of the bitterness of "decent women" to one of their own sex.

Mr. Carlton Dawe in CLAUDIA POLE (Hutchinson, 6s.) maintains a dead level of mediocrity. The framework is skilful enough, but the incidents are commonplace and the conversation is wearisome. The hero is a man who gains the good graces of his lady-love by his bravery in the siege of Ladysmith. Claudia herself is elaborately portrayed, but she hardly struggles into life. Judicious compression would have improved the story, as would also the omission of Mr. Dawe's frequent interventions in the rôle of moralist and philosopher.

RUNNING 'AMOK (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) is a thrilling tale of adventure in the Malay Peninsula. There seems to be no limit to the fertility of Mr. Manville Fenn's imagination, and it is well illustrated in the situations in which the treachery of a native rajah involves the gallant South Surrey Rangers, and in the diverse characters of the British officers. The local colour derived from first-hand experience and the pictures of Oriental life are effective enough.

The main interest of A BEAR SQUEEZE, by Mr. McDonnell Bodkin (Ward, Lock, 2s.), a tale of Stock Exchange manœuvres, turns on the strong resemblance of a mother and a daughter to each other. Love is proverbially blind, but that a husband and a brace of lovers should be misled by the likeness puts somewhat of a strain on the average man's credulity. The story is brightly written and readable.

Correspondence.

JINGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I believe that I was the unintentional cause of this word becoming famous, and you may care to print the ground of my belief.

In December, 1877, I went to Australia, and, not knowing how long my stay might last, I took a round of theatres and one or two music-halls before I started. At the Oxford I heard MacDermott sing the famous four lines, which I need not quote. I was immensely tickled with them as a piece of blatant swagger, for, in spite of the *Saturday Review*, it was in that sense that they were sung and emphasized.

Before sailing I sent the lines to the late John Mylne of Oxford-square, a dear old College friend long since dead. There is no harm in mentioning his name because very many Oxford men regret him. Sir George Otto Trevelyan had married his first cousin, and a few days after my letter was written Mylne met Sir George at his wife's home, Welcombe, near Stratford-on-Avon, and read him the lines.

Sir George was tickled, and it happened that he left the Christmas party to address his constituents at the Scotch Burghs he represented. He quoted the lines in his amusing way; this passage in the speech caught the public ear; the lines began to be quoted, and soon the word was detached.

This tallies with Mr. Holyoake's contention, mentioned by you to-day. But it is no after-thought on my part. Mylne's first letter to me in Australia mentioned to me that my quotation to him had borne fruit. He said that he had read them to Sir George, as I have said; that he had taken them down and used them in a speech; that they had "caught on" and were beginning to give rise to a separate word.

I have frequently mentioned the matter in conversation, and now (if at all) it seems worthy of print, since the great "Dictionary" has given a first source, and has not gone far enough back. Christmas, 1877, was a time when it seemed likely we should fight Russia. I am, &c., C. S. OAKLEY.

The Hove Club, Fourth-avenue, Hove, May 18, 1901.

[Sir George (then Mr.) Trevelyan's speech at Selkirk, containing a quotation of the song in question, is reported at length in *The Times* of Jan. 12, 1878.—*Ed.*]

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I be allowed in concluding this discussion briefly to indicate the line taken by "Your Reviewer"? He began by citing the supposed allusion to Father Garnett in *Macbeth*, as a point ignored by me and fatal to my assertion that Shakespeare nowhere mentions the Gunpowder Plot. In reply, I pointed out that I had referred specifically to this very passage.

Thereupon, saying no word on this subject, he went off to the minor question of the relative frequency of Garnett's various *aliases*, declaring that examination of original authorities forced him to contradict me on this point. I cited original evidence which undoubtedly strongly corroborates my view, requesting him to indicate in return that which favours his. He responds by reverting to *Macbeth*, quotes from my book the reference which originally he said was not there, and declares that, the thread of my argument being hard to follow, he must respectfully decline to continue the controversy which I have raised. If he cannot substantiate and will not withdraw the charges which he chose to volunteer, his best course is undoubtedly that which he now proposes.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN GERARD, S.J.

31, Farm-street, Berkeley-square, W., May 18.

* * We are not aware that our Reviewer has advanced any "charges" which are not substantiated or which ought to be withdrawn. The relative frequency of Garnett's *aliases* is certainly not a minor point, but one which lies at the centre of the discussion, for the question whether Shakespeare refers to the Plot depends largely upon the question whether "Farmer" was or was not a favourite *alias* of Garnett's. Our space will hardly permit of any lengthy statement of evidence on this point; but quite as much "original evidence" (to say the least) has been produced in the course of this correspondence to show that it *was* a favourite *alias* of Garnett's as by Father Gerard on the other side. Our Reviewer found the arguments adduced by Father Gerard "hard to follow" only, of course, because they appeared to him quite unsubstantial. With reference to the first part of Father Gerard's letter, we must agree with what our Reviewer has already pointed out—that, although Father Gerard in his book "What was the Gunpowder Plot?" recognizes a "doubtful reference to equivocation in *Macbeth*," it is certainly unfortunate that in his index to the book should appear the statement "Shakespeare never alludes to the Plot." We may perhaps return to the origin of the discussion by quoting in full the remark originally made by our Reviewer with reference to Father Gerard:—"One of the chief arguments recently employed by Father Gerard in order to demolish 'the traditional story,' was that no reference to the Plot is ever made in the plays of Shakespeare." This (with the exception possibly of the word "chief") remains entirely uncontradicted. The subject has been so fully discussed in other quarters that we cannot afford space to continue it.—Ed.

THE NATIONAL HOME-READING UNION. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Had it not been for the war in South Africa and the great national bereavement, there can be little doubt that the celebration of the Millenary of King Alfred's death would have been one of the most notable events of the year. Yet, although the celebration cannot now attain to the importance as a national festival which its promoters originally contemplated, no passing events can rob it of its significance; nor is the city of Winchester, in which the representatives of Universities and learned societies will shortly assemble, any less interesting as the capital of the great King. Its thousand years of association with his name and fame make it in a peculiar sense the birth-place of English national life, and its abundant historic monuments mirror the successive developments of this life with very singular fulness. Will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to the Summer Assembly which the National Home-Reading Union has arranged to hold at Winchester from

June 22, when the Mayor has kindly promised to welcome the visitors until June 29, when the members of the Assembly will disperse, visiting Athelney, King Alfred's refuge in his darkest days, or Wantage, the scene of his decisive battle with the Danes, on their way to their respective homes? During the week lectures will be given by Dean Stubbs, author of "God's Englishmen, the Prophets and Kings of England," the Bishop of Bristol on "King Alfred as a Religious Man and an Educationalist," Professor Skeat on "The King's English; Alfred the Great to Edward VII.," Rev. Dugald MacFadyen on "Alfred, the King of the West Saxons," the Dean of Winchester on "Winchester Cathedral," Mr. N. C. H. Nisbett on "Wolsey Castle," Dr. T. J. Lawrence, sometime Deputy Whewell Professor of International Law at Cambridge, on "Alfred as Statesman and Lawyer" (four lectures), Mr. Philip Wicksteed on "Alfred as a Man of Letters" (four lectures), Mr. J. E. Marr, F.R.S., Sec. G.S., on "The Application of Geology to Scenery" (four lectures) and others.

The course last named indicates a secondary purpose of the meeting—namely, the study of the geology and botany of the district, as well as its archaeology. The afternoons of the Assembly will be devoted to visits to the places and monuments associated with the great King's fame, as well as to the exploration of the memorials of mediæval times, with which the district abounds, such, for example, as the Cathedral, Wolsey Castle, Hyde Abbey and the Hospital of St. Cross, where the "Wayfarer's Dole" of bread and beer is still given to strangers who ask it.

The Assembly is open to all who obtain tickets from the Secretary, N.H.R.U., Surrey-house, Victoria-embankment, W.C.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALEX. HILL.

Master of Downing College, Cambridge.

Surrey-house, Victoria-embankment,

London, W.C., May 22.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

A new life of Josephine, by an American author, Mr. Frederick A. Ober, will be issued shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Ober has taken Joseph Aubenas' "Histoire de l'Impératrice Joséphine" (Paris, 1857) as his basis, and, like Aubenas, he has made a special examination of all available material in Martinique, having a personal knowledge of the Caribbean island in which the daughter of the Creole planter was born. He is the author of "Camps in the Caribbees" and "In the Wake of Columbus," which deal to a certain extent with Martinique and its history. The story, however, gives due prominence to the later chapters in the Empress's life, and includes Napoleon's love letters and numerous illustrations.

"The Story of the Stock Exchange," a natural sequel to last Saturday's centenary, has been written by Mr. Duguid, and will shortly be published by Mr. Grant Richards, illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. Dudley Hardy. The author traces the history of the stock market back to days long before the present "Exchange" was built.

Mr. Fisher Unwin on Monday week will add to his collection of books on China and the Far East another volume on "China Under the Searchlight," by Mr. W. A. Carnaby, of the Church Missionary Society, editor of the "Chung-si-chaio-hui-pao."

Messrs. Duckworth announce a study of the life and works of "Peter Abélard," by Joseph McCabe, author of "Twelve Years in a Monastery"; and a portion is devoted to the romance of Abélard and Héloïse, giving quotations from the letters of the lovers.

The Cambridge University Press will shortly publish a volume of "Renderings of Church Hymns from Eastern and Western Books," by the Rev. Robert Maude Moorsom, who suggests that the Church of England should include in its Book of Praise the Liturgical chants of the Eastern Churches. Dr. Neale translated about sixty of these half a century ago, and only last year the Rev. John Brownlie, of Portpatrick, published a collection of forty-six "Hymns of the Greek Church"; but they are still comparatively little known. Mr. Moorsom's versions are to appear with music by the Rev. G. W. Griffith and Mr. W. S. de Winton. Another publication shortly forthcoming

from the Cambridge Press is Part I. of "The Prayer-Book Explained," by the Rev. Percival Jackson, dealing with the Daily Offices and the Litany.

The next volume of the "Artist's Library" (Unicorn Press), which is nearly ready, deals with Constable, and is written by Mr. C. J. Holmes, who started the series with his book on "Hokusai." "Constable" will be followed by "Van Dyck," in two volumes, by Mr. Lionel Cust, who is also preparing "The Chatsworth Van Dyck Sketch Book" for the same publishers.

Mr. Frank Hollings, of 7, Great Turnstile, Holborn, announces a limited edition of an enlarged reprint of the "Notes for a Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald," by Colonel W. F. Prideaux, C.S.I. It contains some notes on Crabbe, never previously reprinted in England, and a back view of FitzGerald at his harmonium, from a sketch by Charles Keene.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., have just sent to press a new work on "Psychology, Normal and Morbid," by Charles Mercier, M.B., M.R.C.P., the author, among other books, of "The Nervous System and the Mind," and "Sanity and Insanity." It is primarily intended as an introduction to the study of insanity, but gives a general survey of mental processes and their bearing upon conduct.

Messrs. Bousfield announce "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places of Great Britain," by Allan Fea, dealing with traditions about Priests' Holes, Secret Chambers, &c., illustrated.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) has written a book of personal impressions—especially of an Indian garden—which Messrs. Methuen are publishing.

On the other side of the Atlantic Messrs. Harper are experimenting with an "American Novel Series," written for the most part by new American writers, who deal with different phases of American life. The third in the series—"Martin Brook," by Morgan Bates—will shortly appear in London. It is a religious love story.

Messrs. Putnam announce a new cyclopædia, "Five Thousand Facts and Fancies," dealing, among other things, with curious literary productions, mythological and historical characters, political and slang terms and derivations. The author is Mr. William H. Phye, best known for his "Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced," a book which is now in its 51st thousand.

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin have brought out a fresh edition of Adams' "A Dictionary of American Authors," with 1,000 new names, and of "The American Library Association Index."

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. have transferred their City warehouse to St. Andrew's-hill.

The export business of the late Mr. Th. Wohlleben (50, Great Russell-street), has been taken over by Messrs. Kegan Paul.

Books to look out for at once.

"Swallowfield and its Owners." By Lady Russell, of Swallowfield Park. Longmans. 42s. net.

"Lusus Regius," being Poems and other pieces by King James I. Constable. 42s. net.

[The poems include a sonnet to Bacchus, a version of Psalm ci., a fragment of a masque, a poem on Female Fickleness, a Lover's Lament, and some verses on Destiny.]

"Selected Poems of James, first Marquis of Montrose, and Andrew Marvell." Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

"Dresden Porcelain and its History." By K. Berling. H. Sotheran. 160s. net.

"The Curse of Education." By Harold Gorst. Grant Richards.

"The British Thoroughbred Horse: His History and Breeding, together with an Exposition of the Figure System." By William Allison, M.A. Grant Richards. Illustrated.

"A Vanished Arcadia." By R. B. Cunningham Graham. Heinemann. 6s. [Deals with travels in Paraguay and the Expulsion of the Jesuits from Spanish America.]

"By the Ionian Sea." By G. Gissing. Chapman and Hall. 16s. [The results of a recent ramble in little-known parts of Southern Italy.]

Fiction—

"Our Friend the Charlatan." By G. Gissing. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

"The Crisis." By Winston Churchill. Macmillan. 6s.

[The heroine is Virginia Carvel, great grand-daughter of Richard Carvel, who gave the name to the author's former book.]

"The Grip of the Bookmaker." By Percy White. Hutchinson. 6s.

"Bonanza: A Story of the Outside." By Ernest P. Henham. Hutchinson. 6s.

[A tale of the Yukon district, by one who has spent some time there.]

"A Crafty Foe." By Hume Nisbet. F. V. White. 6s.

"The Great Noddleshire Election." By J. H. Farrer. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. [A comedy of political life.]

"Doom Castle." By Neil Munro. Blackwood. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY BROADHURST, M.P. A Story of his Life, told by himself. With Intro. by AUGUSTINE BIRKELL, K.C. 8½×5¼. 316 pp. Hutchinson. 16s.

ARTHUR LAURENSEN. His Letters and Literary Remains. Ed. by CATHERINE SPENCE. 7¼×5¼. 248 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

JOAN OF ARC. (The Saints.) By L. PETIT DE JULLEVILLE. 7¼×4¾. 191 pp. Duckworth. 3s.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. (Little Biographies.) By E. L. S. HORSBURGH. 7×4½. 219 pp. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

FRANCIS AND DOMINIC AND THE MENDICANT ORDERS. By PROF. J. HERKLESS, D.D. (The World's Epoch-Makers.) 7¼×5. 237 pp. T. and T. Clark. 3s.

BLESSED SEBASTIAN NEWDIGATE: Courtier, Monk, and Martyr. By DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. 8½×6¼. 108 pp. Art and Book Co.

[One of the most striking figures in the glorious company of the martyrs of the London Charterhouse. Executed 1535.]

THE AUTHOR OF THE PEEP OF DAY. The life story of Mrs. Mortimer. By MRS. MEYER. 7¼×5. 210 pp. Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.

DRAMA.

THE REVOLT AND THE ESCAPE. By VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM. Trans. from the French by Theresa Barclay. 8×6. 61 pp. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. n.

[L'Évasion was brought out at M. Antoine's Theatre Libre in 1887 and *La Révolte* at the Vaudeville in 1870.]

EDUCATIONAL.

AESCHYLUS: PROMETHEUS VINCITUS. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by C. E. LAURENCE. 6¼×4¼. 115 pp. Bell. 1s.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE. By H. S. PANCOAST. 7×4¾. 556 pp. Bell. 5s.

FICTION.

THE LOVER'S REPLIES TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS. 7¼×5. 184 pp. Sampson Low. 5s. n.

[This is practically a defence of "The Lover"—the tragedy being that "the Englishwoman" loses her reason.]

TALES OF THE STUMPS. By H. BLEACKLEY. 7¼×5¼. 269 pp. Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.

CORBAN. By CONSTANCE SMITH. 7¼×5¼. 332 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

[A story of French provincial life.]

THE LORD OF THE SEA. By M. P. SMIEL. 7¼×5¼. 496 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

FOREST FOLK. By J. PRIOR. 7¼×5¼. 354 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

THE HIDDEN MODEL. By FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON. 7¼×5¼. 250 pp. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

A WOMAN DERELICT. By MAY CROMMELIN. 7¼×5¼. 316 pp. J. Long. 6s.

MRS. MUSGRAVE AND HER HUSBAND. By R. MARCH. 7¼×5¼. 208 pp. J. Long. 3s. 6d.

DISTAFF. By MARYA RODZIEWICZ. Trans. by St. de Soissons. 7¼×5¼. 261 pp. Jarrold. 6s.

[By the author of "Anima Vilis."]

THE WHIRLIGIG. By M. LINDSAY. 7¼×5¼. 312 pp. Ward Lock. 6s.

LONDON ONLY. By W. PETT RIDGE. 7¼×5¼. 327 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

THE WISE MAN OF STERNCROSS. By LADY A. NOEL. 8×5¼. 368 pp. Murray. 6s.

UNE DIPLOMATE. (Bibliothèque de romans pour les jeunes filles.) By B. M. CROKER. Traduit de l'Anglais par C. X. VERRIER. 7¼×4¾. 300 pp. Paris. Colin. Fr. 3.50.

THE INTERLOPER. By S. ELIZABETH HALL. 7¼×5¼. 185 pp. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.

[English provincial life in the thirties.]

CHRISTINE. By P. RUSSELL. 7¼×5¼. 210 pp. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.

THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE. By AMELIA E. BARR. 7¼×5¼. 338 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[The story is laid in New York in the first days of American Independence, and touches the French Revolution.]

THE LETTERS OF HER MOTHER TO ELIZABETH. 7¼×5. 155 pp. Unwin. 2s.

THE CHARM OF LIFE. By the Author of "An Episode at Schmeks." 7¼×5¼. 192 pp. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.

LUCIEN LEUWEN, Œuvre Posthume. By STENDHAL. Roman reconstitué sur les manuscrits originaux et précédé d'un commentaire, par Jean de Mitty. 7¼×4¾. 503 pp. Paris: Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr. 3.50.

THE MAGNETISM OF SIN. By ÆSCULAPIUS. 7¼×5. 244 pp. Greening. 3s. 6d.

THE EXTERMINATION OF LOVE. By E. GERARD. 7¼×5. 313 pp. Blackwood. 6s.

THE EMPEROR'S DESIGN. By H. M. GREENHOW. 7¼×5. 309 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

TANGLES. By ALIX ORIENT. 7¼×5¼. 316 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.

[Life at Gibraltar.]

GEOGRAPHY.

CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA. Stanford's Compendium of Geography. Vol. I. New Ed. By A. H. KEANE. 7¼×5¼. 611 pp. Stanford. 15s.

HISTORY.

AN OUTLINE OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND, (500-1707). By R. S. RAIT. 9×6¼. 225 pp. Blackie. 7s. 6d. n.

LE PEUPLE ALLEMAND A L'EPOQUE DE LA GUERRE DE TRENTA ANS. By GUNTAVE PREYTAG. Traduction par Aimé Mercier. 9×5½. 352 pp. Paris: Plon. Fr. 7.50.

HISTOIRE DE LA GUERRE FRANCO-ALLEMANDE, 1870-71. By AMÉDÉE LE FAURE. Nouvelle Edition revue et annotée par Desiré Lacroix. Tome III. 7¼×4¾. 484 pp. Paris: Garnier. Fr. 3.50.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER, 1900. (New Series). 9×6. 626 pp. Longmans. 18s.

LA FRANCE. Par J. E. C. BODLEY. 10×6½. 506 pp. Paris: Guillaumin. Fr. 8.

[Mr. Bodley's own translation of his well-known work published in England in 1898.]

LITERARY.

A HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By K. FRANCKE, Ph.D. 8½×5¼. 595 pp. Bell. 10s. n.

[This book—under the title "Social Forces in German Literature"—was published by Henry Holt and Co., in America, and has there reached its fourth edition. The present edition gives increased attention to contemporary German drama, part of the new matter being reprinted from the same author's "Glimpses of Modern German Culture."]

LE LIVRE DES MILLE NUITS ET UNE NUIT. Traduction Littéraire et Complète du Texte Arabe. By Dr. J. C. Mardrus. Tome VIII. 8½×5½. 353 pp. Paris. Editions de la Revue Blanche. Fr.7.

MILITARY.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENTS AND CANADIAN IMPERIALISM. By W. S. EVANS. 8¼×5¼. 352 pp. Unwin. 6s.

THE WORK OF THE NINTH DIVISION. By MAJOR-GEN. SIR H. E. COLVILLE, K.C.M.G., C.B. 9×6. 247 pp. Arnold. 10s. 6d. n.

THE NORTHERLAND FUSILIERS (British Regts. in War and Peace. Vol. II.) By W. WOOD. 7¼×5. 233 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[A history of the "Fighting Fifth" from the siege of Maestricht (1678) to the end of 1900.]

YEOMAN SERVICE. By the LADY MAUD ROLLESTON. 8¼×5½. 310 pp. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

[From a diary kept in South Africa from February to August, 1900.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO MOODS OF A MAN. By VIOLET FANE. 7¼×5¼. 269 pp. Nimmo. [Short stories and miscellaneous papers.]

ETUDES ANGLAISES. By ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON. 4¼×7¼. 357 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr.3.50.

ESSAI SUR L'INDIVIDUALISME. By EUGÈNE FOURNIÈRE. 4¼×7¼. 139 pp. Paris: Alcan. Fr.2.50.

FROM AN INVALID'S WINDOW. By HETTIE TRAVERS. 7×4¼. 189 pp. Religious Tract Society. 2s. 6d.

[Miscellaneous sketches.]

NAVAL.

LETTERS OF SIR T. BYAM MARTIN, G.C.B. Vol. III. Ed. by SIR R. V. HAMILTON, G.C.B. 9¼×8. 399 pp. Navy Record Society.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY. By WILHELM WUNDT. 9×6. 308 pp. Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.

AN ESSAY ON HUMAN NATURE. By M. C. HIME, LL.D. 7¼×5. 81 pp. Churchill. 1s.

NIETZSCHE AS CRITIC. PHILOSOPHER, POET, AND PROPHET. Choice

Selections from his works. Ed. by T. COMMON. 8¼×5½. 261 pp. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

IDYLS OF ARCADIA. By J. FREEMAN. 6×4½. 97 pp. Simpkin Marshall. 3s. 6d.

THE MAN OF KERIOOTH and other Poems. By G. MACKIE. 7×4¼. 89 pp. Grant Richards. 5s. n.

SILVER LININGS TO THE CLOUDS OF LIFE. By W. A. GIBBS. 7¼×5¼. 70 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.

ANNI FUGACES. By R. C. LEHMANN. 7¼×5. 136 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

POEMS BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE. 7×4¼. 120 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA. By W. BLELOCH. 9×6. 438 pp. Heinemann. 10s. n.

REPRINTS.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY, D.D. 4 Vols. Ed. by A. C. FRASER. 8×5½. Clarendon Press. 24s.

RONALD AND I. By A. PRETOR. (New Ed.) 7¼×5¼. 125 pp. Bell. 3s. 6d.

MODERN CREMATION. 4th Ed. By SIR H. THOMPSON, Bart., F.R.G.S. 7½×5. 132 pp. Smith, Elder. 2s.

WITNESS TO CHRIST. By W. CLARK. (New Ed.) 7¼×5. 300 pp. T. and T. Clark. 4s.

SONGS AND LYRICS. 2nd Ed. By C. W. WYNNE. 7¼×5. 96 pp. Grant Richards. 5s. n.

CHEAP JACK ZITA. By S. BARING-GOULD. (The Novelist.) 9×6. 119 pp. Methuen. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By T. R. LOUNSBURY. (Revised Ed.) 7¼×5. 515 pp. Bell. 5s.

RABBI BEN EZRA. By ROBERT BROWNING. 6½×5¼. 38 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d. n.

[Printed at the Chiswick Press, with decorated title and border by C. Dean. A note contains a short biography of Rabbi Ben Ezra.]

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF WOMEN. By C. B. BASKS. (Cheap Ed.) 7½×5¼. 250 pp. Stock. 2s. 6d.

JOHN O'GODSENDING. By ALLEN CLARKE. (New Ed.) 7¼×5¼. 343 pp. Henderson. 6s.

[A romance of the Civil War, in Lancashire.]

ADAM BEDE. By GEORGE ELIOT. (Library Ed. Vol. I.) 8×5¼. 550 pp. Blackwood. 10s. 6d. n.

[A well got up volume with frontispiece by Edgar Bundy. The printing could hardly be improved upon.]

BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES. Vol. I. The Dunbar Anthology. Vol. X. The Cowper Anthology. Ed. by PROF. E. ARBER, F.R.S. 7¼×5. 312+336 pp. Frowde. 2s. 6d. each.

ADAM BEDE. By GEORGE ELIOT (Temple Classics). 2 vols. 6×4. 372+379 pp. Dent. 3s. n.

[Edited, with a critical note on the novel at the end, by Miss Annie Matheson.]

ÆSCHYLOS. Tragedies and Fragments. 2 vols. Trans. by E. H. PLAMPTRE, D.D. 6½×4¼. 210+224 pp. Isbister. 5s. n.

THE RULES AND USAGES OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE. By G. H. STUTFIELD. 2nd Ed. 8¼×5½. 194 pp. E. Wilson. 6s. n.

SCIENCE.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF PHYSIOLOGY. (Camb. Natural Science Manuals.) By SIR M. FOSTER, K.C.B., M.P., &c. 9×5¼. 310 pp. Cambridge University Press. 9s.

[The "Lane Lectures" at the Cooper Medical College in San Francisco last year in an expanded form.]

SPORT.

SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF. The Life and Times of George Hodgman, 1840-1900. Ed. by C. R. WARREN. 9¼×6. 293 pp. Grant Richards. 21s.

THE ABC OF BRIDGE. By ELEANOR A. TENNANT. 5½×4. 80 pp. Danc. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

SAINT LUKE. (The Century Bible.) Ed. by W. F. ADENY. 6½×4¼. 404 pp. Edinburgh, Jack. 2s. n.

A PRACTICAL DISCOURSE ON SOME PRINCIPLES OF HYMN SINGING. By ROBERT BRIDGES. 8×5½. 59 pp. Oxford, Blackwell. 1s. n.

OUR REASONABLE SERVICE. Spirited Thoughts from the Writings of W. J. Knox Little. Ed. by J. H. BURN, B.D. 6½×4¼. 195 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

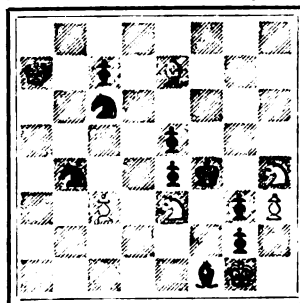
CHRÉTIENS ET MUSULMANS. Voyages et Etudes. By LUDOVIC DE CONTENSON. With preface by Jules Lemaitre, and Two Maps. 7½×4¼. 279 pp. Paris: Plon. Fr.3.50.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 173, competing in *La Stratégie*.

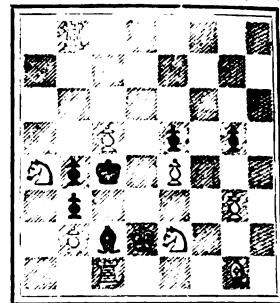
BLACK. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 174, by J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK. 6 pieces.

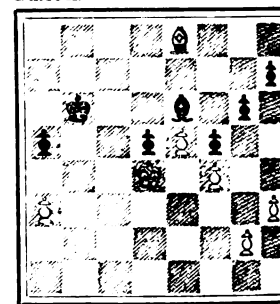


WHITE. 13 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 175, by A. Troitzky.—White (5 pieces)—K at Kt sq; B at Kt 3; Kt at Q Kt 3; pawns at Q B 2, Q Kt 5. Black (5 pieces)—K at Q 4; Q at K B 2; pawns at K R 6, K Kt 3, K Kt 5. White to play and win.

NOTES AND NEWS.—At last we have the pleasure of recording some doings by the world's champion. Herr Lasker suddenly left Manchester for an engagement at the celebrated Manhattan C.C., where he encountered in single-handed matches some of the American experts. Interesting games, of course, resulted. One of these games was with Mr. J. Finn, the New York State champion, and the concluding position, where the game was abandoned as drawn, is here appended. It may easily be that white had here a winning advantage, and we shall be glad to publish brief analysis if a win on either side can be demonstrated.

BLACK. LASKER.



WHITE. FINN.
Black played here B-Kt8. What result? Can White win?

AMATEUR TOURNAMENTS.—The leading first-class players have plenty of good things provided for them just now. At Folkestone, on Monday and three following days, there is an excellent meeting arranged by the Kent County Association, Mr. W. W. White returning, for the time at least, to his old post of managing hon. secretary. The Glasgow Exhibition has given the Scottish players an opportunity of arranging a series of tournaments for this and next week, which ought to bring numerous entries. Then we have a new and startling announcement of an open tournament for amateurs at 37, King-street, Covent-garden (the old premises of the British C.C.), for which Mr. J. T. Herbert Bailey will give three prizes value 20 guineas, seven guineas, and five guineas respectively. This ought to be good enough to bring more than the 20 entries required. Intending competitors must make up their minds—a very difficult thing by the way for chess players to do—by May 31. Only one game per week need be played. We do not care for this rule. A tournament which goes ahead and finishes within 14 or 21 days is better. The *Morning Post* refers to the question of amateurs receiving money prizes, and to the exclusion of the professionals from all such contests. These are matters of some importance, and they are worthy of full consideration. But the City of London C.C. and various other associations have long ago settled one point by giving substantial money prizes, which are readily, if not greedily, accepted. A central and governing chess association might deal with such matters with authority.

THE SPANISH OPENING.—Ruy Lopez, the old chess master of the sixteenth century, is not likely to be forgotten, for the opening which bears his name is in more general use than any other. It is fitting, therefore, that there should be issued in Barcelona a treatise on the subject. Such is really the work, entitled "La Apertura Española ó Ruy Lopez," by Señor J. Capó Gonzalez. Several hundreds of variations of the Ruy Lopez are given, with copious notes and references to the players. There is also a brief glance at the history of chess in Spain. The volume is nicely printed and is intended to be one of a series.

1

2

3

4

"Literature" Portraits. No. 4.

Supplement,
June 1, 1901.



MR. OWEN SEAMAN.

Photographed by Elliott & Fry

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 189. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	451, 452, 453, 468
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—IV. Owen Seaman. An Appreciation, by T. A. Cook	454
"AN ENGLISHWOMAN" AND A FRENCHMAN—A "Personal View," by Arthur Hood.....	455
SYDENHAM WELLS PARK	456
THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA	457
LYDGATE'S TROY BOOK, by C. H. Bromby	458
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Wakley	459
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
Maeterlinck on the Bee [W. B. Tegetmeier]	460
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham	460
Recent Verse	461, 462, 463
Her Royal Highness Woman	464
Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy	464
The Alfred Jewel—Britain's Title in South Africa—The New South Africa—Yooman Service—Manchuria—As the Chinese See Us—The Siege in Peking—Glimpses of Three Nations—The Stage in America—The Nineteenth Century—Jerusalem and its Environs—The French Revolution—The Middle Ages Revisited—The Memoirs of Arthur Laurensen—Press Directory	465, 466, 467
The Frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel.....	468
Devaytis—The Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love Letters—The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters—The Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth—The Day of Small Things—Love the Laggard.....	468, 469, 470
AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.	470
LIBRARY NOTES	471
THE EDWARDES SALE	472
CORRESPONDENCE—The Proper Age for a Wife—Cheam School Sixty Years Ago—Sir Herbert Maxwell and the Humanitarian League [The Hon. Secretary].....	472, 473
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	473
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	473, 474

NOTES OF THE DAY.

We shall publish next week a special "Edinburgh Number" containing illustrated articles on the literary history of Edinburgh, famous Edinburgh periodicals and publishing houses, literary landmarks, &c., with a "Personal View" by Mr. William Wallace on Scottish Fiction.

The "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT in the same number will be that of a distinguished alumnus of Edinburgh University, Dr. A. Conan Doyle. The portrait which we shall reproduce is one drawn from life by Mr. Mortimer Menpes during Dr. Conan Doyle's visit to South Africa.

The vicissitudes of the *Figaro* have not ceased since the appearance of our note upon the subject; and a further instalment of commotion will probably be forthcoming when the adjourned meeting of the shareholders takes place in the middle of June. Then it may be possible to determine how far the recent coup d'état is attributable to the natural desire of M. de Poidatz to retain his privilege, which seemed to be threatened, of giving gratuitous financial advice to the readers of that journal. In the meantime, it is interesting to note that M. Périvier, having fought his way to the editorial chair at the revolver's mouth, and with the moral support of the master-printer, announces his intention of making the *Figaro* once

VOL. VIII. No. 22.

more what it was in the days of de Villemessant and Francis Magnard. That means, supposing that the programme can be carried out, that the *Figaro* will cease, in the first place to be earnest, and in the second place to be literary.

We said something about de Villemessant last week, and probably made it clear that earnestness was no part of his scheme. He was no less strongly convinced that literature was out of place in a newspaper that prided itself on being up to date; and he said so, in no measured terms, to M. Jouvin, one of the most literary of his contributors. "Your articles are polished and scholarly," he said to M. Jouvin, "but I am persuaded that, in the *Figaro*, no one ever reads them." Jouvin protested, and de Villemessant proposed a test. "I propose," he said, "to print an un-Parliamentary expression right in the middle of one of your finest sentences, and I will wager what you like that no one ever discovers that it is there." Daudet, who tells the story, says that Jouvin dared not make the bet.

No account of the *Figaro* is complete which does not recognize the services rendered to it by Francis Magnard. He, like de Villemessant, was a self-made man—the illegitimate son of a washerwoman who made it her one aim in life to give him a good bourgeois education. He had a hard struggle with fortune, giving lessons at two francs an hour, until de Villemessant discovered him. Then he developed into the best leaderette-writer in Paris. He wrote the leaderettes of which the average man infallibly said when he read them:—"Exactly what I thought myself. And admirably put!" He always signed them, and "le Magnard" came to be the name given to this feature of the paper. Recently these leaderettes have been written by M. Cornély. They were delightfully pungent and witty, but apt to stroke some persons the wrong way. The new leaderette-writer is M. Henri des Houx of the *Matin*. He is a Nationalist and a good all-round journalist, but his work, as compared with that of his predecessors, seems to lack distinction.

The Lady Mayoress, Miss Kathleen Haydn Green, who is the granddaughter of Joseph Haydn, of "The Dictionary of Dates," has herself strayed into the land of letters, having published a volume of verse in 1899. She is about to establish a precedent by being the first Lady Mayoress to publish a book during her tenure of office. Her new book will be published immediately by Mr. John Lane. It is entitled "Twelve Allegories."

The approaching millenary of Alfred the Great adds some interest to the announcement that the Winklebury estate at Basingstoke, with its ancient camp, is to be put up for auction next month. The West Saxons are believed to have occupied this camp when they fought the Danes at Basing in 870, shortly after their victory, under Alfred and Ethelred, over the invaders at Ashdown. But Winklebury Camp dates back to far remoter days than those of Alfred. It was probably constructed by the ancient Britons possibly 3,000 years ago. Mr. Reginald Smith, of the British Museum, has just unearthed further fragments of ancient British pottery on the estate, with bones and other relics

bearing traces of fire. These discoveries confirm Mr. Smith's investigations of last autumn, which pointed to a burial of the bronze period. The camp has a circumference of 1,100 yards, and its formation resembles other defensive works of the ancient Britons. It stands close to the great Roman road which crosses the county from Winchester to Silchester, and the Romans must have occupied the camp some time between 55 B.C. and 410 A.D. It was last occupied by Cromwell's troops during the siege of Basing House, 1643-45, and since then it has been neglected, until within the last year or two, even by antiquarians.

* * * *

"This stone marks the grave of Jean Lorimer, the 'Chloris' and 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks' of the poet Burns. Born 1775. Died 1831. Erected under the auspices of the Ninety Burns Club, Edinburgh, 1901." This is the inscription on a cross of light grey granite which has just been put up in Preston-street burial ground, Edinburgh. Burns addressed some delightful verses to Jean Lorimer, but her story is an unhappy one. While still in her teens she was married to a spendthrift named Whelpdale, from whom she was forced to separate after a few months. Afterwards when her father failed in business the sting of poverty added to her troubles. Such was the lot of the girl whose beauty inspired the poet—

Ah ! Chloris, since it may not be
That thou of love will hear ;
If from the lover thou maun flee
Yet let the friend be dear.

.
Tho' a' my daily care thou art
And a' my nightly dream
I'll hide the struggle in my heart
And say it is esteem.

Burns refers constantly to Chloris's flaxen hair—

Sae flaxen were her ringlets
Her eyebrows of a darker hue
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing e'en of bonnie blue.

but he afterwards owned, in a correspondence with George Thompson (evidently a connoisseur in beauty) that "flaxen locks cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty." There is another piece of self-criticism in the same letter, touching Burns' bad habit of introducing classical terminology into his characteristically Scotch songs :—

In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name Chloris.
I meant it as the fictitious name of a certain lady ; but, on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation to a Scotch pastoral ballad.

Jean Lorimer was born at Craigieburn, close to "Willie's Mill," the scene of the immortal "Willie brew'd a Peck of Maut."

* * * *

Our Universities could learn a good deal from the sister establishments in America, if only their rulers and their wealthy alumni ever turned their eyes westwards. Harvard has lately purchased 400 acres of land on the shore of a lake in New Hampshire where a summer camp will be established for a course in surveying. Wisconsin has determined to have special courses on journalism, expert work in statistics, and practical philanthropy. Pennsylvania is spending £80,000 for a complete equipment for graduate work in engineering of all kinds. Yet these progressive institutions are some of them becoming venerable with age. The University of Georgia celebrates its centenary on June 12. Its charter was granted in 1785, but it did not begin operations till 1801. Such developments as we have mentioned and many others are of course chiefly due to the large benefactions of wealthy Americans which are constantly announced. Even in England it seems to be the American millionaire who is most ready to help University endowments.

THE RIVER AND THE GIRL.

(From the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg.)

Pretty child who gaily splashest
In my waves thy breast, and flashest
Like the fairest water-lily, pure and white on billows free,
Ah, what varied lot lies hiding
In the future, thee betiding,
Whilst my purling stream unruffled laves the birch and alder tree.

I have not, like thee, to measure
Days of sorrow, days of pleasure,
For my waves that none can number flow on smoothly to the sea.
Thou a bud shalt bloom a woman,
Loving, loved, in all things human,
Whilst my river's stream in silence wanders through the peaceful lea.

Lovely child, in heart and thinking
Cool and fresh as wavelets sprinkling—
Fairest lily I have cradled, pure and white on billows free—
In a while thou shalt be dreaming
Dreams of love so wond'rous seeming
Whilst my purling stream unruffled laves the birch and alder tree.

In a while thou shalt be kneeling
In thy bride's veil, near thee feeling
Him whom thou hast rendered happy by thy heart's election free.
In a while thou shalt be pressing
In thine arms a mother's blessing
Whilst my river's stream in silence wanders through the peaceful lea.

Dim, mysterious fate's subjection—
Hope and death and blithe affection—
I embrace when I embrace thee, pretty child, on billows free.
Some few sun's quick revolution
And thy riddle finds solution
Whilst my purling stream unruffled laves the birch and alder tree.

Ah, my flowing stream will never
Reach the goal that's thine for ever,
Which by human joy is shadowed and by human misery.
Thou must to the grave be going,
Dying like red sunsets glowing,
Whilst my river's stream in silence wanders through the peaceful lea.

W. F. HARVEY.

* * * *

The extracts which *The Times* has been printing from its issues of 1801 have inspired a correspondent in America to look up the American papers of that year. The *Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser* was then printed at Boston every Monday and Thursday for \$3 per annum, and it is one of the very few papers of that period whose files have been preserved. The issue at the opening of the year is numbered 2,063, so that the paper must have been running for some years. In an article "On Newspapers" it remarks :—

The pleasure derived from the page of a newspaper is perhaps more fully enjoyed in America than any other part of the Globe. Living remote from the theatre of those politics that cement or disunite the nations of Europe, Americans cannot be otherwise than eager news-mongers ; and therefore the surprize of a stranger should not be excited if, instead of enquiring after his health, his new trans-Atlantic acquaintances demand from him the news.

If presses have been multiplied on the American continent from the Delaware to the Ohio, it was not to print books and diffuse a love of literature, but to publish newspapers and disseminate intelligence. It is from newspapers that the mass of the people derive their knowledge.

This sounds modern enough ; but that it did not always hold good in the opinion of the Editor of the *Chronicle* may be gathered from the following extract from a later

issue. Criticizing the "New England Palladium," he says:—

Columns long and tedious, columns of uninteresting harangue forbid even a glance at the paper, unless where the grates of a prison shut out all amusement, or the sick chamber seeks for something to lull the sense of pain.

The advertisements then as now occupied a considerable part of the paper. One of them offers for sale "Selections from the correspondence of General Washington with James Anderson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.A.S.E., &c. This correspondence is of a moral, philosophical, and agricultural nature." The paper is not without its Yankee humour, as appears from the following note:—

A bookseller in Boston in true Hibernian or Hottentot phraseology advertises Lavater's system of Physiognomy in 8 vols., "with innumerable plates." This hyperbole is not very unlike the "forever and a day" of a good and ancient divine, who in preaching of the future punishment of unbelievers thought the scriptural expression of "eternal" was not sufficiently strong to give his hearers an adequate notion of its duration.

The King has consented to become the patron of "The Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation."

It has been decided to make an appeal to admirers of the late Miss Charlotte Yonge and her works for funds to place a memorial to the novelist in Otterbourne Church, where she worshipped, and to erect a new reredos in the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral. The Memorial Committee includes the Bishops of Winchester, Rochester, Guildford, and Southampton and the Lords Lieutenant of Hampshire and Surrey.

Mr. J. S. Shedlock has discovered the full score of Purcell's "Fairy Queen," which has been missing for 200 years. It was found concealed among a quantity of printed and MS. music in the library of the Royal Academy of Music in Tenterden-street. It is believed that a portion of the score is in Purcell's own handwriting.

Dr. Ibsen has had a second stroke of apoplexy, and his condition causes the greatest anxiety.

The Red Lion Hotel at Henley-on-Thames, associated with the name of the poet Shenstone, was put up to auction last week, but failed to find a purchaser.

Count Tolstoy has authorized M. Camille Audigier to dramatize his "Resurrection."

The sum of 100,000 lire has been collected for the purpose of erecting a monument to Virgil at Mantua. Hitherto there has been no monument to Virgil in Italy, except a bust in Rome in the Pincio.

Princess Louise has nearly finished the statue of Queen Victoria which she is executing for the new entrance of the Manchester Cathedral.

The French Academy has conferred the *Palme Académique* on Mr. Louis N. Parker for his services as translator of the plays of MM. Richepin, Rostand, and Tietcelin.

The elections to the vacancies in the French Academy of Letters were announced to take place on Thursday, but the results have not been announced at the moment of going to press.

Defoe was born and Milton buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate, and their busts are being presented to the Cripplegate Institute by Mr. Passmore Edwards.

M. Jules Verne, who has passed his 73rd birthday, is engaged upon his 99th novel. He has just recovered from a serious illness, and has resumed his customary walks in and around Amiens.

Last Thursday a performance was given at the Odéon to raise further funds for the contemplated statue of Alphonse Daudet. The programme consisted entirely of selections from the eminent writer's dramatic works.

On the 6th of June Corneille's birthday will be celebrated at the Comédie Française by a performance of the *Cid*.

The sister of Friedrich Nietzsche has published in the "Insel" some of her brother's personal ideas written down for her during his stay in Italy in 1880-1881.

Sir William Martin Conway has been elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Cambridge.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has given £10,000 to the London Hospital to endow a lamp for the light cure for lupus.

Mr. Eustace Miles, whose books on Athletics and Vegetarianism have been noticed in our columns, has again won the tennis amateur championship.

Shortly after the King's accession we ventured to express the hope that the new reign might be signalized by an increasing perception of the importance to the national life of Civil List literature and men of letters; and we pointed out Pensioners, that one of the ways in which a concern for the interests of literature might be manifested was in the administration of the Civil List Pension Fund. We have now before us a Return of persons at present in receipt of Civil List Pensions, as well as the schedule of pensioners compiled by Mr. William Morris Colles, for the Incorporated Society of Authors, in 1889. To those who see in the Civil List a legitimate instrument for fostering the intellectual life of the nation, the matter is undoubtedly one of public interest which suggests criticism. Even if they admit the propriety of the precedent set by Queen Victoria's advisers in distributing pensions of £650, out of the £1,200 available, among her late Majesty's teachers of French, German, Italian, writing, singing, music, and dancing, in 1840, they may, perhaps, question the pensioning of two gentlemen "in consideration of the services rendered by their ancestors to King Charles II., in his escape after the Battle of Worcester." Services rendered to a Stuart whose descendants twice invaded England hardly seem to constitute a valid claim on the just beneficence of a Hanoverian ruler. Nor is it easy to see why the money which the British taxpayer has to find, and which ministers responsible to the taxpayer allot to the fortunate recipients, should have been bestowed upon a Prince of the House of Bonaparte, two lineal descendants of Daniel Defoe, and "the widow of the faithful servant of Lord Byron." Only by a perverted use of language can these pensioners be regarded as, in the words of the statute, "such persons as have just claims on the Royal beneficence or who by their personal services to the Crown, by the performance of duties to the public, or by their useful discoveries in science or attainments in literature and the arts have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign and the gratitude of their country." A further question which arises is whether it is justifiable to use the Civil List to eke out service pensions. This practice at one time prevailed extensively, and was the cause of the pamphlet of protest by Mr. Colles from which we have quoted. "Inadequate," Mr. Colles wrote, "as the allowances to the widows of our soldiers and sailors and police constables admittedly are, these are only properly chargeable on the Consolidated Fund." He might have added that the Civil List Fund is so small, and the legitimate claims on it of literature, science, and art, so large that to help the services from the surplus that can be made available is like trying to bail a sinking boat with a thimble. And this seems to be the view to which the First Lord of the Treasury is beginning to accept. The representatives of literature, science, and art have been better treated of late years than they used to be. They had all but two of the pensions in 1899, and all but three in 1900. Of the £425 so far awarded in 1901, £175 have gone to literature, £150 to science, and £100 to the widow of a consul. It is an improvement for which the strong line taken by the Incorporated Society of Authors is largely to be thanked.

Literature Portraits.—IV.

OWEN SEAMAN.

You might hazard a justifiable guess that the clever face portrayed with these pages was that of a first-rate actor in the best school of comedy. But it is not. Mr. Owen Seaman wears his motley with a different grace, though like all the best comedians he can use his privilege of being serious upon occasion. I shall weary neither you nor him with the inevitable comparisons to Calverley or J. K. S. which are at once suggested by his name. It is enough that he is on their level, which is as much as to say that he is the first of his generation in the line he has made his own. But the value of that line—or shall I say those lines?—needs more mature consideration.

Mr. Seaman's age is 40, for he is older by two full years than "tensured Anthony, our only Hope," and ventured on his first printed publication at a slightly earlier period than that selected by Mr. Hawkins for the enjoyment of his contemporaries. His early life is indeed within such easy recollection that I propose to recall just so much of it as may be necessary for a fair appreciation of his literary work.

"Already," he wrote, long years ago at Cambridge,

Already on my turgid calf
I feel the feathers fresh and fluffy
My massive shoulderblades are half
Besmothered in a sort of puffy
Excrescence where the wings fit on. . . .

The time had come, in fact, for the Swan Song to his Alma Mater. His University career was more distinguished than his success in later life might lead the thoughtless to imagine. For he went up to Clare College, Cambridge, as the captain of Shrewsbury School, with a scholarship on each of these foundations. He won the Porson Prize for Greek verse in his second year, and in the Classical Tripos he took a first-class, being captain and stroke of his college boat in the same summer—not an unimportant detail for those who collect statistics concerning rowing men and brains.

For a year or two Mr. Seaman hid his light under a bushel as a schoolmaster, a Professor, and an Extension Lecturer. Greek Art and modern English Poetry were his subjects; and though his pupils, I am told, learnt much, their teacher learnt far more. His audience soon grew wider. In *Punch*, in Mr. Henley's *National Observer*, in the *World*, and elsewhere he soon began to lecture London Town. London enjoyed it. There was a scholarly flavour about his verses that betrayed the Porson Prizeman and the student of Hellenic sculptures; there was a keen touch about his parody that recalled the professional critic. At first he seemed inclined to pay too much attention to Mr. Alfred Austin and the Kaiser. He stopped in time; and rapid imitations of Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Kipling, Sir Lewis Morris, and Mr. Meredith soon showed his readers that his art was not limited to obvious or individual sources of inspiration.

He is now undergoing the hardest test of all. To be witty on occasion may be the privilege of the few. To be witty every Wednesday is the prerogative of none. Some cruel wag once perpetrated the suggestion that a certain famous literary staff sat round their Mahogany so long that it finally entered into their heads. Mr. Seaman's verses are alone sufficient to remove so base an imputation; nor is his occasional prose less clear an evidence to the same effect. He is not "easy to wear out," because the essentials of his art are his; and they are inexhaustible. To realize what they are to us, it is only needful to read the rhymes that took away the breath of those who admired Sir George Trevelyan. Satiric Verse and rhyming Politics have been raised by Mr. Seaman to a level which is higher than can easily be explained by changing ideals or the advancing demands of contemporary criticism. The note itself is novel; the result is satisfactorily refreshing. Too many minor Bards, impressed

with the necessity for saying something definite in their serious verse, are content to raise a laugh merely by unexpected rhymes in those efforts which they wish us to accept as comic. Mr. Seaman's conception of his art seems to indicate a very different ideal. The short line, the artful ending, the divided word: these are but humble weapons in his armoury. His epithets are never otiose; nor does he admit the least inversion; he files and chisels till the verse rings true; we consequently get something which is not merely amusing but also good in itself. The workmanship is often better than the subject. But the combination is as pleasing as it is original.

This is no place for philosophic disquisitions on the comparative value of original work and "mere parody" as the slighting prose writer has called it. I will only say that true parody, as I should define it, is impossible unless the writer of it can do something more than pillory the obvious errors of his subject-victim. In this delicate bypath of poetical expression, the functions of critic and creator are indissolubly mingled. Here it avails nothing to prate of "chiaroscuro" or to "drag in Velasquez"; you must handle brush and palette too. Nor are externals alone the mark of your good-tempered scorn. The spirit of the writer, the very soul of his rhythm, the actual, unconscious source of his bad grammar must be realized and reproduced. It is not enough to criticize in Ruskin's fervid periods; you must paint like Sargent, too. As a result, you will not only reflect; you will reveal; and, if my definition be correct, the subject of your poem will lead himself the laughter of its readers. I may be right or wrong in my ideas of parody in general; but I have at least described the art that Mr. Seaman uses with such well-known skill. Let any one who doubts read those delightful lines in Mr. Stephen Phillips' manner, or the stanzas from the same volume, "dedicated, without malice or permission," to Mr. George Meredith:—

Rooster her sign,
Rooster her pugnant note, she struts
Evocative, amazon spurs aprick at heel;
Nid-nod the authentic stump
Of the once ensanguined comb vermeil as wine;
With conspquent doodle-doo
Hails breach o' the hectic dawn of yon New Year. . . .

Or, as another example in this kind, turn to the imitation of the Jubilee Ode which opens "In Cap and Bells."

. . . Buzzed the Hymettian bee; sat up in bed
The foreign oyster sipping local drains;
The impious cassowary lay like lead
On Afric's plains.
A-nutting went the nimble chimpanzee;—
And what, you ask me, am I driving at?
Wait on; in less than twenty minutes we
Shall come to that. . . .

There is no need to emphasize the point further. Parody like this is not mere mimicry; it is a joy in itself that gains by its associations but loses nothing of its jocund originality. This is the great reason for our gratitude to Mr. Seaman. To me his name does not recall the *Anti-Jacobin*, though I much doubt if such political satire as his has appeared since the days of that famous publication; nor do his verses send my memory back to "Blayds." He makes me laugh; and I am quite content with that. Think of those lines on the imported German Beetle, for instance, in which the feelings of the Native are so pathetically rendered:—

Less gaily from behind the heated boiler
He sallies out on sinful plunder bent;
The presence of a strange imported spoiler
Mars all his sweet content.
More warily he quits his wainscot-hollow
To drink the oven's enervating airs,
For fear the foreigner may go and swallow
His wife at unawares.

Yet to dismiss Mr. Seaman as merely mirth-provoking would be inadequate. The somewhat magisterial features of his face are

here to contradict me. "Fate cannot touch me," they seem to hint, "I have dined to-day with Dons." It is his abiding sense of humour that has saved him. Sometimes the Don peeps out. But fortunately for us all the pipes that Mr. Seaman plays are double. Of his more serious work I should select the poem to Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, on the sixth of September, 1898. There is a swing and splendour in the simple words that are missed in other efforts in the same key. But I must frankly confess my preference for the jester unabashed. Clean laughter, and scholarly wit; polished metre, and humorous phrase—these are to me the essential characteristics for which I am invariably glad to read Mr. Owen Seaman. He who will look elsewhere for the combination of these qualities in modern contemporary verse must look far ere he find them. "Tillers of the Sand" for politics; "The Battle of the Bays" for parody; "Horace at Cambridge" for dexterity of workmanship; "In Cap and Bells" for all these three; here are four books that no melancholy man should be without. It is something of an achievement that Mr. Seaman should have given us so much already. He has but just begun. Long may he contribute to the gaiety of the nation; and, in his own words,

Ever when marsh-marigolds are cheap
And new potatoes crown the death of May,
If memory serve us, we propose to keep
His natal day.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

Although Mr. Owen Seaman may now be reckoned among the Vigo-street poets, he has had the names of at least half-a-dozen different publishers on the title-pages of his several books. "With Double Pipe," his 1888 collection of verses from the *Cambridge Review* and the *Oxford Magazine*, was published in Cambridge by E. Johnson, in Oxford by B. H. Blackwell, and in London by Simpkin, Marshall. He dedicated the book to his sister on her coming of age as "from a player that playeth upon a double pipe, now in lighter, now in deeper 'mode,'" and Mr. Andrew Lang was one of the first critics to recognize its merits. "Ædipus the Wreck," his prose burlesque, was published by Johnson, of Cambridge, and was dedicated "by one Old Salopian to all other Salopians." It was illustrated by Lance Speed—a Clare College man, like Owen Seaman—and J. D. Batten, of Trinity. By that time Mr. Seaman had become master at Rossall School, and he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne as Professor of Literature at Durham College of Science before publishing his next book. Then, after an interval of eight years, came his "Horace at Cambridge," through Messrs. Innes. This was in 1895, but "O. S." were initials which had meantime become familiar to every reader of the *National Observer* of those days. In the preface to his new book he was careful to explain that his imitations of Horace, drawn from Cambridge scenes and associations, were begun before the Horatian boom of 1894, lest he should be suspected of having taken his idea from that. The series, as a matter of fact, began to appear in the *Granta* as early as October, 1893. Mr. Lane is now the publisher of this volume, and has a new edition of it in preparation for the autumn. It was in 1894 that Mr. Seaman began writing for *Punch*, and "Nauticus" made his first appearance in the *World* in the following year. In 1895, too, came "Tillers of the Sand," the satiric verse written from time to time to illustrate different incidents in Lord Rosebery's Administration, and published in collected form by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Mr. Seaman's last two volumes have been issued through Mr. Lane. "The Battle of the Bays" came in 1896, and is now in its fourth edition. This is the volume which includes the well-known ode, "To the Lord of Potsdam"—"on the sending of a certain telegram"—

"Nor were you meant to solve the nation's knots,
Or be the Earth's protector, willy-nilly;
You only make yourself and Pots-
dam silly,"

and the companion piece, "From the Lord of Potsdam," beginning with "We, William, Kaiser, planted on our Throne."

Mr. Seaman's last volume, "In Cap and Bells," has proved still more successful, being already in its fourth edition, although only published last year. The greater part of this collection, as in the case of the two preceding volumes, had already appeared in *Punch*, the *World*, and other contemporaries. The imitation of George Meredith was first printed in the *Morning Post*.

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN" AND A FRENCHMAN.

A "Personal View."

It would appear that in the matter of fiction the public are more eager than the Athenians of old. And in answer to this demand for something new we are given at one time elaborated accounts of impossible detections of improbable crimes, at another inventions of fresh modes of murder, or strange sins so intricately concocted that they might have been supposed to be beyond the imagination of sane, healthy persons. Then as a fresh phase we have sociable, affable women who chat prettily and confidently over their gardens, or retail racily their social experiences; and the readiness on the part of the public for these uncere-monious introductions into intimate circles is somewhat touching in the monster-headed thing. Is it enough to justify a printed and published existence that you can write down lightly minute details of your household, call your husband or children by quaint names they do not possess, and by way of seasoning add a few quite personal and unceritcal opinions of books? The mind feminine seems to have become latterly an absorbing study; if it were not so what would account for the widespread popularity of the now notorious "Englishwoman" and her love letters? "Eating caramels to excess in a moonlit churchyard" has not usually been supposed to be a British characteristic. If it is advanced as striking a new vein can it be confidently affirmed that the vein is altogether new, or even quite original?

In the year 1844 Prosper Mérimée wrote "à une Inconnue" thus, "Why will you dispute on this text—'Which loves the best?' A desirable preliminary would be to come to an agreement as to the meaning of the verb, and this we shall never do; we are both too ignorant, and, above all, too ignorant of each other." With a studied avoidance of dignity in language, the "Englishwoman" asks, "How, when, and where is there any use wrangling as to which of us loves the other the best. . . and why in that of all things should we pretend to be rivals?"

And then, when Mérimée writes to this effect, "I kiss your mysterious feet a hundred times," we perceive it to be an attitude that has no offence in it as from a lover to his mistress, but the "Englishwoman" transforms herself into an ugly parody of this when she cries to the man, "Lkiss your feet"; so much so that there hardly remained anything for Barry Pain to touch—yet he does and the appalling descent is complete, "I kiss your beautiful great boots." Only note the scale, "I kiss your mysterious feet a hundred times." "I can wait. I kiss your feet." "I kiss your beautiful great boots." And I maintain that Barry Pain is not in this so far below the "Englishwoman's" unmaidenly posture as she falls below the French author's expression of poetic devotion.

And when in a "rabble" of words the lady declaims on the signification of names, saying that, "I answer with a snap of my temper that the blood, boots, and bones of my ancestors are in mine," has she forgotten little old Mr. Shandy's dictum upon names? But to let alone detached sentences. We find that, after the manner of latter-day book-making, little stories, queer, risqué, or irreverent, are tacked in like pieces in patchwork, to lighten the whole. "Elizabeth" * buttonholes you and solicits a grin over some rather highly-seasoned tale, the owner of the

* "Visits of Elizabeth."

"Man of Wrath" relates many things quite irrelevant to the object of her work, things that have nothing to do with the "delver's toil," and in the same way, perhaps to relieve the love-sickness of her letters, the "Englishwoman" branches off into anecdotes.

This method may or may not be entertaining, according to the skill of the writer and the manner in which such additions are weaved into the main work. In the volume of letters entitled "An Author's Love," and supposed to be the answers of "une Inconnue" to Mérimée, there occurs one of these accessories, which is, however, so cunningly introduced and withal so mirth-provoking that I cannot resist transcribing it in full. It will, I think, compare favourably with the somewhat pointless sneer that the "Englishwoman" indites against the lady with the complex title of a double relationship. The "Inconnue" says that she wrote her last letter in so foolish and loving a spirit that her next shall be as full of wisdom, and will resemble the oil that ran down Aaron's beard in the Bible story:—

By the way [she goes on to say] when in England did you ever hear that story sung as a sacred anthem? I have once, but I am not particularly keen about doing so again. The oil ran down his beard, ran down—Aaron—the oil—it ran—his beard ran down—down—down—Aaron—down—the oil, the oil, the oil, down, Aaron—down—down—the oil his beard ran down—ran—God knows where it finally did or did not run, or whether it was the oil, or Aaron, or the beard which eventually ran down—down—down. The only comprehensive impression left on my mind when the anthem was over was that the beard and Aaron and the oil were going on in such an extraordinary and improper manner and getting so mixed that I felt decidedly shy about having anything to do with any of them.

These letters, the work of an anonymous writer, are not to be compared to those of Mérimée's, but, though they are too copious, they leave in the mind a more pleasing idea of the somewhat wilful lady than do those of the "Englishwoman." Flippancy may prove a piquant sauce with which to flavour a dull society function and a carelessness of language amuse for the time, but can it be a fact that we desire nothing deeper or stronger in our current fiction or in our present-day plays? One is almost tempted to long for the time when to be "epigrammatic" will be a reproach, and to be "smart" a crime. To be an adept at playing battledore and shuttlecock with your wit is not to win to the heights of fiction; the giants of the past and of the present do not descend to such mere pen-agility. I can feel grateful to this self-styled "Englishwoman" since she called into life Barry Pain's "Another Englishwoman," but this somewhat inverted form of gratitude is the highest I can attain to. No doubt it is owing to the necessarily widening circles of a projected idea that many of us on reading these "love letters" have brought down Mérimée's more modest-looking volume from our bookshelves, for two days after this present short article was written it came to my notice that a monthly contemporary also contains an article in which these two, the unknown sentimentalist and the poetic Frenchman, are confronted. But, as there are found more than one artist to paint the sea as blue, so it may be allowed to more than one critic to fasten on the same points of comparison, however diverse the point of view. And against false sentiment no lances should be spared.

ARTHUR HOOD.

SYDENHAM WELLS PARK.

THOMAS CAMPBELL AND HIS FRIENDS.

On Monday yet another open space was dedicated to Londoners of to-day and of the many to-morrows that lie as yet unrevealed in the heart of time. Sydenham Wells Park, comprising about 17½ acres, has cost in all about £12,000; the interest on this outlay should be plentiful, not in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence, it is true, but of that infinitely more valuable kind, health and pleasure. Of many once fashionable Spas in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, one was at Sydenham. The spring was discovered in 1640, and, if credence is to be given to an optimistic report, its waters were "a certain cure for every ill to which humanity is heir." Others are more guarded in their statements. On the one hand these medicinal waters are said to have been "of a mild cathartic quality nearly resembling those of Epsom," on the other this "purging spring" is deemed to have performed "great cures in scrofulus, scorbutic, paralytic, and other stubborn diseases." After visiting God's Gift College at Dulwich on September 2, 1875, John Evelyn, "came back by certain medicinal spa waters, at a place called Sydenham Wells, in Lewisham parish, much frequented in summer." Six years thereafter, a physician, Dr. John Peter, published a "Treatise on Lewisham Wells," followed in 1699 by a tract of Dr. Allen. As in other cases, various entertainments were arranged in order to attract to the Spa those who were sick, and still more those who deemed themselves to be ailing. The last noteworthy visitor to the Sydenham Wells is said to have been George III., who "once stayed best part of a day whilst he drank of the waters . . . an escort of the Life Guards forming a cordon around the cottage." It would be futile now to search for the spring, inasmuch as its site is covered by the Church of St. Philip, built in the sixties; but until the common land was enclosed and built over, early in the nineteenth century, the Wells House continued to be a popular resort, the more so as it was the headquarters of the St. George's Bowmen, who held their archery practice hard by.

Sydenham can boast of at any rate one literary association; for the happiest years of his life Thomas Campbell lived there. Writing to his publisher, Archibald Constable, in November, 1804, Campbell explains that he has taken on a lease of 21 years a house there, and "ventured on the faith of your support to purchase the fixtures . . . and about £100 worth of furniture, which, being sold along with the fixtures, I got at broker's appraisalment—i.e., half of prime cost . . . if you come to London and drink to the health of Auld Reekie over my new mahogany table . . . if you take a walk round my garden and see my braw house, my courtyard, hens, geese, and turkeys, or view the lovely country in my neighbourhood, you will think this fixture and furniture money well bestowed. I shall, indeed, be nobly settled, and the devil is in it if I don't work as nobly for it." Eleven years afterwards Campbell invited George Ticknor to pay him a long day's visit:—"So, after the morning service, I drove out, and stayed with him till nearly 9 o'clock this evening. He lives in a pleasant little box at Sydenham, nine miles from town, a beautiful village, which looks more like an American village than any I have seen in England. His wife is a bonny little Scotchwoman, with a good deal of natural vivacity." Sir Charles Bell, the eminent surgeon, and like the poet a Scot, has left us a more intimate sketch. After spending the evening indoors he and "Tom Campbell rambled down the village and walked under the delightful trees in the moonlight"; they then "adjourned to the inn and took an egg and plotty. Tom got glorious in pleasing gradation . . . his wife received him at home, not drunk, but in excellent spirits." After breakfast next morning "we wandered over the forest; not a soul to be seen in all Norwood." Cyrus Redding says that Campbell's mode of life at Sydenham was akin to that which he afterwards followed in London. "He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined at 2 or 3 o'clock, and then made a call or two. . . . He would return home to

tea, and then retire early to his study, remaining there till a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic [it is a relief to recall the "plotty" incident at the inn in connexion with this statement]; he gave a dinner-party now and then, and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers, and other literary friends from town were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome." Relatively simple as appear to have been the needs of the household, however, Campbell would have been hampered for means during the years spent at Sydenham, had it not been for the pension of £200 a year granted to him by the Government through the influence of Fox.

As neighbour and acquaintance he had a no less inquisitive person than Thomas Hill, known to his intimates as Tommy Hill. According to some he is the original whence John Poole sketched his Paul Pry; also of Theodore Hook's "Gilbert Gurney." Hill had a passion for accumulating and "popping into some paper minute details of the domestic economy of his friends." Planche says that he concerned himself with "the contents of their wardrobes, their pantries, the number of pots of preserve in their store-closets, and of the table-napkins in their linen-presses, the dates of their births and marriages, the amounts of their tradesmen's bills, and whether paid weekly or quarterly." On his appointment as editor of the *New Monthly Review* in 1820 Thomas Campbell abandoned his quiet home at Sydenham, and with it for the most part his dream of noble work, to settle in London.

The rental of Campbell's house appears to have been forty guineas. It consisted of six rooms, two on each floor, the upper storey being converted into his study. In summer the heat in this study was so great that, to use his own words, he felt as though enclosed within a hotly seasoned pie. At Sydenham he wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming," "O'Connor's Child," and that incomparably fine lyric, "The Battle of the Baltic." Here the idea of a poet's club, commemorated by Moore, was started. One day Campbell and Rogers and Moore "set about electing the members—not by ballot, but *viva voce*." The scheme failed, and a week or two thereafter Campbell met Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, to whom he mentioned the projected title of "The Bees." "Oh!" was Perry's reply, "that is a little different from the common report, for they say you are to be called 'The Wasps,'" Campbell was "so stung with this waspish retort, that I thought no more of the poet's club." Byron was more than once a guest, and Lady Charlotte Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll, introduced her clansman to the literary coterie which met at the salon of the Princess of Wales at Blackheath.

The name of the unfortunate poet, Thomas Dermody, is scarcely remembered nowadays. In 1802 he died at Sydenham, and on his monument in Lewisham Churchyard are inscribed some verses from his own "Fate of Genius." A native of Ennis, born there in 1775, he published a volume of poems in his thirteenth year, and subsequently "Peace" and "The Battle of the Bards." He enlisted, but disgraced himself by intemperance, and died at twenty-eight in abject poverty.

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

Under a Viceroy who has a keen and understanding interest in archæology and art the Government of India is recognizing more and more its duty towards the monuments of the past. A policy far-reaching and enlightened was sketched by Lord Curzon of Kedleston when he addressed the Asiatic Society of Bengal on the 7th of February, 1900. The speech that he then delivered was worthy of much more attention than it received in England. It recognized, for the first time in such fulness, "the conservation of ancient monuments as one of the primary obligations of Government." It sketched the process of destruction which creeds and conquerors had carried out upon the buildings of rival religions and rival monarchs. It commented with

caustic wit on the days when "the barbarian still dominated the æsthetic in the official mind." Finally, it showed that the era of intelligent conservatism has now begun. How beneficial has been the influence of this speech, and of the policy which it emphasized, every one who has visited India during the Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon will bear witness.

But it is not only the monuments of departed dynasties and extinct schools of art that it is of historic interest to preserve; the memorials of the early days of British enterprise have for us a very special interest. And these Lord Curzon has not neglected. Calcutta has undergone many changes at the hands of British builders, luxurious or progressive. It is difficult as one looks now at Salt's famous view to know precisely from what point it was taken, so greatly have new streets and new gardens altered the face of the land. But there are still many memorials of the early days of the East India Company. St. John's Church, with its marble monuments, just like a miniature Bath Abbey in its inscriptions, preserves the memory of Job Charnock with that of many another notable man. Statues of Wellesley and Cornwallis and Bentinck, pictures of Hastings and Clive and Moira, may well find a home in the great Memorial Hall with which it is designed to commemorate the reign of Victoria the Empress of India. The Fort William which we see to-day is that which Clive began and which was finished in 1773, the year when Warren Hastings became Governor-General under Lord North's Regulating Act. Recently the house which Warren Hastings occupied during the first years of his rule has been purchased by Government and is to be preserved as an historic place. The study where he worked, the hall with its great columns where he entertained, can still be seen. It stands away from modern Calcutta, in Alipur, with a wide open plain before it, and it recalls the time when the surroundings of English life in the East were more spacious and more luxurious than they are to-day. It would, indeed, add to the interest if the magnificent collection of Hastings pictures and letters and treasures of all kinds which now belongs to Miss Marian Winter of Worton, the great-niece of the "adored Marian," could find a home in this house among the other historical memorials. But all these memories pale before that which is called up by the terrible words, familiar to us all from our childhood, the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is the commemoration of this site which has become the latest historical souvenir of the capital of British India. It was rediscovered, or rather exactly identified through the researches of Mr. C. R. Wilson, and the Viceroy determined that it should run no chance of being forgotten.

It was high time that the memory of the awful night of the 20th of June, 1756, should be permanently preserved. The age of historic doubt has set in in India, and a Bengali writer has actually asserted that the whole horrible scene was the fiction of the vivid imagination of Governor Holwell. Of course there is no doubt whatever about the facts. Orme, when he prepared to write his great history, took the greatest pains to verify them, and he obtained the accounts of two survivors of the terrible night, which fully corroborated the statement of Mr. Holwell. Among the Orme MSS. in the India Office the statement of Captain James Mills—sixteen pages of a small pocket-book—is still preserved. Holwell himself, after his "unequalled sufferings," went home with despatches, and it was on board the sloop *Syren*, that he wrote his famous letter to Mr. William Davis which gave to the world the tale of heroism and horror. The "Hole" itself was one of those low buildings used in the old fort probably for store rooms, of which some still remain behind the fine post-office in Dalhousie-square. Its size was only 18ft. by 14ft. The rooms that are still preserved are larger, but their low ceilings, thick walls, and small outlets give a vivid impression of what the "dungeon" must have been. Into this cell 145 Englishmen and one Englishwoman (who, strange to say, survived the horrors of the night) were thrust at the point of the bayonet. Night passed in agony and delirium, and when morning dawned only twenty-three walked out, between a lane of corpses, alive. In later years Holwell, who had so gallantly taken command

of the British residents when Governor Drake shamefully fled, erected a monument to the "great company" of sufferers, who "by the tyrannic violence of Surajud Dowla, Suba of Bengal, were suffocated in the Black Hole prison of Fort William on the night of the 20th day of June, 1756, and promiscuously thrown the next day into the ditch of the ravelin of this place." It stood on the place where the bodies of the unhappy sufferers were thrown. The Black Hole itself remained, unmarked by any memorial, yet visited by many travellers down to the time—no one seems to know exactly when—of its destruction.

Holwell's memorial seems to have been removed as unsightly, after being struck by lightning. The Black Hole itself was standing in the year 1812, as may be seen from the following letter in the *Asiatic Journal* :—

Sir,—The formidable Black Hole is now no more. Early in the year 1812 I visited it. It was situate in the old Fort of Calcutta, and was then on the eve of demolition. Since that time the fort has come down, and on its site have been erected some extensive warehouses for the Company. I recollect joining one of a party in Calcutta for the purpose of paying a last visit to this melancholy spot. It consisted of three married ladies, two gentlemen, their husbands, and myself. The ladies were successful, by noise and laughter, in dissipating gloomy recollection; but I had been better pleased had they suffered us to recall in some measure to our minds those events connected with the spot on which we stood. It presented on entering the appearance of an oven, being long, dark, and narrow. One window (if I recollect right) was the utmost, and this secured by bars. The escape of even the small number who survived the horrid fate of the rest is surprising, and can only be accounted for by the accident of their being near the window, and the night air, which in Bengal is commonly damp, allaying the fever which consumed the rest. . . . To the right of the Writers' Buildings a monument is erected, with an inscription commemorating the barbarity of the Nawab. It serves as the first attraction to a stranger arriving in Calcutta, and he pauses with no little exultation to review in his mind the astonishing events which in so short a space of time have succeeded this wanton act of power—events which have secured to us an empire second in riches to none in the world, and which have placed at our disposal the lives of millions of fellow-creatures.

The tragedy which was almost the foundation of British rule in Bengal is now no longer to run the chance of being forgotten. The exact site of the Black Hole has, as we have said, been identified. Zephaniah Holwell's monument is itself to be reproduced, as nearly as may be possible, from views taken at the end of the eighteenth century, under the direction and at the expense of the Viceroy, who takes the keenest interest in the work. Already a plaster obelisk has been set up on the site to the north of the front of the post-office in Dalhousie-square, from which the size and general design may be judged, but which will probably be modified. The site of the Black Hole itself, except a few inches which are covered by an adjoining building, is to be marked by blocks of black marble and surrounded by a railing. The great gate, which has now an inscription inside, where nobody thinks of looking for it, is to be destroyed; and the Black Hole will again take its place among the sights of Calcutta.

The shade of Zephaniah Holwell may then rest in peace. The heroism of the defence of Fort William and the miracle of the survival were the great distinction of his chequered and not wholly fortunate life. Before he left India he took care that his share in those great days should not be forgotten. On the wall of a landing in Government-house hangs a picture which shows him in purple coat, drab waistcoat, white stockings, and buckled shoes, giving directions to a native workman for the construction of his famous monument of commemoration. Very much as he designed it, a memorial will soon stand again on the spot where he had placed his own. The Viceroy will write an inscription, in which the names, so far as they are known, of the sufferers will be preserved.

LYDGATE'S TROY BOOK.

In answer to a letter of mine some time ago Professor Skeat referred us to "all the works of Lydgate" as bearing out his view of the question then under discussion. It struck one how difficult it was for the busy student to follow the advice, not only because of the number of Lydgate's works—Speght (in his "Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," ed. 1602, at folio 376) gives a list of 114—but because most of them are still in manuscript. And when any of them have been printed it has been, for the most part, at a time when the knowledge of the language in which he wrote was so scanty, and critical judgment so faulty, it had almost been better that they should have remained in their original condition.

Without entering into the respective value of all the works of Lydgate, and taking only his Troy Book, or "The historye sege and distrucceyon of Troye," as he called it, as an example of his style, one may fearlessly say that the student of Middle English who can read it in MS. will find there one of the most valuable works of our ancient authors. As a poem it stands second only to Chaucer's larger works. To the antiquary and historian of the later Middle Ages it is of the utmost importance, while as a philological treasure it can hardly be over-estimated. It is full of instructive words, and it forms, as it were, a bridge between the earlier Middle English and the beginning of the age of printing. I may take one example, among very many that occur to me, of this. In the Knight's Tale (l. 951), we are told, the mournful ladies, who met Theseus on his return to Athens, fell "gruf" (not grof as in Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary")—i.e., they fell on their faces, on the ground, before him. In the Troy Book (book iv., chap. 34, in Pynson), when Pirrus fought with "Pantasyllia," she wounded him so severely that he fell to the ground and—

In a traunce ful longé gruflynge lay.

This adverb "gruflynge" does not occur in Chaucer; it gives us the connecting link between Chaucer's obsolete "gruf" and the Spenserian "groveling." (F.Q., iii., 5, 23.)

Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell.

Yet this work, so full of instruction and poetry, has never been edited. Twice, indeed, it has been printed. First, in 1513, by Richard Pynson—a fine specimen of printing no doubt, and illustrated by most curious woodcuts, but so altered to suit the spelling of the later time that the rhythm is frequently spoilt and the music of its verse destroyed. It was printed again in 1555 for Robert Braham by Marshe, "at the sign of the Princes Arms in Flete Street," but Braham does not improve upon Pynson. He was hardly competent to undertake the work, though, in his "pistle to the reader," he is severe on others, especially on Caxton, who, in his opinion, had attempted things for which they were not qualified.

Yet hath there ben other some (he says) so beastly bolde to undertake without eyther wyt or any learning to translate the same historye, namely the Eanedes of Virgyle into Englyshe, not understandynge searse any word what Virgile wret in all that worke. As by example, if a man studyouse of that historye shoulde seke to fynde the same in the doynages of Wyllyam Caxton in his leawde recueil of Troye. What shulde he then fynde thyncke you, assuredlye none other thyng, but a tedious and brayneles bablyng, tendyng to no end, nor having any certayne begynnynge, but proceedyng therein as an ydyot in his follye.

As well might we try to appreciate the poems of Chaucer in the copies of Speght and Urry as hope to discover the charm of the Troy Book in either of these unskilful volumes of Pynson or Braham.

Lydgate has been unfortunate in his biographers as well as in his printers. Even in the "Dictionary of National Biography" we find it stated, apropos of the Troy Book, "Lydgate mainly paraphrased Guido di Colonna's *Historia de Bello Troiano*, and perhaps Dares Phrygius or Dictys Cretensis." This is as though one should say that Troilus and Creseide, and the

Knight's Tale, of Chaucer, were paraphrases of the *Filostrato*, and *La Teseide*, of Boccaccio. Let any one compare the dry Latin treatise of Guido delle Colonne with Lydgate's most original poem and he will see how far it is from being a paraphrase of Guido's work. As to the alternative of the possibility of its being a paraphrase of Dares or Dictys, we must imagine the meaning to be that the writer of the biography supposed it hopeless to attempt to verify his alternative assertion. He had, however, only to refer to the Delphin edition of the classics to find both works which go under these names carefully edited by Madame Dacier. He would have found there the childish chronicles of absurdities, which Guido generally quotes as his authorities, while he is all the time stealing, without acknowledgment, from Bénédict de Sainte More. This Bénédict was the real author of whatever is good in Guido, and of the undying tale of the loves of Troilus and Creseide.

Lydgate takes the tale of Troilus and makes of it a charming episode in his *Troy Book*. He gives it with a touching apology for attempting a theme Chaucer had written on so well before him; and a eulogium on his master, in words so true and so little known, I venture to quote some of them. After regretting he has not time to give the whole story he consoles himself with the thought—

But me semeth that it is no nede,
The holé storie Chaucer can yow telle,
If that ye liste, no man bettre alyve,
Nor the processe halfe so wel descryve;
For he oure englysshe gylté with his sayes,
Rude and boystous firste, by oldé dayes,
That was ful fer from al perfeccoun,
And but of lytel reputacyoun,
Tyl that he cam and thurgh his poetrye
Gan oure tungé firste to magnifye,
And adourne it with his eloquence.
To whom honoure, laude, and reverence,
Thurgh out this landé, given be and songe,
So that the laurer of oure englysshe tonge
Be to hym gyven for his excellence.

William Morris produced from his Kelmscott Press Caxton's "*Recueil of Troye*," of which Braham had spoken so contemptuously; it is curious he did not give us this far more worthy work of Lydgate's on the same subject. Can not one of our literary societies be persuaded to attempt the task? It ought not to be difficult. There are many MSS. of the poem in existence. At least four are in the British Museum, of which the Cottonian (Aug. A., iv.) and the Arundel (99) seem to be the best. There are five known to be in the Bodleian, of which Rawlinson (c. 446) and Digby (232) are to be preferred. There is also one in Exeter College Library which I have not yet seen, and another in St. John's Library at Oxford, which is somewhat inferior. There are doubtless many others, but the two best in the British Museum and the Bodleian, which vary but little, would give the basis of a good edition. May we not appeal to those who can to supply this want, and save us from the loss, I think I may add the shame, of keeping one of our most interesting national literary works hid in its present form? This is surely a work which a Government might undertake.

CHARLES HAMILTON BROMBY.

THE DRAMA.

"THE SACRAMENT OF JUDAS"—"MARIANA."

Players may assume the names of their parts, utter the words the author sets down for them, appear to do or to suffer this and that in an imaginary series of material or spiritual adventures; and the skill with which they "pretend," as the children say, is, of course, to be reckoned unto them for histrionic righteousness. But their true virtue for us, the secret of their attraction, is not in what they pretend, but in what they are. The man or woman, not the mime, is the really important thing. A face haunts us, or the *timbre* of a voice, or the curve of lip or chin, or some grace of attitude, gait, or gesture. We think of

the play as the vehicle for these natural qualities rather than for its own sake—at any rate we do so when we see Mr. Forbes Robertson in *The Sacrament of Judas* or Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *Mariana*. Both plays, as it happens, are translations, one from the French of M. Louis Tiercelin, the other from the Spanish of Señor Echegaray. The first translation, which is by Mr. Louis Parker, has been especially well done. It has style, a classic chastity, and economy of expression. And it has the true quality of drama, a spiritual conflict, the purification of a soul. Jacques Bernéz, a young Breton peasant, was ordained a priest at the moment the Revolution burst into the sanctuaries and abolished the priesthood. The deliverance is welcomed by Bernéz, for he had been a doubter even at the moment of his entry into the Church, which was the result of outward circumstances rather than of inward vocation. And the fair face of little Jeffik Guillou had turned his thoughts to other than priestly things, to thoughts of wedlock and the prattling of children. But the last words of his Bishop haunt him. Once a priest, a priest to all eternity—and with this thought oppressing him, he dare not wed Jeffik. While he is hesitating, another man takes the place he might, perhaps, have filled in her heart—the proscribed aristocrat Kervern, who has taken refuge in the house of Jeffik's father. Evidently there is a secret between Jeffik and Kervern, a guilty secret as Bernéz thinks, and, to compel its disclosure, he threatens to deliver up Kervern to his pursuers. Kervern is silent, the Republicans surround the house, and Bernéz bids him prepare for death, the worst of all deaths for a Catholic, a death unshrived. Then, answers Kervern, you shall hear my confession, but you shall hear it as the priest that you are, and you shall give me absolution as the Church requires. Bernéz cannot refuse, and he has to absolve the man who has stolen Jeffik from him, and stolen her to her undoing. This soul-conflict which the playwright has imagined, the struggle in one heart between man and priest, is undoubtedly an interesting dramatic theme. It is not more interesting now, perhaps, when the play is presented in three acts, than in its original one-act form—the two new acts merely showing us in action what we had formerly been able to take quite comfortably for granted—but interesting it certainly is. Nevertheless, as I began by saying, what dwells on the mind is not the play, but the personality of the chief actor—the ascetic features of Mr. Forbes Robertson, his resonant voice, the delicate austerity of his style. It is a performance of absolute beauty.

So the acting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *Mariana* is a performance of absolute passion. Here the player is much more important than the play, which would, save for a certain Southern intensity and sincerity, be sheer melodrama. *Mariana* is introduced to us as a monster of heartless cruelty. Daniel Montoya loves her to distraction, or something very near it, and she treats him like a dog. It appears that she wishes to be revenged on all men, because a man had once betrayed her mother. This vendetta against a whole sex seems a trifle fantastic; it is what the flippant call a "large order." *Mariana* relents, however, and is on the point of giving her hand to Daniel when she finds that he is the son of her mother's betrayer. To put a barrier between herself and the man she feels she still loves, even against her strongest convictions of filial piety, she promptly weds an elderly general, a terrible personage, reputed to have shot his first wife, and sure not to overlook any weakness in his second. This marriage is, for *Mariana*, an indirect mode of committing suicide. For Daniel reappears, as she knows he will, and the husband, finding them together, shoots her, as she had hoped he would. Two more pistol shots, "heard off," lead the audience to suppose that all the principal personages are disposed of as completely as in the last act of *Hamlet*. It is a gloomy tale, smelling of the footlights, and by no means a specimen of Echegaray at his best or even second best. But Mrs. Campbell, as a wild, passionate, fascinating, puzzling creature, is at her very best. You forget the play, and think only of this bundle of nerves, this half-civilized but wholly beautiful thing, called woman.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MAETERLINCK ON THE BEE.

[By W. B. TEGETMEIER.]

In the large number of works which have been published on the natural history and management of the honey bee, it would be difficult to find another written on the same lines as "*The Life of the Bee*," by Maurice Maeterlinck,* which has been translated apparently without any emendation or alterations by Mr. Alfred Sutro. The writer and translator have worked together before. Mr. Sutro has translated and published several works by Maeterlinck, including a five-act drama, *Aglavaine and Selysette*, and Mr. Sutro himself has published a drama with an introduction by Maeterlinck.

As stated by the author the work at present under notice is not to be regarded as one on practical bee keeping, nor is it, on the other hand, a scientific monograph on the natural history of the honey bee. In the words of the writer, "the reader of this book will not gather therefrom how to manage a hive, but he will know more or less all that can with certainty be known of the curious, profound, and intimate sight of its inhabitants." In his first chapter, which he entitles "On the threshold of the hive," he gives a short account of the most eminent previous authors, Swammerdam, Réaumur, and Huber being fully credited with their investigations, and he then recounts the modern writers to whom we are indebted for the extension of our knowledge of bees and the practical improvement in their management.

The volume may be regarded as one on the romance of bee life. It is written throughout in language which is intended to be poetical, and which consequently occasionally oversteps what may be called the hard and dry matter of fact. Let us take the author's description of the examination of a hive.

The first time that we open a hive there comes over us an emotion akin to that we might feel at profaning some unknown object, charged perhaps with dreadful surprise, as a tomb. A legend of menace and peril still clings to the bee. There is the distressful recollection of her sting, which produces a pain so characteristic that one knows not wherewith to compare it; a kind of destroying dryness, a flame of the desert rushing over the wounded limb, as though these daughters of the sun had distilled a dazzling poison from their father's angry rays, in order more effectively to defend the treasure they gather from his beneficent hours.

This extract is a fair example of what may be termed the poetical exaggeration which characterizes the work. The sting of a bee neither resembles a destroying dryness, nor the flame of the desert rushing over the wounded limb; and the three hundred pages in which the bees are alluded to in language which describes them as "daughters of the sun distilling dazzling poison from their father's angry rays," become rather tedious in their perusal, for the same style is pursued throughout the volume. The swarming of the bees, when the hives become over populous, is for some reason or other described as "the great immolation to the exciting gods of the race," and in spite of the claims of the author, some of his alleged facts may be queried. The process of swarming he describes as "a mighty tumult, in which a beautiful cordon, laden with unmistakable menace and anger, streams like wildering golden hail over every object near." This is really an inaccurate description. Hail settles upon the objects on which it descends. Bees when swarming do not do so, but they shortly settle on the branch of a tree and become a great, inoffensive, peaceful cluster, composed of thousands of little motionless groups. My own experience leads me to regard them not as thousands of groups, but as one large group. And then he states that they wait there for the scouts to return who have

gone in search of a place of shelter. It is rather in the experience of most bee-keepers that a place of shelter has been determined beforehand, and is not sought out after the bees have swarmed—a proceeding which would not be characteristic of the intelligence of the bees which the author maintains they possess. They do not leave it, as he says, to the first moment of swarming to send forth winged quarter-masters in search of a lodging and then receive back the scouts and give careful and thoughtful attention to their reports as to which lodging they should go to. It may be poetical, but it is certainly not scientific, to say that these reports are to be considered, and that one scout dilates on the advantages of a hollow tree, whilst another is in favour of a crevice in a ruined wall, or a cavity in a grotto, or an abandoned burrow. To state that the assembly will often pause and deliberate until the following morning and then determine on their choice which is approved by all, is certainly more poetical than scientific.

In his account of the formation of the cells of the bees, he entirely misrepresents the views and experiments published by Darwin in the "*Origin of Species*." Darwin never spoke of the walls becoming hexagonal by the pressure of adjoining cells; what he did say was that a single cell excavated in the wax foundation was commenced in a circular form, as may be seen by any observer on the margin of an unfinished comb where the outward cells are not in contact with others. This, Darwin said, could be tested, and then he quoted his own experiments to prove that each cell is hexagonal inasmuch as it must be surrounded by six others.

The volume is, as the author states, neither scientific nor practical; it is obviously designed to be a poetical description of bee life. As such it may commend itself to a certain class of readers who desire to be amused rather than instructed, but to those acquainted with the subject the work will be regarded as a verbose description of facts and occurrences that are more interesting, and even more truly poetical, in their native simplicity.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, AND THE GROWTH AND DIVISION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1708-1778. By WALFORD DAVIS GREEN, M.P. (Putnam's, 5s.)

Except in the matter of its illustrations, only a few of which are really good, this new volume of the "*Heroes of the Nations*" is worthy to rank among the most successful of the series. We have waited long for Mr. John Morley's promised monograph on the Great Commoner, and it seems likely that we shall have to wait still longer. Though Mr. Green's book has not the finished art that we expect from Mr. Morley it may well fill the gap. It is a workmanlike performance, full of knowledge and appreciation, and written without affectation or grandiloquence.

The character of Pitt is still an interesting study. Mr. Lecky's judgment will not be forgotten—"of all very great Englishmen he is, perhaps, the one in whom there was the largest admixture of the qualities of the charlatan." A more sympathetic view might allow for a peculiarly sensitive temperament, and show that it is hard to find affectations in Chatham that were not almost natural. It is difficult to believe that a man who had very little power before he was fifty had really the arts of a charlatan. Possibly a later age will compare him to Gladstone in his enthusiasm and his eloquence, in his power of convincing himself, and not least in the devout firmness of his religious faith. On this last point Mr. Green says what has rarely been so clearly said before. "It is clear from the detached sentences in his handwriting found among his papers that religion was to him a matter not merely of outward observance, but of his innermost thought"; and Chatham himself said "the more a man is versed in business, the more he sees the hand of Providence. There is no such thing as chance; it is the unaccountable name of nothing." His religious opinions were markedly those of his age and station. Mr. Lecky, in a

* "*The Life of the Bee*." By Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alfred Sutro. London: George Allen. 5s.

famous passage, has compared him to Wesley; but the comparison does not extend to religion. Pitt's devotion was entirely without enthusiasm, and his theological knowledge may be illustrated by his famous epigram—"we have Calvinist articles (not, by the way, as Mr. Green misquotes it, 'a Calvinist creed'), a Popish Liturgy, and Arminian clergy." Of his great services to England there can be no question, nor of his supreme honesty. "The true measure of his capacity as a War Minister," says Mr. Green very truly, "is in the comparison of his results with those which the British forces obtained in the earlier war of the Austrian Succession and in the later American war." Politically, as in the matter of the Highlanders, and in the debates on the earlier phases of the American question, he was almost always in the right. The Duke of Grafton, as Sir William Anson showed us, believed that if he had remained in office the separation from America might have been avoided. Constitutionally he cannot be said to have been so wise. His famous speech on American taxation, on the real constitutional point, must rank as inferior to the speech of Grenville, though his political wisdom was infinitely the greater. Again, his view of "Present Discontents" was, perhaps rightly, criticized by Burke.

Mr. Green, as we have already implied, has accomplished his task well. He has neglected hardly any source of information or illustration, and he has made good use of his materials. Almost the only omission we can regret is that of the story of Pitt's last interview with Wolfe in the Circus, Bath. If we find Mr. Green adopting too much without question Adam Smith's opinion of England's financial policy towards the colonies it is probably because he is not acquainted with Professor Ashley's interesting papers on the subject in his recent volume of "Surveys." An odd misquotation, which makes the story pointless, is that of "That Jemmy Twitcher should *teach me*, I own surprises me," when everybody knows that the appropriateness to Sandwich lay in the words "that Jemmy Twitcher *should peach*." A curious view of modern European history is suggested by the remark that Pitt's opinion that Frederick the Great was "the natural assertor of Germanic liberties against the House of Austria" was "a prophecy fulfilled on the field of Sadowa." But little points of this kind can easily be corrected in a second edition.

RECENT VERSE.

IN THE QUEEN'S CHRONICLER, by Stephen Gwynn, and THE QUEEN AND OTHER POEMS, by Dr. Richard Garnett, which come at the same moment from Mr. John Lane (3s. 6d. n. each), we have the work of men who, like many poets of high rank before them, are also, and perhaps primarily, critics. From critics we expect nothing eerie and nothing eccentric. Dr. Garnett and Mr. Gwynn are both scholarly, correct, mature. But the latter certainly is something more. If in his lighter verse and in his adventures into the odic irregular metre he achieves nothing very wonderful, in at least seven poems in his collection he appears as a true poet, as an artist who can light up a theme by thought vitalized by emotion and embody it in a form aptly chosen for the purpose. These poems are "The Ash Walk"; "The Royal House of France"; "The Captive Polar Bear"; "The Death Mask," a poem of fine pathos; "Out in the Dark," a truly moving cry from a mother's heart; and two poems on Ireland. In both the latter Mr. Gwynn makes happy use of a metre unjustifiably neglected, a metre reminding one of two very different writers, who were at their best when they used it—Charles Lamb, in his "I have had playmates, I have had companions"; and Mr. George Meredith in his splendid "Love in the Valley"—"Under yonder beech tree single on the greensward." Here is Mr. Gwynn:—

IRELAND.

Ireland, oh Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea-depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests him in the sand;

Lives there and loves; yet with the year's returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

And the same rhythm is running in his ears when he writes
"Mater Severa," of which the thought is contained in this:—

Bleak and grey to man is the countenance of Nature;
Bleak her soil below him, bleak her sky above;
Wherefore, then, by man is her rare smile so cherished?
Paid her niggard bounty with so lavish love?

Mr. Gwynn's "Queen," by the way, is Queen Mary of Scots, and his poem is on her story as chronicled by Brantôme. Dr. Garnett's title poem is on "Queen Victoria," and appeared in these columns on February 2, 1901. The sonnets in his book—all are sonnets but two—are not all new, some having appeared in a book of "Poems" published in 1893. They have many merits, but they are, it must be confessed, somewhat lacking in emotion.

As works her web the spider, I have wrung
An arduous music from my bosom.

These are his own words. If the result sometimes suggests a laborious rhetoric, at others it gives us a stately distinction of style which has an effect of its own. The sonnets are never empty of thought, and they reveal everywhere the work of a man widely read in the English classical poets. We quote one on Joy:—

Joy is there made for all, transparent tide
Of earth's embathing air, sun's general light,
Sea, legioned stars, fields variously bright,
And in a common country common pride:
And joy to human multitudes denied,
But solitary meed of soul of might
Pacing in lone content the silent height,
Save by his own thought unaccompanied:
Joy, too, not made for many or for one;
Flashing, as when the flying iron rings
Sharp on smit stone beside the paven way,
As Love to Love in exultation springs:
As fades the star of morn in morning's sun,
All rosiest rapture to such joy is grey.

Mr. R. C. Lehmann calls his present collection of light verse ANNI FUGACES (Lane, 3s. 6d. n.) and the title contains just that proper note of regret "for the year that's awa'" which his poems also express. "A Thousand Years Ago" is one of the most charming reviews of youthful days, of "That land of fairy melody, of laughter, and of dreams," that we have met with since Stevenson wrote. Throughout the volume one's attention is arrested by the expression of a happy, kindly temperament; of wisdom and of wit rather than by high poetic accomplishment or even remarkable workmanship. Mr. Lehmann has not the particular gifts of the late J. K. Stephen, perhaps, but he reminds us, in his own words, most agreeably

Of him who wrote as C.S.C.,
Whose gay good-humour made us smile,
Who never thought it base to be
A jester with a perfect style.

This does not prevent the author of "Anni Fugaces" being perfectly original. There are, indeed, notes in his gamut which other Cambridge writers in his manner have not touched. His recollections of those Universities (for although a devoted son of Cambridge, Oxford is almost equally well-known to him)

Where hopes are high and hearts are true

And life a cheerful summer morn,

contain the delightful ring of happy youth, of strength, beauty, comradeship, high hope, and achievement admirably combined with a sense of humour and a touch of pathos. It is the latter quality with which he is more gifted than either Calverley or Stephen, of both of whom he writes with admiration. Perhaps the best verses in his book bear the name of the latter and were written at the time of his early death. The following stanzas are a good example of Mr. Lehmann's fluency, instinct with sincere and tender feeling :—

Oft shall we pause upon our daily round

And one shall mourning to the other say,

"Here did his joyous kindly welcome sound,"

Or, "Here he sudden flashed from grave to gay."

Or, "Here he rolled sonorous eloquence,

With magic sentences enthralled the ear,

Till just the one word, squared to fit the sense,

Dropped to its place and made his meaning clear."

Or, "Here he thrilled us with swift-darting shocks

Of lightning humour, or with innocent guile

O'erturned our arguments with paradox,

And lulled our reason with that glowing smile."

This admirable portrait of J. K. S. has an extremely interesting companion picture in the lines to the memory of an Oxford friend :—

So, here in Magdalen, hail again,

Beneath the Tower, or in the Hall,

Or through the Cloisters, where a rain

Of red leaves flutters from the wall,

Or where in old and happy days

The Barges echoed with your praise.

In a poem following this one and on the same subject there is a couplet which must go directly to the heart of any man who has loved and lost a friend—

The hours that linked us man to man

Outweigh a lifetime's rounded span ;

it crystallizes the compensations of a friendship that is over with wonderful exactitude. Although Mr. Lehmann is often merry and has written some roaring songs for Trinity men to sing, as well as celebrated football triumphs and the birth of a baby to the Master of Trinity, the verses set to the cadence of *Frater Ave Atque Vale* are those we like best.

After all light verse of this character is rather an expression of personality than a work of high art. Judged from that point of view it is one of the most interesting and pleasing volumes which the younger generation of literary men has published.

TOWN AND COUNTRY POEMS, by Arthur E. J. Legge (David Nutt, 3s. 6d. n.), is the work of one who reasons keenly and courageously on the phenomena of Nature and man. Mr. Legge's matter is attractive, whether he bids you to the sun-washed spaces of Exmoor, and sets you riding till

The drunken hills are rocking and the clouds in heaven reel ;

And amidst a roaring cataract of gallopers you feel

That you own no domination save the phrenzy of a thirst

To see the chase and keep your place and ride among the first.

or conduct you to the police-court, where

Through unwashed glass within a dusty casement,

On the bare desert of discoloured walls

Darkened with memories of man's abasement,

The dim light falls.

Of the world's sorrows and shams Mr. Legge makes trenchant note, but always within the limits of well-bred tolerance. His treatment of "La Grande Dame" is pleasantly light and aloof. In "A Pianist" he makes a bold effort to follow a clue

beyond the fence

Of the region thought can conquer or words explore.

But his manner is not equal to his matter. The expression is always distinct, but rarely distinguished. His lines do not "ache with melody," to quote one of his own phrases against him. His thought is too facilely worded. It is often so good that one wishes he would hold it back till it had crystallized into more exquisite form. His verses are frequently marred by over-alliteration. For example, the police-court is described as the place where justice

Buckles the girth afresh and binds the blinkers

Of brazen law.

His short lines, too, are apt to jingle monotonously, which one regrets the more when one comes on a quietly beautiful passage such as this, in his poem "Gipsy Souls" :—

They glide like shadows through the trailing years,

Their voice a cry from an eternal Past.

Their laughter floats across a wave of tears ;

They play with all the passions, and are cast

Into Love's furnace of delights and fears ;

But Hope's brave banner, on the tide of Sorrow,

Floats proudly from their mast.

They lose not Yesterday, yet win To-morrow ;

And, where the golden sunset flames afar,

They seek their haven in an unborn star.

Mr. Legge is vital and sincere. What one desires for him is more of the magic of mere words.

Mr. Alexander Blair Thaw, in his POEMS (John Lane, 5s. n.), clothes his thoughts with the vocabulary, now of the Elizabethans, now of Omar Khayyám ; but he is not deft enough to weave of these either a beautiful new garment or a fair imitation of an old one. His conceits, weak at best, are done to death by verbiage. That they may last the matter out his stanzas are padded with superfluous words. Expressions like "In this my heart," "In this my little book," occur too frequently. One longs vainly for some sudden flash, some swift, felicitous line. Mr. Thaw, however, has enough poetic instinct to avoid harsh and jarring notes. He glides smoothly along his level, and both his subjects and his treatment of them evince a hankering after beauty—at least so long as he remains among his conceits evolved out of love, flowers, Time's loom, and the like. The following, for instance, from his second sonnet to poetry, is sincere in feeling while not ungraceful in form :—

Ah ! hard it is to win thy meed of worth,

The consecration born of service true !

The sweetest flower that ere thy garden knew

From Life's dark bed and bosom had its birth :

And who would serve thee well upon this earth

The inmost heart of the world's life must woo,

From Life's hot blood distilling purest dew,—

Lest Love's bright arrows bring us woe and dearth.

He is ill advised when, in less adorned manner, he writes plainly of modern men and things. These lines to Kipling are just a trifle too simple and direct :—

And wondrous true and clear

The forms of things appear

To your quick glance.

Out of the sunrise in the East

You came and made our dreams come true ;

And made us, great and least,

Each man and boy and beast,

All friends to you.

Wandering pensively and at peace amid his roses Mr. Thaw may yet cultivate his note into a gentle sweetness that will be pleasant to hear.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne has found himself so much at home in the pleasing art of paraphrasing Omar Khayyám and Edward Fitzgerald that he has added no less than fifty new quatrains to the new edition of his *RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM* (Grant Richards, 5s. n.). These fresh verses are quite as good as the old, and only a careful comparison with the edition of 1897 will show where the interpolations occur. The continuity of feeling and of sound is admirably sustained. Here are a few of the new quatrains :—

Love, the fair day is drawing to its close
The stars are rising, and soft wind blows.
The gates of heaven are opening in a dream—
The nightingale sings to the sleeping rose.
Shadows, and dew, and silence, and the stars—
I wonder, love, what is behind those bars
Of twinkling silver—is there aught behind ?—
Venus and Jupiter, Sirius and Mars ;
Aldebaran and the soft Pleiades
Arion ploughing the ethereal seas—
Which are the stars my love, and which your eyes ?
And O the nightingale in yonder trees.

Some of the verses are improved or taken out ; other points to which his critics have drawn attention are ignored. The general result is a very fluent, agreeable book of verses, not great, but graceful and likely to be much enjoyed with the accompaniments of a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and the not impossible "thou" beside one in the wilderness.

In *A WOMAN OF EMOTIONS AND OTHER POEMS* (Geo. Allen, 5s. n.) Mr. Rowland Thirlmere, whose "Idylls of Spain" may be remembered, makes a bold dash for fame. We hardly think the ambitious monodrama of some seventy pages with which his book opens will gain for him the poet's crown of bays. Such lines, towards the end, as—

You had a mother once, dear, pallid corpse—
Perchance your latest thought was given to her,
Hence this faint smile of icy happiness

prevent the most reckless critic from promising immortality. Mr. Thirlmere is at his worst in "Beatæ Memoræ," a poem about the brave men who have fallen in South Africa. In "An Elegy" he is at his best. These detached stanzas are full of pleasant music :—

For thee deep Arno's flowery meads
Are spread, and Dante lingers there
To show thee how the lily feeds
On sweet Italian air.

At times a glimpse of ocean wakes
Within us what is more than man ;
Or, breathed upon, the spirit makes
Music æolian.

So, when in mood exultant sings
The soul, we surely apprehend
That near us beat the unwearied wings
Of some transfigured friend.

"Accepted" also has some verses of merit :—

The light that shone upon her face
Fell from an unknown, fairer sky,
That domes the beatific place
Of love and mystery.

But we fear the bays are still a long way off.

There is a vein of real poetical talent in *EYES IN SOLITUDE* (Elliot Stock, 5s.), though obscured by the inclusion of a good deal of unnecessary matter. Mr. Moore's stanzas on the Quingentenary of Winchester College are much above the ordinary run of such verses, and his translations into Latin verse give evidence of scholarly training. Once more he handles, in elegiacs, the oft-attempted "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and does it tolerably enough. We confess to liking these exercises better than his "Wild Flowers and Wild Oats," or

"Darkness that may be Felt"—verses that are more strenuous than poetical.

KING MARCHAUNT AND HIS RAGAMUFFIN (Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.) is a poetical allegory on the evils that have crept into the Universities, written, not without some skill in the employment of blank verse, by a writer calling himself "Helion Bumpstead."

Behold the Stuffer and his loathly art !

sings this curiously-named gentleman at the commencement of Book xvi., and the line shows you what you may expect. The allegory is better done than this quotation might lead you to think.

Very pretty and dainty are some of the verses in *A ROSE OF REGRET* (1s. 6d.), written by James Hebblethwaite and published in Sydney as No. II. of the Bulletin Booklets. There is good workmanship about his lines, and a subdued and gentle melancholy pervades his poetry. The title-piece, "Ulysses," and "Rejected" strike us as perhaps the best of the collection ; all three are examples of a difficult metre daintily and delicately handled. "Wanderers" is, perhaps, the only poem that strikes a distinctively colonial note.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS (Unicorn Press, 5s. n.) contains a good deal of interesting matter set forth in a long poem, of which the metre and the method of printing are equally peculiar. Now and then Mr. Douglas Ainslie writes well and forcibly ; at other times he perpetrates truly astonishing lines. It is not clear why he should have cast into this mould what is apparently intended for a study in comparative religion. The long note at the end (happily in prose) is interesting as an example of poetic self-consciousness. Mr. Ainslie threatens to return again to the subject—to develop at greater length his "statement of the true Buddhist position and the exposition of the Mahomedan faith."

SURVIVALS (Putnams, 5s.) is the name given to a collection of verses by Mr. Lewis Randolph. They are not particularly distinguished, but many of them have a touch of religious sentiment that will find sympathetic readers. Mr. Randolph has apparently led a busy life, and his booklet is at any rate creditable evidence that his mind has not been all engrossed in commercial affairs. It is rather prettily decorated—"embellished" is the author's word—by Bryson Burroughs.

Those who are interested in folk-lore will no doubt find amusement in *BALLADS OF GHOSTLY SHIRES* (Greening, 2s. 6d.), wherein Mr. George Bartram—who wrote "The People of Clopton" some years ago—tells in spirited verse such tales as "The Warlock's Wooing" and "The Deadly Sin of the Mavereels." The verse is well enough managed, something after the manner of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and the book is nicely printed and bound.

Mr. Barnard George Hoare has made other ventures in verse. His present work, *AS THE WIND STIRS* (Simpkin, 4s. 6d.), contains a varied assortment of poems in many moods and in many metres. Misprints occur with alarming frequency, and there are some curious lapses hardly explicable as printer's errors, but there is a certain fluent melody about some of the verses. His chief fault is a tendency towards obscurity of expression, which is not caused by any remarkable depth of meaning.

Mr. Hamish Hendry is better in the first part of his book than in the last. His *BURNS FROM HEAVEN* (Richards, 3s. 6d.) contains some tolerable imitations of that poet, as he might be supposed to sing on revisiting his native haunts. The "other verses" which eke out the volume are in no way remarkable.

We are glad to notice that Messrs. Blackwood are bringing out a new edition of *HORACE IN HOMESpun*, by Hugh Haliburton, with illustrations by Mr. A. S. Boyd. The price is 6s. n. Mr. Haliburton is certainly one of the most successful of the numerous band who have essayed to recapture something of the Horatian spirit, and his Lowland Scots dialect gives a happy touch of novelty to his imitations.

The anonymous publisher has done well to reproduce *THE OPTIMIST AND OTHER VERSES*, most of which have appeared in American papers, by the late Hilda Johnson Wise. The verses are buoyant and spontaneous ; humorous with just the right note of pathos here and there, though a little uneven in merit.

There is some little promise displayed in the volume of verse called *THE WISDOM OF NATHAN GRAY*, by Denis Davies (Simpkin, Marshall), and the book has a melancholy interest, being published by the author's mother as a memento of her son. *IRENE*, and other verses, by W. Keppel Honnywill (*South-Eastern Herald* office, 1s. 6d.), are smooth and occasionally tuneful. *SUNSET TOWN*, &c., by Paul Gegan (1s. 6d.), is undeniable verse, of the undistinguished order, with a mildly Celtic flavour.

A HAPPY HUMOURIST.

"Painting, music, and women are often admired or criticized by plucky people who are not afraid of exhibiting their ignorance" is one of the wise, if slightly worn, *dicta* with which Mr. Max O'Rell proposes to delight the readers of his latest book, *HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN* (Chatto, 3s. 6d.). Mr. O'Rell is evidently plucky, for while writing some 250 pages on the subject he is most insistent on the point that he knows nothing of the eternal feminine. In the past he tells us he has carried this conviction of ignorance so far as to permit it to influence practical affairs.

I was announced [he says] to give a lecture on women to the students of a large ladies' college in North Carolina. A couple of hours before the lecture, three young ladies from the college called at the hotel where I was staying. I met them in the parlour. Three charming, bright, most intelligent-looking girls they were. After looking at each other for some time, so as to suggest that the other should speak, one at last made up her mind to be the spokeswoman of the little deputation. "We have called on you," she said, "to ask if you would be kind enough to change the subject of your lecture to-night. Our lecture course is instituted for the instruction and the general improvement of the students, and we thought we should like to hear you talk to us on a subject which you know something about."

"I must say" the lecturer adds, "that I felt fearfully small; but I was delighted at the frankness of those young American girls, and at once acceded to their request." Mr. O'Rell loves a good story and it is quite possible that he gave way to those frank and free young Yankee maidens as much because he saw that in so doing he provided himself with an excellent point on which to open his lecture at the ladies' college in North Carolina as from lack of belief in his knowledge of his subject. Indeed he has centred his mind on women and marriage these many days, and the present "unpretentious little volume" is the result of his philosophy. He is a happy humourist who is worldly wise; a happy lover, because he finds that life runs most agreeably that way. His observations are acute but often *bourgeois*. He appears, occasionally, to make an excellent business of marriage and promises to show us how it can be made to produce, as it were, a fair working profit. All sides of the question have received his attention. The old moot points he is prepared to answer at once. For example:—

I have heard many men and women say that there is no love without jealousy—in fact, that jealousy is the natural consequence of love. St. Augustine said:—"He that is not jealous is not in love." I believe these people are wrong, including St. Augustine, before whose authority on love and women I decline to bow. There is no room for jealousy in the heart that loves really and truly. There is no real love where there is no *abandon* and complete confidence.

Or on the delicate subject of when a woman begins to grow old. "The Watteau of eighteen will," he says, "become a Rubens at forty. . . . It is at forty that she enjoys the grace of perfect self-possession. She has tact, and dresses faultlessly. Her knowledge of the world, her experience of life, all help to make her a more delightful companion than ever."

His chapters such as "What is a perfect lady?"—with the reply "A lady is a woman who adds to the virtues of a woman the qualities of a gentleman"—and on "Art in Love" and "The French Wife," "The American Woman" and the portrait of "A French Mother," are all excellent in their way. His pages shine with rather rough fun, and occasionally sparkle with an agreeable wit. Thus—"Woman is an angel who seldom appreciates a man who has not a bit of devil in him"; "There is no *esprit de corps* among women." And of anecdotes there are plenty and to spare; here is one of a literary flavour *à propos* of polygamy.

Not long ago one of the most popular novelists of England

was calling on a lady, one of the most popular novelists of America. That Englishman is, perhaps, the plainest man I have ever set eyes on. He held, in conversation, that every man was born a polygamist. The lady said nothing. But when he had gone she turned towards her guests, and said, "Well, I should like to know who would 'polyg' with him!"

In short, in "Her Royal Highness Woman" Mr. Max O'Rell gives us one more example of his half-humorous, half-utilitarian philosophy. He writes, as he lectures, with a strong intention to be amusing and an inclination to ameliorate the lot of those not so wise or witty as himself.

THE ROMANCE OF A PRIVATEER.

IN PAUL JONES, FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY (Kegan Paul, two vols., 12s.), Mr. Augustus C. Buell has written a fascinating book. There are already nearly a dozen lives of Paul Jones, but, alike for scope and for abundance of documentation, these two volumes are easily first. It is curious that despite all that has been written on the subject the details of this astonishing career have been but little known, and though, as Mr. Buell points out, "Captain Paul's" name has been "the sport of novel-writers and the prey of fiction for three generations," novelists do not often secure so rich a prey. Gallant and gay, endowed with a seductive Spanish-like beauty, a dandy, and a man of fashion, so finished a courtier in three languages that no woman could resist him, he was yet brave among the bravest, a roaring bravo of the sea, a splendid sailor and a daring tactician, a clever organizer, and an exceedingly acute merchant and trader. Not the least romantic incident of his life was his devoted, and far from platonic, love for a daughter of no less a personage than the Grand Monarque himself. With all this splendid material Mr. Buell would have been maladroit indeed had he not produced an exceedingly attractive book. To the English reader, no doubt, the details of the foundation of the American navy will not be particularly interesting, while the author's fondness for long foot-notes in very small type cannot be accounted unto him for righteousness. Also it must be remembered that he is an American and the great-grandson of one of Paul Jones' sea-dogs, and that, consequently, in his eyes almost everything that his hero did was well done.

All the world knows that Paul Jones was a Scotsman; but he was born John Paul, the son of a Lowland gardener and fisherman, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, and took the name of Paul upon succeeding to a plantation of 3,000 acres in Virginia. He was a born sailor, and entered the merchant service so early that at little more than one and twenty Paul Jones had already made his third voyage as captain and had been tried on a charge of murder on the high seas and acquitted. Fever had reduced the crew to five or six hands, and Captain Paul was the only officer able to keep the deck when a huge Jamaica mulatto became mutinous and had, in Mr. Buell's judicious phrase, to be "subdued with a belaying pin." No man ever lived who had a more complete or better-founded confidence in himself, and when the Congress of the revolted colonies determined to fit out a naval force he was naturally assigned a prominent part. Indeed, the assistance he gave before a pennant was ever broken on board a western vessel of war would almost have entitled him to be considered the founder of the American navy. On his first cruise as captain of the *Alfred* Paul Jones captured sixteen British vessels, and as a result he obtained a better ship, the *Ranger*. It was in the *Ranger* that he carried to France the news of the surrender of Burgoyne's army—news which, in a couple of months, procured for the States the long-desired French Alliance. In the *Ranger* it was, too, that he made his memorable cruise round the coasts of Britain, surprising Whitehaven and capturing the *Drake* off Belfast Lough—the first instance in modern naval warfare of the capture of a regular British man-of-war by a ship of inferior force. On this

same voyage he made his famous descent on St. Mary's Isle in the hope of capturing the Earl of Selkirk and holding him as a hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners, but the intended victim was away. His plate was not, however, and some of the invader's men made it prize of war. Captain Paul ransomed it with his own money, and returned it to Lord Selkirk in the most approved style of the gentlemanly pirate of fiction.

A pirate, of course, he was not, even when he sailed again for England in the *Bonhomme Richard* upon one of the most memorable cruises in naval history. That vessel, given to him by Louis XVI., was a French East Indiaman, and little better than a worn-out old tub. Yet in her he fought the most famous action in naval warfare down to that time. Mr. Buell gives an admirable account of the immortal fight with H.M.S. *Serapis*, off Scarborough, which took by storm the imagination of the world. The story of how a British ship was captured by a privateer of not more than two-thirds her force, and how the vessel which surrendered destroyed and sunk her conqueror, still forms one of the most exciting episodes in the annals of warfare. The carnage was terrible, and when at last the *Serapis* had struck and her captain had handed his sword to Paul Jones, the victor had to transfer himself to the British ship. The next morning the *Richard* went down with all her dead, still flying the flag made from the silk dresses of the New England girls, the first edition of the Stars and Stripes ever seen in Europe. This was the culminating point of Captain Paul's career. The French never gave him another ship, but Louis XVI. made him a Chevalier, and he had leisure to pursue his love affair with Aimée de Telison, a natural daughter of Louis XIV., and to adorn a polished, if corrupt, society, in which his magnetic personality singularly fitted him to shine. He afterwards became a Russian admiral, but after a brief experience of Muscovite ways he was glad to retire from the Empress' service, with health seriously impaired. He came to England after peace with America had been made, and this "rebel" and "pirate" actually dined with the Prince of Wales, and visited at Strawberry Hill. He died at forty-five in 1792, but not in poverty as has so often been stated. He well deserved the monument, solid rather than florid, which Mr. Buell has erected to his memory.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The Alfred Jewel.

The approaching millenary celebration of Alfred at Winchester has caused certain bookmaking of an inferior kind, dealing with Alfred and his times, to blossom forth after a hasty fashion. But there are compensations, for the same event has doubtless led Professor Earle to put forth, at the request of the delegates of the Oxford Press, a monograph, *THE ALFRED JEWEL* (Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. n.), on a subject upon which he has often lectured. This well-known jewel is herein admirably illustrated in colours, and has never before received such exhaustive treatment. Found near Athelney in 1693, this exquisite piece of jewelry, consisting of a sitting figure enamelled on a plate of gold, protected in front by a slab of rock crystal, and enshrined in a golden frame of delicately executed filigree work, soon found a home in the Ashmolean Museum, and from that day to this has been the occasional subject of learned descriptions and essays, and of not a little controversy. Interesting and scholarly as every page of this monograph is, it will certainly not set the matter at rest so far as the purport or use of this jewel is concerned, but will, on the contrary, unless we are mistaken, prove a renewal of strife. The inscription, "Alfred had me worked," together with the beauty and costliness of the work, at once on its discovery caused it to be attributed to the great King. This has never been seriously disputed, though some used to think that the very beauty and finish of the work precluded so early a date. On this point, and on the work being English, we think Professor Earle's arguments are as conclusive as well-supported theories

can ever be, but his other ideas seem quite conjectural. The Professor's views are that this elaborate jewel was worn by Alfred on his helm, and that he buried it to avoid detection when in retirement at Athelney in 878. If so, it is difficult to imagine why he did not dig up and resume the use of so well-known and regal a symbol when the time of trial had passed away.

Professor Earle is so much satisfied with his own notion as to the use of this jewel that he, perhaps rather coolly, rules all other conjectures (seven in number) as out of court, and "now no more to be thought of." Nevertheless, we cannot but think that he has quite failed to upset the late Bishop Clifford's theory as to its origin, which, in our opinion, still remains by far the most probable. When Alfred sent a copy of his English translation of Gregory's "Pastoralis" to every Bishop in his kingdom, he sent in each book an aestel (staff) of the value of fifty mancuses, or £18 15s., a very large sum for those days. Bishop Clifford explains that the aestel was a book-staff or pointer, made of horn with a handle of precious and durable material. Certainly Professor Earle has so far failed to invalidate the arguments by which this view is supported. The inscription on the jewel would seem utterly out of place if Alfred was himself to wear it, but would be quite suitable in a gift to another or to a particular church. Queen Aelflad, when she worked a beautiful stole for Bishop Frithestan, soon after Alfred's time, had an inscription embroidered very similar to the one on the Alfred jewel; but can we imagine the Queen having such an inscription worked, stating that it was done by her orders, or by her fingers, if she had been going to wear it herself? Moreover, the sacred subject of the enamel is far more suited for use in connexion with a religious book—namely, to follow the lines in reading and to avoid the handling of a very costly work—than for the helmet of a fighting prince.

Be this as it may, the value of this book, in its philology, and in its history of a striking episode in Alfred's life and of the country where it occurred, is very considerable. The illustrations of Anglo-Saxon rings and other comparative jewelry are also excellent.

Africa.

IN BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) Mr. James Cappon, of the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, tells the story of Cape Colony to the days of the great Trek after the manner of a rhetorician replying to Dr. Theal at a debating society. He maintains that "the historiographer of Cape Colony and official literary man of the British Empire in that part of the world has not comprehended his task or has been unfaithful to it," and also that Dr. Theal's histories "could hardly have been written by a historiographer of Cape Colony, unless something like an organized conspiracy under the protection of the predominant political party had existed against the British name and British traditions in South Africa." This is strong language; but Mr. Cappon does not confine himself to generalization. He grapples with Dr. Theal at close quarters and particularizes his charges carefully in the matter of the Slachter's Nek rebellion, of the treatment of the coloured races, &c. Like M. Démolins, and one or two other of our friendly Continental critics, Mr. Cappon considers the particular rights of the particular quarrel which brought an ultimatum from Mr. Kruger of less importance than the broader question whether Britons or Boers have made the better use of their South African inheritance; and he formulates the case for the Briton thus:—

He has been the moving spirit of progress in South Africa, the mediator between its various races, and the educator of the native ones; he has been the support of all liberal and enlightened ideas, and at great expense of blood and treasure to himself has maintained a standard of law and justice there, which is on a par with that of the most civilized countries of Europe; it is his presence alone which, as far as one can see, has kept South African civilization from developing into a tremendous slave-holding aristocracy with social and political features as bad as those of the Turkish Empire.

Mr. Cappon is a believer in the Afrikaner conspiracy theory of

the origin of the war, though he has no new facts to adduce in support of it; and he will hear of no "compromise" with Krugerism: "You must kill Krugerism or abandon the British population in South Africa, British farmers, shopkeepers, and miners to a system of Dutch Terrorism." A good book in spite of its debating society tone.

THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA, by W. Bleloch (Heinemann, 10s. n.), contains, and indeed principally consists of, a sober and judicious survey of the resources of the two new colonies. It is too heavily loaded with technical details to be suitable for general reading; but it will be welcomed by all those who want to see the data for answering the important question of the Transvaal's contribution to the cost of the war. On this point Mr. Bleloch is more sanguine than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He does not believe that, when once the Boers have surrendered and been disarmed, it will be necessary to saddle the revenues of the Colony with a large and costly police force; and he gives some pleasant practical indications of the amount of War Debt for which the Transvaal can reasonably be expected to assume liability:—

Egypt has a debt of £106,000,000, and a poverty-stricken population. New Zealand has a debt of £46,000,000, and a population of 756,000. New South Wales has a debt of £63,000,000, and a population of 1,357,000, and so on. The Transvaal is richer than any of these, but doubt is expressed as to its ability to pay a fair share of the War Debt! The Transvaal population (natives included) is over a million, and the Transvaal native is on the average a richer man than the English labourer.

The argument is somewhat vitiated by the fact that, in the countries enumerated, the public debt is represented by a good many tangible assets in the shape of railroads, harbours, irrigation works, &c. But the right to fly the Union Jack in places where the Vierkleur flew before is a commercial asset, as Mr. Rhodes pointed out in a famous speech, since it will bring with it sound finance and the removal of vexatious restrictions on the mining industry.

In the chapter on Administration Mr. Bleloch insists that popular representation must be granted with as little delay as possible. The military government, he thinks, to which of course there has so far been no feasible alternative, has not given satisfaction. Mr. Bleloch, who is by no means a pro-Boer, maintains that "only a few of the appointments made were free from the objection of evident unsuitability." Crown Colony government, he urges, really means government by the capitalists, who alone are likely to have the ear of the Governor, and who can coerce the Governor through the Press which they control.

YEOMAN SERVICE (Smith, Elder, 6s.), by the Lady Maud Rolleston, is announced as the diary of the wife of an Imperial Yeomanry officer during the Boer war. It is quite an uninteresting and quite an unnecessary book. The things which Lady Maud Rolleston saw in South Africa are merely the obvious things that every one already knows to be there.

China.

MANCHURIA (Methuen, 10s. 6d. n.), by Alexander Hosie, formerly in charge of the British Consulate at Newchwang, begins with a relation of two journeys of some, though not very great, interest and importance, and proceeds to a discussion of Manchurian products, industries, and trade. This portion of the work is of the nature of Consular Reports, and the substance of it has probably figured in these documents. In some cases, indeed, the writer quotes textually from his own Reports. He is to be thanked for having assembled an immense amount of information. His book will be invaluable to the compilers of such works of reference as the "Statesman's Year Book," and may be recommended to the careful attention of the arm-chair experts who sit at home at ease. But it will hardly appeal to the general reader who will, indeed, be frightened away by the appallingly long lists of mysterious commodities and the serried

columns of statistics showing what becomes of the Manchurian ginseng, and liquorice, and salted crabs, and samshu, and castor oil.

AS THE CHINESE SEE US, by Thomas G. Selby (Unwin, 6s.), is an attempt to explain the intricacies of the Chinese mind by means of imaginary dialogues between typical Celestials and typical Europeans. Opium, missionaries, Imperialism, and Boxers are among the subjects thus discussed. It is moderately well done, but goes on long enough to be tedious.

THE STORY OF THE SIEGE IN PEKING (Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d.), by S. M. Russell, Professor of Mathematics in the Imperial College, is a short matter-of-fact diary of stirring events, supplemented by a few extracts from the *Peking Gazette* and other sources.

A Journalist at Home and Abroad.

GLIMPSES OF THREE NATIONS (Blackwood, 6s.) is a collection of G. W. Steevens' *Daily Mail* articles, describing certain aspects of life in London, Paris, and certain German cities. One cannot say much more for the book than that, like all Steevens' work, it is eminently readable. It is at the same time lamentably superficial, the descriptions, more particularly in the section dealing with Paris, being little more than caricatures. The chapter headed "A Nation of Sou-Keepers" is a gross though amusing libel on the French nation. The ridicule poured on the Etablissements Duval is itself ridiculous. They are admirable institutions, meeting the needs of a lower middle-class *clientèle* far more adequately than the corresponding eating-houses in London. Evidently Steevens knew nothing about Paris before he went there to write his articles, and did not stay there long enough to get any real knowledge of the subject. In Germany he seems more at home, though even there the desire to write effectively rather than veraciously is somewhat obvious. He sees the oddities of German life clearly enough; and his remarks on the German passion for detail, the German submissiveness to the police, and the German delight in scribbling greetings on picture postcards are exceedingly entertaining. But he does not seem to get at the heart of things; and his editor, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, thinks it necessary to throw in a note to the effect that Steevens had changed his mind about many things, and more particularly about the Kaiser and the success of his world policy before he died. Altogether, the volume will hardly increase Steevens' reputation, as it does little to exemplify his really valuable qualities.

An American Dramatic Critic.

Mr. Norman Hapgood is a good dramatic critic, even if he is a little disposed to judge the showman by the canons that are only applicable to the philosopher, and to forget that, in these days of printed books, the man who really has "ideas" is not very likely to choose the theatre as the medium of circulating them when he can circulate them better with the help of his publisher. That, however, is an idea favoured by many earnest students of the drama; and in *THE STAGE IN AMERICA* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Hapgood has something really luminous to say. The nature of the limitations of the irritating genius of Dr. Ibsen has seldom been better defined than in this paragraph:—

The law that a tragedy cannot exist unless the author glorifies life, unless he puts magnified characters in ideal situations, working out exceptional plots, was created not by Aristotle, but by the nature of the human mind; and a law which has stood the test of time, from Sophocles to Shakespeare, and from Racine to Goethe, will not yield to theories of novelty. If the contemporary drama neglects it, the law remains, and the drama is condemned.

To find such inspired flashes one has to plough through a good many pages in which there is much ado about nothing; but that is more the fault of the subject than of the author. If it is worth while to read dramatic criticism at all (except for the purpose of following current events) then it is worth while to read this book of Mr. Norman Hapgood's.

The Nineteenth Century.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Putnams, 10s. 6d.) is a survey of a hundred years of human progress in a series of essays by many writers, all eminent in their several departments. A few of the papers are on topics more interesting in America than elsewhere—Mr. James W. Alexander's paper on "The Phenomenon of American Life Assurance," and Mr. Russell Sturgis' paper on "The Progress of American Architecture," for example. Others make a wider appeal, Mr. Andrew Lang writing on "Psychical Research of the Century," Mr. Leslie Stephen on "Evolution and Religious Conceptions," and Mr. Louis Heilprin on "Geographical Conquests of the Nineteenth Century." Naturally the skill and methods of the essayists are not quite uniform, some of them preferring the particular to the general, and others the general to the particular. The standard, however, is high; and the book is probably the most thorough of the many books of the kind that have been published. Its appearance is handsome, and it would be a suitable school prize.

Jerusalem.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS, by E. A. Reynolds-Ball (Black). This book contains information on the chief sites of Palestine, omitting all else, and is intended clearly for the "traveller" who has a fortnight or so to see the whole country in. It cannot compare with the standard guides, which remain indispensable for the student, or for the traveller who intends to do things properly. The reader will find all the practical information he requires as to hotels, prices, steamship companies, dragomans, and so forth; and various routes are suggested for seeing the interior. The information is satisfactory as far as it goes; but Mr. Reynolds-Ball, if he knows the country well, might have named one or two trustworthy dragomans who would manage everything for travellers at a much cheaper rate than the very expensive ones he does name. The book is not very well written; "unsuited as" and "unfitted as" are not English phrases; "Pedromos" is not the Greek for "forerunner," nor "teskereh" the right way to spell "teskereh." The author thinks the Russian church on the Mount of Olives is handsome. He might well have recommended the native Keffiyeh as headgear; it can be worn over a hat or cap. The most original thing in the book is a new cure for seasickness. The patient shuts one eye and steadily regards something with the other.

The French Revolution.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Shailer Mathews (Longmans, 5s. n.), is sober and judicious, cold-blooded, level-headed, and professorial. Its proper place in the scheme of things is that of a corrective to Carlyle. Many such correctives exist, but this is better than most of them. The antecedent conditions of the great uprising are treated with particular care, and made particularly clear. Strictly speaking the book would be of little use to any one who would take the trouble to read Mr. Morse Stephens. But Mr. Morse Stephens is somewhat tedious; and indolent readers will prefer to receive the results of his researches filtered through the pages of Mr. Shailer Mathews.

A Darkening of the Dark Ages.

We receive from America many books which, in view of the number of English publications which have to be attended to, it is impossible to notice, or at any rate to notice at length. In some departments of literature the Americans are doing admirable work, and it is a pleasure to commend such admirable books as those noticed by us some time ago on the Sources of History, which English publishers have wisely introduced to the English public. On the other hand, when we receive from America an historical work of considerable pretension making a serious claim on the English historical student, it seems equally important, if the work is unsound, to state our opinion of it. Such a work is THE MIDDLE AGES REVISITED, OR THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION AND THEIR RELATIONS TO BRITAIN, by Alex. Del Mar. (New York: Cambridge Encyclopædia Co. London: Quaritch.) It is not often that a reviewer is obliged to write with unqualified condemnation of a

book which is addressed to scholars. At the present day, certainly, authors who attempt to deal with matters of ancient history, philosophy, or art take pains to prepare themselves by at least an adequate understanding of the sources which they are to employ, and to acquire some appreciation of historical criticism. With religion it is, perhaps, still otherwise, and sciolists rush in where the most rash of mediæval angels would hardly venture. But of the book before us we can only say that it is an exception to the wholesome rule. If it were not for the magnificence of its pretension to almost universal knowledge, it might be dismissed with only a word or two of indignation. But Mr. Del Mar takes himself so seriously that we must take leave to say plainly that he is utterly incompetent to deal with the great subjects he has undertaken. He is destitute of the slightest idea of historical criticism, quoting writers of ages later as evidence on contested points. He is apparently, from several instances we have observed, ignorant of classical and even of modern languages. And his general attitude towards mediæval history shows him to have never studied it seriously at all. The book is a mass of ill-assorted matters, important and trivial, true and false, without a ray of light to illuminate the darkness. We will give a few instances, which are quite sufficient. We pass by a tempting passage on page 5, where practically everything in the world is declared to be of "Indian" origin, from language to the names of the months and "rosaries, altars, and censers" (doubtless Mr. Del Mar means "censers"). We observe that the author considers it doubtful when "the vernal equinox was first kept as a Christian festival," throws doubt on the Nicene council, and adds that "the Rev. Alex. Hislop says that in Babylon the summer solstice was connected with the legend of Joannes, the fish-god, and, that this suggested the Roman legend of Santo Joannes, or Saint John." He absolutely has the audacity to assert that "from the Buddhist term mess are derived the Latin term missa, the English mass, and the German messe." He speaks of "iconolatry" glibly, whereas no *latreia* of *eikons* was ever permitted. When he comes to deal with coins he is even more astounding. Offa is declared to have been a pagan, and to have struck gold coins because he held out as a pagan against Rome. His whole theory of sovereignty shown by gold coinage rests on an entirely false statement. "From Augustus to Alexis IV. (doubtless he means Alexis IV.), the gold coins of the Empire, East and West, were struck exclusively by the Basileus. . . . With the exception of an unique and dubious coin now in the Paris collection which bears the effigy of Louis Le Debonnaire, the same is true of France, Germany, Italy, indeed of all the provinces of the Empire whose princes were Christians." Now any one, who knows the elements of the subject, is aware that there is a lavish gold coinage of Charles the Great in Italy, of Louis the Pious, of Louis the German, Lothair, and Charles the Bald, and of Charles the Fat. The Paris Cabinet could show dozens of them. There were also large gold coinages by the Dukes of Benevento and the Norman kings of Naples and Sicily. There are also undoubted English gold coins of Ethelred the Unready, Edward the Confessor, and Archbishop Sigmund. Either Mr. Del Mar is ignorant, or he suppresses these well-known facts to establish his theory. We need only add that he lavishly quotes foreign languages with which he appears to be unacquainted. For instance, Pagnini "Della Moneta de Fiorentin"; the Apocolokintosis of Claudius; the Arcades (for Orkney)—are nice derangements. After this it is perhaps scarcely surprising to learn that "Numa was the son of Tat-Ius. But Tat and Ius or Ies are names of Buddha"!

THE MEMOIRS OF ARTHUR LAURENSEN (Unwin, 6s.), an antiquary and director of public companies in Shetland, are presumably published mainly for the reading of personal friends. The task is competently performed by Catharine Spence.

The special features of the new PRESS DIRECTORY (Mitchell, 2s.) are articles on "The Legal Year in its relation to the Press," by Dr. Hugh Fraser; on "Some War Correspondents of the Year," by Miss Laura Smith; and on "The Chances of a Customs Union," by Mr. Ernest E. Williams.

ART.

THE FRESCOES IN THE SIXTINE CHAPEL, by Evelyn March Phillipps (Murray, 1901, 6s. n.).—Many chapters have been written on the frescoes of the Sixtine Chapel by scholars of every age and race, but no attempt has been hitherto made to give an account of these mural paintings and of the masters to whom they are ascribed in a single volume. The credit of this idea is due to Miss March Phillipps, whose small book, adorned as it is with a medal of Pope Sixtus IV. and twenty-five excellent illustrations, will prove a valuable guide both to students and travellers. Miss March Phillipps has studied the best authorities on the subject with care and attention, and especially acknowledges her obligations to Dr. Steinmann, whose patient researches and penetrating insight have thrown much light on the historical incidents commemorated in some of the frescoes and the contemporary portraits introduced by their respective painters. The only thing that she omits to tell us is the name of the architect of the Sixtine Chapel. This was Baccio Pontelli, the Florentine master whom Pope Sixtus not only employed to build the bridge of Ponte Sisto with blocks taken from the Coliseum, and the Vatican library and chapel, but also to restore most of the Roman churches and add Renaissance façades to S. Maria del Popolo, S. Pietro in Vincula, and the hospital of S. Spirito, that building which figures so prominently in Botticelli's fresco of "The Cleansing of the Leper." The fact that a Tuscan architect should have been chosen by the Pope to design a chapel which was afterwards largely decorated by Florentine painters is another instance of the supremacy of Florentine art at the time. Miss March Phillipps adopts most of the conclusions now generally accepted by modern critics. She follows Morelli in assigning the "Baptism and Journey of Moses" to Pintoricchio, and still more recent authorities in giving "The Passage of the Red Sea" to Cosimo Rosselli's gifted pupil Piero di Cosimo instead of to the elder master. And she is, on the whole, inclined to accept Mr. Berenson's attribution of the "Death of Moses" to Piero Dei, afterwards Abbot of San Clemente of Arezzo, and generally known by the name of Don Bartolommeo della Gatta. This fresco was formerly ascribed to Luca Signorelli on Vasari's authority, but no mention appears of Signorelli's name in the original contract in which the work of painting the chapel was assigned to the four masters, Botticelli, Rosselli, Perugino, and Ghirlandajo; and there is no evidence that he visited Rome before the close of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, Bartolommeo della Gatta is mentioned among the assistants of Perugino, and his style was strongly influenced by Signorelli, with whose work many of the figures in this fresco show a marked affinity. It was Cardinal Guiliano della Rovere, Pope Sixtus the Fourth's nephew, who originally engaged Botticelli and his companions to paint the walls of the Sixtine Chapel, and who, when he became Pope Julius II., employed Michael Angelo to execute the wonderful frescoes of the roof. Miss March Phillipps explains the details of this vast decorative scheme in clear and simple language, and points out the influence of Dante and Signorelli in the "Last Judgment," which the great Florentine painted twenty-three years later on the east wall of the chapel. In conclusion she gives us a very interesting account of the strange adventures which befell both Raphael's cartoons and the Arazzi or tapestries that were executed from his designs for the decoration of the lower part of the walls of the Sixtine Chapel.

Messrs. Christie, who are shortly to sell the wines from the cellars of the late Queen Victoria, held another Royal sale in May, 1853, which it is of some little interest to recall at the present moment. This dispersal was of the 777 pictures belonging to Louis Philippe, ex-King of France. Of these 249 were bequeathed to Louis Philippe by Frank Hall Standish, a descendant, doubtless, of Myles Standish, who sailed with the Mayflower colony to Massachusetts in 1670, and became the champion of the Pilgrims against the Indians. The total of something like £37,500 given for

the pictures was in those days regarded as an extraordinarily large one. Seldom have more noteworthy examples by Velasquez come under the hammer in this country. The highest priced picture of all was bought for the National Gallery—at a cost of £2,000, as compared with £4,800 paid for it in 1832 by Louis Philippe—as an early work of the great Spaniard. This was no other than the celebrated "Adoration of the Shepherds," which to-day is regarded as the masterpiece of Francisco Zurbaran. Visitors to the present exhibition at the Guildhall may there study at least three Velasquez from the Louis Philippe assemblage. These are the portraits of Isabel de Bourbon (No. 117), of Count Olivares (No. 129), and of Philip IV. (No. 130), valued in 1853 respectively at £300, £310, and £250. Ten times the amounts would probably not buy the pictures nowadays. Lord Hertford paid 1,600gns. for a full-length portrait of Don Baltazar Carlos; 700gns. for a Watteau landscape with figures. Apart from this "Spanish Gallery," once to be seen at the Louvre, a portrait of Don Andreas di Andrada was bought by Thomas Baring for £1,020, and "La Vierge au Ceinture" by the Due de Montpensier for £1,550.

FICTION.

"DEVAYTIS."

DEVAYTIS. By MARYA RODZIEWICZ. Translated by Count S. C. DE SOISSONS. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

Miss Rodziewicz's "Devaytis" is a far finer novel than her "Anima Vilis" which was translated last year. "Anima Vilis" was aimless and diffuse; "Devaytis" is compact and full of purpose. "Devaytis," the later translated, was the earlier written. It is the book which won Miss Rodziewicz her popularity in Poland; it earned her the prize in the *Warsaw Courier's* open competition in 1888, and evoked enthusiastic praise in the Polish Reviews.

Devaytis—Lithuanian for a god—is an ancient oak, which stands to the hero in the same relation as a certain famous column stands to a heroine of recent fiction. For Lithuanian Mark it is the embodiment of devotion to soil and race. Mark's father on his death-bed divides his inheritance among his children, giving to the ne'er-do-weels rich land and money in plenty; to the sturdy Mark, his eldest born, a patch of lean soil, together with Devaytis, and the thankless task of administering a large estate for the unknown heir of the Orwids, who have disappeared from the face of Europe for many years. Mark accepts the burden, groaning inwardly. He has in him the root of good—passionate patriotism; and he prospers. The ne'er-do-weels squander their money, and forget their language and their duty to the land; one of them even raises his hand against the sacred oak. Mark struggles on in his silent Lithuanian way, tilling the soil, loving Devaytis, living down slander and injustice. The heiress of the Orwids is found at last; she comes from America in search of her patrimony, becomes an enthusiastic lover of Devaytis, and marries Mark in spite of his conscientious struggles against a wealthy match.

Devaytis is to be found in the pages of history. To the end that the whole Lithuanian nation might join together in common worship, says Narbutt, the historian of Lithuania, Brutenes—brother of Wejdawutas, the legendary founder of the Lithuanian State—chose out a glade at the meeting of two rivers, in the midst of which stood a spreading oak of the evergreen sort; and here he fixed the sanctuary of the three great gods of the race. And the place was called Romnowe, the place of peace. Under this oak, in the fulness of time, Wejdawutas and Brutenes offered themselves on a pyre as a sacrifice; under this oak Litwo, son of Wejdawutas and eponymous hero of the race, swore fidelity to his native gods.

Wejdawutas—at once a prince of the sixth century, the personification of a host of heathen soothsayers (for Wejdawutas is "the giver of Vedas"), and a purely mythical St. George-Bellerophon slayer of dragons—is, no less than Devaytis,

the object of Mark's worship. Folk-lorists will find a special interest in the story of Wejdawutas' exploit with the dragons—the story of the hero-herdsman who slew the monsters, and let others take the glory, until the Princess was on the point of rewarding a pretender with her hand. The tale is identical with the Russian tale of Prince Ivan, the Princess Martha, and the Little Man with the Iron Hands; and almost the same as the Norwegian tale of Lillekort, and the Rumanian tale of Petru Firitschell, quoted by Athanasiev in his collection of Russian *skazki*. But Marya Rodziewicz gives it a special appositeness as a Lithuanian story, by dwelling on the Lithuanian reticence of the hero. Reticence is also "Mark's way," and a very irritating way it is at times.

Patriotism is the keynote of the book; but a curious difficulty must arise in the mind of the impartial reader as to the objective *patria* of the emotion, whether it is Lithuania or Poland—a difficulty not much simplified by the translator's custom of rendering the Lithuanian phrases which are put into the mouths of many of the characters into English, without indicating that they are Lithuanian and not Polish in the original. The book was hailed in Poland as the expression of Polish patriotism, as a thinly-veiled protest against the Russification of the Poles. And certainly the crime of the ne'er-do-well Czertwans is that they have forgotten how to speak Polish, not Lithuanian. But, on the other hand, the scene is laid in the very heart of Lithuania; the land which Mark loves is Lithuanian; Devaytis and Wejdawutas are no less Lithuanian.

The fact is that Miss Rodziewicz suffers from a kind of blindness common to all the Poles. They cry to Heaven for vengeance against the invading Russians, and forget that the Russians are treating them just as they themselves treated the Lithuanians and the Little-Russians in the days gone by. It is so long since the Poles swallowed up Lithuania that they have come to feel a kind of property in the national sentiment of the Lithuanians and to identify Lithuanian patriotism with their own. They forget that Wejdawutas was just as busy in fighting the Poles as he was in fighting the Germans; and that were it not for the common enmity to Russia there would not be much love between the Lithuanians and themselves. This peculiarly Polish point of view is ingenuously illustrated by Mark's words, "We have for centuries defended two things—our religion and our land. And we have preserved both." As a matter of fact the Lithuanians lost both religion and land to the Poles.

Miss Rodziewicz's fine story has been rendered by M. de Soissons into that dialect known as Baboo English, the language of the cultured Bengalee. Mark is a "petty nobleman" "with eyes like the steel." At first he loves Martha Wojnat, who is "young and not homely." The young man from America is, on the other hand, "homely"—indeed, at one time, owing to an accident, he "becomes a bogey man"—while Mark's dog is both "homely and wicked." Martha's grandfather is a bold fellow. "I was neither afraid of a stepmother, nor did I obey every one," he tells us; "thus I became a man." Devaytis, we learn, was "the protoplast of the grove," the symbol of Lithuania's struggle with certain un-Christian folk described as the "Knights of the cross-apostles." When Mark was on his trial before the noblesse of the district he looked out of window and beheld Irene; "his gloomy looks met two dark eyes, burning with irritation and cordially impressed by the importance of the present moment." Mark's agony at the attempt made to cut down the "protoplast" is almost unspeakable. "Since midnight I hurried here until my horse fell," he says. "Then I ran on like a madman. My despair increased every moment. . . . It has stood here so many centuries. So many generations have defended it and respected it, until for punishment God sent these people who do not respect anything. It is most trying." This is a wonderful achievement in a rhetorical figure which we may call *bathos Babooense*. And then, "in that moment there came from the depth of his soul a glorious glare of all that he had suffered." The lively Rymko Ragis' swear-word "May Devil!" is as

good an oath as "My-Lord!" in the Count's translation of "Anima Vilis."

"I saw our field to-day [says Mark, at p. 82], and I was surprised how well it's cultivated."

"It's with charm, son, with charm," answers Ragis. "What? Well ploughed! Isn't it? Oho, ho! I know that you are already thinking to buy me a blue umbrella and a beautiful pipe for Christmas. Ho, ho! I am a rogue from the first rank to the right! It's time for me to think of getting married. The wedding shall be splendid, for we are already rich, only we lack a housekeeper."

"Aunt Aneta is coming to-morrow. In the morning we must put the room in the rear in order," answers Mark, with ill-placed hospitality.

"Miss Aneta! To, to, to! Let me kiss you."

However, we need not pursue quotation further; there would only be, to borrow a phrase from M. de Soissons, "as much profit from this bother as a cat would cry." We will leave the reader, in conclusion, to ponder over the epigram at p. 243—"Love is not a sin; only happiness gives quiet and satisfaction to very few people, and almost always sorrow."

Anonymous Sequels.

Just as we are beginning to exhaust the subject of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" and others, come two well-considered and well-written volumes on the subject, *THE LOVER'S REPLIES TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS* (Sampson Low, 5s. n.) and *THE MISSING ANSWERS TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE LETTERS* (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.). The authors of both books show a good deal of skill and care in their unnecessary work. As Thackeray once said of love letters, "There was scorn, scandal, jokes, appeals, protests of eternal fidelity; the usual farrago . . ." in the first book and the *sequelæ* have their share of these things as well. Those who enjoyed "The Love Letters" and "Rosa Amorosa" will find entertainment in the present volumes. The "Lover's Replies," at least, is not quite so artificial and *posé* as its forerunners. It makes a very serious effort to inform those interested in the subject as to what fact caused the distressing end of the affair. An explanation or preface of the book says:—

The families and friends of both parties are numerous, and the letters will have been identified and discussed by both sides, with feelings which may be better imagined than described; feelings which prompt those who know the true story to publish the answers to the letters in vindication of the honour of a man who is no longer here to speak for himself.

From those answers to both the published and to the suppressed "short notes, not above twenty in all," the reader will be able to form an opinion of the case and attach the responsibility of the broken engagement to the real circumstances which "came whole out of the hands of fate." The letters themselves are very cunningly contrived to show that the Englishwoman was mentally affected. This idea is developed in a last letter to Mrs. N. (M.A.), which contains the following passage from the white-washed lover:—

For one thing I quite failed to interest her in my pursuits, past or in prospect. Her letters, though most beautiful, might, but for her expressions of love and devotion to me, have been written for publication, and, with one or two exceptions, she never answered a question, even the all-important one of the date for our marriage.

To those who are still exercised in their minds as to the fortunes of these people the fact that the lady is mad would seem final. But a later passage, evidently intended to be explanatory, leaves us rather confused:—

She wrote me that she believed my mother thought her mad, and in reply I said that a mischievous rumour had reached my mother concerning hers, Mrs. —, and her voluntary isolation and separation from her husband.

Notwithstanding this ambiguity the "Lover's Replies" make it clear, once for all, that he did not withdraw because, as some

have supposed, he found his correspondent an artificial bore, but because the fates intervened and made the situation hopeless.

The writer of "The Missing Answers" is less explicit. In Letter LXVIII. he says, in effect, that all is over between them and gives the already known declaration. "There is no fault in you. The fault is elsewhere. I can no longer love you as I did. . . . I know you will not forget me, but you will forgive me, even because of the great pain I cause you. You are the most generous woman I have known." And this is the last letter, and, like the rest, it must not be looked upon with a humorous eye:—"Obey me. By our slain love I command you. Do what I tell you without question, in this supreme moment, as we stand by the open grave. As the clouds fall upon its coffin put your hand in mine and say good-bye."

Following an ordinary convention the page containing this letter has the words "The end" imprinted thereon; we trust it may be *finis* that crowns the work of writing sequels to the "Love Letters." Both these books are bound in the worst possible taste; "The Replies," with its pale blue ribbon, is especially foolish.

The wisely anonymous author of *THE LETTERS OF HER MOTHER TO ELIZABETH* (Fisher Unwin, 2s.) says that readers of "The Visits of Elizabeth" have instinctively asked themselves, "What sort of woman was Elizabeth's mother?" In the thirty letters he gives us he proposes to answer the question. But, unfortunately, the writer of the sequel has none of the lightness, spontaneity, and gaiety of the original author. As we pointed out, Elizabeth was by no means entirely convincing. Her *naïveté* was somewhat affected and her *ingénue* air a little artificial. She was an intentional butterfly, not too good or too modest, but determined at all hazards to be entertaining. The mother also makes the greatest efforts to be amusing, but the result is dull, commonplace, distressing. She begins by recommending her daughter to learn to write the grammar of her own language because it may become the fashion to use it in conversation some day; but she does not follow her own precept, nor in any way write as agreeably as her daughter. It is too trivial a performance for serious consideration, and we prefer not to provide the sacrificial wheel for these ephemeral butterflies.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS, by Isabel Fry (Unicorn Press, 5s.), is one of the books written about children but hardly for their own reading. It is almost the most attractive and sympathetic thing of the kind that we have come across. The author thoroughly understands children. She has got their very attitude of mind, and either memory or intuition has shown her the proportions of things as they appear to small folk, so that the tragedies and vicissitudes of Lettie and Tib are entirely pathetic and convincing. "Followers of St. Simeon" is, perhaps, the most delightful chapter. It tells how a very beautiful dream was turned into vulgar farce by obtuse but well-meaning grown-up people. Some of the episodes must have been personal experiences. "A mitigated punishment," for instance—most of us have some such memory as that.

Mr. R. S. Warren Bell has the saving grace of originality. He does not write novels precisely like those of any other novelist, for which we are duly grateful, but, on the other hand, his zeal for the good cause is apt to lead him into eccentricities. In *LOVE THE LAGGARD*, for example (Richards, 6s.), his desire to be original at all hazards is shown in the fact which we commented on the other day that he prefaces his story with a list of characters, as though it were a comedy in three acts. Mr. Bell has a good eye for character, and he deals with actors and baronets and briefless barristers and editors and struggling journalists—all of whom are interesting to that sort of reader who likes to learn how these curious animals subsist. His book is a little overloaded with young men, who fall in love, with a readiness that is beyond all praise, with the heroine, the latter being something more of a flirt than usual. But there is plenty of humour about the story, and not a little truth to nature. It is Mr. Bell's best book so far, and it stands a step or two above the customary machine-made novel. A word of praise is due to the designer of an appropriate and attractive cover.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—I.

In *Longman's* Mr. S. G. Tallentyre continues his series of "The Women of the Salons" with an essay on Madame Récamier. We find no fault with it except that it is too short. A graver article is on Mr. Rider Haggard's visit to the dwindling villages of rural England—a subject considered in its connexion with the education of the young in rural schools. The subjects of Mr. Lang's prelections are criminology and the letters of Junius.

"Charity" is the somewhat misleading title given in *Blackwood* to an account of the Battle of Vaal Krantz—a very graphic piece of writing. "Musings without Method" are mostly about the drama—literary and otherwise. The conditions of the present are thus pessimistically contrasted with those of the past:—

At the outset, then, the actor was paid by the theatre to perform a certain task; now he hires the author to fit him with a part. It is a strange reversal of the rôles, and it explains the dire malady which has long beset our playhouses. What man of letters would accept the new conditions, and see his work cut and slashed to suit the interpreter? What would the painter say if his frame-maker and colourman signed his canvas, and assumed the glory of his work? Would the very *minimus* among the poets permit the printer and paper-maker to "create" his poems, and set their names upon his title-page? Of course neither the painter nor the poet would submit to so monstrous an outrage, and as no playwright can hope for success who does not obey the actor, so the making of plays has fallen out of distinguished hands and is picked up by the odd cobblers and patchers, who are supposed to entertain us.

A vigorous indictment in Maga's best sledge-hammer style, and written with evident knowledge of the subject.

The *Empire Review*, while continuing the serious discussion of serious subjects, begins to cater for the weaker brethren who desire to read something besides the solemn prelections of those having authority. The first of a series of papers on "The Slave Trade in Northern Nigeria," by Mr. T. J. Tonkin, late Medical Officer and Naturalist to the Hausa Associations' Central Sudan Expedition, opens thrillingly. We find such sub-headings as "the Child Stealer, the Lady-Killer, the Village Vampire, the Privateer, the Royal Raider, the Baccaroon." Mr. G. Seymour Fort contributes some personal reminiscences of James Chalmers, the New Guinea missionary. Mr. W. H. Helm, who writes of "Travellers Old and New," makes a suggestion to any publisher who envies the fame of the late George Smith:—"We want an *Encyclopædia Britannica* of a new sort, a gazetteer that shall surpass all predecessors as surely as the "Dictionary of National Biography" has beaten the record in another field of literature." The l.-b.-w. question is discussed by various eminent cricketers, and Viscount de Montmorency Frankfort states the reasons in favour of giving schoolboys a military training with special reference to proposed legislation in the matter of cadet corps.

"Contemporary Gossip concerning Queen Victoria and her two Predecessors" is the best thing in *Temple Bar*. It is taken from the journal of Tom Raikes, a friend of Beau Brummel, who died in 1848, a great uncle of the late Mr. Henry Cecil Raikes, and is arranged and re-written by the Rev. J. D. Raikes. Many good stories are here presented, though not all of them are new. This, however, is new to us, and shows William IV. in rather a characteristic light:—

Mrs. D. showed me a letter from — which says:—"I went yesterday with their Majesties to the private exhibition at Somerset House. The president of the Royal Society (*sic*) among other portraits pointed out to the King that of Admiral Napier, who has been commanding the fleet for Dom Pedro. His Majesty did not hesitate to show his political bias on this occasion, by exclaiming immediately, 'Captain Napier may be d—d, Sir, and you may be d—d, Sir; and if the Queen were not here, Sir, I would kick you downstairs, Sir.'"

This example of the humours of the military in the early part of the century also deserves to be quoted :—

In the years between the battle of Waterloo and the Reform Bill there was great distress, and riots were frequent. A mob broke into Downing-street, and approached the sentry posted at the door of the Foreign Office, crying, " Liberty or Death." The soldier levelled his musket, saying, " My lads, I know nothing about liberty ; but if you come a step further, I'll show you what death is."

There is plenty of fiction in the number.

The important feature of the *North American Review* is a symposium on " Industrial and Railroad Consolidations." Mr. Russell Sage leads off, stating views unfavourable to trusts. Five gentlemen eminent in business circles in the United States follow, and tilt at his opinions. The Rev. Judson Smith defends the missionaries against their critics. In an article on " The New Poetic Drama " Mr. W. D. Howells discusses the works of M. Edmund Rostand and Mr. Stephen Phillips. He finds Mr. Phillips too well acquainted with stagecraft for a poet. In reading *Herod*, " it was as if the poet had taken instruction of the player, whose business it is most strictly and obediently to take instructions of the poet, if their common art is to prosper in forms of permanent beauty "—a counsel of perfection on which it would be interesting to have the opinions of M. Coquelin and Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

A serial by Frances Hodgson Burnett begins in the *Century*. There is also a discussion of Tolstoy's theory of art by Mr. John Albert Macy. He particularly objects to Tolstoy's dictum that " good art is always intelligible to every one."

Among the colour pictures in the *Badminton* is one of the Tottenham Hotspur football team. An interesting paper by Mr. Home Gordon draws attention to the young Marcelli of the cricket-field—players who have shown great promise, but who, unlike Dr. Grace and some others, have been too busy with their work to be always playing. Miss Elsie Fitzgerald discusses " The Dee as a Salmon River," and Mr. Gerard Ferand writes of the horse-bear of Northern Norway.

Dark legal problems are made interesting by the treatment they receive in the *Law Magazine and Review*. The notes on International law deal with problems of topical importance, and Mr. Jelf's account of " The Inns of Chancery " revives picturesque memories of old London. How many people know that, in the time of Henry VI., there was included " a sort of academy of gymnasium where they learn singing and all kinds of music, dancing, and such other accomplishments and diversions as are suitable to their quality and such as are usually practised at Court ? "

All who have visited the interesting exhibition of old silver at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Gallery will read with pleasure Mr. Aymer Vallance's illustrated article on the exhibition in the *Artist*, which contains also, among other matters, some excellent reproductions from the work of Mr. Robert Brough, with an account of his work.

The *Universal and Ludgate* is one of the magazines that are improving. The art editor rises above the ideals of some of his contemporaries, who seem to think that only odd or unexpected pictures are worth publishing. Among the articles we may draw attention to one by Darby Stafford on " George Eliot's Birthplace and early surroundings," and one of Hungarian Tziganes by Bradford Colt de Wolf. There is also a folk-lore story by the Queen of Rumania.

The *Smart Set* is an American magazine which now makes a bid for the favour of English readers, who may not like the title, but must admit that the contents are at once light and literary. There are twenty poems—a generous allowance—including one by Mr. Bliss Carman ; and there are contributions from writers as well known on " this side " as Mr. Edgar Saltus, Mr. Gelett Burgess, and M. Henri Lavedan, whose short story is not translated, but printed in the original French. As in *Lippincotts*, a complete novelette—this month by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow—is a feature. On the whole, the magazine is a welcome recruit, though it does not appeal to the multitude.

LIBRARY NOTES.

According to the annual report of the Curators of the Bodleian Library the number of printed and manuscript items added during the year 1900 was as follows :—By gift or exchange, 10,826; under the Copyright Act, 46,940; new purchases, 6,776; and second-hand purchases, 758—total 65,300. The additions under the Copyright Act included 24,479 periodicals, in volumes or parts, 7,689 maps, and music accounts for 4,405 entries. It would seem to be just as well that plans should have been obtained for extended storage room to provide adequately for the accessions of at least half a century to come. Among the chief donations of MSS. are mentioned the Egypt Exploration Fund papyri from Oxyrhynchus, including the famous Logia ; and seventeen letters written by Gilbert White to Archdeacon Churton, whose granddaughter, Mrs. S. M. Inge, has presented them to the Library. The German Emperor has shown once more his interest in Oxford by presenting a volume of fine plates—" Kaiser Friedrich III. Mausoleum zu Potsdam." The Curators report that the year is memorable for the acquisition of thirty-four Sanscrit MSS. on palm-leaves, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. One of these valuable documents is entitled *Svacechandalalitabhairvamahatantra*.

The annual report of the Bristol Public Libraries presents two special points. The penny rate has proved insufficient, and its increase to three-halfpence has been approved by the city council. At a town's meeting, however, a poll was demanded, and this will be postponed for a year. A suitable site has yet to be found for the new central library to be provided out of the late Mr. Stuckey Leans' bequest of £50,000.

The Midland Railway Institute, erected at Derby by the company for the benefit of the staff, has hitherto included a reading and magazine room as well as a library containing some 14,000 volumes, with a restaurant and room for lectures and entertainments. The institute has now been enlarged by the provision of a large dining-hall in which 200 dinners can be served daily. The membership has doubled since the institute was established in 1894.

The late Mr. Pease, banker, of Newcastle, has bequeathed to the public library of that city his collection of drawings and engravings by Thomas Bewick. This is probably unique and includes the only existing set of proofs of Bewick's illustrations to " *Æsop's Fables*." Valuable illustrations are almost as acceptable as good books in public libraries, and are certainly rarer ; and Bewick's work, of course, occupies an important and instructive place in the history of engraving.

A new library, museum, and lecture-hall, erected at a cost of over £20,000, presented to Kilmarnock by Mr. James Dick was formally opened last month. The burgh has shown its gratitude by conferring its freedom upon the donor.

The park and museum at Lordship-lane, recently presented to the public by Mr. F. J. Horniman, will be opened on June 29.

The annual meeting of the Library Association, beginning on August 26, will be held at Plymouth. The American Library Association is concentrating attention on its forthcoming meeting at Waukesha, Wisconsin. The programme is to undergo a marked change. Technical matters are to be relegated to side meetings, while the general sessions will be devoted to the literary or bookish side of the work. It is curious to note that in England librarians are busily reversing the order, literary questions meeting with slight favour, while technicalities are supreme. The balance may lean towards the American side, which certainly deals in practical fashion with its literary puzzles.

The May number of " Public Libraries " (Chicago) maintains its standard of interest. There are reports of the several associations which appear to flourish wherever two or three librarians are gathered together. There is also an illustrated article on the new library building of the New Britain (Conn.) Institute, which is of the palatial character we now expect in the United States libraries.

THE EDWARDES SALE.

The library of Sir Henry Hope Edwardes which Messrs. Christie sold last week was, in many respects, the most important that has come under the hammer this season. The 665 lots fetched an aggregate of over eleven thousand pounds, which gives the very high average of more than £16 per lot. Most of the books were good examples of notable editions, in exceptionally fine condition, and the greater part of them were in sumptuous bindings representing the best work of such men as Trautz-Bauzonnet, Chambolle-Durn, Roger Payne, Lewis, and Bedford. The following were among the best of the books sold :—

Beaumarchais, "Le Mariage de Figaro" large paper, 1785.	£26.
Boccaccio, "Il Decamerone," an entirely uncut copy of the Elzevir edition of 1665.	£56.
Boccaccio, "Il Decamerone," 1527, the original Giunta edition.	£20.
Ariosto, "Orlando Furioso," 1591.	£42.
Breydenbach, "Peregrinationum," 1480, a fine copy of the first Latin edition.	£120.
"Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," 1490, the first Aldine edition.	£122.
"Cronica del Rey Don Rodrigo," Seville, 1490.	£260.
Dante, "Divina Comedia," 1484.	£75.
De Bry, "Collectiones Peregrinationum," 1590-1634, a very fine set.	£245.
Hariot, "Virginia," Frankfurt, 1590, with 28 plates by De Bry, one of the rarest books relating to America.	£134.
La Fontaine, "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers," 1762, Fermiers-Généraux edition.	£52.
Marguerite de Valois, "Heptameron," 1780-81.	£92.
La Fontaine, "Fables Choiesies," 1755-59.	£60.
"Mer (La) Des Histories," Gothic letter, Paris, 1488.	£305.
"Les Neuf Preux," Lisbon, 1530.	£115.
"Perceval le Gallois," Paris, 1630.	£60.
Tory, G., "Champ Fleury," Paris, 1529, a very fine copy.	£24.
Vesputius, "De Ora Antarctica," Argentina, 1505.	£54.
Retham, "Fasciculus Medicine," Venice, 1495.	£61.
"Les Grandes Proesses d'un tres vaillant Chevalier Tristan," Gothic letter, Paris, 1533.	£170.
Braithwaite, "Barnabees Journal," first edition.	£102.
Burton, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, first edition.	£50.
"The History of Don Quichotte," 1620, Shelton's translation.	£52.
Coryat, "Crudities," 1611.	£50.
"Historie of the Raigne of King Henry VII.," 1622, with autograph inscription by Lord Bacon.	£110.
Chaucer, "Works," Kelmscott edition.	£80.
Dibdin, "Bibliographical Decameron," 1817, large paper.	£38.
Hearne, "Works," a fine and complete set in 86 vols.	£50.
Daniel, "Civile Warres," 1609.	£62.
"Dialogues of Creatures Moralized," black letter.	£325.
Gardyne, "Garden of Grave and Godlie Flowres," 1609.	£88.
Heywood, "The Spider and the Flie," 1556.	£45.
"Expositio in Symbolum Apostolorum," 1478, a very fine copy of the first book printed at Oxford.	£360.
"Dives et Pauper," Pynson's rare print of 1493.	£100.
Drayton, "Poems," 1619, Charles II.'s copy.	£62.
Homer, "Batrachomyomachia," Chapman's translation, with autograph notes by himself.	£170.
Lyon, "Teares for the death of Alexander," Edinburgh, 1622.	£44.
"Mirour for Magistrates," 1587.	£70.
Killigrew, "Comedies and Tragedies," 1664, Charles II.'s copy.	£50.
Nichols, "History and Antiquities of Leicester," 1795-1811, large paper.	£165.
Spenser, "Complaints," 1591.	£40.
Virgil, "The XII. Bukes of Eneados," Copland's print of 1553.	£53.
"Purchas his Pilgrimes," 1625-26.	£100.
Shakespeare, "The Second Folio," a fine copy.	£140.
Shakespeare, "The Fourth Folio," a perfect copy.	£100.
Sidney, "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia," 1613.	
This copy belonged to "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."	£255.

Correspondence.

THE PROPER AGE FOR A WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In a recently reviewed work by Max O'Rell this writer gives his readers the benefit of a rule for ascertaining the age of the woman whom a man of a given age ought to marry—half his own years *plus* seven. This has been copied by several newspapers, and its invention seems to be attributed to Max O'Rell himself. It may, therefore, be opportune to state that the rule was communicated to me many years ago by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, and I am under the impression that he mentioned it as an invention of his own. I believe it will be found in one of his published works.

Yours faithfully,

May 28.

SUUM CUIQUE.

CHEAM SCHOOL SIXTY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In the Life of the Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers there is a short autobiography dictated by him to his wife descriptive of his early days. I refer particularly in this to his school life, passed for seven years at Cheam School, which had been for many years rather well known. There is a sentence in this autobiography which greatly surprised me, and which, as a contemporary of Mr. Childers at Cheam, though a junior, I can by no means confirm by my own remembrance of his time—from 1839 to 1842—nor by what I have heard from others, from 1836 to 1843. As to the methods and discipline of the school there is room for different opinions. School life varies, and boys carry away their individual opinions of school influence. But the sentence to which I take exception is too positive and too sweeping to pass without notice. It is this :—

Evangelicism, not of the manly type which now prevails, seemed to teach us that the first duty of a schoolboy was to watch the conduct of his fellows and to report it to the master; hence spying and sneaking were universal.

This relates to the years from 1836 to 1843, and I have had letters from half-a-dozen old schoolfellows of position, whose experience runs through that time, which repudiate in strong terms the accuracy of these three propositions—the effect of the Evangelicism of that day, the teaching of the school, and the practice of the boys. Dr. Mayo was a man of high character, respected by all who knew him and beloved by many, who was incapable of this dishonourable teaching; his boys came from a good class, and were not, to our knowledge, encouraged in tale-bearing, but had the usual sense of honour and comradeship held by English boys. My correspondents take the first part of the charge to be absolutely incorrect and unwarrantable, and the second part, to say the least, to be a gross exaggeration.

From my knowledge of Mr. Childers I should have said that he was too amiable and cautious a man to have made such a sweeping charge against his schoolfellows. But it may be observed from the Life that he dictated this autobiography to his wife (who predeceased him) shortly before his death, and that it appears probable that he never revised it. This may account for some confusion of memory and for some want of precision in expression, which may have made the sentence convey rather a different impression from that which he intended.

I forward you my name, though to avoid personality I beg here to subscribe myself

A CHEAMITE OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

May 25.

P.S.—It may be worth while stating that there were at least three periods of Cheam School, which were entirely independent of one another :—

1. An early period; Mr. Addington, the Prime Minister, and, later, Archbishop Longley were educated there.
2. Dr. Mayo's school, afterwards carried on for a few years by his brother-in-law, the Rev. H. Shephard.
3. The Rev. G. S. Tabor's preparatory school for younger boys, now conducted by his son, Mr. Arthur Tabor.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL AND THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—As Sir Herbert Maxwell, in his review of Mr. Dale's book on sport, has gone out of his way to refer to the Humanitarian League, perhaps you will kindly let me point out that he has entirely misapprehended our principles. Our "primary doctrine," he says, is that "man is bound to apply the same treatment to the lower animals as to his fellow-men." We have never professed any such doctrine. What we hold is that the rights of animals are the same in kind, but not in degree, as those of human beings. This, as your readers will observe, is a very different doctrine from that which Sir H. Maxwell attributes to us.

The statement that we have attacked Sir H. Maxwell "on account of his opinion that a sportsman is not an inhuman monster" is equally incorrect. We have repeatedly said that, while we hold sport to be cruel, we are well aware that sportsmen are often kind-hearted men in other directions. What we have objected to is Sir H. Maxwell's favourite argument that sport is *per se* a kindness to animals because it "preserves" certain species for the sportsman's amusement.

There are many matters on which humanitarians and sportsmen can never agree, but there is no reason why they should misrepresent each other.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT, Hon. Sec. Humanitarian League.
53, Chancery-lane, W.C., May 28.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The Navy's share in the South African campaign is being handsomely recorded. Mr. Laird Clowes' "History of the Royal Navy" is being enlarged to include the Boer war, and the publishers of this work (Sampson Low) now announce a separate book on the subject, under the title of "Naval Brigades in the South African War," written by officers who took part in the operations. The editor is Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N., who contributes the chapter dealing with the march from Enslin to Bloemfontein. The other chapters and their authors are:—"In Cape Colony," by Captain W. T. C. Jones, D.S.O., R.M.L.I., and Major A. E. Marchmont, C.B., R.M.L.I. "Bloemfontein to Belfast," Captain L. O. Wilson, D.S.O., R.M.L.I. "Belfast to Koomati Poort," From the Diary of an Officer. "Ladysmith," Chief Engineer C. C. Sheen, R.N. "Natal," Fleet-Surgeon F. J. Lilly, R.N., Lieutenant Hunt, R.N., and Lieutenant C. M. Steel, R.N. "Blockade Work at Koomati Poort," Lieutenant Massey-Dawson, R.N.

On June 4th Mr. Grant Richards will begin a cheap series of "The World's Classics"—in shilling and two-shilling forms—by the issue of three volumes; "The Poems of Lord Tennyson, 1830-1858"; "The Essays of Elia," and "Jane Eyre." Mr. Lawrence Housman has designed the cover for the series; notes and introduction have been dispensed with.

Among Mr. Murray's early publications will be "Sunday and the Sabbath," the "Golden Lectures for 1900-1," by the Rev. H. R. Gamble, Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, and "Suffolk in the XVII. Century," being the breviary of Suffolk, by Robert Ryece, 1618, now published for the first time from the MS. in the British Museum, with notes by Lord Francis Hervey.

The fourth volume of Mr. Nutt's series of "Scottish History from Contemporary Writers" will deal with "The Chevalier de St. George and the Jacobite Movement in his Favour, 1701-1720," edited by Mr. C. Sanford Terry, who edited "The Rising of 1745."

"Apostles of the Lord," the six lectures on pastoral theology which Canon Newbolt delivered during Lent term in the Divinity School, Cambridge, will be published by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Bryce has written an introduction to the translation of M. Ostrogorski's "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties" (which Messrs. Macmillan announce as nearly ready), a systematic history of party organization, both in England and the United States. Another book, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan shortly, is the series of "Lectures illustrating the

Changes in the English Law during the Nineteenth Century," edited by Mr. W. Blake Odgers. The contributors include, besides the editor, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and Sir Harry Poland, who celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his call-day on the 13th inst.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will shortly publish Mr. Booker T. Washington's autobiography, entitled "Up From Slavery." The author was born a slave in Virginia and has risen to the position of principal of the Tuskegee College, with a staff of eighty teachers under him. He was the first negro to receive an American degree—conferred upon him by Harvard—and when he came to England he was received by the late Queen Victoria. Mr. Booker Washington has a good deal to say in his book on the racial problem in the United States.

In fiction Mr. Fisher Unwin is about to publish Mr. Crockett's new romance "Cinderella," which has been appearing serially; a story of New Zealand life thirty years ago entitled "A Thousand Pities," by Ellen Taylor; and "Jestere," by "Vartenie," which gives a picture of Armenian life of to-day.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a volume of poems entitled "Passion-flowers," by the Baroness de Bertouch, to be published in a limited large paper edition. The authoress inherits her turn for versification from the Earl of Rochester, of Charles II.'s time.

Mr. A. H. Norway, the author of "Highways and Byways in Cornwall and Devon," has written "Naples, Past and Present" for Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces "I. Y. on the Imperial Yeoman at War," the experience of an Imperial Yeoman at the front.

Messrs. H. Virtue and Co. will move on June 5 from Ivy-lane to 13, Henrietta-street.

Messrs. Freemantle announce a collection of essays on literature, music, and art, by the Count S. C. de Soissons, entitled "In the Path of the Soul," illustrated with eighteen portraits reproduced from drawings by Sargent, Burne-Jones, Max Liebermann, Zorn, Roussel, and others. The work will be limited to 100 copies (published by subscription) at £5 5s. each.

Books to look out for at once.

"China under the Search-Light." By W. A. Cornaby. Unwin. 6s.

[A missionary's book on the Chinese problem.]

"Military Life of Field-Marshal George 1st Marquess of Townshend, 1724-1807." By Lieut.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O. Murray. 16s.

"An Eton Boy's Letters." By Nugent Banks. Cassell.

"Laboremus." A Play in three Acts. By B. Bjornson. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

[The play which was performed at Christiania for the first time last month and which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for May. With photogravure portrait and an introduction comparing the works of Bjornson and Ibsen.]

"Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel in Central and Western Europe." By W. J. A. Stamer. Chapman and Hall. Illustrated.

"Diary of a Nurse in South Africa." By Alice Bron. Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d.

"India in the 19th Century." By D. C. Boulger. H. Marshall. 6s. n.

"The Jubilee Volume of the Glasgow University." James MacLehose.

[With a foreword by the Lord Rector, the Earl of Rosebery, and contributions from Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. W. E. Henley, Sir Lewis Morris, Dr. Herbert Story, Sir W. Gairdner, and others.]

"Magic and Religion." By Andrew Lang. Longmans.

[Deals with science and superstition, the origin of religion as suggested by Mr. Frazer in "The Golden Bough," &c.]

Fiction.

"Ensign Knightley and Other Stories." By A. E. W. Mason. Constable, 6s.

"The Inheritors." By J. Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. Heinemann. 6s.

"The Land of Cockayne." By Mathilde Seras. Heinemann. 6s.

"The Fall of the Curtain." By Harold Begbie. Grant Richards. 6s.

[Mr. Begbie's first novel.]

"Lena Laird." By W. J. Laidlay. Sands. 6s.

[A tale of artist life, raising questions concerning the Royal Academy.]

"Marr'd in Making." By Baroness Hutten. Constable. 6s.

"Retaliation." By H. Flowerdew. Constable. 6s.

"Lulu, the Fairest of the Prynnes." By Marie Zimmermann. Freemantle. 6s.

"Ever Mohun." By F. T. Jane. Macqueen.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BOOKSELLERS OF OTHER DAYS. By E. MARSTON. 7×4½, 182 pp. Sampson Low. 5s. n.

HENRY DRUMMOND. By C. LENNOX. 7½×5¼, 244 pp. Melrose. 2s. 6d. n.

[Chiefly an account of the evangelical work done by the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" among the students of Edinburgh University.]

FICTION.

- THE RED CHANCELLOR.** By SIR W. MAGNAY, Bart. 8x5½. 315 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.
- THE ORISIA.** By WINSTON CHURCHILL. 7¼x5¼. 522 pp. Macmillan. 6s.
[A story of American life in the fifties.]
- BONANZA.** By E. G. HENHAM. 7¼x5¼. 320 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.
[A novel of travel and adventure.]
- OUR FRIEND THE CHARLATAN.** By G. GISSING. 7¼x5¼. 425 pp. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
- WILDEREMOOR.** By C. L. ANTROBUM. (2nd Ed.) 7¼x5¼. 378 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- THE CHRONIC LOAFER.** By NELSON LLOYD. (The Dollar Library.) 7½x5. 254 pp. Heinemann. 4s.
- GLENDARROCH.** By MURRO. 7¼x5. 255 pp. Arrowsmith.
[A story of the Western Scottish Highlands.]
- CRICKET STORIES, WISE AND OTHERWISE.** By C. W. ALCOCK. 6½x4. 174 pp. Arrowsmith. 1s.
- PRINCE BABER AND HIS WIVES.** By W. ST. CLAIR. 7¼x5¼. 322 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s.
[Two stories of Indian life, (1) at the time of the Khyber disaster (2) at the time of the Mutiny.]

HISTORY.

- SWALLOWFIELD AND ITS OWNERS.** By LADY RUSSELL. 10x7½. 362 pp. Longmans. 42s. n.
- LES COMMUNES FRANÇAISES AU MOYEN ÂGE.** By M. PAUL VIOLET. Extrait des Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. 10¼x8½. 168 pp. Paris: Klincksieck. Fr.6.50.
- READINGS IN WELSH HISTORY.** By ERNEST RHYS. 7¼x5. 172 pp. Longmans. 1s. 8d.

MILITARY.

- TROOPER 8,008, I. Y.** By the HON. S. PEEL. 9x6. 163 pp. Arnold. 7s. 8d.
- THE STORY OF THE SIEGE IN PEKING.** By S. M. RUSSELL, F.R.A.S. 7¼x5. 50 pp. Stock. 1s. 8d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- BYRNE'S GUIDE TO COMPANY FORMATION.** Ed. by J. BYRNE. 8½x5½. 103 pp. Byrne. 2s.
[A new guide, re-written from a former book by the same author, and bringing in the Act of 1901.]
- A MALAY-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.** Part I. (Alif to Za). By R. J. WILKINSON. 12¼x10. 355 pp. Kelly and Walsh. 5s. n.
- NATAL ALMANAC AND DIRECTORY FOR 1901.** 8½x5½. 1,338 pp. Davis.
[39th issue; among the new features are a directory of East Griqualand and the Natal Mines Act.]
- THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, 1348-1485.** Part I. By W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE. 13¼x10. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.
- THÉÂTRE DE MEILHAC ET HALÉVY.** Tome V. 7¼x4¼. 413 pp. Paris: Oalmann-Lévy. Fr.3.50.
- POETRY.**
- SONGS OF LUCILLA.** 7¼x5¼. 155 pp. Elkin Mathews.
- POEMS OF THE RACE.** By M. RUDLAND. 8x5¼. 121 pp. Stock. 3s. 8d.
- SEA VERSE.** By G. F. BRIDGES. (Vigo Cabinet Series.) 6¼x8¼. 64 pp. Elkin Mathews. 1s.
- AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS: and THE END OF THE SEASON, 1899.** By MABEL COOK. 7½x5½. Simpkin, Marshall. 6d. n.
- KITH AND KIN.** Poems of Animal Life. Ed. by H. S. SALT. 6¼x4. 95 pp. Bell. 1s. n.

POLITICAL.

- IMMORAL LEGISLATION.** Four Political Essays by the Author of "A Treatise on the Morality of Idolatry." 9½x6. 312 pp. Glaisner. 6s. n.
[Political Prose and Verse apropos of the Irish Land question.]
- CHINA AND ITS ALLIES.** 2 Vols. By A. H. SAVAGE-LANDOR. 9x6. 382+446 pp. Heinemann. 30s. n.

REPRINTS.

- LYRA GERMANICA.** Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Trans. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. (New Ed.) 6x4. 264 pp. Longmans. 2s. n.
- THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN GOWER.** Vols. II and III. Ed. by G. C. MACAULAY. 9x6. 1,354 pp. Clarendon Press. 16s. each vol.
[The first volume, containing the French works, was published in 1899. The present volumes contain the "Confessio Amantis" and "In Praise of Peace." There is an analysis of the Confessio and an account of its text, date, metre, language, and the various MSS. and editions, with notes and a facsimile page from the Fairfax MS.]

SCIENCE.

- THE COMMONWEALTH OF CELLS.** By H. G. [F. SPURRELL. 7¼x5. 115 pp. Baillière, Tindall. 2s. 6d. n.
- STAR ATLAS.** (3rd Ed. Rev. and Enlarged.) By DR. H. J. KLEIN. Trans. by E. M'CLURE, M.R.I.A., &c. 12½x9. 8 P.C.K. 10s.
[Includes the Nova Persei discovered this year.]

THEOLOGY.

- THE SOUL'S DESIRES.** By G. W. MOON. Hon. F.R.S.L. 6x4. 260 pp. Longmans. 1s. 6d.
[Sacred Mosaic of over 2,000 quotations on Prayer and Praise.]
- ANCIENT IDEALS IN MODERN LIFE.** By ANNIE BESANT. 7¼x5. 145 pp. Theosophical Publishing Society. 2s. n.
- THOUGHTS IN PAST YEARS.** By E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D. 7½x5. 312 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.
[Sermons preached during 52 years at Hampstead and elsewhere by Bishop Bickersteth (late of Exeter), with poems.]
- THE BOOK OF PSALMS.** Ed. by C. G. MONTEFIORE. 7¼x5. Macmillan. 1s. n.

TOPOGRAPHY.

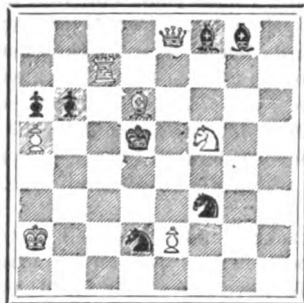
- THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY.** English Topography, Part XIII. Ed. by G. L. GOMME, F.S.A. 9x5¼. 388 pp. Stock. 7s. 6d.
[Westmoreland, Warwickshire, Wilts.]
- PHILIP'S PRACTICAL "INDEX" GUIDE TO LONDON, 1901.** By W. O. AVES. 7x4¼. 152 pp. Philip. 1s.
- HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN COUNTRIES.** Ed. by PERCY LINDLEY. 6½x9. 96 pp. 30, Fleet-street.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 176, by A. CORRIAS, Italy.

BLACK. 7 pieces.

WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 177, by ZDENEK MACH, Bohemia.

BLACK. 7 pieces.

WHITE. 5 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 178, by A. Troitzky.—White (6 pieces)—K at Q B 3; Q at Q R 2; R at K R 2; pawns at K R 3, K Kt 3, Q R 3. Black (6 pieces)—K at K 5; Q at K R 3; R at K B 4; Kt at Q Kt 3, pawns at K Kt 4, K B 6. White to play and win.

GAME No. LXXXI.—Played in New York matches at the Manhattan C.C.:—

RUY LOPEZ.

WHITE. P. Richardson.	BLACK. E. Lasker.	WHITE. P. Richardson.	BLACK. E. Lasker.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	25. Q-Q 3	Q-Kt 5
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	27. B-Q 2	Kt-K 3
3. B-Kt 5	Kt-B 3	28. R-Q 5	RxK
4. Castles	B-K 2	29. Q-K 3	R-Kt sq
5. P-Q 4	PxP	30. P-K R 3	Q-Kt 3
6. P-K 5	Kt-K 5	31. R-K 4	P-K R 4
7. R-K sq	Kt-B 4	32. B-K 3	R-Q 4
8. Kt-P	Kt-Kt	33. Q-K 5	P-R 3
9. Q-Kt	Castles	34. K-R 2	R-Q 3
10. Kt-B 3	Kt-K 3	35. R-K R 4	Q-K B 3
11. Q-Q 3	P-Q 3	36. R-K 3	P-B 4
12. Kt-Q 5	PxP	37. Q-Kt 3	P-Kt 4
13. Kt-B ch	Q-Kt	38. R-Q 4	RxK
14. R-P	Q-B 3	39. K-R 4	K-Kt 2
15. Q-K 3	Kt-Q 5	40. K-K 4 ch	Q-Q 3
16. B-K 3	B-B 4	41. K-Kt sq	K-Kt 3
17. B-B	Kt-B	42. Q-B 3	P-K 2
18. B-Q 2	Kt-Q 5	43. P-K B 3	Kt-Kt 2
19. Q-K 4	Kt-B 3	44. K-B 2	Q-Q 4
20. R-K B 5	QxP	45. B-B 5	Q-Q 3
21. R-K sq	Q-R-Q sq	46. B-Q 4	Q-Q 3
22. B-B 4	Q-Q 5	47. B-Q 5	Q-Q 8
23. Q-K 2	Q-Q 2	48. B-K 7	Kt-R 4
24. R-B 5	Kt-Q 5	49. B-B 6	Q-Q 7 ch
25. Q-B 4	P-Q Kt 4	50. R-Kt sq	Q-K 8 ch

Black wins.

GAME No. LXXXII.—The following forms another interesting study; it is from the great North v. South contest, 50 a side, by correspondence, won by the South of England by 57 to 43:—

ZUKERTORT'S OPENING.

WHITE. H. E. Wright.	BLACK. C. J. Lambert.	WHITE. H. E. Wright.	BLACK. C. J. Lambert.
1. Kt-K B 3 (a)	P-Q 4	19. P-Q 4	P-Kt 3
2. P-K 3	P-Q B 4	20. B-Q Kt 4	K-R-Q 1
3. P-Q B 4	P-Q 5	21. B-Q B 3	Q-R 1
4. PxP	PxP	22. B-B 6 (c)	Kt-Kt 2
5. P-Q Kt 4	P-K Kt 3	23. Q-B 3	B-Kt 1
6. B-Q Kt 2	B-K Kt 2	24. K-R-K 1	Q-B 2
7. P-Q 3	P-K 4	25. P-Kt 3	P-Kt 4
8. B-K 2	Kt-K R 3	26. Q-K 2	P-B 5 (d)
9. Q-Kt-Q 2	Castles	27. P-Kt 4	B-B 3
10. Kt-Kt 3	Kt-R 3 (b)	28. Kt-Q 2	P-K R 3
11. P-Q B 3	Kt-B 2	29. Kt-K 3	P-Q 2
12. P-Q Kt 5	Kt-K 3	30. Kt-K 4	B-K 2 (e)
13. B-Q B 1	Q-B 2	31. P-B 5 (f)	B-K 3
14. Kt-Kt 5	KtxKt	32. B-Kt	RxB
15. BxKt	P-B 4	33. Kt-Q 6	RxKt
16. Castles	B-K 3	34. PxR	B-B 3
17. Q-R-B 1	Kt-B 2	35. R-B 6 (g)	Resigns
18. B-Q 2	Kt-Q 3		

(a) White desired an original game, and hence started with the Zukertort opening. As is often the case with this start, the game runs into an irregular queen's pawn opening.

(b) The opening appears to be original enough to satisfy the most exacting taste. The play is, however, not particularly captivating, though sound and good.

(c) White has gained a little the better of the position. So far, both players have fought well behind their intrenchments, this being the first entry into the enemy's lines.

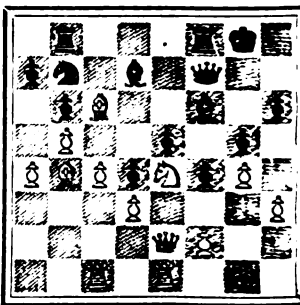
(d) We hardly like this move. Black, however, is such an experienced and successful correspondence player that we take it for granted every move has received careful attention. White has his eye on Kt-K 4, and this move of Black's allows him to get there.

(e) Now Black is uncomfortable. He could not play 32. BxK 3: 31. PxR. Kt-R 4; 32. P-B 7. QxP; 33. Kt-B 4, ch., and Black's game is gone.

(f) Unexpected, sound, and good, for Black still cannot take B, while White is threatening to take either B or Kt, and then advances the P. And if 31. PxP, after exchanges the K P will be lost. Black's reply is one way of losing.

(g) The position requires close analysis. White threatens to double rooks, if Black plays B-Q 4; and if the BxR, the two united P's must win. A very interesting position.—Notes by Mr. J. J. White ("Leeds Mercury").

BLACK. Mr. LAMBERT.

WHITE. Mr. WRIGHT.
White to play—move 30.



DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

From an original sketch in color by Mortimer Menpes.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 190. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	475, 476, 477
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—V. Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle. An Appreciation, by E. H. Lacon Watson	478
HALL CAINE v. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.....	477
Is SCOTTISH FICTION EXHAUSTED?—A "Personal View," by William Wallace.....	480
POEM—"Bridge-Guard in the Karroo," by Rudyard Kipling	496
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	494
CURRENT LITERATURE—	
Henry Broadhurst, M.P.	494
War Impressions	495
Trooper 8008 I.Y.	496
The Crisis	496
ART—Fine Art at Glasgow—I.	497
CORRESPONDENCE—The Humanitarian League (The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.)—English Versions of Foreign Poems—The Proper Age for a Wife (Mr. Max O'Rell)—A Child's Epitaph	497, 498
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for...	498, 499
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	499, 500
EDINBURGH—	
The Literature of Edinburgh—	
From Dunbar to Scott—The Last Half-Century	482
Literary Landmarks	487
Leading Publishers and Periodicals.....	489
The University and Libraries	491

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT for next week will be Mr. Edmund Gosse. The appreciation of Mr. Gosse's work will be written by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

The number will also contain an article on "The Future of the Drama," by Mr. Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Language and Literature at Glasgow University.

In another column we publish in full the poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which appeared in *The Times* of Wednesday, entitled "Bridge-Guard in the Karroo."

M. Rostand, whose *L'Aiglon* is now being performed at Her Majesty's, has been elected a member of the French Academy. He is a worthy successor to M. de Bornier. If he has written nothing so elevated in style as *La Fille de Roland*, and has damaged his reputation among purists, including some Academicians, by some slipshod work in *L'Aiglon*, *Cyrano de Bergerac* is a masterpiece of lyric and romantic verse as well as a good play. M. Rostand is now thirty-three years of age. Victor Hugo did not become a member until thirty-nine, although Villemain, it is stated, was elected at thirty-one.

M. Rostand's name has been familiar to the public only since the year 1894, when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt began to stage his pieces—the *Romanesques*, the *Princesse Loïtaine* (1895), the *Samaritaine* (1897), and then *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1897). The great actress must be credited with her share in his success—how considerable a share is realized when one sees any one of his plays staged and

spoken in the French provinces. But the youthful dramatist has time on his side in which to temper his exuberant genius and acquire the knowledge of human nature in which his plays are wanting. Such experience, and almost equal natural gifts, mark the talent of the historian, M. Frederic Masson, whom the Academy rejected in favour of M. Rostand. The fight was a famous one. It was only after the sixth ballot that by seventeen votes to fourteen, with two defections, M. Rostand became an "immortal." In spite of the support of the poets of the Academy, M. Masson must bide his time.

On the same day, the Marquis de Vogüé, the ex-diplomatist and archæologist—we recently referred to him as the head of the committee for the publication of Semitic epigraphy—was elected as successor to the Duc de Broglie. He received twenty-four votes, there being ten blanks. The election was natural and appropriate. The Marquis represents what is best in contemporary French society. He is at the head of the French Agricultural Society, and president of one of the most fashionable of the Paris clubs. He has been for more than thirty years one of the most active members of the Academy of Inscriptions and *Belles-Lettres*. Archæologists know the value of his "*Églises de la Terre Sainte*," "*L'Architecture de la Syrie Centrale*," the "*Temple de Jérusalem*" and his "*Mélanges d'Archéologie Orientale*." He has published the "*Mémoires*" of Marshal de Villars and a book on "*Événements en Syrie*," which no doubt won him his appointment as Ambassador at Constantinople in 1871. In 1875 he was transported to Vienna. He is one of the few moderns whom Richelieu would have chosen as an Academician.

While all London is talking of the great French tragédienne now playing at Her Majesty's Theatre it is interesting to remember that to-day is the seventieth anniversary of the death of Mrs. Siddons—in the judgment of competent judges probably the greatest tragic actress the world has known. There is a strong difference between her age and ours in the opportunities enjoyed by young actors of learning their art. In a single season, when she was only twenty-two, Mrs. Siddons played Portia (the first part she played in her first engagement by Garrick), Juliet, Imogen, the Queen in *Hamlet*, and in *Richard III.*, Mrs. Candour, Bellario in *Philastes*, Belvidera in *Venice Preserved*, Imoinda in *Oronooko*, Lady Randolph in *Douglas*, Euphrasia, Jane Shore, Rosamond, Sigismunda, and no less than a dozen other distinct and important parts. With her natural gifts fortified by this experience she produced emotional effects so formidable that her spectators were continually being carried off in fainting fits—an effect not commonly produced in our modern theatre except by overheating. Actors have sometimes been consoled with on the transiency of their triumphs; but Mrs. Siddons lives in the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and in the praises of a multitude of critics and gossips, while Johnson and Byron and Hazlitt are rivals in rhapsodies of eulogy. Perhaps, indeed, literature and art have never combined to pay a finer homage to the stage, than when Samuel Johnson wrote his name on the hem of her garment in Reynolds' picture of her as The Tragic Muse.

It is instructive to note that of the six artists to whom medals have been awarded at Dresden, one only is represented at the present Academy. These medals go to Messrs. Whistler, Tom Graham, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Henry Muhrman, Robert Brough, and Joseph Pennell, who sent some of his genuinely interpretative London aquatints. In Gallery XI. of Burlington House is Mr. Brough's portrait of Mr. Richard Myddleton; but for examples by the other artists, each of whom works with distinction, we may search in vain.

* * * *

The portrait of Dr. Conan Doyle which we reproduce in this number is from an original water-colour drawing by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and forms one of the series of pictures reproduced in "War Impressions," written by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, which we review elsewhere (A. and C. Black).

* * * *

The fourth International Publishers' Congress, to which we have already referred, opens at Leipzig from the 9th to the 12th of this month under the presidency of Mr. Albert Brockhaus. This country will be represented by Mr. John Murray, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. Unwin, and Mr. Heinemann. One of the best-known figures among the German publishers will be Christian Carl Bernhard, second Baron von Tauchnitz, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday a week ago. It is just sixty years since Herr Tauchnitz, as his father was then called, inaugurated his famous collection of British and American authors, with Bulwer Lytton's "Pelham" and Dickens' "Pickwick." The founder of the series was a nephew of another celebrated printer and bookseller of Leipzig, Karl Cristoph Traugott Tauchnitz, whose business dated back to the eighteenth century. The present Baron's father was ennobled in 1866—the year in which his son joined him—and died in 1895, by which time the Tauchnitz Edition numbered close upon 3,000 volumes. It still increases at the rate of about sixty volumes a year. The present Baron is highly popular with authors and publishers alike, and speaks English fluently.

* * * *

It seems almost a pity that the publishers who are gathering at Leipzig will miss the famous book-fair which has so long been the pride of the German booksellers. Like so many other survivals of a more picturesque age, this fair has no doubt been shorn of some of its old-time glories. It is still, however, a great institution in the German book-trade, and would have given a fine touch of local colour to the programme prepared for the coming congress. Easter is the time of the fair, when the booksellers from every large town in Germany assemble with their collections of books published during the preceding twelve months. The German trade has a common exchange and clearing-house at Leipzig and there is an annual settlement of accounts at the fair. Leipzig fair accounts are still run by certain English publishers who act as agents over here for foreign publishers. The business done is enormous, countless books are bought, sold, or exchanged. It used to be a recognized rule—which probably still holds good—that no bargain could be considered binding unless completed over a friendly glass of wine. In bygone days the fair was held at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine; but Leipzig, with its more central position, has been the scene of the annual gathering for about a hundred and fifty years. The German trade has to deal with three or four times as many publications every year as we have—usually with educational and theological works at the head of the list. Practically every publisher has his agent in Leipzig, and the rule is to keep books in stock for a year and a day after publication. All volumes then remaining unsold are returned to the publisher under the dubious term of "Crabs." Among our own publishers there is an even more fanciful trade term for such books—"Cold Pig"!

The tomb of William Hazlitt in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, has lately been restored by the great critic's grandson, Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who has placed thereon the following curious inscription:—

On the northern side of this ground lie the remains of William Hazlitt, painter, critic, and essayist. Born at Maidstone, April 10, 1778. Died in Soho, September 18, 1830. Restored by his grandson, February, 1901.

Hazlitt can hardly be called fortunate in respect of his epitaphs, whether we consider the turgid periods of the original inscription or the express declaration in the new one here quoted, that after dying in 1830 he was restored in 1901.

On Saturday, June 8, a new daily paper will make its appearance, with Mr. Raymond Blathwayt as editor. The title chosen is the *Morning Summary*.

The Pension Fund Committee of the Society of Authors has awarded a pension of £60 a year to Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "George Geith of Fen Court," "The Senior Partner," and many other well-known novels.

The estate of Mr. George Murray Smith, of Smith, Elder, and Co., has been valued at £839,522 2s. 5d., that of Sir John Stainer at £34,374 16s. 6d., and that of Mr. Douglas Gordon MacRae, editor and chief proprietor of the *Financial Times*, at £13,025 4s. 7d.

M. Rostand is slightly indisposed, and his doctor has ordered a complete rest.

Mrs. Craigie, in addressing the Dante Society on Wednesday, spoke of Dante and Botticelli as having both arrived, through the experience of life, at the same Catholic point of view. The Roman Catholic spirit in the Renaissance was a question of feeling, not of intellect, and was entirely misunderstood by Walter Pater and John Addington Symonds.

Mrs. Creighton has now recovered from her serious illness and is at work on the Biography of the late Bishop of London. She would be much indebted to any persons who may have letters from Bishop Creighton if they would kindly send them to her now at the Palace, Hampton Court.

At the next performance given by the Stage Society two new English plays will be produced. They are *The Unseen Helmsman*, by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, and a three-act comedy called *Windmills* by Mr. Kingsley Tarpey.

On the 2nd of June Mr. Thomas Hardy entered his sixty-second year.

Two genuine pictures by Titian and Velasquez have been discovered. All trace of them had been lost for nearly half a century, and the Italian Government has already offered £8,000 for the Titian.

Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, has been elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.

Mr. A. C. Bradley gave on Wednesday his inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, the subject being "Poetry for Poetry's Sake." Subsequent lectures will be on particular Poems or Poets, and a course of lectures will be given once a year specially for undergraduates.

The *Daily Chronicle* says that the St. Petersburg papers have been forbidden by the Russian Government to write anything about Tolstoy and his works, even those published long ago.

The Paris University and French literature have sustained a great loss in the person of M. Eugène Manuel, who died on Sunday at the age of 78.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play, it is stated, is to be produced in Washington in the late autumn.

The Queen of Rumania is said to be making arrangements for providing every rural commune in the kingdom with one dramatic performance a week, for the purpose of "inculcating the precepts of morality and social duties."

Mr. Ben Greet has arranged for the production of a series of pastoral plays at the Botanic Gardens in June and July.

The goldsmiths of Florence have erected a fountain on the Ponte Vecchio in honour of Benvenuto Cellini. A little while ago a commemorative tablet was also unveiled, which is placed on the outside of the house where he was born on Nov. 3, 1500.

In Chicago a weekly newspaper has been started, entitled *Name on the Sky*, and "signed" articles are published from President Lincoln, Martin Luther, Mr. Moody, Henry Ward Beecher, and others.

The *Gibraltar Chronicle* attained its hundredth year a few days ago. Its first editor was a Frenchman, M. Charles Buisson by name, who took up his residence on the Rock in May, 1801.

A cricket-match will take place at Esher towards the end of June in which Mr. J. M. Barrie, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Shan F. Bullock, and other authors are likely to participate.

We regret to hear that Mr. Phil May, who was to lecture in America, is suffering from a serious attack of pleurisy, and that Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is laid up by a carriage accident.

In an article published last week on Paul Jones we referred to "his love affair with Aimée de Telison, a natural daughter of Louis XIV." This, as a correspondent points out, was a misprint for Louis XV.

HALL CAINE v. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Ltd.

It is not expected that the law suit which has begun between Mr. Hall Caine and Messrs. Pearson can be tried much before the end of the year, but there seems to be little doubt that both parties are determined to fight out the case in Court. Messrs. Lewis and Lewis are acting for Mr. Hall Caine and Messrs. Harrison and Davis for Messrs. Pearson. The serial rights of "The Eternal City" were bought by Messrs. Pearson to give a good start to their new *Lady's Magazine*, the first number of which appeared in January last. All went well until the June instalment of the story was received, when the proprietors objected to certain matter on the ground that it was altogether unsuitable, in their opinion, for publication in the *Lady's Magazine*. Negotiations were entered into, but without result; Mr. Hall Caine contended that the matter objected to was essential; and in the June number of the magazine, to be published on Monday next, the following notice will be found under the usual heading by Fred. Pegram illustrating the title of the story:—

The proprietors of this magazine announce with regret that they have felt compelled to discontinue the publication of "The Eternal City." Differences have arisen between them and the author as to the suitability of the story for the *Lady's Magazine* and the proprietors have, in consequence, commenced proceedings against Mr. Hall Caine.

It would be obviously improper to comment further upon matters which are the subject of pending litigation, but the proprietors feel assured that the reasons for their action will commend themselves to their readers when the facts are in due course disclosed in a Court of Law.

It is said that there was an understanding to the effect that the story should not include such matter as that to which the proprietors of the magazine have taken exception, and they

are suing the author for the return of the £2,000 already paid for the serial rights, and for damages. The first instalment of Mrs. Croker's new story, "The Cat's Paw," takes the place of "The Eternal City" in this month's number of the magazine. In ordinary circumstances Mr. Hall Caine's story would have run through five more numbers, and there was a balance of £1,000 to be paid to him by Messrs. Pearson. He has accordingly entered a counter claim against them. Meantime Mr. Heinemann is apparently willing enough to take the risk of publishing the story as it stands. He will publish it in volume form in August.

Precedents for such a situation as this may not be numerous, but they can be found. The case of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is one instance in point. This admirable, but not particularly reticent, romance was published as a serial in the *Graphic*. It contained one chapter which the editor feared would give offence, and the offending chapter was omitted. It was printed as a contribution to the *National Observer*, and was duly incorporated in the book when it afterwards appeared in volume form. Another author who has had similar difficulties is M. Zola. In 1836 M. Zola was contributing a story called "Le Vœu d'une Morte" to the *Événement*—a daily paper belonging to de Villemessant and subsequently amalgamated with the *Figaro*. Letters poured in from the subscribers, who threatened to discontinue their subscriptions. De Villemessant bowed before the storm, and stopped the publication of the story before M. Zola was half way through it, and "Le Vœu d'une Morte" remains unfinished to this day. There is also the case of "L'Assommoir." This appeared *en feuilleton* in a democratic journal entitled *Le Bien Public*, the price of the serial rights being £400. It was expected that a story about the lower orders would please the lower orders; but, as it turned out, the lower orders considered themselves insulted by it. Once again there were angry letters to the editor, many of the writers going so far as to threaten him with personal violence, and the story was stopped in order that the paper might not be ruined. M. Catulle Mendès, however, came to the rescue, and offered £40 for the right to publish the remainder of the story in *La République des Lettres*, which he was then editing. The offer was accepted, and the editor had no reason to regret having made it as, in his columns, "L'Assommoir" was well received.

One cannot, of course, say much by way of comment, partly because we have not seen the matter characterized as unsuitable, and partly because the case is *sub judice*. The dispute is one of those that will always be liable to occur so long as the practice prevails of "marketing" fiction before it is written. Seeing that one of the virtues of a good story consists in the fact that it is different from any stories ever written before, whether by the same or any other author, there is an obvious opening for surprises and disappointments; while the merits of a particular story and its suitability for a particular public are not matters that can be tested as simply as, say, the quality of the paper on which it is written, or the accuracy with which it has been typed. The moral would seem, at the first blush, to be that publishers should not try to buy, and that authors should not try to sell, the literary "pig in a poke"; but, of course, the habit of doing so has its advantages as well as its drawbacks. Otherwise it could not have grown up. Under modern conditions no editor can afford to trust to the off chance of a suitable serial turning up at the last moment. He prefers to see his way a year or even two years ahead. On the other hand, no author likes to think that, after he has written the story, he will have to wait two years before seeing it in print or deriving any profit from it. Consequently business in "pigs in pokes" has to be done, and the risk of its turning out badly has to be taken. It is simply a result of the commercial conditions under which both publisher and author live and work. If misunderstandings become frequent, the method will, no doubt, be altered. But in the case, at any rate, of authors whose work many publishers regard it as a privilege to handle, the custom is likely to die hard. For such are the inevitable consequences of competition.

Literature Portraits.—V.

DR. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Popularity and the good word of the critic do not often go together. In fact, critics are too often concerned to discover reasons why the popular writer should be despised of all good judges, whereas they would perhaps be better employed in searching for the cause of his success. For, in eternal contempt of all criticism, there is always some solid ground discoverable for an author's popularity. It may be some quality that has nothing to do with literature (as in the case of several admired novelists of the present day), but it is none the less adequate. It is possible to perpetrate solecisms in grammar and in good taste, and yet to appeal forcibly to the emotions; and there are many story-tellers, whose characters have no more life in them than a wooden image, who can nevertheless please by the ingenuity of their plot and the skilful accumulation of incident. In the case of Dr. Conan Doyle, however, there is no need of an apologetic explanation. His is one of the rare instances where criticism and the popular voice are nearly, if not quite, in accord. He has had the good fortune to please everybody—not perhaps with the whole body of his works, but at any rate with some one of them—and he is certainly at the present moment one of the most popular writers not only in England but wherever the English language is spoken.

Dr. Doyle has a long list of the qualities most useful to the profession of author. His versatility is remarkable. He has tried his hand at most sorts of writing—poetry, history, the drama, novels in various periods and in various climes, detective stories, sea stories, war stories—and he has done them all to the satisfaction of one section, at all events, of his numerous audience. His English is not always impeccable—and it is rather curious that his history of the Boer War, in some respects his most ambitious work, should appear to be written less carefully than certain of his novels—but there is in general a flavour of literature about his books. They have style enough to keep them sweet, and they are pleasantly free from mannerism or affectation. In "The Great Boer War" it may be admitted that Dr. Doyle did not wholly please the critics. It is difficult to write history on the spot, and those who essay the task are apt to find that they are merely jotting down journalistic impressions in more stilted language than usual. Probably the novelist felt, on this occasion, that he was engaged upon something unfamiliar, that some approach to the orthodox historical manner would be proper to the matter in hand, and yet that, on the whole, he would prefer to employ the old forthright style that had served him so well before. The result is not altogether satisfactory, but the book remains, for all that, one of the most interesting that the campaign in South Africa has produced. It would be difficult for this author to be uninteresting even in a controversial article on the defence of the Empire by means of rifle clubs.

The most valuable asset that a writer of fiction can possess is what we are pleased to call (for want of a better term) Humanity, and this invaluable quality has been granted to the author of "The White Company" in as full measure as to any other living writer. He has the widest sympathies. To no one else among novelists of the present day can the Latin tag be more fitly applied—*homo est, humani nihil a se alienum putat*. He is emphatically a man, and, what is of considerable importance to his work, he is also a good sportsman. It is not for nothing that he plays cricket as well as many county players, that he can hold his own at most exercises demanding nerve and quickness of hand and eye, and that he volunteered something more than a year ago for active service in South Africa. The fruits of this temperament are seen in such admirable pieces of description as that of the prize-fight in "Rodney Stone"—a description that will bear comparison with that famous one of Hazlitt's—and in the more serious bits of fighting scattered through such books as "Micah Clarke" and "The Refugees."

Indeed, it is evident that this author loves a good fighter, be he big or little, but, perhaps, with a mental reservation in favour of the giant. Hordle John and Micah Clarke were men of inches, but, like Alan Breck, Sir Nigel Loring was also a "bonny fighter." So, too, was Master Decimus Saxon, to say nothing of the two young gentlemen in "The Refugees." Even Sherlock Holmes was by no means to be despised in a hand-to-hand encounter. But the same man who has so lofty an appreciation of the manly virtues can also write—and this is a convincing proof of catholic sympathy—a quiet domestic idyll like "A Duet." There were many readers, no doubt, to whom this pretty little picture of married life was something of a disappointment. It was not the Conan Doyle they knew; tender sentiment was not at all what they had expected; and a good many admirers, we may be sure, laid the book aside with a feeling of surprise that their favourite author should condescend to such frivolities instead of weaving further adventures for his immortal detective. It is true enough that "A Duet" contains no very startling or exciting incidents; but, of its kind, it is none the less a very charming book, and it is the more interesting to us because it is in most respects so essentially different from all the writer's other work. It has a wonderful tenderness—the tenderness of a strong character. And it may be added that Mrs. Frank Crosse is a very life-like woman—a sort of character that is not very easily discoverable in some of the more admired novels of the same author.

With the exception of this story, the history of the war which we have mentioned above, two short plays, of which the monologue "Waterloo" is the better known, and the "Songs of Action," which contain some spirited and stirring poems that should live, the more important of Dr. Doyle's books fall naturally into certain well-defined divisions. The historical novel proper is represented by a very sound trio. "The White Company" and "Micah Clarke" are certainly the two best novels of this sort that have made their appearance for many years; "The Refugees" is long, and something overcrowded with incident, but it certainly cannot be accused of lack of spirit. Probably these three books are, if we except the two volumes of "Sherlock Holmes" stories, the most popular of all our author's writings, and they deserve their popularity. The periods are carefully studied, but the information gained is not unnecessarily obtruded upon our notice. The writing is simple, natural, and to the point; it is noticeable that in "The White Company" there is no trace of that Wardour-street English in narrative or dialogue which most historical novelists would have thought essential to the treatment of the fourteenth century. And the writer is never long-winded; he has that very useful art of arresting the attention at the start; the opening of his stories is not marred by tedious and prosy introductions. Some striking picture stands out before you have read the first three pages and gives the key-note of the story—the expulsion of John of Hordle from the monastery, or the portrait of Cornet Clarke, the old Ironside turned sober tradesman, but still retaining a touch of the ancient spirit.

The later novels in this kind are, to tell the truth, rather studies in an interesting period than historical novels. They lack the spacious atmosphere of the earlier books; they are altogether conceived on a smaller scale; and, good reading as they undoubtedly are, they display a rather melancholy reluctance to grapple boldly with a big subject, and carry it through to a satisfactory conclusion. "Rodney Stone" is, in many ways, an excellent study of the palmy days of the prize ring, and Beau Brummell, and heavy card-playing, and the new palace at Brighton. But the story is at once weak and melodramatic—almost as melodramatic as that of "Uncle Bernac," which is saved from mediocrity only by the character sketch of Napoleon. And "The Tragedy of the Korosko" is a slighter matter still, being nothing more nor less than a passable short story expanded.

The author's medical experiences have been turned to account in a volume of stories called "Round the Red Lamp" and in a more important book "The Stark Munro Letters."

The form of this story has probably militated against its prosperity, for fiction by epistolary correspondence (except in the case of love-letters) has not enjoyed much popularity since the days of Richardson. But "The Stark Munro Letters" are very well worth reading, not only for the sake of the realistic picture of the young doctor's early struggles, but for the very life-like character-sketch of Cullingworth, the genius with the methods of a charlatan. And the book contains a larger proportion than most of Dr. Conan Doyle's peculiar humour—a humour that is far from being subtle or in any way difficult of apprehension, but is always eminently laugh-provoking. Cullingworth's description of the way in which he won the Humane Society's medal is a case in point. The merit of this sort of humour lies in a keen sense of the ludicrous, a quick eye for the incongruous, and a very straightforward manner of exposing it. It is good-natured, strong common sense, that delights in shearing through a sophism or in exposing pretentiousness. The companionship of the young Canadian and the officer of the Court of Versailles in "The Refugees" is fruitful in good-humoured, sensible repartee of this kind. It is true, the humour is apt occasionally to sink below this level, and to descend to something perilously near a "catch-word," as with Sir Nigel Loring and his perpetual "prospect of honourable advancement," or Sir Oliver Buttethorn's too persistent longing for fat pullets. Sometimes, too, a farcical incident must serve its turn, as with Master Tetheridge hiding in the meal-chest after the battle of Sedgemoor. But on the whole there is abundance of honest, wholesome laughter, untinged with any suspicion of satire, to be found in these volumes.

"The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" and the two volumes of "Sherlock Holmes" are both examples of a form of fiction that the exigencies of magazine publication have made very popular of late years. Of the famous detective it is unnecessary to say much now—with many he stands as the sole representative of his creator's work, and, although his inductive method may owe something to Edgar Allan Poe and certain Frenchmen, it is sufficient tribute to his worth to say that he has been, and probably will be, the model of a host of more or less praiseworthy imitations. Since his arrival in the pages of the *Strand Magazine* a decade or so since, an ever-increasing army of detectives and investigators, male and female, public and private, have been narrating their experiences; but it is pretty safe to say that none of them will ever quite fill the void caused by the death of the great master at the hands of his inveterate enemy. It is understood that Dr. Doyle proposes to resuscitate the popular favourite, or rather, to write a novel dealing with one of his earlier experiences. Some credit is due to him for holding out so long against the amiable persecution of a flattering public. For our part, we would almost prefer to hear more of the gallant Brigadier, whose adventures were in the author's happiest style of historical romance. And, rather than either of these, we would like to see another story, conceived on the spacious scale and executed with the careful fidelity of "Micah Clarke" or "The White Company."

E. H. LACON WATSON.

Dr. Conan Doyle was studying medicine at Edinburgh when he first appeared as an author with a short story entitled "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley." That was twenty-three years ago and the story appeared in *Chambers' Journal*. A year or so later he was sailing the Arctic as doctor of the Scotch whaler Hope, the ship which foundered only a few months ago near the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He kept to medicine on his return to Edinburgh, and it was not until he started practising at Southsea—where he remained eight years—that he thought seriously of turning his attention to literature. It was a long and trying apprenticeship. In his characteristic contribution to "My First Book" (Chatto and Windus) he tells us that for ten years he averaged less than £50 a year from his pen. The *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, and other journals published fifty or sixty of his stories, but they had to be published anonymously, and "after ten years of such work I was as unknown as if I had never dipped a pen into an ink-bottle." A selection of the tales, however, was published by Messrs. Longmans in 1888 under the title of "The Captain of the

Pole-star" and has since passed through numerous editions. But Dr. Doyle had two other books out before that volume was published. "A Study in Scarlet," after many refusals, was bought for £25 in 1887, and appeared in "Beeton's Christmas Annual" for that year. It was Sherlock Holmes' first appearance. Messrs. Ward, Lock brought the book out in more substantial form in the following year, and it has been reprinted, on an average, every year since then—the later editions including a paper on the famous detective by Conan Doyle's old master, Dr. Joseph Bell, the original of Sherlock Holmes. "A Study in Scarlet" has been translated in French, German, and Italian, and has made Dr. Doyle, with his later books, one of the best-known English authors on the Continent. "Micah Clarke," his story of the Monmouth Rebellion, appeared in the same year (1888), and, according to "My First Book," it was this work which opened the door for him into the Temple of the Muses.

A year's reading and five months' writing finished it, and I thought I had a tool in my hand that would cut a path for me. . . . I sent it to a friend, whose opinion I deeply respected in London, who read for one of the leading houses, but he had been bitten by the historical novel, and very naturally he distrusted it. From him it went to house after house, and house after house would have none of it. Blackwood found that the people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; Bentley that its principal defect was that there was a complete absence of interest; Cassell's that experience had shown that an historical novel could never be a commercial success. I remember smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot. And then suddenly I bethought me to send it to Messrs. Longmans, where it was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang. From that day the way was smoothed to it, and, as things turned out, I was spared that keenest sting of ill-success, that those who had believed in your work should suffer pecuniarily for their belief.

"Micah Clarke," indeed, was hailed as one of the best historical tales written for many years previously, and was a great success. It was adapted for school use in 1894. After "Micah Clarke" came a return to Sherlock Holmes in "The Sign of Four," published by Mr. Spencer Blackett in 1889; but the novelist's mind seems to have been set on historical fiction rather than detective tales at that time, and two years of study of fourteenth century life in England resulted in "The White Company," which Messrs. Smith, Elder published in three volumes in 1890. The circulation of this book has been remarkable and consistent; last year it reached its twenty-third edition. "The Firm of Girdlestone" was issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in the same year, and still has a steady sale—it has just been reprinted. The public, however, began to ask for more about the great detective, and the doctor, though by this time (1890) he had left Southsea to practise in London, abandoned medicine altogether and started writing "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" for the *Strand Magazine*. The boom which followed is too well known to need more than a passing reference. The sales in volume form have been prodigious, and we understand that hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold of the sixpenny editions. In 1893 "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" started on an equally successful career—through the *Strand* to a six-shilling volume, and afterwards at three-and-sixpence; and both have been selling well ever since. It is now announced that Dr. Doyle is engaged in resuscitating Sherlock Holmes for a new serial which is expected to run to some 30,000 or 50,000 words. The play founded upon the detective's former adventures—which has been running for many months in America—is to be produced in London at the end of the summer; and the new Sherlock Holmes story will begin in the *Strand* at the same time.

The early nineties were extremely busy years with Dr. Conan Doyle. In between his two Sherlock Holmes books he published "The Great Shadow" as Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual for 1892; wrote the twenty-fourth part of that curious experiment in literary collaboration entitled "The Fate of Fenella" which Messrs. Hutchinson issued after its passage serially through the *Gentlewoman*; and published "The Doings of Raffles Haw" through Messrs. Cassell in the same year. In 1893, besides "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," he not only brought out "The Refugees: A Tale of Two Continents" in three volumes—published in a new edition in one volume in the same year—but produced the comic opera at the Savoy entitled *Jane Annie*; or, *The Good Conduct Prize*, which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. J. M. Barrie, with music by Mr.

Ernest Ford. His happiest effort as a playwright, however, is seen in *Waterloo*, the one-act piece which Sir Henry Irving gives before *The Bells*—to be repeated, by the way, on Wednesday next. In 1894 Dr. Doyle published his volume of medical stories, "Round the Red Lamp" (Methuen), which still has a steady sale in its seventh edition at six shillings; and "The Parasite," which formed No. 1 of Messrs. Constable's Acme Library. "The Stark Munro Letters" (Longmans) came in 1895, and "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" (Newnes) in 1896. The last-named made the fourth book by Conan Doyle published by Messrs. Newnes, as they took over "The Sign of Four" from Mr. Spencer Blackett; and all four have excellent sales, both in their sixpenny and three-and-sixpenny editions. One of Conan Doyle's tales—one of his earliest—lost its way in the post, and has not been heard of since; another, "The Mystery of Cloomer," was published in 1889 by Ward and Downey, but has long been out of print and unobtainable. The lost manuscript was called "The Narrative of John Smith," and, of course, as the author has remarked, it was the best thing he ever wrote. "Whoever," he asks, "lost a manuscript that wasn't? But I must in all honesty confess that my shock at its disappearance would be as nothing to my horror if it were suddenly to appear again—in print. If one or two other of my earlier efforts had also been lost in the post my conscience would have been the lighter." After "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard" Dr. Conan Doyle settled down with Messrs. Smith, Elder, who, with the exception of "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus" (issued by Mr. Grant Richards in 1899), have published all his subsequent books. Their titles and dates, to complete our bibliography, are—"Rodney Stone" (1896), a new and cheaper edition of which has just appeared; "Uncle Bernac: A Memory of the Empire" (1897)—rewritten and lengthened by a third after appearing in serial form—"The Tragedy of Korosko" (1898); "Songs of Action" (1898); "The Green Flag and other Tales of War and Sport" (1900); and "The Great Boer War" (1900). The history of the war has been enormously successful. It has already reached its twelfth edition, and is still in constant demand. The narrative is now running serially through the *Wide World Magazine*, and an American edition of the book is published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips, and Co.; The author has dedicated the history to Mr. John L. Langman—"who devoted his fortune, and that which was more valuable to him than his fortune, to the service of his country, and to the relief of suffering." Mr. Langman, it is hardly necessary to add, sent the splendid field hospital to South Africa which had Dr. Doyle for its secretary and medical registrar. The novelist's one failure, it will be remembered, was his fight for Central Edinburgh last year, when, like Anthony Hope and Rider Haggard in earlier days—and Thackeray and Trollope, too, to go still further back—he sought the suffrages of the electorate in vain. And, by the irony of fate, he was defeated by a publisher (Mr. George Mackenzie Brown); but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had reduced the last majority by more than 1,400 votes.

In the Highlands nearly every hill and every loch has its story. The Lowlands, too, have their traditions and their romances. The "Hawick tradition" was a small affair, to start with. Some Hawick "callants" (*Anglicè*, lads) captured a flag from a party of Englishmen whom they defeated at Hornshole, near Hawick, in 1514, subsequent to Flodden. The truth of the tradition has been questioned, but there is good reason to accept it. It has inspired the poet and the painter. It is commemorated every year, as the supposed anniversary comes round. It gave birth to a song which fires the blood of Hawick men all over the world, and which has come to be regarded as the Hawick slogan. The song transgresses all the rules of metre, but what it lacks technically it makes up in fire. The chorus runs—

Teribus ye Teri Oden,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden,
Imitating Border bowmen,
Aye defend your right and Common.

Recently the incident which the tradition preserves was painted by Mr. Tom Scott, R.S.A., to be hung in the Council-room at Hawick. And on Saturday last a memorial which has been erected on the spot where the skirmish is said to have taken place was unveiled. The stone bears the inscription—"1514. Lest we forget." It is not a very exact use of Kipling's words; but there is little likelihood of the Hawick man ever forgetting.

IS SCOTTISH FICTION EXHAUSTED?

A "Personal View"

By WILLIAM WALLACE.

"There's a story in every line of it, a history in every check." Thus ecstatically speaks Baron Lomond of the tartan in the latest of Scottish romances, and the assertion does not seem to justify the prediction that the fiction of which Stevenson and Barrie were the pioneers will be exhausted in forty years, like the Lanarkshire coalfields which have given Glasgow its pre-eminence in commerce and in industrial exhibitions. Certainly also the extraordinary output of Scottish history and romance during the last quarter of the nineteenth century seems to prove that a very great number of able Scotsmen are of the same mind as the Baron. But it is death, not life, that brings the eagles together in congress. They are struggling over the carcase of a Jacobitism which is absolutely dead and, having been cut up, is seen to have had rottenness as well as romance in it—the Jacobitism of Lochiel and Flora Macdonald, but also of Pickle the Spy and Balhaldie and now—thanks to Mr. Neil Munro—of Simon MacTaggart. "Doom Castle" is in some respects the best and most sincere Highland historical romance that has ever been published, even although Simon is not quite so delectable a personage as Alan Breck, and although the company in the inn, flageolet and all, is not so enticing as that in "Gilian the Dreamer." It shows that Mr. Munro has come into his kingdom, that he can work out a political intrigue, that he can make a full-blooded passion throb beneath an agitated bodice, that, as Lamb said of Webster, he can "move a horror quickly." He is our literary Somerled or Regulus of Argyll—that romantic if somewhat disconcerting Argyll, in which there is a "smirr" of rain every day and a hail of bullets at least three times a week. And if he does not go beyond his depth like the original Somerled, or Mr. Barrie when he tries his hand, but not his heart, at a problem play, Argyll and Inveraray will be to him what Wessex and Budmouth have been to Mr. Hardy.

But Wessex—not being Shakespeare's country—is not the heart of England; and the Regulus of Argyll, although he was often the thorn in the flesh of the King of Scotland, never succeeded in deposing that monarch and in having himself crowned in his place. The successes of Mr. Munro like those of the best of our novelists, are the successes of literary decentralization. But decentralization is fatal to a revival of nationalities. The Cheviots are a geographical expression. There will be no repeal of the Union, no second Bannockburn to compel the King to give up styling himself "Edward VII." "There is still in Edinburgh," says Mr. R. S. Rait in his excellent little book on the life and death, and, above all, the death-in-life, of the old Scots Parliament, "a 'ghost of speech' which reminds the curious that men once did more in the Scottish capital than merely administer the law; but the 'Parliament House' is only a name—*vox et præterea nihil*." There will soon be but a ghost of the old Scots vernacular even in the precincts of the Kailyard. There is not such a ghost in Mr. Crockett's latest story, "The Silver Skull"; and the young Scotsman who figures in it as lover and aide-de-camp to the English General Church is the feeblest specimen of the walking gentleman that romance can show, except the Lovel of "The Antiquary." Mr. Munro is sparing of that "broad Doric," which, by the way, Dr. Murray has conclusively shown

to be a variety of northern English. No doubt, when Mungo Boyd who, as a Scots serving man, is worthy to be ranked with Andrew Fairservice and even Caleb Balderstone, gets into a passion, the "ghost of speech" becomes as vigorously flesh—and blood as "the full, voluptuous but not o'er-grown bulk" of that other fascinating ghost in "Don Juan." "D—n ye, ye skirlin' auld bitch! can ye no steek yer jaw, and let them dae the howlin' outside?"—here, surely, we are far away from the leeks, and "lowliness" of Thrums and Drumtochty, and back again to the company of delightful and immortal Miss Ferrier, listening in Mrs. Violet McShake's Edinburgh flat to the true "siller soun"! "Hae bairn, tak a cookie, tak it up, what are ye feared for! it'll no bite ye. Here's t'ye Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat." And we feel as if we had been pitchforked into worthy Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie," the excellent moralities of which, as middle-aged Scotsmen cannot fail to remember, were as popular in villages as in the present day have been the humours of Mr. Barrie's pig-stye or the tears of Ian Maclaren's sermon-tasters, and as if the little boy were once again saying to his horse, "Come on, ye muckle brute, ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast noo, come awa! That's it! Aye, y'ere a gude beast noo!" But the majority of the characters in "Doom Castle"—the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Baron, even Simon MacTaggart—speak Inverness or Edinburgh boarding-school English, and use a "dialect" word like "glaur" awkwardly and apologetically. As for Mrs. Petullo, wife to the Provost, mistress to the Chamberlain, and in spite of Olivia Lamond and her crushed jasmine, the true heroine of the book, she expresses unimpeachable French passions in such unimpeachable English as "I'm to be dismissed with just that amount of politeness that will save my feelings. I thought you knew me better, Sim. I thought you could make a more plausible excuse for the dirty transaction when it had to be done as they say it must be done some time with all who are in our position." What with School Boards in towns and Secondary Education committees in counties, Merit Certificates and Leaving Certificates, Continuation Schools and Technical Colleges, the patriotic (but not parochial) perseverance of Sir Henry Craik and the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the ghost of the old Scots speech will be finally laid in a quarter of a century. Great Scottish novels, even great novels dealing exclusively with Scotland, may be written in the future. But they will be written in Leaving Certificate English; their writers, reversing the bitter experience of Stevenson, will complain that the Scots they may be compelled to put into the mouths of their characters is a foreign tongue.

But Scottish character, the whole world of Scottish manners, Scottish religion, and Scottish drink—are they not bound to remain even after the Scots tongue has gone, or has passed, as it is passing now—in the music of what are popularly known as the "Drumsheugh English" of Edinburgh and the "Kelvinside accent" of Glasgow—out of sight and out of mind? Did Scott and Stevenson live by dialect alone? Was the triumph of the Kailyard—even if it was but a temporary triumph—simply a victory for "Sal" and "Michty"? Certainly not. But the burgh-Homeric genius of Scott and the "golden art" of Stevenson would have conquered in any country and under any conditions in virtue of the "universality"—in Mr. Pater's sense—of the human interests with which they deal. Neither confined himself to his country. Stevenson was the nineteenth century representative of those Scottish cosmo-

politan adventurers who, like the Admirable Crichton, regarded the world as their oyster, and took their lives in their hand while they opened it with their swords. Of Scott it may be said as he said of his impartial moss-trooper,

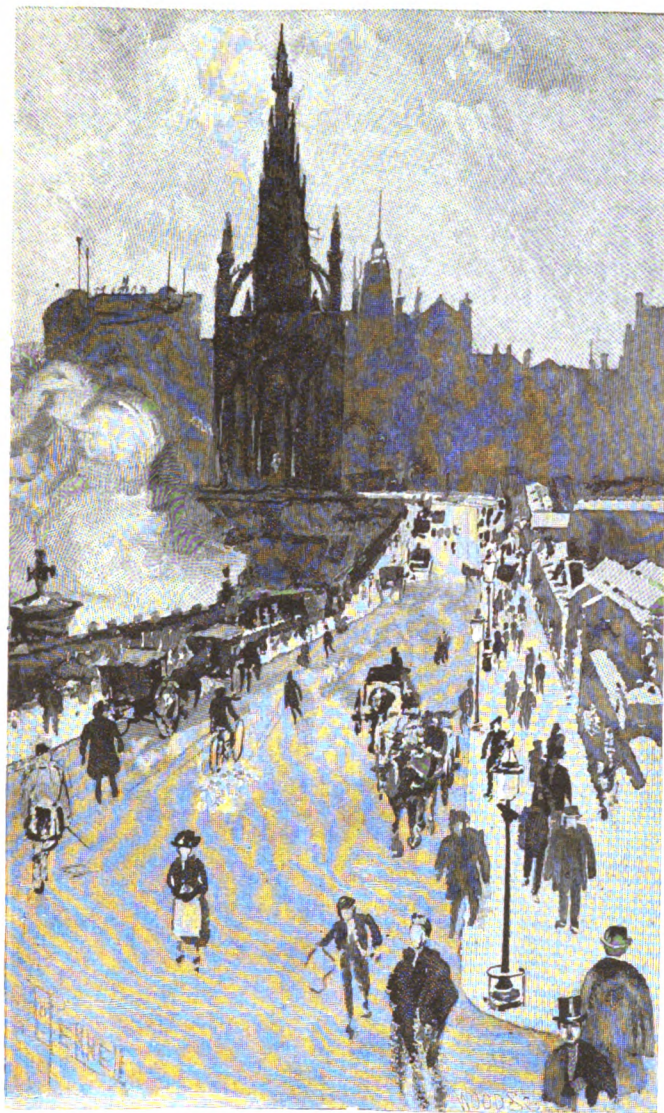
He sought the beeves that made his broth
In Scotland and in England both.

Regarded as Scottish artists they had unquestionably their limitations. I thoroughly agree with Mr. Stephen Gwynn (*Literature*, April 6) that "Scott is great by his Lowland folk, not his Highlanders"; he is great by them because he knows them. And similarly Stevenson never really got beyond middle-class Edinburgh and the Parliament House. His Alan Breck is a superbly artificial Highlander, the creation of a most capable Lowlander who has read deeply and to purpose in the Advocates' Library; but he is not such a reality as Weir of Hermiston, who is the incarnation—though they say he hath a devil—of the Parliament House. Nor is Catriona to be named in the same breath with Miss Grant, of whose Christian name one somehow never thinks. The artists of the Kailyard merited the success they attained, because for the first time they did justice at once to the lighter and to the purely pathetic side of that Secederism which has played an important part in the national life of Scotland and which was at one time, as Carlyle said, synonymous with earnestness.

But now, as the dirge of Jacobitism puts it, "all is done that man can do," though it would be inaccurate to go further and say "And all is done in vain." Secederism, Jacobitism, every national "ism" and stream of tendency has had ample justice done it. What Christopher North styled "the lights and shadows of Scottish life" have been reproduced by an apostolic succession of artists—Lockhart, Hogg, Norman Macleod, William Black, and, above all, Mrs. Oliphant, who, if leisure had been allowed her, could have done for Scotland what George Eliot did for England in "Middlemarch." The broad lines of Scottish character have been traced for all time by Scott and still more by Galt—Galt of the "Annals" and "The Provost" and the "Entail," who somewhat ominously, we are told, no longer "pays." Doubtless we shall have many Scottish novelists in the future, and many English travellers in search of Scottish oddities. There is no reason why every important district in Scotland should not have its Mr. Munro. There is no reason why another Charles Reade should not invent another Lord Ipsden to say "How do you do?" to another Jean Carnie and to receive for answer "Fine, hoo's yoursel'?" The humours of our ecclesiastical and municipal politics, the play of our seaside resorts and our hydropathic establishments, "the hideousness and immense ennui" of our *bourgeoisie*, may prove an irresistible temptation to many an adventurer strong in "local colour." But these things are no more peculiar to the world of Scottish manners, Scottish religion, and Scottish drink than poor Mrs. Petullo who is as cosmopolitan as Potiphar's wife or Cleopatra or Emma Bovary. Robert Burns was the last word in truly national Scottish poetry; Mr. Barrie is the last word in truly national Scottish fiction.

Mr. John Reid's new guide to Edinburgh is one which deserves a welcome. Its title is *ELLIOT'S NEW ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO EDINBURGH* (Andrew Elliot, 6d.). It has a good plan of the city, and is very clearly printed and arranged. Mr. Reid weaves into his picture a good deal of historical matter, but he is eminently practical in his directions to the tourist how best to explore the city and all the places of interest in its neighbourhood, while he devotes special chapters to Edinburgh institutions and industries, to drama, and to sport.

EDINBURGH.



From "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh"

Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

THE SCOTT MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

THE LITERATURE OF EDINBURGH.

I.—FROM DUNBAR TO SCOTT.

The literary history of Edinburgh, now extending over five centuries, is long and distinguished. "From an early date," says Sir Daniel Wilson, "special associations with the national literature have been identified with the ancient capital." It generally happens that the metropolis of a country draws men of letters to it; we all know that the ambition of the young English writer will be contented with nothing less than setting the Thames on fire, and Balzac has shown us, in many brilliant pages, how the talent of France still drew to the capital in the nineteenth century as surely as in the days when poor Villon sang that

Il n'est bon bec que de Paris.

It is impossible in such a cursory survey as is here designed to make any pretence of covering the whole of the literary associations of Edinburgh, but it will be interesting even to glance at the most striking features of that brilliant past which culminated in earning for "the grey metropolis of the North" the designation of the Modern Athens.

The beginnings of Scottish literature, indeed, sprang up outside Edinburgh, which had barely begun to exist as the

"Maiden Castle," the "Magh Dun" or "Castrum Puellarum," about which Mr. Oldbuck and Sir Arthur Wardour nearly came to blows, when Adamnan, the Abbot of Iona, produced in Latin the first book that we can definitely call Scottish. Although Edinburgh soon afterwards became the capital of Northumbria, and so perhaps gained its modern name from King Edwin, it had no literature of which we know anything till a century after Robert the Bruce gave it the dignity of a Royal Burgh of Scotland, in 1329. The earliest writers in the Scottish vernacular had no connexion with Edinburgh. Thomas the Rhymer—if that very mythical author ever had a local habitation—was the native of a Border valley, like his better known contemporaries of the thirteenth century, Michael Scot and Duns Scotus, who wrote in Latin. The War of Independence, which did so much to foster the growth of a Scottish literature, did not at first connect it with Edinburgh. Barbour was Archdeacon of Aberdeen; Blind Harry, as far as we know anything about him, was probably a hanger-on of the Court at Stirling; Wyntoun was a Canon of Lochleven. James I.—whom we shall persist, in spite of Mr. J. T. T. Brown, in claiming as a poet—had little to do with Edinburgh, and appears to have conceived his charming "Kingis Quair" at Windsor, when he was the prisoner of England, while he probably wrote or polished it at Stirling. Henryson was a schoolmaster in Dunfermline; there is, indeed, no conspicuous literary figure that we can in any way connect with Edinburgh before the close of the fifteenth century.

The assassination of James I. in 1436—familiar even to English readers by the beautiful ballad of Rossetti—caused Edinburgh, the centre of a comparatively civilized district, and more remote than Stirling from "the land of the wild Scots" in which it was so easy to hatch treason, to be adopted as the regular home of the Court and the meeting-place of Parliament. From this time onwards the town was generally recognized as the national capital, and it became, as a necessary consequence, the centre of Scottish literary activity. The third James inherited the literary tastes of his grandfather, and was accused by his rough and hard-handed barons of preferring the society of poets and painters to that of men of action. But it was under James IV.—the most attractive of all the Stuarts after James I.—that the first great period of Edinburgh literature began.

The chief name in it, of course, is that of William Dunbar, who is now generally recognized—in spite of such attacks as that of Lowell—as the greatest English poet between Chaucer and Spenser. In his purely national line, he is allowed to be, as Dr. Hume Brown has well said, "the first Scottish writer in whom are unmistakably present the distinctive traits of the national character as it has expressed itself in literature." Dunbar lived the greater part of his life—at any rate, of his literary life—in Edinburgh, and has left us many striking pictures of the streets of the city at the beginning of the sixteenth century. In his strong and highly-coloured verse is mirrored all the society of the Court—"its jovial freedom, its eager greed, its motley crowd of 'solicitaris,' its amusements, revelries, and coarse indecours"—no less than the bourgeois life of the town. The "Satire on Edinburgh" gives a graphic but unflattering picture, as Mr. Henderson points out, of the street scenes of "Auld Reekie," its smells—that were to last nearly into our own day—and squalor, its craftsmen, minstrels, street sellers, and shouting crowds of sturdy beggars, crossed here and there with the splendid armour of a knight going to joust or the kilted silks of a lady seeking the Court in the economic fashion still characteristic of Edinburgh. Dunbar, by the way, lays a good deal of stress on eating and drinking, which have always played a very important part in Edinburgh literature. In the "Satire" aforesaid he complains, with an obvious zest for the good things that he pretends to despise,

At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk;
And at zour Trone bot cokill and wilk,
Panches, pudingis of Jok and Jame;
Think zo nocht schamo?

Elsewhere he implies that the joys of Edinburgh life in his time were as full of good living as in the days of Adam Smith and Lord Kames. He summons James IV. to return from Stirling to the Court at Edinburgh,

That sone out of zour painis fell,
Ze may in hevin heir with us dwell,
To eit swan, cran, pertrik, and plever
And every fische that swymmis in rever ;
To drynk with us the new fresche wyne,
That grew upoun the rever of Ryne,
Ffresche fragrant clarettis out of France
Of Angerss and of Orliance,
With mony ane course of grit dyntie.

Another poet who walked the streets of Edinburgh with Dunbar was Gavin Douglas, the only scion of his family—according to the tradition utilized by Scott—who had ever learnt to write. He put his pen to good use by translating Virgil, for the first time in any dialect of English. For twelve years or more he was Provost of St. Giles' Collegiate Church, and it is on record that in 1513 he was granted the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, two months after the completion of his Virgil. Six years before that the first printing press had been set up in Edinburgh, and some of Dunbar's verses furnished the first fruit of a tree off which so much, of both native and foreign growth, has since been gathered to the advantage of the world. We must not linger over this first period of Edinburgh literature, however, further than to remark that it was completed by a third poet, Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King at Arms, whose popularity survived to the time of Scott. He has a special interest, too, as the first Scottish dramatist; his *Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis in Commendatioun of Vertew and Vituperation of Vice*—the very title is a small sweet idyl—was played at Edinburgh before the Queen Regent in 1554. Edinburgh would be shocked by it now!

With Lyndsay's death in 1555 the first great period of Edinburgh poetry came to an end, and an era of sturdy and contentions prose set in. The Reformation was in the air, and the times were unpropitious to the flourishing of pure literature. The two great names that next occur in Edinburgh's literary history are those of George Buchanan and John Knox, both closely connected with the Reformation in Scotland. Buchanan, indeed, was known all over Europe as one of the best poets of the time, but it was his Latin verse that won him this title, and

it is rather as a humanist and a great scholar than as a writer of the vernacular that he falls within our survey. The Scottish version of the Detection of Queen Mary, long attributed to his pen, seems certainly to have been the work of another and an unknown hand. Knox holds a different position, and his great work, the "History of the Reformation of the Church of Scotland," whether we consider its nervous and characteristic style or its brilliant pictures of events in which the Apostle of Scotland had taken a leading share, is perhaps the most remarkable piece of sustained prose that had appeared in our language at the time of Knox's death. We may even yet go so far as to say, with Mr. Hume Brown, that "the impress of the writer's individuality, stamped on every page, renders his work possibly unique in English literature." It is not easy, indeed, to recall any similar narrative of an epoch-making time by its protagonist; in later years the makers of history have usually been too busy to write it. Perhaps Clarendon affords the closest parallel, though his influence on the Rebellion is not to be compared with that of Knox on the Scottish Reformation.

The seventeenth century saw the literary impulses which had given Edinburgh so distinguished a history in the sixteenth dying away. The removal of the Court to London took with it most of the Scots who might otherwise have carried on the national literature, and the only names that we need mention are those of William Drummond of Hawthornden, who was to all intents and purposes an Edinburgh man, though he cannot strictly be said to have lived "within a mile of Edinburgh town," James VI., whose literary work was chiefly done in his old capital, and who is at this moment being brought to our notice in the sumptuous and interesting volume published by Messrs. Constable, and edited by Mr. R. S. Rait, under the title "*Lusus Regius*," and Napier of Merchiston. Napier, it is true, did not write in the vernacular, and was hardly a man of letters, but one can no more omit him than Mill or Darwin from a survey of literature. Buckle said that "down even to the beginning of the eighteenth century Scotland could only boast of two authors whose works have benefited mankind, Buchanan and Napier"; and though Buckle is not loved in Scotland, his words carry weight even there. Certainly the "*Description of the Wonderful Canon of Logarithms*," published in Latin in 1614, had more influence on the future of mathematics than any book that had been written since Euclid, and it was so purely an Edinburgh work that to omit it would be unjust to the peaceful and sublimed hermit of Merchiston. During the rest of the seventeenth century Edinburgh, like the rest of Scotland, produced no literature worthy of note, though a useful work was being done in bringing the literary tongue into a sufficiently close conformity with English to open up a far wider field to its coming writers than was possible to Dunbar or even to Knox.

The union of Scotland with England, though it might have been expected to complete the intellectual paralysis which seemed to have been creeping over Edinburgh, really heralded "the great literary revival," as Mr. Harrison calls it, "which has made the town known over the world." Previous writers whom we have mentioned had been Scottish in the first place, and Edinburgh men rather by accident than in essence. But the town was about to develop a literature which was at once local, in the best sense, and universal. We may say roughly that it dates from 1719, when Allan Ramsay, who had begun life as a wigmaker in the Grassmarket, was encouraged by his growing reputation as a poet to abandon the outside of men's heads for their lining, and opened a bookselling business in the High Street. He not only published work of his own, like the still delightful "*Gentle Shepherd*," which revealed the artistic possibilities of the softened and civilized Scots tongue to men who could hardly read Dunbar or Barbour, but he collected the best work of earlier poets in two excellent anthologies, and by opening the first circulating library that had been seen in Scotland he gave the "poor and proud" folk of Edinburgh a chance of informing themselves about the contemporary writers who were inaugurating modern English literature. "His shop,"



[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. Seeley.]

says Mr. Graham in his interesting book on Eighteenth Century Scotland, "was the resort of all that was literary and genial; his presence the merriest and vainest at the Easy Club, where 'men of parts' recited their own verses and heard mild essays, and men of good fellowship sang jovially, and drank copiously, till long past 'the drum.'" The importance of such literary centres in the literary life of a town can hardly be over-rated, and the new outburst of Edinburgh writers owed more than readers of Ramsay's work alone can easily perceive to his encouraging and humane incentive, which was continued till past the middle of the century. There was still keen competition from the South; Thomson and Smollett were both drawn to London by the prospect of better rewards than the Scottish public was yet disposed or able to give the mere writer.

But the intellectual life of Edinburgh was developing, under the influence of French thought and the style of Addison and Swift. Soon after the middle of the century was past there came an outburst of Scots thinkers who wrote—often admirably, often stiffly, but always with painful care—in English. The histories of Hume and Robertson, Hume's philosophy, the criticism of Hugh Blair, the epoch-making work of Adam Smith—all held a foremost place in the estimation of English as well as Scottish readers, and the sums which Robertson in especial extracted from the pockets of the booksellers had no small influence in moulding the destinies of many rising young Scotsmen who wrote none the worse for seeing that literature might be made to pay as well as law or medicine. Meantime Robert Fergusson, that striking, sickly, and dissipated poet who, according to Stevenson's strange fancy, was reincarnated in the author of "Kidnapped," showed the way to revive the vernacular poetry,

which also found a shy but beautiful expression in the mouths of ladies like Anne Lindsay and Jean Elliot. Fergusson's great successor, of course, had no connexion with Edinburgh of which the town can be proud. But the greatest of all Scottish writers was an Edinburgh man born and bred. It was during the thirty years of Scott's vigorous and rapid production that Edinburgh saw its palmiest time in the history of letters. The author of "The Lady of the Lake" and of the Waverley Novels would alone have made his "own romantic town" one of the places of the world's pilgrimage; but, like Shakespeare, he was only "primus inter pares"—no lonely sun, but by far the brightest star in a brilliant constellation. Thanks to Lockhart, the Edinburgh life of Scott's time is so well known that we need hardly dwell upon it here, though it has been dwarfed in the historical perspective by the figure of Scott, which seems to tower up higher, like Mont Blanc among its neighbouring Alps, the further we get away from it. There is the less need to speak of this period, as everybody has read of it in the pages of Lockhart; and indeed all praise would be poor and all comment on the literary importance of Edinburgh at this time superfluous when we have said that it was the birthplace and for most of his life the home of Sir Walter Scott.

At the same time, it is impossible to omit all mention of some of Scott's contemporaries, although their pretty star-shine was swallowed up in the full blaze of his meridian splendour. He himself did full justice to the talent of Miss Ferrier, "the great mistress of the novel of manners in Scotland." She was born and bred in Edinburgh, where she did most of the literary work about which, with the good old feeling of Scottish authoresses, she preserved so jealous a silence before the world that only in 1851 did she consent to place her name on the title-page of books that had been admitted as classics for nearly a generation. She has lately been described as one of the "Blackwood set," though few contrasts could be stronger than that between the aristocratic, rather narrow and "finicky" world which she describes and the rollicking, coarse, Philistine life of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." The uproar of "Christopher North" and his friends is scarcely heard now, though its echoes linger in text-books of literature. We very much doubt if any one less than fifty years old has read a line of Wilson's work except for the purposes of business, but in his time he was regarded as a kind of compound of Plato and Shakespeare by his admiring friends. His best work was done for "Maga.," of which, as of Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*, we speak elsewhere. Lockhart, who was a far cleverer man and better writer than the boisterous Wilson, had migrated to London before his immortal biography was undertaken, so that we need say no more of him than will be found in the same article. One figure that came into the literary life of Edinburgh just before the end of Scott's day may be mentioned here in conclusion, as it formed a link with the later generation of Hugh Miller and John Brown. De Quincey, who had already contributed to *Blackwood* the wonderful "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts," came to settle in Edinburgh in 1828, and lived there or in the neighbouring village of Lasswade until his death in 1859. "For all in Edinburgh who had any special passion for literature," says Professor Masson, "or thought they had, De Quincey from 1845 onwards was most emphatically one of the 'characters' of the place. He was talked of and gossiped about at dinner-tables and tea-tables, and to see him, even by stratagem, was worth an effort." Hill Burton has described some of his "little ways" very happily in "The Book-Hunter." Of course De Quincey was only an Edinburgh man through the accident—in his case truly so termed—of his settling there, though his years in the east-windy town were more profitable than those of Carlyle. It was there, of course, that he wrote the immortal "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," which is perhaps the most indubitable work of genius that has been penned or typewritten in Edinburgh and its vicinity since the death of Scott. But with De Quincey we are brought in contact with a period within the memory of people still living, which it will be the task of another article to describe.



Tombstone
erected by BURNS
over FERGUSSON'S
GRAVE
in the CANONGATE
CHURCHYARD

[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. Seeley.]

THE LITERATURE OF EDINBURGH.

II.—THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.

In the year 1850, to take a convenient date for starting point, many men were living who had either made a name for themselves or were destined to make it in the immediate future. Times had changed in Edinburgh since Carlyle, tired of schoolmastering, toiled for bread-and-butter wages at translation, and pitied De Quincey because he found it necessary to write for "that king of donkeys, the proprietor of the *Saturday Post*." In those days there were still a few literary giants in the land. No Scott, it is true, walked the streets of the Scottish capital; no Burns came from the plough to set society in a blaze; Literary Edinburgh in the old sense had practically ceased to exist. Yet it was not without its lights in the world of letters. Professor Wilson had closed his literary record and was just



From "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh."—Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

JOHN WILSON ("Christopher North").

about to resign the Chair which he had held for thirty years; De Quincey had ceased to be an active force, and was interesting only for his owl-like habits and the general sense of mystery which surrounded him. These were the two great names, the afterglow, as it were, of the radiance cast upon Edinburgh by the commanding genius of Sir Walter Scott. But what a galaxy of little stars there was besides!

One thinks first, perhaps, of Aytoun, who had married the daughter of Professor Wilson, and so linked himself in a very real manner with the old ranting, happy-go-lucky days of literary Edinburgh, the days of Hogg and the heroes of the "Noctes Ambrosianae." Aytoun, according to Mrs. Oliphant, had the air of being one of the ancient lights, but had little of their warmth or radiance. He certainly made a brilliant figure in the *Blackwood* coterie of his time, and if he was not actually the first, he was one of the first to give real distinction to the Chair of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres*. That he had the Scotsman's "guilt conceit" of himself seems plain enough. When he was elected honorary president of the Associated Societies of the University in preference to the author of "Esmond," he remarked: "I should not like to have been beaten on Scottish ground by Thackeray or any other literary man ranking nearly as my contemporary." In those days people talked a good deal about the curiously satirical "Firmilian," in which the so-called "Spasmodic School" of poetry was held up to ridicule, but Aytoun is remembered for other things now. The Bon Gualtier Ballads, sparkling, if somewhat thin, have still some-

thing of their early attraction, and there is no good Scotsman whose pulse is not set throbbing by the rattling, rapid, drum-like rhythm of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." Aytoun was called to his rest in the August of 1865, shortly after his friend James Frederick Ferrier, whose name is still revered in a small circle of philosophic thinkers; and in the following October Professor Masson was appointed to fill his Chair at the University. Thus by another link is the romantic past connected with the prosaic present.

Speaking in Edinburgh four years ago, Lord Rosebery remarked that if Macaulay's New Zealander were to come to Edinburgh he would find that the one great survival of the Augustan age of letters in the capital was, by unanimous consent, Professor David Masson. The remark was essentially true, notwithstanding Mr. Russell Lowell's unfeeling reference to the "broad, damp print of the hippopotamus." There is a certain solemnity, even a certain ponderousness, about Professor Masson, no doubt, but that he has in his time done a great deal of valuable work in literary history no one would attempt to deny. In his "Milton," as the best of critics have admitted, all that honest and critical industry can do is done to clarify and settle the text; and the same is true of his less monumental works on De Quincey and Goldsmith. He has written critical notices of our chief novelists and poets, and on Drummond of Hawthornden and Chatterton he must be regarded as a specialist. When he was appointed to his Chair, one of the candidates who opposed him was Dr. George Macdonald. It would be interesting to speculate on the influence which Macdonald might have exerted in Scotland had he been the successful candidate; but Professor Masson's influence at any rate has been wholly beneficial. He has given his students knowledge and something better, and it is not surprising that so many men at home and in lands afar off should, as Mr. Barrie phrases it, recall the name of this instructor of their youth with something of personal devotion. Of Professor Saintsbury, his successor in the Chair, not much need be said here. The Professor has not yet brought himself into anything like close touch with the literary life of Edinburgh; nor, indeed, is he ever likely to do so, not having been caught young enough. He is in the capital and yet not of it.

But we have wandered far from our starting-point in following out the links of our chain. There are still several names reaching away back to the fifties which must not be forgotten. First one must mention Hugh Miller, the remarkable man who joined geology and literature with ecclesiastical controversy, and who, from being a humble country stonemason, rose to a position which enabled him to fill twenty busy years in the career of journalism and authorship. Miller died by his own hand in 1856, his mind having evidently become unhinged by incessant literary toil. He left behind him a large number of works, in the better parts of which there is "a remarkable style, extremely popular and unpretentious, but never trivial or slipshod, which is not far below the best styles of the century for its special purpose." He is not much read now, but as a geologist at least he did important service, particularly in his "Old Red Sandstone." Coming close behind him in point of date was Alexander Smith, who, strange as it now seems, was once accepted as the rival of Tennyson. Alas, how quickly does oblivion scatter her poppies! To-day Smith is known only to the select few, and that, too, not as a poet, but as the author of "Dreamthorp," a series of delightful essays which, if Lamb had not written, would be regarded as almost the best things of their kind. The "Life Drama" and the "City Poems," once the subject of enthusiastic discussion and heated controversy, have been all but completely forgotten, and have to be sought in the catalogues of the second-hand booksellers. When Smith was discovered by George Gilfillan he was working as a pattern designer, but those who discerned his gifts immediately set about getting him some more fitting employment, and he was presently appointed to the Secretaryship of Edinburgh University. The patronage of this post lay with the town council, and the worthy Lord Provost actually deemed it necessary to advise the young poet to send

in his application "in simple prose"! Smith wrote himself out all too early, dying in 1867, like Byron and Burns, at the fatal age of thirty-seven. He had "chummed" it with Sydney Dobell when the latter was staying near Edinburgh in 1854, and his essay on the poet of "Balder" was the last piece of literary work that came from his pen. Something should certainly be done to revive an interest in his writings.

A list of Smith's friends in his later Edinburgh days would include nearly all the literary leaders of the time. Naturally he came a good deal into contact with Professor Blackie, who was then in the flush of his manhood, throwing witty sallies at the heads of his students, and marching through the streets, carrying his breeze with him, like another Christopher North. One thinks of Professor Blackie less as a literary man than as a "character"—one of those striking individualities who force themselves upon the attention of the public more by their eccentricities than by their genuine merits. There was undoubtedly something of the *poseur* about Blackie; yet it would be unfair to deny him a place among the literary notables of the city whose West-end foibles he so often satirized. Probably little that he wrote will live, but the memory of the man himself must remain green for several generations to come. Of a very different stamp was Sir John Skelton, the essayist of *Fraser's Magazine*, who borrowed his pen-name of "Shirley" from Charlotte Brontë, and was, indeed, one of her sanest critics. Skelton had early conceived a warm admiration for Disraeli, and when the grateful statesman came into power he rewarded his admirer by making him Secretary of the Board of Supervision. From that post he retired only in 1897, shortly before his death, but few people in Edinburgh thought of him as other than a purely literary man, spending studious days and studious nights in his charming retreat, "The Hermitage," at the foot of the Braid Hills. Skelton's great theme was Mary Stuart. He was a zealous, even a frantic, champion of the unfortunate Queen, and disbelieved entirely in the Casket Letters. This, however, did not preclude an intimacy with a man of such opposing views as Mr. Froude, who was often a guest at "The Hermitage" along with other literary celebrities of the time. In respect of certain qualities Dr. John Hill Burton was not unlike "Shirley," though he had none of that writer's literary grace. He was the historian pure and simple, distinguished more by industry, by learning, and by sound and impartial judgment than by any of the higher qualities of genius. His name was, and indeed still is, highly honoured in the capital; for, in addition to his own merits, he had known De Quincey and many more of the *dii majores*, and borrowed from them a kind of reflected light which attracted the lover of literature. Burton had been Historiographer Royal of Scotland, and in that post he was succeeded by a scholar equally eminent with himself in his own particular department. Dr. W. F. Skene was the great authority of his time on Celtic Scotland, and his book bearing that title is still quoted as a standard work. And what shall be said about Dr. John Brown, the inimitable author of "Rab and his Friends," the intimate of Thackeray and Ruskin, the man towards whom English and American literary visitors in Edinburgh gravitated for so many years? Dr. Brown has been called the Charles Lamb of Scottish literature, and the designation is not inapt. His "*Horæ Subsecivæ*" enshrine some of the finest literary work in the language. He shed a halo around everything he touched, and glorified, as few of his countrymen have been able to do, the commonest things of life. "Rab and his Friends" has surely been read by everybody who reads books at all. Some one has said of the author that "a man can scarcely hope for immortality by possessing the name of John Brown, but the epithet of 'Rab and his Friends' may enable him to walk down to posterity with tolerable equanimity." As a matter of fact, the Edinburgh people have long since settled the question of individuality by speaking familiarly of Dr. "Rab" Brown—as sure a way, perhaps, of rendering an author immortal as the commoner method of depriving him of his Christian name.

Of course the one outstanding figure in Edinburgh's later literary history is the figure of Stevenson. But in dealing with

Stevenson in such an article as this one is confronted by the double difficulty represented by the circumstances that Stevenson loved Edinburgh only in a sentimental sense, and that, by reason of his many wanderings, to say nothing of his literary product, he belongs, not to the place of his birth, but to the universe. Nevertheless, in spite of the many cruel things which he has said about Edinburgh, particularly about its weather and its ecclesiastical wranglings, Stevenson must always be regarded as, before all things, a son of the Scottish capital. He was born there, he was educated there—so far as he found it convenient to look in at his classes; and it was to "the cold old huddle of grey hills" above Swanston-cottage that his thoughts most frequently wandered when a fit of depression seized him in the land of the stranger in far-away Samoa. If, like the exile in Goldsmith's poem, his heart did not exactly pant after "the place from whence at first he flew," one feels that he must have often entertained the hope of returning thither, to "die at home at last." Stevenson's place in literature has still to be determined; his place in the hearts of the Edinburgh people, many of whom knew him well, is secure. The memorial for which his friends and admirers subscribed in St. Giles' Cathedral will remind the visitor that he was born within sound of the cathedral chimes, but the native needs no such reminder of his erstwhile fellow-citizen.

Of the living men who cultivate literature in Edinburgh on something better than "a little oatmeal" it is not easy to speak in a closing paragraph. Reference has already been made to Professor Masson. In his "line" perhaps the most notable name is that of Dr. Hume Brown, whose masterly study of Knox prepared one for the admirable "History of Scotland" which he has now in progress. Dr. Hay Fleming, formerly of St. Andrews, but now apparently settled in Edinburgh, has done some good



HECTOR C. MACPHERSON.

work as an historian, notably in connexion with the tangled and ever-attractive theme of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mr. Hector C. Macpherson, one of the deepest philosophical thinkers in the country, has proved himself by his splendid book on Herbert Spencer, as well as by his monographs on Carlyle and Adam Smith. A coming work on Hume will doubtless add to his reputation. Professor Flint has to be honoured as a scholar as well as

a teacher. With Dr. Hutchison Stirling, Professor Pringle Pattison, Professor Campbell Fraser, and the other names just mentioned, he represents what may be called the higher departments of intellectual activity. On the more ordinary level of letters one finds quite a little crowd of honoured workers, some of whose names are fairly well known in the wider world of letters. Mr. Alexander Anderson, the "Surfaceman" poet, does not sing of the rail so often as he used to do, but he still finds time for an occasional verse in the midst of his duties at the University Library. In Mr. J. Logie Robertson, better known by his pen-name of "Hugh Haliburton," the poet and the literary critic are happily combined. Mr. Robertson's



JAMES LOGIE ROBERTSON.

[Reproduced by the courtesy of the "Scots Pictorial."]

command of the Doric is especially noteworthy, his "Horace in Homespun," of which a new edition, finely illustrated by Mr. A. S. Boyd, has just appeared, being perhaps the best thing of its kind which has been published in recent years. Mr. Robertson was at Edinburgh University in Stevenson's days as a student, and wrote along with the novelist in the *University Magazine*, where Oliver Wendell Holmes found a sonnet of his which he afterwards reprinted in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Other names might be mentioned, such as Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, Miss E. Blantyre Simpson, a daughter of the inventor of chloroform; Miss Rosaline Masson, who has inherited much of the literary talent of her father; Mr. T. N. Hepburn ("Gabriel Setoun"); Mr. Cuthbert Hadden, and several besides, all of whom go to swell the ranks of the capital's literary workers. Literary Edinburgh can never be what it was in the old days, but if it continues at its present level of excellence it need not be ashamed to speak with its enemies—if it has any—in the gate.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH.

For its size there is no city in the world that has more literary landmarks than Edinburgh. Boston perhaps comes near it, but Boston had no Sir Walter Scott, the dominating influence of whose personality no one can fail to observe in the Scottish capital of to-day. The *Scott Monument* (figured on page 482) attracts the eye of the visitor as soon as he sets foot in Princes-street. The railway station is named after the earliest of the *Waverley Novels*. Restaurants, coaches, bridges, Forth excursion steamers, pens of local manufacture borrow the titles of the Great Unknown's stories and poems. There is a Sir Walter Scott Club, and the publications of an Abbotsford Club are to be found on the shelves of all the libraries. In short, it is Scott everywhere.

Practically one finds the same thing when it comes to the matter of literary landmarks. There are Scott houses, or houses associated in some way with Scott, in almost every quarter of the town. The house where he was born is no longer standing, but one may still look upon 25, *George-square* exactly as it was when Jeffrey found the young law student "in a small den in the sunk floor of his father's house, surrounded with books." On the other side of the town we have the house at 108, *George-street*, where Scott first lodged after leaving the paternal roof, and to which he brought his newly-married wife, whose custom, as Lockhart records, of using the best rooms for sitting in on ordinary days quite shocked the worthy landlady. This house, like the one in *George-square*, remains unchanged with the exception of a slight alteration in the entrance. Away at the West-end, again, at No. 6, *Shandwick-place*, we are reminded how, in the February of 1830, Scott was here stricken with paralysis one afternoon after his return from the Parliament House. He rallied for a time, and was abroad again after a short interval, but when he removed from *Shandwick-place* it was never to return permanently to the capital. The house at No. 6, *North St. David-street* has equally painful memories, for it is intimately associated with the fallen fortunes of the great novelist. Here he came to lodge with a Mrs. Brown, shortly before the death of his wife, when he remarked pathetically with *Touchstone* :—"When I was at home I was in a better place." Curiously enough, the only other lodger in the house was a Mr. Shandy, a clergyman, and, "despite his name, said to be a very quiet one." But, of course, the house of all others connected with Scott is the famous 39, *North Castle-street*. Basil Hall says it was in Scott's time "a house befitting a rich baronet." The novelist came to it in 1798, soon after his marriage. Every lover of Scott, every reader of Lockhart's great biography, knows about the busy, stirring, strenuous life that was lived for twenty-six years at "dear old 39," about the many interesting incidents which make it memorable to us. Of his early years in *George-square* Scott modestly remarks that they were the only years of his life in which he applied to learning with stern, steady, and undeviating industry. He was certainly industrious enough at *Castle-street*. Perhaps there is no incident that comes more readily to the mind in connexion with the house



[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," by permission of Messrs. Seeley.]

than that which tells of the neighbour looking through the window of Sir Walter's study and seeing the hand for ever going with the pen. Scott may have had all the vulgar ambition with which Carlyle has charged him, but at least he did not attain that ambition without working hard for its realization.

After Scott, one naturally thinks of Burns, with whom the future novelist had the famous meeting in a house which the antiquaries have not been able to identify with certainty. Unfortunately, no very interesting landmark remains to connect the great poet of that memorable first visit of 1786 with the world of to-day. One may still walk around the unsavoury purlieus of Baxter's Close where the ploughman bard found a lodging with an old acquaintance, but the place has been reduced to the very lowest social level, so that a room which in the poet's time contained only "a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed" can hardly have any attractions for the literary visitor, even if he is a Burns enthusiast. There are hazy records of the poet's erratic appearances in other localities, notably in Buccleuch-place, where he seems to have shared with his friend William Nicoll that "violent propensity for the bottle," which Nicoll had attributed to him by Lockhart. He was lodging in James'-square when he made the acquaintance of "Clarinda," that absurd goddess who drew from him so many stilted pieces of bombastic prose. The house remains much the same as it was in Burns' time. It is numbered 30, and stands in the south-west corner of the square, with the poet's window looking towards the General Post Office. Needless to say, it is an attic room—"the proper story," as Burns himself remarked, "for a poet's lodging." From the Clarinda letters we gather that the divinity had gone one morning to see if she could catch a glimpse of her "Sylvander," but had not looked high enough, which quite spoiled the poet's peace for the day! Of Clarinda herself there are practically no memorials left. In Burns' time she lived in the Potter-row, but the house has long since disappeared before the march of city improvement. Perhaps one should note as a further "landmark" connected with the poet the somewhat grim-looking Lodge of the Freemasons on the west side of St. John-street, in the dingy Canongate district. Burns somehow found himself among the Masons here in the early days of January, 1787, when the Grand Master gave the toast of "Caledonia and Caledonia's bard," to his great astonishment and no less great embarrassment. Burns was subsequently made poet-laureate of the Lodge; and the ceremony of his inauguration has been rendered generally familiar by the painting of Mr. William Stewart Watson.

Not far from this interesting building, in the house numbered 13, Lord Monboddo lived with his pretty daughter, Miss Burnet, to whom Burns paid his well-known compliment in verse. This part of the old town, once the home of the great and the wealthy of the capital, is, indeed, full of literary associations. There is *Smollett's house*, for example, still practically unchanged from the condition in which the novelist found it when he came hither in 1766. It stands in the Canongate over the archway leading into St. John-street, of which we have just been speaking, and can hardly be mistaken by any one who knows where to look for its curious round-tower-like bulging walls. In Smollett's day the Canongate seems to have been a favourite residence of literary notables. Here, in Pannure-house, a roomy mansion removed some twelve years ago, Adam Smith spent the last dozen years of his life, to be carried when he died in 1790 to the churchyard near by, where a tall mural tablet now points out to the careless visitor the grave of the distinguished economist. And while the visitor is here he should take a look at the last resting place of Robert Fergusson (see p. 484), the ill-starred poet whom Burns acknowledged as his master, and who, indeed, owes it to Burns that his remains do not lie to-day unmarked among those of the "ignoble dead." The memorial stone which now "directs Pale Scotia's way to pour her Sorrows o'er her Poet's Dust" was placed there by Burns to remain "an unalienable property" to the poet's "deathless fame." Dugald Stewart, the philosopher, also rests in the Canongate Churchyard, under a large altar tomb, not very far from the grave of Adam Smith. Another of the Canongate celebrities was David Hume, who lived for some time in a house directly opposite that of Smollett. It was there—the number is 229—that he finished his "History of England," with such friends as Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Lord Elibank,

and Dr. Blair to fill up his evening hours around the supper table.

Away further up, almost opposite the Tron Church, "at the sign of the Mercury," Allan Ramsay lived and laboured, first as wigmaker, then as author, printer, and publisher; but, alas! honest Allan's modest shop has finally disappeared, after having been deprived of its two upper stories, a victim to the craze for so-called "improvement." Ramsay has been especially unfortunate in the matter of "landmarks." The theatre which he built for the benefit of his fellow-citizens, who, as it turned out, were too Puritan to take a theatre even as a gift, has long since vanished; while even the house which he erected for himself on the Castle-hill has been absorbed in the architectural monstrosity—dignified by the name of University-hall—which Professor Geddes conceived as a residential scheme for students. It was a pleasing thing for the lover of Scottish literature to look upwards from Ramsay's statue in Princes-street to the "goose-pie"—as the poet's friends derisively called his house—crowning the grassy ridge of the Castle-hill; but that, too, has gone, and by-and-by the very existence of the ancient landmark will be as forgotten as "The Gentle Shepherd" itself already seems to be.

Within a stone's-throw of what was formerly known as Ramsay-lodge we have the building in *James'-court*, which enjoys the triple distinction of being associated with Boswell, with David Hume, and with Hugh Blair, the fortunate divine



From "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh."—Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

JAMES BOSWELL.

who made a reputation by his "Lectures on Rhetoric and the *Belles Lettres*," and got a pension of £200 a year from George III. as the result of some of his sermons being read to the King by Lord Mansfield. Hume was the first of the three celebrities to enter the old court as a tenant, which he did in 1762. When he went to France Blair occupied his rooms; and then Boswell seems to have followed, being here when Johnson arrived in Edinburgh on his way to the Hebrides in 1773. The prince of biographers evidently thought himself well rid of Hume as a neighbour. "I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume," says he, "though I have frankly told him I was not clear that it was right of me to keep company with him." The philosopher presently built himself the house 8, St. Andrew's-square. It was a corner house and began the street afterwards called St. David-street. The latter name, it is said, was applied after a witty passer-by had chalked on the wall of Hume's house

the words "St. David-street." The allusion was obvious. Hume's maid pointed out the writing in great excitement to her master. "Never mind, lassie," said he, "many a better man has been made a saint of before." And so St. David-street remains, a link, it is pleasant to imagine, with the philosopher who wrote his own funeral oration and gave a large order for candles on his deathbed.

Coming somewhat nearer our own day, the "landmarks" are naturally more numerous, though not many of them are associated with giants of the old-time stature. There is De Quincey, who lies in a forlorn, neglected grave in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, at the west end of Princes-street. The little Opium Eater flitted about bat-like and mysteriously from lodging to lodging, but so far as Edinburgh is concerned he is easily traced. When he came north with his wife and family in 1830 he took a large furnished house at 9, Great King-street, but had soon to leave it on account of the expense. In his later years he resided at 42, Lothian-street, where, indeed, he died, and where a tablet now reminds the literary visitor of his sad career. But the real De Quincey shrine is the little cottage near Lasswade, familiar to all readers of the Opium Eater's life and letters as *Mavisbush*. How he ever contrived to live in this house at all is a puzzle to every one who has seen it, for it is sunk away down in the hollow of the Esk, with no prospect from its windows but a huge blank wall on the other side of the road. Had De Quincey first taken to laudanum-drinking here, one could have understood it. How much more pleasant it is to walk up through the woods to Hawthornden and look at the lovely spot where Drummond lived and wrote and received Ben Jonson in those far away days. But one may wander far enough afield if one ventures beyond the city boundary in search of landmarks. *Carlyle's house* at 21, *Comely-bank* must have been regarded as well in the country when he and Jane Welsh first took possession of it in 1826. It stands now exactly as it stood then, and one can still imagine the newly-married philosopher smoking his pipe in the little flower garden around the front door. There are other Carlyle landmarks in the capital, though they are not much visited. When he was a student and a tutor he moved constantly from lodging to lodging in both the Old and the New Towns, grumbling at his landladies, and always seeking the quiet and the solitude which he never seems to have obtained.

The literary landmarks of Edinburgh might indeed be made an almost endless theme. We have mentioned many names, yet they do not half exhaust the list. John Wilson, the guiding spirit of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ"; Henry Mackenzie, the author of the practically forgotten "Man of Feeling"; John Gibson Lockhart, the "scorpion" of nineteenth century criticism; Hugh Miller, the stonemason who wrote about geology as well as he handled the trowel; Dr. John Brown, lover of "Rab" and of all good dogs and men; Louis Stevenson, her most famous son of recent years—these and many others have left landmarks which Edinburgh proudly cherishes, and must cherish more and more as the years pass. It has been said of Edinburgh that her face is her fortune. The lover of literature looks more deeply, while not the less enjoying those natural beauties and graces which make the modern Athens, in the opinion at least of her own people, "the joy of all the earth."

LEADING PUBLISHERS AND PERIODICALS OF EDINBURGH.

It is not very easy to say exactly when, in Edinburgh as in London, the booksellers developed into publishers. It seems, however, that we may attribute the transformation to the last third of the eighteenth century. Perhaps the first of Edinburgh publishers, in the modern sense of the word, was Alexander Donaldson, the founder of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, and the father of that James Donaldson whose Hospital is so conspicuous and munificent a monument to his name. Donaldson, as Robert Chambers tells us, was a kind of "pirate," in the estimation of

his London colleagues. His great achievement lay in the direction of cheapening books that were acknowledged to be classics. At that time the author had only fourteen years of copyright. This was extended, in practice, by the agreement of all the London booksellers not to trench on one another's preserves, even after the legal term had elapsed. Donaldson saw an opening here, and set up a shop in London for the sale of the cheap editions of books whose copyright had legally lapsed, that he had printed at one of the score or so of Edinburgh printing offices. This caused much ill feeling and, ultimately, a famous law-suit, which decided that there was no copyright beyond the fourteen year term. Donaldson's cheap editions, as a worthier successor of his observed, "met an immense sale, and proved of obvious service to the public, especially to those of limited means; though, as Johnson remarked, this made Donaldson 'no better than Robin Hood, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor.' . . . Waiving all question on this point. Donaldson may be considered as a sort of morning-star of that reformation which has resulted in the universal cheapening of literary publications."

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that Edinburgh really assumed a leading place in the book trade. The great writers of the eighteenth century had mostly written in English and appealed to an English market through a London bookseller. The vernacular writers of purely local fame, from Allan Ramsay to Burns, were the chief exceptions to this rule. But in the first third of the nineteenth century there arose three great publishing houses in Edinburgh, each possessing its own periodical, which had an incalculable effect on the later developments of the book trade in all its branches, such as perhaps only the house of Murray, among contemporary firms still surviving, could claim in the South. These were the houses of Constable, with the *Edinburgh Review*, Blackwood, with the *Magazine*, and Chambers, with the *Journal*.

The first of these in chronological order—as perhaps in ambition and in influence—was that of Archibald Constable, whose connexion with Scott, tragic in its results, would alone suffice to immortalize his name. This "grand Napoleon of the realms of print," as he wished to be called in his epitaph, began business about 1794. At first a mere bookseller, he speedily made his shop such a meeting-place for the literary world of Edinburgh as Allan Ramsay had done seventy years before him. In the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel," Scott has left a graphic picture of "that labyrinth of small dark rooms. . . . which form the extensive back-settlements of that celebrated publishing-house." Lockhart has drawn Constable's character and outlined his connexion with Scott so brilliantly that even the three volumes of his correspondence add nothing essential. "Though with a strong dash of the sanguine," says Lockhart, ". . . . Archibald Constable was one of the most sagacious persons that ever followed his profession. A brother poet of Scott says to him. . . . 'Our butteracious friend at the Cross turns out a deep draw-well'; and another eminent literator, still more closely connected with Constable, had already, I believe, christened him 'The Crafty.' . . . I confess I now doubt whether he rated himself too high as a master in the true science of the bookseller. He had, indeed, in his mercantile character, one deep and fatal flaw—for he hated accounts, and systematically refused, during the most vigorous years of his life, to examine or sign a balance-sheet; but for casting a keen eye over the remotest indications of popular taste—for anticipating the chances of success and failure in any given variety of adventure—for the planning and invention of his calling—he was not, in his own day at least, surpassed; and among all his myriad of undertakings, I question if any one that really originated with himself and continued to be superintended by his own care ever did fail. He was as bold as far-sighted—and his disposition was as liberal as his views were wide." The circumstances of Constable's connexion, during more than a quarter of a century, with Scott—originating in his "sporting offer," then unprecedented, of a thousand guineas for the unseen poem of "Marmion," continuing until the publisher was

able to assert in his pride that he was "all but the author" of the "Waverley Novels," and terminating in the crash for which only half the responsibility can be laid justly at his door—are too well known for us to dwell on them here. More important, perhaps, in its consequences was the foundation of the *Edinburgh Review*—the only one of Constable's "myriad undertakings" that still flourishes in the same form that he first impressed on the "blue-and-yellow."

In 1801 Constable, who was then recognized as the most enterprising of Edinburgh booksellers, acquired the copyright of the old *Scots Magazine*, which had been founded in 1739 on the model set seven years earlier by Cave in the famous *Gentleman's Magazine*. But it was felt that some more potent and literary periodical was needed. Twice at least in the eighteenth century attempts had been made—by Adam Smith and Hugh Blair, among others—to supply the want of an independent and outspoken critical journal which should not be under the thumb of the booksellers, but the times were not ripe. In 1802 a little knot of high-spirited and brilliant young men, among whom the leaders were Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, then hear-leading in Edinburgh, Horner and Brougham, decided to make a fresh attempt. Constable was taken into their councils, and the result was the *Edinburgh Review*, which has preserved down to our own time the reputation that it speedily acquired for independence, critical sanity, and fairness combined with hard hitting, both in literary and political questions. Though after Constable's failure its habitation was ultimately transferred to London, its early years were spent in Edinburgh, and it was there, under the editorship of Jeffrey and Napier, that its fame was acquired. Its influence upon our critical journals can hardly be overrated.

Another service which Constable performed for our literature was more truly his own conception than any that has been mentioned. This was his *Miscellany*, conceived when his failure was at hand and carried out with remarkable courage in his last days. Almost contemporary with the very similar enterprise of Charles Knight in London, it first showed the possibility of bringing out new and important books at a price far lower than had then been dreamed of as possible. "I have now settled my outline of operations," said Constable in 1825; "a three-shilling or half-crown volume every month, which must and shall sell not by thousands or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—ay, by millions! Twelve volumes in the year, a halfpenny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were, or will be, hot-pressed!—twelve volumes, so good that millions must wish to have them, and so cheap that every butcher's callant may have them, if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a week!" In these terms did Constable enunciate the first conception of the great revolution in the book trade, which has been so powerful an adjunct to the crusade in favour of universal education, and in whose achievement two young fellow-townsmen of his were to out-do even his dreams.

Perhaps there has never been a publisher to whom the world owes more than to Constable for his great schemes, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Miscellany*—the birth of high-class periodical criticism and the cheapening of literature. In the one case his beginning was carried on by Blackwood, in the other by the Chambers Brothers. William Blackwood, who also began life as a second-hand bookseller, thought in 1817 that his growing prosperity would be enhanced if he could bring out a political and literary rival to the *Edinburgh Review*. At that time, though Scotland was strongly Tory, the "Whig dogs" had things pretty much their own way in the Press. There was no organ in the country which had any pretension to contend on equal terms with the "notable horn" which was wielded for Constable by the Duke of Craigcrook. As far as actual effect on politics went, this was not of great importance. The Tories had a solid hold on power, and so long as they could manage the jobs and keep the places, they could endure the free and incisive criticism of the envious Whigs. But in regard to literature, the case was quite different. For one thing, the

blue-and-yellow corps had control of the book market; more than half the country book clubs bought what they recommended, and refused what they condemned with the vigour demanded by their motto. For another thing, the more intelligent among the Scottish Tories did not like to see their books and the books of their friends systematically decried by these holders of false principles; at any rate, they thought that that was a game that two parties ought to play at. The foundation of the *Quarterly Review* had already arisen out of such considerations; but that was far away in the South; it was still desirable to meet the "crafty" enemy on his own ground.

There were a knot of young Tories, cleverer even (and less scrupulous) than the original founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, among whom two briefless advocates then parading the Scottish "Salle des Pas Perdus"—the Parliament Hall of Edinburgh—happened to possess an incisive wit and an overflowing fancy which could find but an imperfect outlet in the poems of the one and the caricatures which the other drew when he should have been taking notes of cases of multiplepointing and vicious intromission. One of them was the Squire of Elloray, the other the future biographer of Scott. To them was joined the Edinburgh bookseller William Blackwood, a man of resolute and enterprising mind, who was desirous of "commencing publisher," and to that end wished to possess a critical organ which should carry his fame abroad, help him to "choose his authors" and to advertise and defend their books; such was the object of a critical review in those unenlightened days. His *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, however, was first started under unpromising auspices. The original editors, one of whom was the future South African poet, Thomas Pringle, were unfit for their position, and deserted "old Elony" for his rival Constable. Then a happy chance brought Wilson and Lockhart into touch with Blackwood. Under their hands the almost moribund magazine tricked its beams and flamed out as the famous "Maga." which lately celebrated the appearance of its thousandth number. All the qualities, good and bad, that earned its reputation were present in this first—nominally seventh—issue. There was the assault on Coleridge, who was described as "an obscure creature," a "quack," and a compound of "egotism and malignity." There was the first of the famous articles on the Cockney School of poetry, in which Leigh Hunt was chosen as the *corpus vile* of the demonstration that, if Jeffrey could whip Tory poets with rods, Wilson and Lockhart had scorpions for the Radicals. The crescendo of wit and venom culminated in the famous "Chaldee Manuscript," that satire on Constable and his crew which made such a coil in Edinburgh that it had to be suppressed in the second edition, and Blackwood—then as meek as he soon became haughty—had to deprecate libel actions by a humble appeal to the public not to regard its publication as "an offence worthy of being visited with a punishment that would involve in it his ruin as a Bookseller and Publisher." From that time "Maga." was firmly established, though for many years it was, with all its frequent wit, a rather extravagantly offensive production. Fortunately the calculated literary brutality and blustering of those days are for ever out of date, and we can all agree that the house of Blackwood has done much for our literature, as the three volumes in which its history has lately been written, with their account of writers like Michael Scott and George Eliot, Kinglake and Hill Burton, help to show.

The third great step in the history of Edinburgh publishers and periodicals was taken in 1832, when *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* was founded, about six weeks before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge brought out its *Penny Magazine*. The two periodicals of which we have already spoken were only for the well-to-do, who could afford to pay six shillings a quarter or half-a-crown a month for their instruction. *Chambers's Journal* started on the popular basis of "bawbees," and it is generally considered to have been "the pioneer of that class of cheap and popular periodicals of a wholesome kind now so generally diffused." William Chambers, who founded the *Journal*, speedily united with his brother Robert, whose literary talent admirably supplemented the elder brother's business faculties.

to found the still well-known publishing firm of W. and R. Chambers. Its first aim, carried out in a humble fashion, was "to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction" which existed at the time of the Reform Bill, and to supply it with food of the best kind. Hence sprang that series of excellent works known as "Chambers's Miscellany," "Information for the People," "Cyclopædia of English Literature," &c. To Robert Chambers we owe the "Book of Days," an improvement of a scheme that had been initiated by Hone, and one of the most entertaining and instructive compilations that exist.

Last, but not least, we must call attention to the well-known "Chambers's Encyclopædia," originally—in 1859—modelled on the German work of Brockhaus, and since recast into a form which renders it one of the best encyclopædias for all purposes of rapid reference. In this connexion we must remember that Edinburgh was also the home of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which is to the student what "Chambers" is to the busy man or the newspaper reader. This great work was originated, "by a society of gentlemen in Scotland," in 1771. Its great advance on all previous works of the kind consisted in the arrangement—"on the one hand keeping important subjects together, and on the other facilitating reference by numerous separate articles." New editions were called for almost as fast as the editors could prepare them, and when Constable acquired the copyrights and entrusted the work of preparing a supplement to Macvey Napier, the book received by common consent that place as the leading English dictionary of universal knowledge which it has held down to our own time. After Constable's fall, the "Britannica," like the "Waverley Novels," passed into the hands of Messrs. A. and C. Black, who succeeded Robert Cadell. With the eighth, and especially the ninth, edition of that great work, which Messrs. Black brought out at great expense, the "Britannica" took its place at the head of all encyclopædias which aim first at aiding study and next at facilitating reference. Messrs. Black have distinguished themselves in other lines of publishing, and their standard edition of De Quincey, to name only one of their recent books, is in every well-equipped library.

Among the many later publishers who have flourished in Edinburgh none perhaps has achieved the position of the Blackwoods or the popularity of the Chamberses. But there are several that we cannot omit to name, though the limits of our space prevent us from doing much more. Mr. David Douglas—the survivor of the firm of Edmonstone and Douglas—is dear to all lovers of literature for the care that he has given to the editing of Scott's Journal and Letters from the original MSS. which Lockhart was unable to use in full or at all. He, too, gave us the works of Dr. John Brown, of which the little pamphlets containing "Marjorie Fleming" and "Rab" have gone into uncounted editions. His ornithological publications and his Scottish books—notably those edited by Dr. Hume Brown—are dear to collectors. Messrs. Nelson, again, have made a world-wide reputation of a very different kind with their school-books and prizes—a field in which the house of Chambers has also competed with success. A younger firm, Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, though they publish little but their almanac, and Mr. Andrew Elliot, the bookseller, one of whose guides we note elsewhere. Of many law publishers, such as the old house of Bell and Bradgate, those who are best known out of Edinburgh are Messrs. W. Green and Sons, whose great enterprise of a standard and

uniform edition of all the English law reports has recently been begun. Their medical encyclopædia also out-did anything attempted by the regular medical publishers, with whom Edinburgh naturally swarms. The maps made in Edinburgh are as good as any outside Germany, and the firms of Bartholomew, W. and A. K. Johnston, and Gall and Inglis (the educational publishers) have a well-won reputation in this field. A complete list of Edinburgh publishers would, however, take far more space than we have room to give—one remembers such useful contributions to it as Mr. Thin's edition of John Knox, edited by Laing, and Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's "Centenary Burns," as well as the new Scott that they have begun—and we can only apologize on the score of such limitation for omissions that every owner of a well-selected library may be able to note.

EDINBURGH TO-DAY: ITS UNIVERSITY AND LIBRARIES.



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

[From "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh" by permission of Messrs. Seeley.]

If Edinburgh is not cultured and literary it ought to be. Somebody once asked a native what was its staple industry. "Education," was the reply. Even the casual observer walking about the town can see that there was truth in the remark, for the great teaching institutions, some of them, such as Heriot's Hospital School, founded by wealthy citizens of a bygone time, rise up on every hand, an evidence of middle and upper class.

Edinburgh's practical independence of the School Board. Strange to say, its University was the last to be established of all the four Scottish Universities. The first professors of St. Andrews had begun their labours so early as 1410, to be cheered three years later by the arrival of the then essential pontifical charter. On the 7th of January, 1450, Pope Nicholas V. issued a bull for the erection of a *studium generale*, or University, in Glasgow, the place being commended, curiously enough as it would now seem, as specially suitable "by reason of the salubrity of its climate, the plenty of victuals, and of everything necessary for the use of man." Aberdeen got its University forty-four years after this, when James IV. applied for the papal bull on the ground that "the inhabitants are ignorant of letters, and almost uncivilized."

What the state of the Edinburgh people was at this time we have no precise means of ascertaining; but it is certainly curious that the capital of the country should be without a University until more than 170 years after St. Andrews enjoyed the distinction. No papal bull gave privileges and immunities to this now celebrated seat of learning, as had been the case with its predecessors. The reverence for the Pope had departed before the metropolitan University had a being. Immediately after the Reformation, however, as the historian of the Church of Scotland tells us, the Edinburgh magistrates resolved to apply some of the ecclesiastical spoil which had come into their hands towards the erection of a college, and the Kirk of St. Mary-in-the-Fields was bought from its last Provost for a site. In 1580 the building was begun; two years afterwards a charter of erection was obtained from James VI. ratifying previous grants of his mother; and in 1583 students were enrolled to be taught humanity by David Rollock, at first the only professor of whom the college could boast. When other professors were added Rollock was raised to the Principalship. The academy thus humbly begun flourished mightily. Regents were appointed, public disputations were held, students were laureated; and when King James came from England to revisit his native country in 1617 he was so proud of the school which he had helped to rear that he expressed a desire to have it called by his name. Since that time hundreds of men who afterwards rose to fame and honour have passed through its gates, and to-day it is as useful and distinguished among institutions of its kind as ever it was. Carlyle, in the person of Teufelsdröckh, declared that he had attended "the worst of all discovered Universities," where "the hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses and for food were bidden eat the east wind." But what University would have satisfied that stormy spirit? Would Oxford, would Cambridge have served him any better than Edinburgh did?

Next in importance to its University and its numerous teaching institutions one must place the libraries of Edinburgh. In this case there is no difficulty about which should come first. The late Mr. William Chambers, the publisher, declared that if the Advocates' Library were by any chance to be shut up to public investigation, his firm would probably have to remove to London, and "an expenditure of about £20,000 per annum amongst a miscellaneous body of persons will be abstracted from Edinburgh." Things have changed considerably since that computation was made; but for the great body of serious workers in Scotland the Advocates' Library remains what it has always been—the one great source of literary investigation and research in the country. This, indeed, it could hardly fail to be, since from 1700 onwards it has enjoyed the privilege of claiming a copy of every book issued by the British publisher. When that privilege was granted the Advocates' Library shared it with the University libraries of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, but each of these institutions in 1837 commuted the right in consideration of the payment of an annual sum, with the result that the Advocates' Library rapidly shot ahead of all others in Scotland. Now it is the third largest library in the kingdom, the British Museum and the Bodleian alone ranking before it. More than 350,000 volumes rest on its shelves, and the annual additions have become so numerous that an

extra "wing" has been added to the buildings for the accommodation of the ever-increasing stores.

The history of the library has been very interesting. Readers of Macaulay may remember the unfavourable portrait which he draws of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh—the terror of the Covenanters, the man "whose eloquence and learning, long prostituted to the service of tyranny, had made him more odious to the Presbyterians than any other man of the gown." Whether this portrait be true or not is of no consequence here. The point is that it was Mackenzie who, as head of the Scottish Bar, took the initiative, more than two centuries ago, in founding what now forms "the grandest national monument that could be erected in Scotland." The collection began very modestly, but by the end of its first decade—in 1692—it had run up to a total of 3,140 volumes. From the first the library has been hampered by a lack of funds; and, indeed, at one time a portion of the building had to be sold to enable it to be kept open. Though it is not actually necessary to expend money on the purchase of books, there are all the costs of the upkeep of the institution—the salaries of the library staff, &c.—to be met, and when one remembers that these are defrayed by the advocates themselves, a body of some 500 members, the advantages secured by the library must be considered all the greater. Now and again, as the funds have permitted, valuable purchases have been made for the library. Thus, on Lockhart's recommendation, the great collection of the Marquis of Astorza, rich in early editions of Cervantes and the classics of Spain, was bought in 1824 for £4,000. Some notable men have occupied the post of librarian, including Thomas Ruddiman, David Hume, Adam Ferguson, and David Irving. The present librarian is Mr. J. T. Clark, while the sub-librarian is Mr. George Stronach, M.A., who has done some excellent literary work, especially in connexion with the "Dictionary of National Biography."

After the Advocates' comes the Signet Library. Dr. Dibdin, the enthusiastic bibliographer, was in Edinburgh in 1837, when, of course, he visited both libraries. He went to the Advocates' Library first, the underground solitudes of which he described as labyrinths of Cimmerian darkness, through which he could guide his steps only with the greatest difficulty. "We put on our hats," says he, "and it is scarcely more than a hundred paces to the neighbouring paradise of books called the Signet Library. It is like the 'purple light' of Virgil's Elysian fields after the combined darkness and narrow limits from which we have emerged. The site as well as the approaches to the library are everything we can wish them to be. Spacious, ornamental, commodious, and replenished thickly with goodly and gorgeous tomes, the whole has an absolutely palatial air. Grandees with fur cloaks should be the inmates." The institution thus grandiloquently described is not yet 170 years old, yet it contains at the present time 100,000 volumes, and is growing at the rate of a thousand volumes annually.

It was founded in 1722 mainly as a means of acquiring and preserving the Scots' law books in print and in course of publication. At this time there were no regular funds set apart for the library, and even now it possesses no endowment. It has been raised from first to last, without any extraneous aid, by the annual income of the Society of Writers to the Signet, the fees of intrants and the contributions of members; and it may be safely said that no other professional community—whether legal, medical, or ecclesiastical—no scientific academy or society in the whole of the United Kingdom can point to a collection of equal dimensions formed by similar means. For many years the object was simply to get together a collection of law books, but the strides being made by the Advocates' Library stimulated the society to begin in 1778 the formation of a general library. Even then the progress was apparently slow, for it is said that light literature was for a long time represented solely by "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey." At this time there was no proper library room, and no official librarian. Scott's father took an active part in urging the acquisition of a set of rooms, and as a result of his and other members' efforts the present handsome building was begun in November, 1812, to be finished

in March, 1815. Like the Advocates' Library, the institution has had several notable librarians, including Mr. Macvey Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Dr. David Laing, the prince of Scottish antiquaries, whose father kept a bookseller's shop in the neighbouring High-street. The present librarian is Mr. T. G. Law, who follows worthily in the footsteps of his predecessors, and has done a great deal of valuable work in the department of ancient Scottish history. He is ably assisted by Mr. Alexander Mill, whose courtesy and helpful attentions are greatly appreciated by all who come in contact with him. In theory the Advocates' and the Signet Libraries are private property, but in practice every facility is offered by both to the genuine literary worker. The officials object only, as Mr. Stronach, of the Advocates' Library, puts it, to *dilettanti* inquirers "stepping down for refuge from the rain to pass an idle hour, and asking the assistants for books with imaginary titles by imaginary authors." Some day, however, the Advocates' Library at least will doubtless be nationalized so as to put it on a par with the British Museum.

So recently as 1881 a proposal to adopt the Public Libraries Act in Edinburgh was rejected by a majority of over 8,000 votes. It was only when Mr. Carnegie came forward with the handsome sum of £50,000 to defray the cost of the building that the citizens became alive to the advantages of the Act. The foundation-stone of the Library, which occupies a prominent position in George IV. Bridge quite close to the Advocates' and Signet Libraries, was laid in July, 1887, and the opening ceremony was performed by Lord Rosebery in 1890, a few months after the opening of the Forth-bridge. Edinburgh required a Public Library less than any other town of its size, for libraries in abundance existed there already. Nevertheless, the new supply of books being provided, the demand soon became very great, until now there is a total issue of between seven and eight thousand volumes a month. The lending department contains about 55,000 volumes, and the reference department is not far behind with 51,000. The news room is, of course, largely frequented, but the loafing element is here somewhat more predominant than the genuinely interested reader finds to be altogether convenient. In connexion with the circulating library there is an excellently equipped Juvenile Room, containing over 6,000 volumes suitable for the young. "We take a kind of oversight of the young," says Mr. Hew Morrison, the librarian, "by holding out to them the inducement that those who are able to show that they have made good use of the books in their own department will, by way of reward, be allowed to avail themselves of the privileges of the adult library. This brings them into contact with myself and the sub-librarian, and it is interesting to see how widely read some of the young people are." A special feature of the institution is the series of lectures which are given every winter to workingmen. Lectures, to take a few examples, have been delivered on Sanitation, by Dr. Rowand Anderson; on Printing, by Mr. Walter Blaikie; on Bookbinding, by Mr. Archibald Orrock; on Book Illustration, by Mr. W. J. Hay; and so on. These lectures are always remarkably well attended, and are generally allowed to have been productive of much good. Branch libraries in connexion with the parent institution have recently been established with great success; but in the development of these the committee is, of course, considerably hindered by want of funds. That committee has from the first included several well-known names. Professor Masson, for instance, has been a leading member, while the late Sir Thomas Clark, of the publishing firm of T. and T. Clark, was Chairman from the establishment of the Library until just before his death in December last. At present a scheme is under consideration for the extension of the Library building, that being rendered necessary to provide room for the additions which are constantly being made to the catalogue.

A word or two must be said about the University Library, whose foundation was somewhat anterior to that of the University itself. It was at first a "town's library," which had been placed in 1580 under the care of James Lawson, the minister of St. Giles' Church. Lawson having died in 1584 the Town

Council ordained that "the Town's Library, shelves and boards thereof, be transported forth of the lodging some time occupied by Mr. James Lawson, and set up in the Town's College." By-and-by it became the custom for graduates to pay tribute to this "town's library," either in the shape of books or money; and, on the other hand, it was augmented from time to time by gifts and legacies of books from the citizens and neighbours of Edinburgh. William Drummond, the poet and scholar of Hawthornden, gave away nearly all his books, amounting to some 500 volumes, in 1626. It grew as other libraries grow; a special building was in time provided for it, and regular librarians were appointed, though not until 1854, before which date one of the professors had always filled the appointment. For a hundred years it was the sole public library in Edinburgh, and readers in general were allowed to make use of it under more or less stringent conditions. The essential purpose of its existence to-day is, however, the convenience of the University student, though its stores are not altogether closed to outsiders who can show that they are honestly engaged in literary research. The Library numbers close upon 150,000 volumes, which include the famous collection of Shakespeareana presented by Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, the Laing collection of MSS., bearing on Scottish history, and the rich collection of works on Political Economy gathered together by the late Professor Hodgson. It has also its curiosities, the most famous of which is perhaps the original parchment of the Bohemian Protest (1415) against the procedure of the Council of Constance in burning John Huss, with one hundred seals of the Bohemian nobles attached to it.

When we add to these four great collections of books the libraries of the Free Church College (40,000 volumes), of the United Presbyterian College (21,000), of the Royal Society (15,000), of the Royal Medical Society (20,000), and of the Philosophical Institution (30,000), it will be seen that Edinburgh is not badly equipped for literary labour. From the publisher's point of view the sole drawback is the distance from London in forwarding goods; for after all the absorbing power of England is immensely greater than Scotland, as every Scotsman has learned since the ill-fated Darien Expedition.

In connexion with the memorial to Burns' "Chloris" unveiled the other day, which was noticed in *Literature* last week, it may be remembered that another of the heroines of the poet's muse rests in an Edinburgh churchyard. Mrs. Maclehose, the "Clarinda" of numerous songs and letters, lies in the Canon-gate Churchyard—where is also the tomb (pictured on another page) of Robert Ferguson, to whose poetry Burns acknowledged himself indebted, and to whose memory he erected a monument. It was "Clarinda" who inspired the passionate outburst which Sir Walter Scott declared to contain the essence of a thousand love tales, and which captivated the fancy of Byron:—

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

"Clarinda" has her memorial too— or rather had, for it has been allowed to fall into disrepair, and the tablet has disappeared. She was interred in the family burial-place of Lord Craig, who was a kinsman, and it appears that there is some difficulty in discovering the representatives of that Judge—he was a Lord of Session—and the consent of these representatives (if there are any) is required before anything can be done in the way of renovations and repairs. It is understood that this difficulty is likely to be got over soon now, and that "Clarinda's" grave like that of "Chloris" will be marked. It is not very generally known that William Nicol and Allan Masterton, who, with Burns himself, formed the trio of the Bacchanalian song

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut
And Rob and Allan cam to pree

both lie in Edinburgh churchyards—the one in the Calton Burying-ground and the other in the Canon-gate Churchyard. The Earl of Glencairn, a patron and friend of the poet—he who inspired the fine "Lament"—lies in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, and several others with whom Burns was connected have their graves in the Scottish capital.

THE DRAMA.

"WOMEN ARE SO SERIOUS"—"A LADY FROM TEXAS."

On two successive evenings a week ago two plays were produced with precisely the same plot. This will seem odd only to those who do not know that there are certain themes in fiction which can be worked out in but one way. Given a comedy turning upon the flirtation of a married lady, and the plot—so far as the English theatre is concerned—may be said to write itself. In this statement the two words "comedy" and "English" are all-important. The point is that, before an English audience, comedy must make for morality; no cynical conclusion will be tolerated. Hence the married couple must in the end be reconciled and the lover be shown the door. It follows that the relation of lady and lover must be devoid of sincere passion, and the lover, if not the lady, must be a light-weight. It follows also that the estrangement of husband and wife must not be the result of fundamental differences of character, but of some merely temporary inadvertence on the husband's part to which a sharp lesson will put an end. The lady, then, must be romantic and athirst for affection, the husband must be prosaic and forgetful of his wife in the ardent pursuit of his own masculine business or amusements. And the lady's eyes must be opened by the discovery that her lover is only a lover and by no means a possible second husband. How is this discovery to be effected? By making the lady seriously propose to attain her freedom by divorce. The lover, terrified at the project, withdraws, and the disgusted lady returns to a husband who promises to be more attentive in future. Years ago this formula was established in *La Petite Marquise* of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. The husband was a dry-as-dust archaeologist, neglecting his young wife to compile a history of the Troubadours. The wife had her head turned by reading romantic novels. The lover declined to elope with her because he had no idea of resigning the liberty of bachelorhood. Then there was *The Canary*, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell also played a wife with romantic ideas derived from "Hill Top" novels. The husband was a healthy animal with no thought save for lawn-tennis. The lover declined to elope, because he had just been at the expense of putting a new bath into his flat. So in Mr. Brandon Thomas' *Women are so Serious* (adapted from M. Pierre Wolff's *Celles qu'on respecte*) the wife pines for theatres and music-halls and the *joie de vivre*. The husband is a healthy animal with no thought save for bicycling. The lover has no intention of marrying a divorced woman any more than Don Juan intended to marry one of his "thousand and three." So, finally, in Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's *A Lady from Texas* the wife yearns for sentiment and demonstrative affection. The husband is a busy politician (see also the husband in *Wheels within Wheels* now at the Criterion) who cannot find time to gratify his wife's yearnings. And, again, the lover declines to marry a divorced woman, who longs to accompany him to the ends of the earth, since he knows that financially "it would only run to" Hastings or Eastbourne.

But, as regards the last two plays, though their plots are the same, their treatment is very different, and an evening spent at the theatre in Sloane-square in no wise resembles an evening spent at the theatre in Great Queen-street. Mr. Brandon Thomas' play is a true comedy. Its characters belong to the world of reality. The wife (Miss Ellis Jeffreys) and the lover (Mr. Frederick Kerr) are people we recognize at a glance—with just an added touch of "irresponsibility" to give their adventures the comic note. Mrs. O'Connor's play, on the other hand, is a nondescript entertainment—comedy alternating with sentimental drama and both submerged in broad farce. When the husband (Mr. Cartwright) and wife (Miss Cynthia Brooke) are on the stage we are apparently expected to take the story quite seriously. But we must not take the lover (Mr. Leonard Boyne) seriously or the play ceases to be comedy at all. Then comes in the lady from Texas (Miss Kitty Cheatham), who takes possession of the stage, driving the play clear off it while she exhibits

her outrageous Transatlantic drolleries. This is Mrs. O'Connor's first play, or at any rate her first play to be publicly performed in a regular fashion, and she has yet many things to learn—among others, the unity and proportion which are the dramatic equivalents for the painter's "atmosphere" and "values." It is at once evident, however, that she has a keen sense of humour, and that lively spirit which our forefathers called "gusto"—qualities which give reasonable expectation of good work by-and-by, when their possessor has learnt that a play must be not an *omnium gatherum* of details but a harmonious whole. It is to be hoped, by the way, that she will learn to discard the conventional language of the stage. In *A Lady from Texas* there are such utterances as "Our futures lie apart" and "Yes, a thousand times Yes." I am quite sure that she has never heard any human being use such expressions in real life.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

[In consequence of the space occupied by our special articles on Edinburgh, we are compelled to hold over the consideration of many recent books.]

MR. BROADHURST.

Times change and things seem different when you get used to them. We can remember leading articles in important papers treating the return of Mr. Broadhurst to the Parliament as a menace to the stability of the Constitution. After reading HENRY BROADHURST, M.P., which gives "the story of his life from a stonemason's bench to the Treasury Bench" (Hutchinson, 16s.), we are lost in amazement at our recollection. Never, it now seems to us, was the cause of labour represented, in Parliament or out of it, by a less dangerous man. Never has a labour member done more solid work, and engaged in less sensational agitation. If only Mr. Broadhurst had grown rich he would have ranked with the ideal men beloved and belauded by Dr. Samuel Smiles. He has been more usefully occupied than in growing rich; and now that, presumably, the best part of his life's work is done, he has written the record of it well and picturesquely and not in the least vaingloriously. He is the only member of Parliament who has worked at the masonry of the House of Commons as well as at the legislation within its walls; and the only member claiming to have been "at Christ Church" whose connexion with "the House" consisted solely in fixing the chimney pots. He has organized strikes and composed them. He has tramped the country in search of work with empty pockets, and he has been entertained at Sandringham. He tells us all about it modestly and cheerily.

Perhaps the fact that stands out most saliently in the book is that the career of a labour leader, and even of a labour member, is by no means an easy one, and is indeed only possible to a man of sturdy character and also iron constitution. Those that imagine that such gentlemen live in the lap of ease and luxury should read Mr. Broadhurst's description of the years when he was trade union delegate and stonemason both:—

Those were years of extraordinary exertion, making heavy demands upon one's physical strength. During the whole of this period I scarcely ever lost a single hour's work in the morning, though I seldom retired to bed before midnight, and was always up again at 4.30 a.m. Nearly all my work as a delegate was entirely gratuitous; occasionally, indeed, I received a shilling a day when engaged on behalf of my trades-union, but this sum never sufficed to remunerate me for my out-of-pocket expenses, such as cost of travelling and similar outlay. The scanty leisure which my employment left me was divided between the affairs of my trades-union and the Reform Movement.

Nor was Mr. Broadhurst very much better off when he had won his seat in Parliament. He had a salary of £150 a year.

out of which he had to pay for any clerical assistance that he required. It was a difficult situation, but it had to be met :—

I met it by maintaining the same habits at home and abroad as before my election, with the exception of such changes as were unavoidable when Parliament was sitting. In the matter of dress I followed the same line of conduct. For years past all my clothes had been made at home by my wife, and for several years of my Parliamentary life my wife remained my only tailor—a circumstance which I fancy is unique in the history of the English Parliament.

Later on, digressing to discuss the question of the payment of members, Mr. Broadhurst enlarges on the terrible petty cash calls of Parliamentary life :—

Cabs are out of the question, except in pressing emergencies, and to meet the exceptional outlay retrenchment in other directions must follow. You must eat and drink, and the most frugal meal will cost you twice the amount of a meal taken at home. You cannot tell a visitor, especially a constituent, that to give him a cup of tea will put an inconvenient strain on your resources. Your dress must be decent. Postage is one of the most constant and serious burdens to a poor man: the most moderate estimate on this head is sixteen-pence a day, and woe betide the luckless victim who has charge of a motion or a Bill which attracts even partial interest in the country! Equally to be deplored is your fate if a considerable body of your constituents take a deep interest in a Bill promoted by another member and express by letter their desire that you should support the measure. You may reply by postcard certainly, but a couple of hundred postcards cost a good deal of money.

Political students will find plenty to interest them in Mr. Broadhurst's account of the labour legislation which he has helped to bring about. For the general reader the interest lies rather in the anecdotal reminiscences and the picturesque self-revelations. The discomforts of the long tramp for work; the joy of clearing disturbers of the peace out of public meetings; the difficulty of attending a *Leveé* without a Court suit, and of dining with the Prince of Wales without dress clothes—all these things are set forth by Mr. Broadhurst with an engaging candour. And, with that touch of human nature which makes us all prouder of some subsidiary achievement than of our real life's work, Mr. Broadhurst never seems quite so pleased with himself as when he chronicles a *bon mot* of his at a Greenwich dinner with Lord James in the chair. It was at the time of the Liberal split over the Home Rule question, and the conversation flagged :—

Our resourceful host exerted all his marvellous powers of ingenuity to infuse life into the company, and presently addressed an inquiry to me across the table as to the state of health of my bull-terrier, asking whether I had lately brought him to the House of Commons. I replied that he had not recently visited that place with me, but I thought the time was coming when it would be necessary to bring him in order to clear out the rats. The tone, the occasion, and the manner prevented the remark from being considered offensive, and no one joined more heartily in the laughter which greeted my hint than Mr. Chamberlain and his friend Mr. Jesse Collings.

We recommend the book to those who desire entertainment as well as to those who are curious about the career of Mr. Broadhurst. It has an amusing introduction by Mr. Birrell, to which we have already referred.

To a request for a donation of £1,000 for the maintenance of a library, Mr. Carnegie's secretary has replied as follows :—

Mr. Carnegie in giving donations for a library confines himself to the supplying of funds for library building. He considers that when a town has a suitable building the community should see that the library is properly kept up. As you have a building and library running, your case is not within Mr. Carnegie's scope.

THE WAR.

The War with Pen and Paint-brush.

Though war books pour forth in an unceasing stream, the jaded reader can still welcome those of them that are unconventional, and written by an observer with a seeing eye and a detached and critical temper. Mr. Mortimer Menpes' *WAR IMPRESSIONS*—a record in colour, transcribed by Dorothy Menpes (Black, 20s. n.)—has all these qualities. The main attraction of his book consists, no doubt, in its ninety-nine coloured illustrations—portraits which are speaking likenesses, and views which render alike the gloom and the grandeur of the veld with the fidelity and skill that every one familiar with Mr. Menpes' work would expect. No praise seems to us too high for this "colour record of the war," or for the care and art with which the pictures have been reproduced. But the book is by no means to be regarded merely as a picture-book. On the contrary, it would do more than hold its own in the literature of the war if all the pictures had been left out.

It is not, of course, a narrative of the campaign or of any portion of the campaign. Mr. Mortimer Menpes is an impressionist, not an amateur of tactics and strategy. His interest is in the men, not in the manoeuvres. He writes chattily and unpretentiously, and with a gift of humour that never degenerates into mere jocularity. What one gets from him is illuminating anecdote and delightful thumbnail sketches, mainly of the great protagonists of the drama, but also of the choruses, both male and female. Seeking to quote, one is embarrassed by the richness of the choice of quotable passages. One has many sympathetic glimpses, for instance, of Lord Milner, who gave several sittings and talked freely of the plague of women, of the threatened incursion of personally conducted tourists, and of other matters :—

How he worked! Interviewing people all day long, writing despatches—secretaries and A. D. C.'s coming in and out in two continual streams with messages and bundles of correspondence. No one in England has any idea how that man works—he is the hardest worked in all South Africa, for he works not only all day long but half the night as well.

And again, at the end of a sitting given by the unsatisfactory light of an incandescent burner :—

That night there was one of the most touching incidents that I have ever witnessed. All the evening, clerks and A. D. C.'s had been coming in and out in two continual streams with large bundles of correspondence for the Commissioner's superintendence, and the pile of letters by his side, all to be read that night, was reaching abnormal proportions. Sir Alfred's face was becoming drawn and pale with fatigue, when a wretched clerk came staggering in with a still larger batch, ready to dump it down on the pile, and I felt inclined to shed a tear as Sir Alfred wearily put out his hand and murmured, "Enough—enough!"

Lord Roberts, Mr. Rhodes, General Pole-Carew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Winston Churchill are only a few of the other figures that flit across the stage—drawn for us much as Stevens used to draw, though more casually and anecdotally. The great enthusiasm is for the Commander-in-Chief; and this paragraph of contrast is strikingly interesting :—

One had the chance on that day (at Osfontein) of comparing him with such men as Lord Kitchener. These two men were an interesting study as they stood side by side viewing the battle of Osfontein—two totally different characters working on totally different principles. One was human, sensitive, full of imagination; the other was hard, inscrutable. As an artist, naturally I thought Lord Roberts the greater. Everything about Lord Kitchener somehow suggested to me the man without imagination. You could picture him, as he stood there, viciously chewing the ends of unlighted cigarettes, preferring a frontal attack to the brilliantly conceived flanking movements practised by Lord Roberts. . . . Thus I mused to myself as I sat sketching on the kopje, oblivious of the battle and the "movements" going on round me, and thinking what tremendous value a man like Kitchener would have been to England fifty years ago. Then I looked at Lord Roberts. He seemed to me to be an ideal leader of men—humane, kind, full of imagination—I was quite sure that he was a lover of Art and Nature.

The book is full of things as good. It combines the gorgeous splendour of the gift book with the "readableness" that too many of the war books have lacked.

The Imperial Yeomanry.

TROOPER 8008 I.Y. (Arnold, 7s. 6d.), by the Hon. Sidney Peel, who went through the Prieska campaign with Lord Kitchener and was with Lord Methuen at Boshof and afterwards, is rather a picture of the humour and hardships of campaigning than a consecutive narrative of military operations. In the way of military criticism, indeed, there is little more than the significant sentence that, "As for the rank and file I can only say that the news of General Colville's recall was no surprise to us." Mr. Peel's statement of the qualifications of the Imperial Yeomanry will also interest those who have accepted Dr. Conan Doyle's views on the subject of National Defence:—

Not more than five or six of my company had ever shot at anything else than a target, or at uncertain ranges; most had never fired a rifle in their lives. But for some reason or other we were given no practice at all, and most of us never discharged the rifles we carried in the field, until we fired them at the enemy. We had two great advantages—the men as a whole were of fine physique, and they were enthusiastic and keenly eager to learn. We were fortunate enough to escape paying any serious penalty for our ignorance, and there is no teacher like experience. Yet unquestionably to place so untrained a force in a field was a dangerous experiment, and though it may be said to have been justified by results nothing but the most urgent necessity could justify its repetition.

The Imperial Yeomanry, however, were good at learning. When their education was completed they were paid this compliment by a member of the Colonial Division:—

I saw a good deal of your lot near Zeerust, and a very useful lot they are. We in the Colonial Division think we're pretty smart; we think we understand campaigning and that anybody would have to get up pretty early in the morning to get round us: but when we came in contact with your fellows, they stole our horses.

A bright book and well worth reading.

"THE CRISIS."

THE CRISIS (Macmillan, 6s.), we may say at once, is as well executed a novel as we have come across for many a long day. It deals with a subject handled by most American and many English novelists—the American Civil War—and it introduces, more familiarly than most writers have cared to, such historical characters as Grant and Sherman and the great President. All three portraits are life-like enough; Lincoln's in particular is drawn with great tenderness. But these, after all, are not the most important of Mr. Churchill's creations. The handful of St. Louis citizens that he sets before us—Colonel Carvel and his daughter, Judge Whipple, and the Colfaxes—step at once (as only the characters of a master in fiction can) into the ranks of our chosen friends. Mr. Churchill's popularity, both in England and America, is something to marvel at, but "The Crisis" shows that it is not undeserved. He has the gift of sympathy—the most valuable of all gifts in an author's equipment. There is a touch of Thackeray about him, and not only in the manner of writing, but in the essentials. His are novels to be read slowly—to be tasted—which is more than can be said of most novels in these days. With all this, there is something that keeps this book from the first rank. Where most of the *dramatis personæ* are drawn so well, the character of Mr. Eliphalet Hopper cannot but seem a little out of place. His figure is not in harmony with the rest; he is alternately farcical and melodramatic; and his attempts to secure Virginia's hand by threatening first her father's honour and then his life make rather a hackneyed device to arouse interest. But Mr. Churchill's work is in the true vein. He is probably the best writer of fiction now living on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is likely enough that his powers will improve with maturity. Certainly "The Crisis" deserves to rank as high as any story of the war. When we consider the number of novels founded upon those troublous times, this is no light praise.

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO.

"and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge."

District Orders—Lines of Communication.

Sudden the desert changes—
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—
Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.
Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.
The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket—
We are changing guard on the bridge.
(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)
We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed—
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead;
We stumble on refuse of rations—
The beef and the biscuit tins—
We take our appointed stations,
And the endless night begins.
We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—
Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.
And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,
Till we hear the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful north-bound train.
(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)
Quick, ere the gift escape us,
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech!
And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And the earth allows again
Meetings, greetings, and voices
Of women talking with men.
So we return to our places
As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail-lights shine,
No—not combatants—only
Details guarding the line !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(Copyright 1901 by Rudyard Kipling. All rights reserved.)

FINE ART AT GLASGOW.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

The Fine Art Section of the Glasgow International Exhibition would alone justify even so purely utilitarian an enterprise. The new art gallery and museum building, which is to be the future home of the Art and Science collections of the Corporation of Glasgow, is entirely devoted to the purposes of the section ; and it is astounding. A new light is thrown upon the art of the Glasgow school, for here, in the foreign section, are the prototypes which have stirred the modern Glasgow painters, the Corots, the Monticellis, the Marises, the Mauves, the Rousseaus, the Milletts, and the Troyons. The presence of a collection of masterpieces of the French and Dutch Romanticists here is the more remarkable since they are lent by men of the commercial world such as W. A. Coats, David Tullis, Robert Ramsey, Edmund Pullar, J. J. Cowan, Alex. Rose, C. J. Galloway, Geo. McCulloch, and W. B. Robertson ; and they are lent to a committee who think it worthy of note that "the building, which is of stone," has concrete floors ! So also, this commercial city is careful to state, in the General Prospectus, the exact cost of the building—a trifle of £130,000 ! And yet ! The marvel is the maze of contradictions that it presents—this collection of masterpieces of the most emotional of modern painters in a mammoth city, where a rush of busy life goes on under a network of overhead wires. A sense of rectitude should fill the Scottish collectors with an abiding pride. As collectors of works of art they stand confessed as amongst the most far-seeing of men. They have, with very few exceptions, bought wisely and well ; they have let nothing hinder their apparent design to become possessed of works of art which do credit alike to their taste and their fine sense of a good investment. They have left the "Academy Pictures" of many years to find a resting-place elsewhere and they need never be disappointed of their bargain ; they have gone rather to the little and comparatively unknown Dutch Gallery in Brook-street than to the vast emporiums of the Haymarket and of Bond-street. The result is twofold—Glasgow is enabled to open an exhibition of works of art, lent by local collectors, which has seldom been excelled, and the owners need fear nothing at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer, should it ever fall.

And this brings us to a consideration of the dividing-line which is so apparent between Galleries XIX. and XX. and the rest of the exhibition, between the works lent from all over Great Britain and those contributed from Scottish collections. Not that the works catalogued under the headings of pictures in oils and water-colours by deceased and living British artists are either devoid of interest or entirely unworthy, but that they differ from the collection of pictures by foreign artists in the mass of their effectiveness. When we say that a portrait of Queen Victoria by Professor von Angeli, a "very pleasing domestic piece" painted smugly and smoothly, dominates the committee of selection in the British section, it may very easily be considered that sentiments of loyalty have quite overcome the critical faculty. Then again, subject has, it would seem, appealed with pressing persistency to the hanging committee, and there is a surfeit in this British section of pictures with such titles as "Auld Robin Gray," "The Last Sleep of Argyll" (with never a note of his awakening), "We twa hae pall'd in the Burn" (as if anybody really minded), "The Baggage Waggon entering Carlyle," "Grandmother's Gown," "We twa hae rin about the Braes," "Bairnies, Cuddle Doon," and a plethora of Lochs, Glens, Pools, Broomielaws, Kelvins, and Castles which have nothing better than a very old-fashioned pretence to artistic interest. It is a vast mistake this encouragement of local incident, and but a poor look-out for the heirs to the owners of the pictures. Not merely a commercial blunder and an example of unexpected artistic ineptitude—an unworthy display of the very primitive taste for the superficial thing easily understood. Still, and in spite of the local flavour, there is much left which is of the best, and there is hardly a wall that is devoid of interest, that has not something to tell the student of art, for the good or the bad of his understanding, and we will take the galleries as they come on a future occasion.

W. L. C.

Correspondence.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I hope Mr. Salt will accept my assurance that, if I have in any way misrepresented the principles of the Humanitarian League, it has been done inadvertently. I have so much sympathy with any organized attempt to procure humane treatment for animals that when the league was first brought to my notice I examined its proposed action with considerable care, in order, if possible, to contribute any help that might be in my power. But, in truth, I have found it impossible to obtain a clear view of what its principles are. Mr. Salt complains because I described its primary doctrine as binding "man to apply the same treatment to lower animals as to his fellow-men," and explains that the league only prescribes treatment "the same in kind, but not in degree."

How will that work out in application ? Immemorial custom sanctions the slaughter of certain animals for food ; civilization has brought about their confinement and special treatment, in order that each may produce an abnormal weight of meat ; but custom, law, and morals combine to prohibit me from dealing with my neighbour with a view to turning him into cutlets. Is this merely a question of degree ? Does not the treatment of man and beast differ radically in kind ? Leaving food supply out of the question, Mr. Salt and I agree that it would be a moral offence if either of us were to settle our difference by slaying the other. The same principle, he says, applies in kind, but not in degree, to our duty towards the lower animals. If that means anything it is that we may kill a little, but not more than the Humanitarian League thinks reasonable.

Your columns are not the proper place for discussing such questions, but perhaps I may put forward a familiar case for consideration.

Anglers are naturally anxious for the preservation of plenty of fish in our streams, and spend, collectively, immense sums for that purpose. Manufacturers are naturally anxious for a good profit on their industry and spend individually immense sums on the erection of dye-works, woollen mills, &c. The angler goes home happy from a hard day's work with a salmon or two, or a few brace of trout. The manufacturer turns his refuse into the river and destroys, not only thousands of salmon and trout, but every living creature in the waters. Which ought to stand worst with the Humanitarian League, the retail or the wholesale slayer ? Yet because, whenever I can, I go afishing, I have been repeatedly denounced in the league journal ; although, in the marked copies sent to me, I have never seen a word of protest against the pollution of rivers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HERBERT MAXWELL.

ENGLISH VERSIONS OF FOREIGN POEMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Apropos of Mr. Harvey's translation of the Swedish poem published in this week's *Literature*, it seems to me a good plan for more translations of foreign poems to be published in English papers. In the earlier centuries much of what was written on the Continent was "Englished." Now there is more translation of English prose and poetry into foreign languages than of translation into English of the classics of the Continent. Good translations of Shakespeare and Tennyson are current in French and German, but how few, comparatively speaking, of the works of the French drama or of the German masters are read in English ! Surely an effort should be made to obtain the good of the writings of foreign poets and avoid their being confined to their own tongues and to students of the languages.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully

WALTER W. SETON.

Derwent House, Anerley, S.E., June 1.

THE PROPER AGE FOR A WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Some months ago a few friends and myself discussed in my house what should be the proper ages of a man and a woman who wish to enjoy matrimony for a long time. Many propositions were made. One man suggested that the age of the woman should be half the man's *plus five*. Then many other propositions were made. Mine, suggesting half the man's age *plus seven* was adopted. I have never read the works of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, and, let it be said to my shame, never heard his name in my life.

I hate these *coups de Jarnac* that some English people (very few, I must say) delight in dealing in the back of successful book writers—in the name of the well-known British sense of Fair Play, I suppose.

Your obedient servant,

June 3, 1901.

MAX O'RELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Suum Cuique" is quite right. This is the passage from Mr. Frederick Locker's "Patchwork" (Smith, Elder, 1879) to which he refers :—

I have a well-considered opinion as to the proper ages for man and wife. A wife should be half the age of her husband with *seven years added*. Thus, if the gentleman is twenty, his wife should be seventeen. If he is thirty-six, she should be twenty-five; and so on. No lady of the ripe age of fifty-seven has a right to indulge in the luxury of a spouse who (even though he may not be a magnificent ruin) is less than a century.

Yours faithfully,

Dublin, June 3.

A. L.

A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* for April 20, in the Article headed "The Voice of Old London," the following inscription of date about 1625 is quoted, from a tomb in the church, now long destroyed, of St. Mary in Bromley-by-Bow.

As nurses strue theire Babes in bed to lay
When they too ly-berally the wantons play.
Soe to preuente his farther growinge crimes,
Nature his nurse, gott him to bed betimes.

An inscription very closely resembling this is to be seen upon the Hutton Monument erected in 1629 in the parish church of Richmond, Yorkshire. It is in memory of a son Matthaëus and runs as follows :—

As careful Mothers do to sleeping lay
Their babes that would too long the wantons play
So to prevent my youth's approaching crimes
Nature my nurse had me to bed betimes.

The resemblances and differences are such as would easily occur in an attempt to quote from memory and it would be interesting to know whether these two epitaphs represent one which was common property, or whether there was any other reason to explain the coincidence.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

F. C. POYNTER.

Dorset House, East Grinstead, May 30.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The first publishing season of the century does not seem to have brought much encouragement to the bookselling trade in the shape of increased sales. The surprises of the season—the books that have sold exceptionally well—could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and many of the more important books announced a few months ago have again been shelved for the autumn. There is plenty of new fiction to go on with; one trade list for June includes nearly fifty novels—all issued within the last few weeks.

Messrs. Dent have a reissue of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in preparation. Mr. Austin Dobson, who has helped in the choice of illustrations, will contribute a topographical introduction, and the work will be edited by Mr. Arnold Glover. Mr. Herbert Railton will contribute a series of nearly 100 topographical drawings based on existing localities and old prints, and there will also be portraits. A limited large paper edition will contain a series of 30 portraits reproduced in tinted photogravure.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn has completed a novel which Messrs. Macmillan will publish in England and America in the early autumn. Its title is "The Old Knowledge" and its chief character a modern mystic and visionary. The scene is laid in Donegal and a good deal of salmon fishing is accomplished in the course of the story.

Next Monday there will be given at the British Museum the first of a course of five lectures by Mr. J. Frederick Hodgetts on "The Life and Times of Alfred the Great." The subject of Monday's lecture is "Alfred and his England," and on the following Monday "Alfred as an Author" will be dealt with. Tickets for the course (price one guinea) are to be had of Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

Messrs. Constable will have Mr. Francis Gribble's "Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks" ready for publication about the middle of this month. The book is an anecdotal account of the literary celebrities associated with Geneva from Bonivard, who was an historian as well as the Prisoner of Chillon, to the poets of the Caveau Genevois. Some of the Reformers—notably Farel—appear in rather a new light; the accuracy of Rousseau's version of his relations with Madame de Warens is impugned; and much matter hitherto only accessible in the Proceedings of the Genevan Historical Society is popularized. A few extracts from the book have appeared, from time to time, as articles in our columns.

Messrs. Ward, Lock are winding up their spring season proper with a new detective story ("High Stakes") by the authoress who writes under the name of Lawrence L. Lynch. We understand that Messrs. Ward, Lock have sold two million copies of her books—"Shadowed by Three," "Moina," and her eighteen other volumes—in this country alone. Another detective story—"The Millionaire Mystery," by Fergus Hume—will shortly wind up the season for Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Messrs. Methuen's last book will probably be "Selections from William Blake," edited by M. Perugini, in their "Little Library."

Among the books to come from Messrs. Longmans this month (besides Mr. H. F. B. Lynch's work on Armenia, published this week) are "A Diary of the Siege of the Legations of Peking," by Mr. Nigel Oliphant, who was a volunteer with the defence force; Mr. Andrew Lang's "Magic and Early Religion"; and a cheaper and revised edition of Dr. Gardiner's "Oliver Cromwell," published in the Goupil illustrated series of historical volumes.

Among the other books expected this month—apart from those included in our weekly list—are "His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII.," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Grant Richards); a history of West Somerset by Mr. Chadwyck-Healey, K.C. (Messrs. H. Sotheman); Gabriele d'Annunzio's play *Gioconda* translated by Mr. Arthur Symonds (Heinemann); and the first volume of Mr. Heinemann's series on "The Regions of the World, 1900," edited by Mr. H. J. Mackinder.

Messrs. Smith, Elder will close their season next week with a new novel by Mrs. de la Pasture, entitled "Catherine of Calais." One of Mr. Fisher Unwin's last books of the season will be a new edition of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," uniform with "Another Englishwoman's Love Letters" and "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth"; Mr. Unwin, too, is just issuing a sixpenny edition of Mrs. Craigie's "A Bundle of Life."

Messrs. Macmillan announce for next week a new volume of the "New History of the English Church," edited by Dean

Stephens and the Rev. W. Hunt. This volume is by Dean Stephens, and covers the period from the Norman Conquest to the accession of Edward I. The work is to be completed in seven volumes. Messrs. Macmillan also announce "Selections from the Poems of S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., Edinburgh," author of "Hugh Wynne," and a volume of Walter Pater's "Essays from the *Guardian*," bound uniform with the *édition de luxe* of Pater's works.

The next volume of the Cambridge Historical Essays, to be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press, is "The Fallen Stuarts," by F. W. Head, M.A., Fellow of Emmanuel—the essay which obtained the Prince Consort prize and the Seeley medal in 1900.

A new volume by Professor Skeat, entitled "Notes on English Etymology," is being published by the Oxford University Press. The book contains an autobiographical introduction, and may be described as a companion volume to "A Student's Pastime."

"The Letters of Lady Hesketh" to the Rev. John Johnson (Johnny of Norfolk) concerning William Cowper are to be published by Messrs. Jarrold, of Norwich. They are edited by Mrs. Catharine Bodham Johnson, who is a kinswoman of the Mrs. Bodham who sent Cowper his "mother's picture." Her husband is the grandson of Johnny of Norfolk. The volume will be illustrated by portraits.

"The Early Stars," by the American writer, Albert Kinross, the author of "An Opera and Lady Grasmere," will be published in England by J. W. Arrowsmith on June 14th.

Mr. Macquenn announces a novel entitled "The Golden Fleecce," a translation from the French of "La Toison d'Or" by Amédée Achard, the contemporary of Dumas. This story relates the adventures of a young Gascon officer in the army sent by Louis XIV. to assist the Austrians in repelling the Turkish Invasion under Ahmet Kinperli.

The next volume of Messrs. Putnam's "International Handbooks to the New Testament" will be "Epistles to the Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, the Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude," by Dr. Orello Cone, who will include a sketch of the Canon of the New Testament. Messrs. Putnam also announce "The Passing and the Permanent in Religion," by Dr. Minot Savage, whose volume on "Life Beyond Death," published at the beginning of last year, is now in its third edition.

Books to look out for at once.

- "A Civilian War Hospital." By the Professional Staff. J. Murray. 12s. n. [An account of the work of the Portland Hospital. Illustrated.]
- "The Staff Work of the Anglo-Boer War." By Lady Briggs. Grant Richards. [Embodies some of the war letters sent to the *Morning Post* from South Africa. Illustrated.]
- "The Ashanti Campaign of 1890." By Captain C. H. Armitage and Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Montanaro. Sands. 7s. 6d.
- "Brother Musicians: Reminiscences of Howard and Walter Bache." By Constance Bache. Methuen. 6s. net. [Includes several photographs and one hitherto unpublished letter of Liszt.]
- "Up from Slavery: An Autobiography." By Booker F. Washington. Unwin. 6s. net.
- "To the Mountains of the Moon." By J. E. S. Moore, F.R.G.S. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net. [An illustrated account of the modern aspect of Central Africa and some little known regions traversed by the Tanganyika Expedition in 1899 and 1900.]
- "Italian Cities." 2 vols. By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. A. H. Bullen. 12s.
- "The Thirteen Colonies." By Helen A. Smith. Putnams. 12s. 2 vols.
- "Bird Watching." By Edmund Selous. (Haddon Hall Library.) Illustrated. Dent. 7s. 6d. n.
- "Sea and Coast Fishing; with Special Reference to Fishing in Inlets and Estuaries." By F. G. Affalo. Grant Richards. 6s. Illustrated.

Fiction.

- "Paul Le Maistre." By Frederic Carrel. Long. 6s.
- "Yestere." A Romance. By Vartence. Unwin. 6s. [A story of Armenian life.]
- "Virgin Gold." By W. S. Walker. Long. 6s.
- "Mrs. Green." By Evelyn Elyse Rynd. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- SIR HARRY PARKES IN CHINA. By STANLEY LANE POOLE. 7¼×5¼. 386 pp. Methuen. 6s.
- SAVONAROLA. (The World's Epoch-makers.) By G. M'HARDY, D.D. 7¼×5, 273 pp. T. and T. Clark. 3s.
- LIFE AND LETTERS OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR G. GRAHAM, V.C., G.C.B. By COL. R. H. VETCH, C.B. 9×8. 492 pp. Blackwood. 21s. [Sir Gerald Graham died in December, 1859, after a long and distinguished military career in the Crimea, China, and Egypt.]
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GILBERT WHITE OF SELBORNE. Two vols. By R. HOLT-WHITE. 9×6. 330+300 pp. Murray. 32s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- EURIPIDES: MEDEA. (University Tutorial Series.) Ed. by J. THOMPSON. 7×5. 108 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.
- WATERLOO. LE BLOCUS. By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN. (Pitt Press Series.) Ed. by A. R. ROPES. 6½×4½. 318 pp. 271 pp. Cambridge University Press. 3s. each.
- LE COLLEGE DE NORMANDIE. Comment Elever Nos Fils par J. DUHAMEL. 8×5¼. 285 pp. Paris: Carpentier. Fr. 3 50. [Expounds the principles of this promoters of the new college founded in the interests of educational reform in France.]

FICTION.

- LADY HAIFE. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS. 7¼×5¼. 361 pp. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
- CHAPENGA'S WHITE MAN. By A. WERNER. 7¼×5¼. 246 pp. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. [A story of Central Africa, in the region of Lake Nyasa, at the present day.]
- LORD CULMORE'S ERROR. By MARY ALBERT. 7¼×5¼. 320 pp. Drane. 6s.
- AN OLD WOMAN'S TRAGEDY. By E. S. THOMPSON. (St. Bride's Library.) 7¼×5¼. 251 pp. Drane. 3s. 6d. [Short stories.]
- PUFFS OF WIND. By HELEN DICKENS. (St. Bride's Library.) 7¼×5¼. 235 pp. Drane. 3s. 6d. [Short stories.]
- THE LAND OF COCKAYNE. By MATILDE SERAO. 7¼×5¼. 369 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

GARDENING.

- ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LATCH. By SARAH J. DUNCAN. (Mrs. E. Cotes.) 7¼×4¼. 266 pp. Methuen. 6s. [This may be described, to borrow from a well-known precedent, as "Mrs. Jeannette Duncan and her Indian Garden."]
- DICTIONARY OF GARDENING. Part I. Ed. by W. P. WRIGHT. 11×8. 48 pp. Cassell. 7d. n. [Abelia—Angræum. Information on popular lines for the general reader who wants to grow plants. Usefully illustrated.]

GEOGRAPHY.

- NAPLES PAST AND PRESENT. By A. H. NORWAY. 7¼×5¼. 361 pp. Methuen. 6s. [A popular book intended as supplementary to a guide, with an appendix of notes which give hints to any one who desires wider information. Admirably illustrated.]

HISTORY.

- LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE DU XVII^e. SIECLE AU XX^e. SIECLE. By VICTOR DU BLED. Deuxième Serie. XVII^e. SIECLE. 7¼×4¼. 331 pp. Paris: Perrin. Fr. 3 50.
- INDIA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By D. C. BOULGER. 8¼×5¼. 360 pp. H. Marshall. 6s.
- PERIODS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY. III.—The Close of the Middle Ages, 1273-1494. By R. LODGE. 7¼×5¼. 570 pp. Rivington. 6s. n.
- AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Vol. III. Ed. by A. H. HART. 8×5¼. 668 pp. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. n.
- THE CIVILISING RACE. By E. M. BENNE. 7¼×5¼. 260 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 12s. [A study of the early history of man.]
- THE ANCIENT EAST. No. II.—The Tell el Amarna Period. By C. NIEBUHR. 7¼×4¼. 62 pp. Nutt. 1s.

LITERARY.

- LIFE IN POETRY, LAW IN TASTE. By W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B. 9×6. 452 pp. Macmillan. 10s. n. [Lectures delivered in Oxford, 1895-1900.]

MILITARY.

- HINTS FOR A BUSH CAMPAIGN. By LT.-COL. A. F. MONTANARO, R.A. 4½×3¼. 52 pp. Sands. 1s.
- WAR IMPRESSIONS. A record in Colour. By M. MENPES. 8¼×6. 235 pp. Black. 20s. n. [Reviewed on page 495.]
- A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF THE WAR. By VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT. 7¼×5¼. 244 pp. Nisbet. 5s. [Several of these articles are republished from the *Lady*.]
- THE BELGIANS AT WATERLOO. By D. C. BOULGER. 9¼×6¼. 70 pp. 11, Edwards-square, W. 1s. [Reprinted from the *Contemporary Review* for May, [1900, with additional notes taken during researches at Brussels.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- AN ETON BOY'S LETTERS. By N. BANKS. 7×4¼. 210 pp. Cassell. 5s. [These "home letters," by the author of "A Day of My Life at Eton," take us through the career of a boy at Eton from the Fourth to the Sixth Form.]
- OUR COUNTRY'S SHELLS. By W. J. GORDON. 7¼×5½. 152 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s. [An introductory working manual for the collector, including molluscs without shells, illustrated with coloured plates.]
- THE COOK'S DECAMERON. A Study in Taste. By Mrs. W. G. WATERS. 7½×5. 178 pp. Heinemann. [Part I. is a narrative of ten days, describing each day's lunch and dinner. Part II. gives 200 recipes for Italian dishes.]

PLANT AND FLORAL STUDIES. for Designers, Art Students, and Craftsmen. By W. G. P. TOWNSEND. 10x7½, 139 pp. Truslove, Hanson. 5s. n.
[114 designs, each accompanied by an inch scale, and an account of the flower on the opposite page, giving the time of flowering, the situation, and details as to colour and height, &c.]

PHILOSOPHY.

SCHOPENHAUER. A Lecture. By T. B. SAUNDERS. 7½x5 95 pp. Black. 1s. 6d. n.
THE LIMITS OF EVOLUTION, and other Essays. By G. H. HOWISON, LL.D. 7½x5¼. 386 pp. The Macmillan Company. 7s. 6d.

POETRY.

LUSUS REGIUS. Poems and other pieces. By JAMES THE FIRST. Ed. by R. S. Rait. 13½x10, 61 pp. Constable. 42s. n.
[Reprinted from two recently discovered MSS. volumes, almost entirely in the handwriting of James I. of England. Of the 19 MSS. discovered the 12 here reprinted have not before been published. Nine of these are in verse. Facsimiles of pages from the MSS. are printed opposite the text, and the frontispiece is a portrait of King James hitherto only privately published.]

TESTAMENTS. No. 1.—The Testament of a Vivisector. By J. DAVIDSON. 8½x7, 27 pp. Grant Richards. 6d. n.

[The first of a series of poems "addressed to those who are willing to place all ideas in the crucible." "The Testament of a Vivisector" is strongly Anti-Vivisectionist; but its new statement of materialism, the writer says, "is likely to offend both the religious and the irreligious mind."]]

ALFRED. The first great Anglo-Saxon. By J. A. H. S. 7½x5¼, 89 pp. F. Griffiths. 1s. 6d. n.

POLITICAL.

CHINA UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT. By W. A. Cornaby. 7½x5¼, 250 pp. Unwin. 6s.
THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE. Discussions of Problems of Modern City Life in England. With an Essay on Imperialism. 8¼x5½, 415 pp. Unwin. 7s. 6d.

[A collection of essays, mainly by young Cambridge Liberals.]

PEACE OR WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. By A. M. S. METHUEN. 7½x5, 224 pp. Methuen. 1s.

[A criticism of the Government policy urging a settlement, and attempting to correct popular views about the Boers.]

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. Ed. by L. O. Miall and W. W. FOWLER. 7¼x5¼, 386 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Contains the original edition of 1789 without the appendix of Latin Charters. The Naturalist's Calendar is not included. Mr. Miall writes briefly on White's life, Selborne, and the history of the book: Mr. Ward Fowler on migration; and notes are added by the editors.]

CARLYLE'S HARTOR RESARTUS. Ed. by J. A. S. BARRETT. 7¼x5, 364 pp. Black. 3s. 6d.
[Mr. Barrett's edition was first published in 1897. Some fresh notes are added.]

LAMB'S ESSAYS OF ELIA. 6x3¼, 382 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. and 2s. net.
[The second volume in Mr. Grant Richards new series—"The World's Classics," following "Jane Eyre."]

FELIX HOLT. By GEORGE ELIOT. (Warwick Ed.) 6¼x4, 712 pp. Blackwood. 2s.

THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE. By GEORGE BERKELEY. (Religion of Science Library.) 7½x5¼, 128 pp. Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d.

[With an introductory article on Berkeley by T. J. McCormick and facsimile of the title page of the first edition.]

POEMS BY ALEXANDER SMITH. (The Canterbury Poets.) 5¼x4½, 277 pp. Scott. 2s.
[With a preface note on the author, to whom we refer on page 485.]

A MANUAL OF PSYCHOLOGY. 2nd Ed. (University Tutorial Series.) By G. F. STOUT. 7x5, 661 pp. Clive. 8s. 6d.

TORCH-BEARERS OF THE FAITH. 2nd Ed. By A. SMELLIE. 8x5½, 351 pp. Melrose. 3s. 6d.

THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD. By L. T. MEADE and C. HALIFAX. 2nd Ed. 7½x5¼, 389 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

IN THE HOUR OF SILENCE. 2nd Edition. A Book of Daily Meditations for the Year. 7¼x5½, 404 pp. Melrose. 5s.

CLEWS TO HOLY WRIT. By MRS. A. CARUS-WILSON. 7¼x5¼, 333 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.

MATTHEW AUSTIN. By W. E. NORRIS. (Sixpenny Library.) 9x6, 123 pp. Methuen.

THEOLOGY.

THE TREE OF LIFE. J. COULTER. 7½x5, 369 pp. Simpkin, Marshall.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By T. A. LACEY. 7½x5, 318 pp. Rivington. 5s. n.

[Meant for "persons of ordinary education." Ch. I. "Of God and Creation." Ch. II. Human Life. Ch. III. Redemption. Ch. IV. The Church. Ch. V. Practical Religion.]

WHO IS THE RICH MAN THAT IS BEING SAVED? A Homily of Clement of Alexandria. By REV. P. M. BARNARD. 6¼x4¼, 80 pp. S.P.C.K. 1s.

[A translation of Mr. Barnard's edition of the Greek of the Quis Dives Salvetur, published in Texts and Studies series by the Cambridge University Press in 1897, with chapters on the authorship and a life of Clement.]

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE MALVERN COUNTRY. (The Little Guides.) By B. C. A. WINDLE, D.Sc., &c. 6¼x4, 236 pp. Methuen. 3s.

NOTES ON THE PARISH REGISTERS OF ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM, 1596-1812. By J. T. GODFREY. 9x5¼, 147 pp. Nottingham, Saxton.

ILLUSTRATED GUIDES TO LONDON, THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS, ENGLISH LAKES, THE ISLE OF WIGHT, BELGIUM AND HOLLAND, LOWESTOFT, &c., LLANDUDNO, &c., and OBAN AND WESTERN HIGHLANDS. 6¼x4¼. Ward, Lock. 1s. each.

THE FATHER OF ST. KILDA. Twenty Years in Isolation in the Sub-Arctic Territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. By R. CAMPBELL, F.R.G.S. 7¼x5¼, 327 pp. Russell and Co. 6s.

[The first complete picture of these scarce-known regions and their primitive inhabitants as they were when first the white trader ventured among them.]

A GUIDE TO CHAMONIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC. By E. WHYMPER. 7½x5, 206 pp. Murray. 3s. n.

A GUIDE TO ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN. By E. WHYMPER. 7½x5, 224 pp. Murray. 3s. n.

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 173. by G. J. SLATER. Bolton. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 180. by S. LOYD, U.S.A. 11 pieces.



BLACK. 11 pieces.
WHITE. 5 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 181. by S. Loyd.—White (5 pieces)—K at Q 3; Q at K B 4; R at K Kt 8; Kt at K B sq; pawn at Q 6. Black (5 pieces)—K at K R 5; R at K R 2 and K R 8; Kt at K 6; pawn at K Kt 5. White mates in two.

PROBLEM No. 182. by A. Troitzky.—White (3 pieces)—K at Q B 5; B at Q R 3; Kt at Q 8. Black (2 pieces)—K at K Kt 3; pawn at K B 6. White to play and draw.

SOLUTIONS.—Problem No. 161, *La Stratégie*.—Key, 1. P-Kt=Kt, P-R 8, Q ch; 2. Kt-B 6 ch, Q-Kt; 3. K-Q and wins. No. 162, Jespersen (2). P-Kt 7. No. 163, Jespersen (3). Key, 1. Q-K 2, R-Q; 2. R-Kt 7, &c. If 1. —, R-R ch; 2. P-R, &c. No. 164, Schwes, White wins by 1. R-R 5 ch, K-K 5; 2. R-K B 5, &c. No. 165, Mackenzie (3). 1. K-R 5, threatening 2. Kt-B 4 ch, &c. If 1. —, K-B 5; 2. Q-Q 4 ch, &c. No. 166, Mackenzie (2), P-K 3. No. 167, Karstedt, Black wins by Kt-R 3, and in No. 168, Karstedt, 1. B-Q Kt 5, Kt-Kt 5; 2. B-K 8, Kt-R 3; 3. B-R 5, Kt-B 4; 4. B-Q sq, Kt-Q 5; 5. B-Kt 4, Kt-B 6; 6. B-Q 7, Kt-Kt 8 ch, &c. draws. No. 169, Grimshaw (with Black rook at Q 2). Key, R-R 3. No. 170, Cisar (3). 1. R-B 6, P-Q R 3; 2. R-B 4 ch, &c. If 1. —, P-R 6; 2. Q-B 3 ch, &c.; many variations. No. 171, Amelung, 1. K-K 6, B-Q 8; White draws by P-Kt 8=Q or K-B 5, &c. No. 172, Dahl (3). 1. R-K R 7, K-B; 2. P-Q 4, &c. If 1. —, K-Q 5; 2. R-R 3, &c. No. 173, *La Stratégie* (2), Q-R 6. No. 174, Campbell (3), Key, B-R 2.

Correct Solutions as follows:—A. C. W. (Bromley), 161 to 172; H. E. Anstruther, 158, 160, 168, 170; R. L. Antrobus, 160, 166, 169; W. E. R. (Brockley), 158, 159, 164; Otto Würzburg (Michigan), 150 to 166; Arthur A. E. Thoms, 160, 165; J. D. Tucker (Hikley), 159, 160, 162, 163, 165, 166, 169, 170; A. Grose (Kensington), 160, 164.

NOTES.—The tournaments at Glasgow began May 24. It is curious that local support was not very liberally given, some preferring to play away from home. Dr. McDonald and D. Y. Mills tied for first place in the chief tourney, with eight entries. The tie was played off and McDonald won creditably. C. A. Jonas did well in the minor tourney, 16 entries.—At Folkestone Messrs. Atkins and Blake divided honours in the chief tourney—Kent County Association.—A great match, North of England v. Scotland, at Glasgow, 25 a-side, was won by Scotland easily.—The Dutch players have a summer tourney at Haarlem, and the Scandinavians have arranged a special event at Gothenburg, August 4-16.—The Swiss Chess Association meet at St. Gallen to-day.—The extinction of the masters is proceeding apace, and these amateur meetings, if the players are not drawn into a semi-professional manner, will be of great interest and benefit.

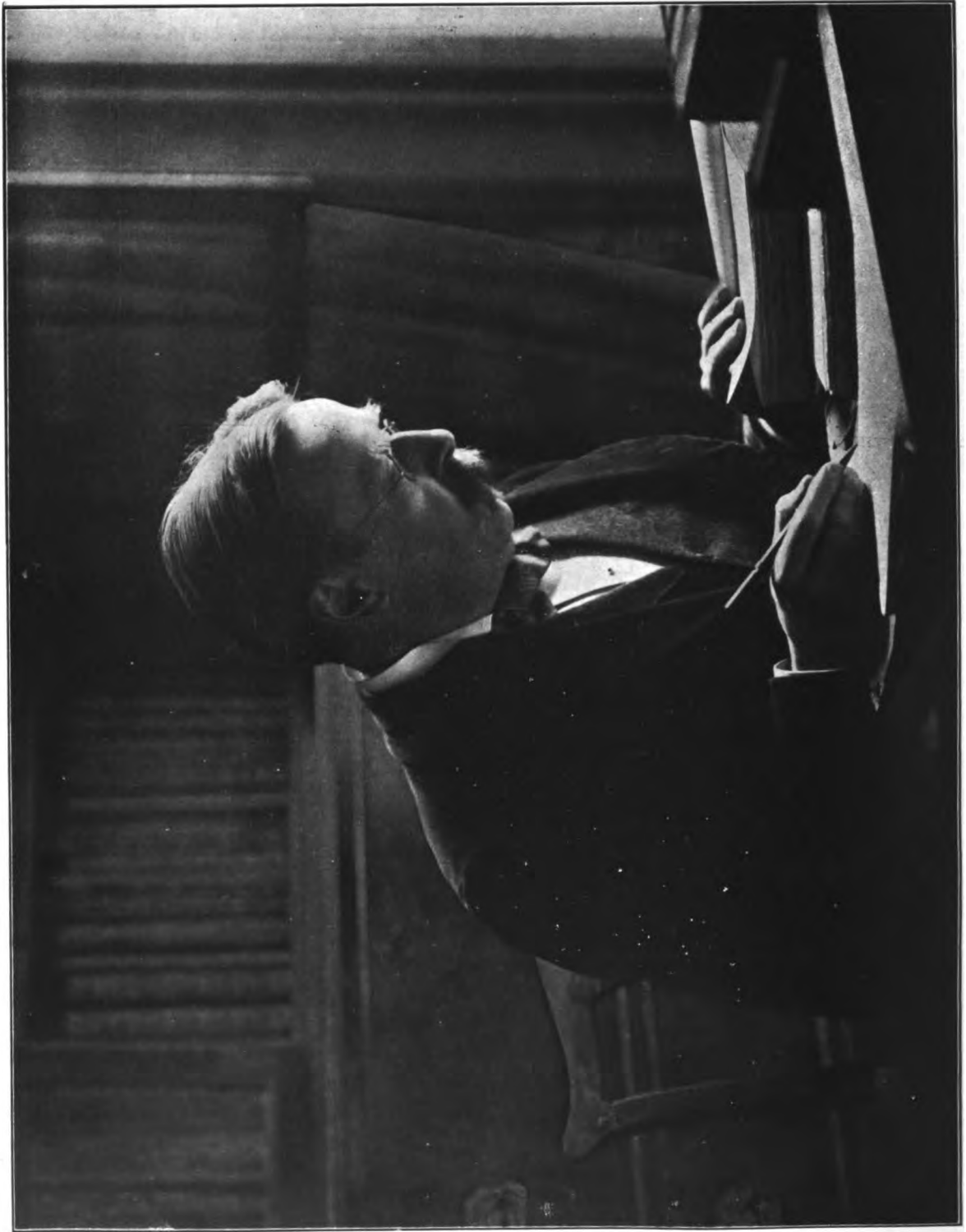
GAME No. LXXXIII.—Played by correspondence:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Rev. A. Taylor.	F. K. Young.	Rev. A. Taylor.	F. K. Young.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	19. Kt-B 4	R-R 2
2. Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	20. Kt-K 3	P-Q 4
3. B-B 4	B-B 4	21. P-Kt 5	Kt-Q 2
4. P-Q 3	P-Q 3	22. Kt-P	Kt-R sq
5. P-B 3	Kt-B 3	23. P-Q R 4	K-R sq
6. B-K 3	B-Kt 3	24. Q-R-Kt sq	Kt-P
7. Q-Kt-Q 2	B-K Kt 5	25. B-P ch	K-B
8. Kt-B sq	Q-K 2	26. Q-B 3 ch	K-Kt sq
9. B-B	R-P 8	27. P-Q	Kt-R
10. Kt-K 3	Castles K R	28. K-K 2	R-B 4
11. P-K R 3	R-K 3	29. R-Q B sq	Kt-B 4
12. B-Kt 3	K Kt-B 4	30. Q-B 5	R-K sq
13. P-K Kt 3	R-R 4	31. P-K R 4	Kt-Kt 6
14. Kt-Q 5	B-Kt	32. R-B 4	Kt(Kt 8)-Q 7
15. B-B	Kt-B 3	33. Q-Q 7	R-K B sq
16. B-Kt 3	Q-Q 2	34. Q-Q 5 ch	K-B sq
17. P-K Kt 3	Kt-K 2	35. Q-K P	K-B 6
18. Kt-Q 2	Q-Kt 4		

(a) Black announced a long-winded mate by force. It matters little; White can only save the game for the time by sacrificing heavily.

"Literature" Portraits. No. 6.

Supplement.
June 15, 1901.



MR. EDMUND GOSSE

Specialty Photographed for "Literature" by Elliott & Fry

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 191. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1901.

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE DAY	501, 502, 503	PAGE
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—VI. Mr. Edmund Gosse. An Appreciation, by Stephen Gwynn.....	503	
THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA—A "Personal View," by Professor Walter Raleigh.....	511	
SIR WALTER BESANT— An Account of His Work.....	506	
A Personal Reminiscence, by W. H. Pollock	508	
ROBERT BUCHANAN.....	509	
THE "BOZ" AND OTHER LITERARY CLUBS	513	
THE DRAMA—"L'Aiglon," by A. B. Walkley	514	
CURRENT LITERATURE— China and the Allies	515	
Italy To-day	516	
A Reading of Life, with Other Poems.....	517	
Before the Great Pillage—Poems—A Woman's Memories of the War—China Under the Searchlight—Sixty Years on the Turf	519	
Frederic Uvedale—Our Friend the Charlatan—My Lady of Orange	519	
THE BARROIS-ASHBURNHAM MSS.	520	
AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.	521	
CORRESPONDENCE—The Humanitarian League—Edinburgh Pub- lishers—A Child's Epitaph.....	522	
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for... ..	522, 523	
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	523, 524	

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The subject of the "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT next week will be

* MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. *

Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Buchanan were the two authors whose views on the subject of the relation of author and publisher were, perhaps, best known. Mark Twain is another author who has ventured into the field of controversy and experiment. He tried commission publishing once. "When I took up the publication of a book," he said not long ago, in referring to his experiences in this direction, "I called in a publisher and said to him, 'I want you to publish this book along lines which I shall lay down. I am the employer, you are the employé. I am going to show them some new kinks in the publishing business. And I want you to draw on me for money as you go along'—which he did. He drew on me for 56,000 dollars. Then I asked him to take the book and call it off; but he refused to do that."

* * * *

Sir Walter Besant did not often pay for the production of his own books; and he delivered many homilies on the subject in the *Author*; but that was how the early novels of Besant and Rice were published. Robert Buchanan tried to do the whole thing himself, but did not get much satisfaction out of it. It is interesting to read the following open letter addressed by Buchanan to Sir Walter Besant (it was quoted in the *Westminster Gazette* on Tuesday), and to remember that the poet was still his own publisher when he wrote it:—

"I say to you now, out of the fullness of my experience, that had I a Son who thought of turning to Literature as a means of livelihood and whom I could not dower with independent means of keeping Barabbas and the markets at bay, I
VOL. VIII. No. 24.

would elect, were the choice mine, to save that Son from future misery by striking him dead with my own hand! 'Whom the gods love die young,' I would say to myself; 'whom the gods and Barabbas preserve survive on for despondency, sadness, madness, and despair'; and my Son should surely die. For what I have seen I have seen, and what I have suffered I have suffered."

"The very stones of the street cry out and rebuke you, sir," he concludes his letter, "when you invite the young and unwary, and above all the honestly inspired, to enter the blood-stained gates of this Inferno."

* * * *

England has no warmer friend among patriotic Frenchmen than Monsieur A. Beljame, a Professor of the University of Paris, who has been representing his University this week at the Glasgow University Jubilee functions. He has done much to introduce French readers to the masterpieces of English Literature by his translations of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" and of Shelley's "Alastor" and of more than one of Shakespeare's plays, while his "*Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au XVIIIe. Siècle*" was "Couronné" by the French Academy.

* * * *

Another visitor is Count Goblet D'Alviella, the late Rector of Brussels University. The honorary degree of LL.D. which is being conferred upon him is the first British honour of the kind that has gone to Belgium. But Count D'Alviella's sympathy with advanced thought and inquiry in England links him even more strongly with us than the three letters, LL.D. In his recent work, "*Ce que l'Inde doit à la Grèce; des Influences Classiques dans la Civilisation de l'Inde*," he upholds the theory that no race is better qualified to reform the native than the Anglo-Saxon. In 1891 the Count delivered the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford, choosing "The Origin and Growth of the Conception of God" as his subject, and as correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* he accompanied Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, on his Indian tour. He was for a long time director of the *Revue de Belgique*, and has been a Senator. He lives on his ancestral estate in Brabant, and in regard to his personality and congenial surroundings he has been compared to men like Samuel Rogers or George Grote.

* * * *

There are signs that the deluge of sixpenny novels is subsiding—or rather that the demand for them is falling off. But publishers, seemingly intent on working a good idea to death, are still pouring hundreds of thousands of fresh copies into the flooded market. It seems like being a repetition of the sixpenny boom and the subsequent slump of 1899. In the present case, however, there has been little attempt to experiment with new fiction in this form. Not that the ordinary sixpenny novel has seen its best days. It is too firmly established for that; but, like so many good things in the publishing world, it has been overdone. Booksellers, we hear, are fighting shy of many of the later reprints, and orders are beginning to decrease in consequence. Messrs. Simpkin's last list of sixpenny books included close upon three hundred different novels, and the total must be well into the fourth hundred by this time. No wonder some of

them go to the wall—or back to the paper mill whence they came. If only publishers could agree to a short close season there would soon be a healthy cry for more.

* * * * *

A correspondent reminds us of yet another precedent for the Hall Caine case. It was a case in which the editor of an American magazine agreed to buy a story by an eminent humorist. The humorist wrote and duly delivered a story, but not a humorous story. The editor declined to publish on the ground that when a humorist undertook to provide stories there was an implied contract that they should be funny. Whether his view of the law was correct or not was never settled. The story—which was a very good story, though of a gloomy and depressing character—was placed elsewhere without difficulty, and the matter never came into Court.

* * * * *

We noticed the other day the enterprise shown by a Strand bookseller in using his shop window for the display of laudatory book notices. A bolder use of book advertisement is now being developed at Boston, U.S.A. The space occupied in street cars by an exposition of the merits of patent medicines or soaps is now devoted to books. While the patient traveller is hanging on to a strap, or bearing on his knee the weight of some portly person unable to find a seat, it is suggested that “in the pauses between the ejaculatory prayers prescribed for such occasions, the book advertisements will be a delicate solace.”

* * * * *

The Rev. George Everard, formerly vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton, who died on Friday last, was a most prolific writer of the evangelical school. Messrs. Nisbet have nearly forty of his books in their catalogue, and others have been published by the Religious Tract Society. Besides his books, he, for many years, issued two annual addresses, which were printed and sold by tens of thousands. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Everard's books had enormous sales, but latterly the demand had fallen off, though they still sell fairly steadily. Among his last works were “Salvation and Service,” “Fight and Win: Talks with Lads about the Battle of Life,” “Before the Footstool: Family Prayers for One Month,” and “Merry and Wise.” It is estimated that considerably over half-a-million copies of his books have been sold by Messrs. Nisbet alone.

MEMORY'S BITTER-SWEET.

(Villanelle.)

In sunny June, when the daisies blow,
We met—and life took a fairer hue.
Dear daisies, why did you fade and go?

Backward the streams of memory flow,
Till earth holds only our love and you
In sunny June when the daisies blow.

O big moon-daisies, with hearts aglow
And petals which always augur true,
Dear daisies, why did you fade and go?

She picked one: “Loves he me? daisy, show!
“No, yes, no . . . Yes!”—Ah! we rapture knew
In sunny June when the daisies blow.

But death has laid the moon-daisies low
And left me only the mournful rue.
Dear daisies, why did you fade and go?

Now is there naught but the winter's woe
In heart and Nature, though skies be blue
In sunny June when the daisies blow.
—Dear daisies! Why did you fade and go?

MARGARET THEODORA GRIFFITH.

The King has resigned his trusteeship of the British Museum. His Majesty has held the office since 1881, and, as a member of the standing committee of the trustees, has taken an active personal share in the administration of the Museum.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Rev. Thomas Banks Strong, B.D., to be Dean of Christ Church.

The funeral of Sir Walter Besant took place on Wednesday at Hampstead.

The University of Glasgow celebrated this week the 450th anniversary of its foundation by William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow.

A new sixpenny weekly is announced to come from the *Sphere* office, called the *Tatler*. It is to be an illustrated journal of society and the stage, edited by Mr. Clement Shorter.

The New Vagabond Club on Wednesday evening entertained the Bishop of London, who made an excellent speech, remarking in the course of it that in the presence of so many authors he was obliged to confess that his own publications could be bought at 4½d. each at the S.P.C.K., or at 4d. if a quantity were taken. Mr. Rider Haggard gave a tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Besant, whose funeral he had just attended.

Count Tolstoy has completely recovered and has left Moscow for his country residence.

Sir Edwin Arnold was sixty-nine years of age last Monday.

A society for the study of the history of the drama has been formed in Paris, under the presidency of M. Sardou. The list of members includes M. Edouard Détaillé; M. d'Estournelles de Constant; M. Gustave Larroumet; M. Henri Lavedan, and M. Saint-Saëns.

There is a report that Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Maud Adams will appear respectively as Romeo and Juliet in English.

A legacy of 30,000 marks bequeathed to the town of Erlangen, in Bavaria, to pay for a monument to Heine, has been rejected on the ground that Heine was not a sufficiently good German to deserve a statue. In accordance with the terms of the will, the money passes to the city of Budapest and the poet will have his statue there.

The *Times* announces the death of Dr. Andrew Garran, some time editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

In yesterday's cricket match between London and Provincial Actors in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the Actors' Orphanage, Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. F. R. Benson figure upon the list of strikers for the Provinces.

Mrs. Archibald Little is coming back to England by the overland route through Siberia and Russia, and will probably lecture on her recent experiences in China.

The latest accounts of the health of Mr. W. J. Stillman are, we are glad to hear, more satisfactory.

News has been received of the death of the Rev. Dr. Byington, of Boston, Mass. Dr. Byington was well-known from his works relative to New England.

The University of Chicago is about to open preparatory schools in Europe, in order that the children of Americans travelling abroad may be able to receive an American education—whatever that may be.

The Modern Language Association is to hold a meeting in

London on June 26, at which Sir Richard Jebb, M.P., is to take the chair.

The Women Writers' dinner will take place at the Criterion Restaurant on Monday, June 17.

Our appreciation of Sir Walter Besant's work as a man of letters will be found in another column. Here we wish to speak of the services which he rendered to literature by the creation of the Society of Authors, and of the scope of the work which, as he conceived, such a society could accomplish. At first that society was sadly misrepresented, and it is not impossible that misconceptions still prevail as to its aims. But its objects really are, and always have been, very simple; and the ideas which inspire its energies can be, and indeed often have been, expressed in two or three simple propositions. These are:—

1. Literature has as good a claim to rank among the learned professions as Law, Physic, and Divinity.

2. There is a popular contempt for men of letters based upon the belief that their calling is a beggarly one in which there is no money to be made.

3. Men of letters would make a vast deal more money than they do if they knew enough of the ins and outs of the publishing trade to be able to enter into business relations with the publishers upon equal terms.

4. In order that this knowledge may be collected and disseminated authors must combine.

Authors were so little accustomed to combining that it was no easy task to impress these simple ideas upon their minds. But Sir Walter Besant had a genius for this kind of task, and he hammered on till the ideas were driven home. Authors gradually realized two things; first that the society they were invited to join was not a Mutual Admiration Society, but a Society for the Defence of Literary Property; secondly, that there was no more objection to such a society than to a Landlords' Protection Association or a Liberty and Property Defence League. One after another they came in with their guineas, enabling the society to get to work; and the society naturally found plenty of work to do. Authors had shown a confiding innocence in their commercial transactions, and it is hardly too much to say that any man with a little capital had only to call himself a publisher in order to make very questionable profits, without being brought to book. The society changed this condition of things. Such profits could no longer be made with impunity. But, of course, the society has done more than expose indefensible practices. Without in any way presuming to interfere with freedom of contract between author and publisher, it has effectually prevented any ignorance as to the meaning of contracts, and the possible consequences of acceding to their terms. It has shown, for instance, what it costs to produce any given kind of book, and what can or cannot be claimed as the custom of the trade; and on various points on which the law seemed doubtful it has taken and published the opinion of counsel. And this, of course, to the benefit not only of authors, but also of those publishers who wanted to act fairly. For, of course, the many who wished to act fairly had nothing to lose and everything to gain from the removal of the competition of the men who wished to act unfairly. Some of them, like Mr. Andrew Tuer, joined the society. Others, like Messrs. Longmans, showed their general approval of its purposes by voluntarily admitting certain of its claims—the right, for instance, of an author who had not sold his copyright to inspection of his publishers' books. Unquestionably Sir Walter Besant did a great work in founding a society which has become so powerful an instrument for good. It is still more to his credit that he established it on such a basis that it ceased to be dependent on him. He retired from the position of chairman of the committee of management some years ago. He has had worthy successors in Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir William Conway, Mr. Rider Haggard, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins. He did not want to be necessary to the society, and he was not. The work will go on, as he would have wished it to.

Literature Portraits.—VI.

EDMUND GOSSE.

In the British Museum catalogue the entries under the name of Mr. Edmund William Gosse occupy close on eight full columns. This, it will be admitted, is a fair allowance for a man who has indeed written poetically about the symptoms of advancing age, but who cannot by any means take rank with the greybeards; and if Mr. Gosse were really responsible for even a quarter of the volumes catalogued the overcrowded institution might have good cause to grumble. But, of course, in nine-tenths of the cases he figures merely as a kind of sponsor; as a critic discharging his most grateful function. For the business of criticism is really positive not negative, and consists in telling people what to read and why to read it; and the most valuable critics are not the reviewers of current literature, but those who spend their energy in endeavouring to communicate to the general public something of their enthusiasm for the best of what has been done in the past. Few men have written so many introductions as Mr. Gosse, and the list of authors who have been presented to the world in a new dress with his prefatory commendations seems at first sight extremely miscellaneous. But on closer inspection lines of affinity disclose themselves. Mr. Gosse is revealed, in the first place, as a student of English poetry; in the second, as a writer on Scandinavian literature; in the third, as something of an authority on art.

About the last of these branches of the critic's accomplishment it is not necessary to say much; but an element of the connoisseur, the virtuoso, the *dilettante* enters into all Mr. Gosse's writings. He is acutely sensitive to perfection of form, and to perfection in the lesser kinds as well as the greater. Somewhat in contrast with this aspect of his critical faculty is the predilection for the rugged genius of northern Europe, which set him writing of early Scandinavian customs, and enrolled him among the pioneers in the cult of Ibsen. At present whoever professes an enthusiasm for the author of *Brand* is preaching to a converted audience, so far as the intelligent public is concerned (I except, of course, the considerable section of intelligent students of literature who condemn Ibsen without taking the trouble to read him). But Mr. Gosse preached in a day when converts were none too numerous; he attacked with courage the rampart of serried prejudices which resists any innovation in the field of dramatic art; and his work on this enterprise must always be accounted yeoman service in the cause of general literature. But his main achievement lies in the criticism of English literature; by that the world in general knows him, and, with the exception of Mr. Lang and Professor Dowden, there is probably no living critic whom the English-speaking world knows so well.

English literature is a large field, and no man can be fully familiar with every corner; it has been urged that in the matter of minute facts and dates Mr. Gosse shows no meticulous accuracy. The question is not very interesting nor is it very important. Beyond question, however, Mr. Gosse has given in his "History of English Literature" just about as good a summary sketch of the whole subject, following the natural lines of development, as would be possible. The book shows a fine sense of proportion, a catholic sympathy, and an indefatigable power of retaining interest. The same qualities appear in his history of a restricted portion—the eighteenth century—but perhaps less conspicuously. Good as the book is, one could readily imagine a better, and for a good reason—Mr. Gosse is primarily a critic of poetry. On poetry he speaks with authority, and the eighteenth century was an age of prose.

I restrict my qualification a little further. Mr. Gosse would be a good critic of any poetry, but every man criticizes best what he enjoys most, and I doubt whether the austere muse—the muse of Milton and Wordsworth—would not leave him a little cold. For Shelley the exquisite lyrist he would have the enthusiasm inevitable to all who care for lyric poetry; but for

Shelley the theorist and the thinker only a limited sympathy. And it is probably by a natural selection that his more specialized essays in criticism have avoided the greatest names. For Mr. Humphry Ward's anthology of the English poets, which contains the best collection of critical estimates known to me, no one man did more good work than Mr. Gosse, but he was throughout the exponent of the lesser muses. The group of University wits who were Shakespeare's forerunners—Greene, Lodge, and Peele—the group of cavalier lyrists who were "sealed of the tribe of Ben"—Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling—the songwriters of the Restoration—all these were committed to him and with good reason (Lovelace alone has reason and good reason to complain of his commentator). In the eighteenth century and the nineteenth he figured more or less as the protector of the *oubliés et dédaignés*; of lights very far inferior to Herrick. It is only right to remember that Mr. Ward's book appeared in 1880 when Mr. Gosse's reputation was only crescent. But since then the three men to whom he has devoted most study have been Beddoes in the last century, Gray in the eighteenth, while in the seventeenth his latest, and perhaps his most important work, was the *Life of Dr. Donne*. That is to say, that, as a critic, he has consistently preferred a subject which he could hope to exhaust or make his own. It seemed to him better to be the one man who had written a considerable book on Donne than one of the crowd who have written considerable books on Shakespeare or on Milton. No doubt, like any one else, he finds "new points in Hamlet's soul undreamt of by the Germans"; but he prefers to follow the less trodden paths. This is no doubt why he has not the name of a weighty critic; he avoids by instinct the weightiest writers. But perhaps a simpler explanation is to be found in the fact that Mr. Gosse himself is never ponderous. Lightness and grace are the special qualities of what is most characteristic in his critical work—those shorter and less formal essays which fill up volumes with the record of his recreations—*Gossip in a Library*, *Critical Kitcats*, and such like.

And, of course, criticism is Mr. Gosse's business in life; but there is only one way to become a critic of any consequence and that is by practising the art you criticize. This is the truth that is distorted in Disraeli's famous aphorism. "Who are the critics?" "The critics," said Mr. Phœbus, "are those who have failed in literature and art." The saying was meant spitefully, but I think that critics ought to accept it in a cheerful spirit. Nobody, I suppose, would choose to be a critic if he could be a great artist; but in order to be a successful critic one ought, I think, to have grappled seriously with the business of some art. Of course, as we all know, in painting, for instance, the most authoritative pronouncements are delivered by gentlemen who have never painted; but when I see Mr. Maccoll exhibiting meekly his representation of two pansies in a glass of water, I think that his is the more excellent way. Mr. Gosse has got a long way beyond the pansies and the glass of water. If he were not better known for his criticism he would in any case be known to all lovers of poetry for his verses; and like most authors, and especially like most critics, he began with verse. The first of his volumes goes back to 1873, and it was "On Viol and Flute." One may even go so far as to say that Mr. Gosse helped to found a school. Along with Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Lang he introduced a revival of the old French forms, and a poetry of exquisite and dainty workmanship dealing not with passions but with moods and sentiments, aiming before all things at grace—a kind of fan-painting in verses. Naturally, these poets did not limit themselves to that; Mr. Gosse has shared the common fate and written a tragedy in verse, which no doubt, while writing it, he thought one day to see acted. How many cupboards enclose a similar skeleton? But the poetry by which these men are known, and will as I believe continue to be known, is the poetry of things graceful and elegant—brilliant trifling if I may use the phrase which Sidney thought it no dishonour to apply to work far more tragic when he wrote at the end of "Astrophel and Stella," *Splendidis longum valedico nugis*. Mr. Gosse has never said that farewell, nor is likely to say it; though in his latest book of poems he laments over the extinction of his own

band, the "Joyous Poets," the lovers of exquisite form. And I confess to finding in his later work a more enduring charm than in the earlier; a finer manner, less of a mannerism. Throughout the pages of "On Viol and Flute" one is conscious of a young man's delight in life, his poignant sense of beauty; but one is also conscious of his delight in other people's poetry, the echoes of which are always ringing in his ears; and perhaps the echoes are most numerous when the expression of the personality is most complete, as in the opening poem. In the fine wrought sonnets, upon which Mr. Gosse contrives to throw a Corinthian grace, very unlike the austerities of Milton, the thing said is less personal; the manner of saying it more individual. But in the later volume "In Russet and Silver" (how characteristic these dainty titles are of the man and his work!) Mr. Gosse can express a mood that is perfectly characteristic of his temperament in a way that is purely his own. Here for instance is a poem called "Clasping the Cloud:"—

I yearn not for the fighting fate
That holds and has achieved:
I live to watch, and meditate,
And dream—and be deceived.

Mine be the visionary star
That vibrates on the sea;
I deem Ixion happier far
Than Jupiter could be.

Those verses are simply and absolutely perfect in their kind; they have the charm of Horace in his lesser odes, saying a common thing in a way that gives distinction and individuality to one of the permanent sentiments of human beings; and, they rank, it seems to me, a long way above a composition even so charming and so felicitous as the sonnet on a Lute found in a Sarcophagus; though, that also has taken its place in the anthologies and is not likely to lose it. And, to survive in the anthologies, as for instance Carew survives—perhaps after three centuries to be resuscitated bodily for the lovers of verse, as Campion has been—is surely no bad fate for a poet, and that is the fate that one would predict for Mr. Gosse.

I have not attempted to give any conspectus of Mr. Gosse's writings; nor do I feel called on to say anything about his one excursion into prose fiction, "The Secret of Narcisse," except that it shows oddly how in his conception of mediæval times the sense of pervading picturesqueness and artistic endeavour entirely dominates his knowledge of the underlying savagery. About Mr. Gosse himself it is only needful to recall that he was connected with the British Museum (which in these latter days has become a "nest of singing birds") before he went to Cambridge as Clark Lecturer in English Literature (I wish that in Oxford we had had in those days any one half so fit to awaken an interest in that subject); and that his present official station is that of interpreter to the Board of Trade, a public department even more vocal with song than the Museum itself. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse presiding over its finance, Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Samuel Waddington assisting him, with Mr. Gosse at hand to be consulted, must surely make its presidency the ideal post for a scholar and man of letters like Mr. Gerald Balfour.

Further than this what is to be said? We all know that Mr. Gosse has not gone through life without enemies; we also know that he has been rich in most enviable friends. His reminiscences of Browning have given the most agreeable picture of that great man that is known to me; he has sketched Stevenson with the same happy hand, but not so completely as Stevenson has displayed himself in numbers of his very best and most characteristic epistles addressed to Mr. Gosse. If, as it may be argued, every man gets the letters that he deserves, Mr. Gosse as a correspondent must have deserved surpassingly well of Stevenson. And lastly it may be permissible to add what was said, by one more than usually competent to judge, in a discussion about the decay, or supposed decay, of the art of conversation—that Mr. Gosse almost alone in a degenerate age maintained the tradition.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

The first book of which Mr. Edmund Gosse appeared as an author is an almost forgotten volume of "Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets" which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. John A. Blaikie—each piece being initialled—and published in 1870 with Messrs. Longmans. Bibliographically, this is one of Mr. Gosse's most interesting books, as it has long been out of print, and is now, we believe, very scarce indeed. The germ of Mr. Gosse's reputation as an authority upon Northern literary subjects, and of the subsequent vogue of Scandinavian authors in England, was a paper on "The Ethical Condition of the Early Scandinavian Peoples," read before the Victoria Institute in April, 1874, and subsequently reprinted from the journal of the society's transactions. But even before this—in his collection of verse "On Viol and Flute," originally brought out by Messrs. H. S. King and Co. (1873), and now published by Mr. Heinemann—Mr. Gosse had written an ode "To Henrik Ibsen in Dresden," bemoaning England's ignorance of the Norseman's work:—

But oh! to win my people's eyes
To stand with me—to gaze, admire,
To praise the statue's form and size,
That is the goal of my desire;
But, friend, you dream not of the weight
Of insular phlegmatic pride,
The sturdy self-sufficient hate
Of all the world beside.

Three years later came "King Erik: A Tragedy"—another interesting volume from the bibliographical point of view. Seventeen years after its appearance through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, its first publishers, a "remainder" of 250 unbound copies was discovered, and these copies, as may be remembered, were reissued by Mr. Heinemann in 1893 with an introductory essay by Mr. Theodore Watts. The essay was the lengthy review of "King Erik" by Mr. Theodore Watts, which appeared in the *Examiner* for February 5, 1876, and was specially interesting from the fact that it was Mr. Watts' earliest contribution to the periodical Press. Mr. Gosse's "New Poems" (Kegan Paul) appeared in 1879 and is no longer in print; his "Firdausi in Exile and Other Poems"—dedicated to Mr. Austin Dobson—was published by Kegan Paul in 1885, but now appears in a second edition through Mr. Heinemann, like its companion volume "On Viol and Flute." Mr. Gosse's last collection of verse, "In Russet and Silver" (1894), is also issued by Mr. Heinemann, and is now in its third edition.

In his prose writings Mr. Gosse has been almost too prolific to be dealt with adequately in our bibliographical note. There are no fewer than seventy-seven items under his name in the British Museum catalogue, and though these include his poetry, his new editions, and his minor contributions on miscellaneous subjects, the balance left of important works is very considerable. "Northern Studies" first appeared in the *Camelot Classics* in 1879 and is now included in the *Scott Library*. His "Life of Gray" appeared in Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" Series in 1882 (revised editions 1889 and 1896), and he edited the fine edition of Gray's works in prose and verse, in four volumes, issued by the same publishers. It was Mr. Gosse, too, who edited the "Selected Poems of Gray" published by the Oxford University Press, which also appears in a cheaper edition, with supplementary notes for schools, by Mr. Foster Watson. With the press of the sister University—where he was Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College from 1884 to 1890—Mr. Gosse is represented by his volume on "Shakespeare to Pope: An Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England." In 1883 Messrs. Kegan Paul published his "Seventeenth Century Studies"—now issued in a third edition by Mr. Heinemann. In 1889 Messrs. Macmillan brought out his "History of Eighteenth Century Literature"—one of his most successful works (fourth edition 1899). In the following year Mr. Gosse published the life of his father, Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., through Messrs. Kegan Paul, and this also is now issued by Mr. Heinemann—under the title of "The Naturalist of the Sea-Shore." One of the most interesting items under his name in the British Museum Reading Room is the "Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Edmund Gosse," by R. J. Lister (1893), privately printed for subscribers, and containing dedicatory verses by Lord de Tabley and Mr. Arthur C. Benson. There is also an interesting letter, dated 1892, from D. G. Rossetti to W. Bell Scott, referring to his design for the cover of "On Viol and Flute." It runs:—

If Gosse intends a paper cover, I think it should be of the grey kind stretched on boards which was so common formerly, with the title-page repeated on the front side. I would look at such a book if I were you, and let your vignette tend to the Bewick and Thurston styles. This would look new—being

so very old—and strike people. A flimsy paper cover is always uncomfortable, and brings a book to grief.

In his preface to the catalogue Mr. Gosse traces the beginning of his bibliomania to the purchase, in 1837—the year, by the way, in which he was appointed Assistant Librarian at the British Museum—of a copy of William Morris' "The Defence of Guenevere" for 6s., much to his good father's indignation, who described the book as "rubbishy minor verse." Mr. Gosse's library is specially rich in two departments. "In the Restoration Dramatists," he writes, "I have reason to believe that I have no rival, public or private; I possess between 300 and 400 first editions of this class of literature, and have but few lacunæ to fill up." It has been his pride, he adds, to lend his treasures to the editors of the best and latest editions of these playwrights, and many editors have had recourse to his shelves for that purpose. Mr. Gosse is something of a playwright himself, for in 1878 he published his drama for private acting, entitled *The Unknown Lover* (Chatto and Windus), with an essay on the chamber drama in England; and in 1885 he wrote "The Masque of Painters" for the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours—given before the Prince and Princess of Wales at the newly-opened galleries of the R. I. in Piccadilly, when Mr. Forbes Robertson took the part of Virgil, called up for the occasion from the Shades to act as Chorus. "The Masque" now appears in Mr. Gosse's volume of poems "In Russet and Silver." The second department of Mr. Gosse's library which is regarded by its owner with special satisfaction is his modern collection.

My recent books are largely records of friendships which are the most sacred memories of my life, and which the passage of years can but continue to sanctify with accessions of vain regrets. When ambition sinks to a close, and we are left with our many presumptuous hopes unrealized, so little done of all we gaily started out to do, I am not sure that much will be more consoling than to have at hand the proof that those who passed us in the race regarded us, while the race was being run, with esteem, and sometimes with affection. If I have taken the egotistic step of printing this Catalogue it is, most of all, that I am preserving, against the possibility of extinction, these precious memorials of friendship. At least my children shall discover, even if they do so with surprise, that I have possessed the confidence of men and women whose praise is better than rubies—yes, and better than all the manuscripts in the Vatican.

"Gossip in a Library" (Heinemann, 1891; third edition 1894) is largely made up of a series of essays which Mr. Gosse contributed to a New York periodical on the subject of some of his literary treasures. "Questions at Issue"—dedicated to Mr. J. H. Shorthouse and published by Mr. Heinemann in 1893—is another volume of Anglo-American essays, about half of them having previously appeared in an American review. It also includes the satirical sketch on "An Election at the Royal Academy," which appeared in the form of an anonymous letter to R. L. Stevenson in the *Fortnightly* in 1891, when it was associated with such eminent names "that I almost hesitate," remarked Mr. Gosse in republishing it, "to have to claim it at last as my own." In the following year his University extension manual on "The Jacobean Poets" was published by Mr. Murray; and in 1896 came his volume of "Critical Kit-Kats" (Heinemann), dedicated to Mr. Thomas Hardy "as a landmark in the friendship, to me inestimably precious, which has now lasted more than twenty years." This volume includes the essays on "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "Thomas Lovell Beddoes," both written at the desire of Robert Browning, and originally printed as prefaces to editions of the poems published by Messrs. Dent. The Brownings figure prominently in the bibliography of Mr. Gosse, and Beddoes appears again in the volume of letters of that strange lyrical genius which Mr. Gosse edited for Mr. Lane—thus completing the trust made to the editor by Robert Browning, to whom all the MSS. and details referring to Beddoes had been bequeathed by his old friend Kelsall. "King Erik" was dedicated to Robert Browning by Mr. Gosse just a quarter of a century ago; and among Mr. Gosse's American books is one entitled "Robert Browning: Personalities" (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.), in which the author describes the early career of the poet, 1812-1846, and gives personal impressions of the later period.

Each of the important series which Mr. Gosse edits for Mr. Heinemann has been well supported by the public. Nineteen volumes have appeared in the International Library—with an introduction by the editor to each volume—and ten in the series of "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," one of the most successful of which was the editor's "Modern English

Literature" (1897; third edition 1900). His uniform edition of the novels of Björnstjerne Björnson is another series which still sells well. Mr. Gosse's last important work was his "Life and Letters of John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's," in two volumes (Heinemann, 1899)—dedicated to the late Bishop of London, who, by a strange coincidence, had suggested such a work to Mr. Gosse while the volumes were in actual preparation. Our bibliography is necessarily incomplete, but the following items will help to make it thoroughly representative:—

"The Secret of Narcisse"—Mr. Gosse's one volume of fiction. Heinemann. 1892.

"The Life of Henrik Ibsen," by Henrik Jæger; translated by Clara Bell. With the verse done into English from the Norwegian original by Edmund Gosse. 1890. Heinemann.

"Prose Dramas of Ibsen." Translated by William Archer and others, with a bibliographical and critical introduction by Edmund Gosse. Lovell's Series of Foreign Literature.

"The Master Builder." Translated by Edmund Gosse and William Archer. Heinemann. 1890.

"Hedda Gabler." Translated by Edmund Gosse. Heinemann. 1891.

"The Best Plays of James Shirley." Edited by Edmund Gosse. ("Mermaid Series of Old Dramatists.") Fisher Unwin.

Fouqué's "Undine." Translated by Edmund Gosse. (Published by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, but still obtainable, we believe, through Mr. Bullen, 18, Cecil-court.)

"Life of Congreve." By Edmund Gosse. ("Great Writers" Series.) Walter Scott. 1888.

"A Memoir of Thomas Lodge." By Edmund Gosse. Privately printed, 1882—ten copies only.

"Six Lectures Written to be Delivered before the Lowell Institute." By Edmund Gosse. Privately printed, 1884—four copies only.

"An Epistle in Verse to Oliver Wendell Holmes on his Seventy-fifth Birthday." 1884—forty copies printed.

"The Works of Henry Fielding." With an introduction by Edmund Gosse. Constable. 1898, &c.

Contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," including histories of the literatures of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, and biographical and critical studies upon Cowley, Holberg, Oehlenschläger, and others.

It would be impossible to find a more appropriate town in which to hold a congress of publishers and booksellers than Leipzig, for here in 1525 was founded the first Booksellers' Association. It was, however, in later years when bookselling was passing through its most trying period, when discounts were large and profits small, that the great association known as the "Börsenverein" was established at Leipzig, which now regulates and controls the entire bookselling trade of Germany. The fourth International Congress of publishers was inaugurated on June 9 with a reception by the President, Herr Albert Brockhaus, at 17, Salomonstrasse, which was attended by a crowd of delegates. Among the invited guests were many from France, Germany, Italy, Russia, America, and England; from the latter were Messrs. John Murray, F. Macmillan, W. Heinemann, F. Houlston, F. Unwin, and the secretary, E. G. Fairholme. The three preceding congresses were held respectively at Paris, in 1896, Brussels, in 1897, and London, in 1899. The business of the present Congress was opened on June 10 by Herr Brockhaus, who delivered an address welcoming the members of the Congress. He paid a special tribute to the memory of M. Georges Masson, former President of the Cercle de la Librairie, in Paris, and President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce. There was discussion upon Dr. Karl Trübner's paper on "The Copyright Relations between the United States of America and the European States," and the Congress resolved that a Memorandum should be submitted to the European and American Governments, and expressed its desire that the amendment to the law of March 3, 1891, as proposed by the Copyright League, should be accepted by Congress.

M. Paul Ollendorff roused some hostility by his caustic remarks on the French Press. He said that no French newspaper gave a notice of any books containing the most rudimentary knowledge of literary criticism. Mr. W. Heinemann, in his paper in the same section on "The system of sending books on sale or return," said that though this system was accepted in France, Germany, and Italy, he would not say that it would be successful in England. His object was to secure some uniform system in all the countries belonging to the International Association of Publishers. The arrangements made by the organizing committees of the Congress were excellent, and a correspondent speaks with enthusiasm of the "almost regal entertainments" provided by the publishers of Leipzig.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

We, of this paper, lose a valued friend, as well as an occasional contributor, by the death of Sir Walter Besant. His appreciation of our aims was frequently expressed in print. When he disagreed with us, as he sometimes did on controversial questions, he never failed to express his disagreement with a courtesy which made it a pleasure to dispute with him. Consequently it is with something akin to a sense of personal bereavement that we address ourselves to the melancholy task of discussing and estimating his life's work.

His own view would probably have been that his most valuable work did not consist in the writing of books, though it was work which only a writer of books could have done. He was a fellow labourer with Sir Charles Warren and Lord Kitchener, then Lieutenant Kitchener, in the work of the Palestine Exploration, and there are also, apart from his books, two other enduring monuments to his memory still remaining—the People's Palace and the Incorporated Society of Authors. The People's Palace of fact is not exactly the People's Palace that Sir Walter Besant dreamed of. He would have preferred to see it more joyous—more frivolous—less given over to technical education. But the idea was his, and was set forth in ample detail in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—that rare example of a novel with a purpose which has achieved its purpose. One can still remember the popular indignation expressed when the honour of knighthood was conferred upon the man who had put down the money for the People's Palace, while the services of the man who had invented it were left unrecognized.

The services for which Sir Walter Besant was subsequently knighted were those which he rendered to literature in connexion with the Society of Authors. Lord Rosebery told him so in the letter in which he informed him of the honour it was proposed to confer upon him. He quoted the letter with satisfaction at the complimentary dinner given to him by the members of the Society; and the general feeling among men of letters was then, and is still, that no knighthood had ever been better earned. For, as even his enemies must admit, his motives in founding the Society were purely altruistic. He needed no such Society to protect his own interests. But he heard of the hard cases of certain other authors of whose ignorance certain publishers had taken an unfair advantage; and he had, by publishing a book at his own expense, acquired a knowledge of the technicalities of the publishing trade which enabled him to judge the merits of the cases and filled him with a burning indignation. So he founded a Society to protect literary property by supplying authors with the information which would enable them to understand the full meaning of the agreements put in front of them, and to bargain with their publishers upon equal terms. The best publishers quite approved of the aims of the Society, recognizing that the exposure of dishonest practices made the path of honesty smoother. Some of them—the late Andrew Tuer, for instance—showed their approval by joining it. But the management of the Society was always, very properly, kept in the hands of authors, with the result that it grew from strength to strength, and is to-day a power in the land. Sir Walter Besant was probably prouder of having founded it than of any of his purely literary achievements.

Yet his literary achievements were great and various. One thinks of him mainly as a novelist; but one could ignore his novels and still discuss his position as a man of letters. He brought the graphic powers of the novelist to bear upon many other branches of literature—mainly upon biography and archæology. It is an open question whether his life of Captain Cook or Grant Allen's life of Darwin was the best of an excellent series of lives of English Worthies. For another series he wrote an excellent life of Admiral Coligny. Of all the many retrospects of the Victorian era brought out in the



year of Jubilee his was the only one that really made it clear to us what life was like in 1837. His many books on the history of London were, from the point of view of the average man, the best books of the kind ever written. They remind one of the verdict passed, in "The Cambridge Freshman," on an eminent Littlego Coach who had short, sharp methods with all the *cruces* of the classics. When Liddell and Scott tell you that an obscure passage may mean this, and other authorities suggest that it might mean that, this coach, it was said, *tells you what it is*. Very similar was Sir Walter Besant's treatment of the riddles that perplex antiquaries. He did not fumble with them publicly. The fumbling was all done when he was alone in his study. Emerging from the study he gaily tossed you the solution. You carried away a graphic picture, a definite impression. Unless you were a rival antiquary it was what you wanted.

It was as a novelist, however, that Sir Walter Besant was most conspicuously before the public; and it is his work as a novelist that it is most difficult to estimate. It would be hard to find a reader who has not, at one time or another, derived great pleasure from it. It would be nearly as hard to find a modern critic of repute who did not profess to despise it. "It does not exist," is one sweeping condemnation that we remember. "Providence and Sir Walter Besant have exhausted the obvious" is another. The two verdicts are really pretty much the same; and neither of them really means much more than that Sir Walter was not, as the French say, *dans le mouvement*. He did not belong to the new school of novelists who concern themselves with human character, origin, and destiny. It was

the panorama of life, and not the mechanism behind the panorama, that interested him. He could not have written "Jude the Obscure." Or, if he had tried to do so, Jude would have come out as a purely comic character. But is this necessarily a condemnation? Would it have been otherwise if Dickens had tried to write "Jude the Obscure"?

Dickens, indeed, was obviously Sir Walter Besant's great exemplar—more particularly in the books which he and James Rice wrote together, and which, as the work of the two collaborators cannot be separated, must be treated as his for the purposes of this article. It was not for nothing that he won Calverley's prize for answering questions on the Pickwick Papers. He was Dickens' superior in knowledge, though his inferior in genius. He moved in a different social *milieu* from Dickens. Above all, his early recollections were very different from Dickens'. But the point of view is similar, though not the same. There are the same set scenes, both comic and pathetic; there is the same joy in caricature, in presenting the odd and the grotesque. Dickens would not have been ashamed to have written the account of the dinner-party at the Langham in the "Golden Butterfly," or the description of the run on the bank in "Ready Money Mortiboy," or to have told the story of the ship that went down with all hands, while the Prima Donna sang "Abide with Me," as Besant told it in "My Little Girl." Dickens would have been proud to have drawn such characters as Gilead P. Beck, and Humphrey and Cornelius Jagenal, and Gregory Shovel, "Doctor of Divinity," and the boy in "The Seamy Side," and the unwashed labourer in the vineyard of the British Museum in "With Harp and Crown." The disciple was worthy of the master, though less great.

One might add that Sir Walter Besant, like Dickens, leaves the impression of having been the most profound of the superficial and the most superficial of the profound. His philosophy of life was very much that of the ordinary, healthy, hearty Englishman. His gospel, so far as he had a gospel, was one of work, and joy, and of the suppression of all shams. Perhaps he carried his hatred of shams to the point of doing injustice to deserving men and excellent institutions—as when he said that the Marlborough masters were all prigs, and that the Church Catechism ought to be thrown out of window, or when he represented curates as ninecompoops whose claims to apostolical succession only furnished an additional reason for playing practical jokes on them. But he said it all in a genial way, and he went about his tasks without ever feeling existence a burden, without ever being harassed by the undiscovered mysteries which torture the souls of so many writers—working hard and playing hard, and exhorting others to work hard, and play hard likewise. His philosophy in this matter, indeed, could probably have been summed up in the simple sentence that is inscribed upon Sir John Brand's tomb at Bloemfontein:—"Alles zal recht komen." It is a good enough philosophy for most of us, though not all of us are able to be satisfied with it.

Sir Walter Besant was thirty years old when he published his first book, shortly after returning to England from Mauritius, where he had been Senior Professor in the Royal College. Thirteen years previously—in 1855—he had gone up to Cambridge (Christ's College) with a scholarship from King's College, London, and an elder brother, who had been Senior Wrangler in 1850, coached him for the Mathematical Tripos. He came out eighteenth wrangler, and went to Mauritius as Professor of Mathematics to avoid entering the Church. Yet his heart was not in mathematics, and it was not until ill-health drove him back to England in 1867 that he found his vocation in letters. "Studies in Early French Poetry," "The French Humorists" (both published by Bentley and long since out of

print), and smaller studies of Rabelais and Coligny were the result. He became a regular contributor to the *Daily News* in the year that his first book appeared, and three years later began the literary alliance which continued to the death of James Rice in 1882. "Ready Money Mortiboy," first of the series, was the outcome of Walter Besant's contributions to *Once a Week*, a periodical which had just been sold to young Rice, a barrister who had not long come down from Cambridge, and who acted as editor as well as proprietor. Rice sold the paper after a gallant but hopeless struggle to make it pay, although "Ready Money Mortiboy" put a little life into it while the serial lasted. The novel was Rice's idea and Besant fell in with it at once—many modifications being made, however, when they came to hammer it out together. Sir Walter's story of its appearance in book form has been told in "My First Book," but it will bear retelling:—

When the time came for publishing it, we were faced with the fact that a new and anonymous novel is naturally regarded with doubt by publishers. Nothing seems more risky than such a venture. On the other hand, we were perfectly satisfied that there was no risk in our novel at all. This, of course, we had found out, not only from the assurance of Vanity, but also from the reception the work had met with during its progress through the magazine. Therefore we had it printed and bound at our own expense, and we placed the book, ready for publication, in the hands of Mr. William Tinsley. We so arranged the business that the printer's bill was not due till the first returns came from the publisher. By this artful plan we avoided paying anything at all. We had only printed a modest edition of 600, and these all went off, leaving, of course, a very encouraging margin. The cheap edition was sold to Henry S. King and Co. for a period of five years. Then the novel was purchased outright by Chatto and Windus, who still continue to publish it—and, I believe, to sell it.

"Ready Money Mortiboy," indeed, has always been one of the most popular novels of the Rice and Besant series, about 80,000 copies, roughly speaking, having been sold since Messrs. Chatto and Windus took it over. But neither the Besant and Rice series nor the books by Besant alone have ever had what could properly be termed tremendous sales. "I have never had a boom; I have never engineered one," Walter Besant used to say. But, although he had none of Wilkie Collins' hankering after the wider public touched by the sixpenny editions, he was much gratified to hear of the success which attended the experiments in that direction with two of his own novels, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" and "The Orange Girl," and also with "The Golden Butterfly." Sir Walter did not believe in this lowering of the price of copyright books—this "ying of publishers with each other in the madness of the sixpenny book," as he wrote in the *Author* when declaiming that the paper-covered edition was threatening the six-shilling book with extinction. It was curious to see to what extent Sir Walter, in his capacity of authors' guardian, persistently broke his own rules. He was always warning writers against signing agreements which ignored any possible source of future profit, yet, with one exception, we believe that he invariably sold his books outright to his own publishers, Messrs. Chatto and Windus—sometimes, however, reserving the dramatic rights. The exception was his "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies," two-thirds of the profits of which he arranged, with the ready generosity which was characteristic of the man, to have paid to Jefferies' relatives. The "Eulogy" was beneficial in more ways than one, for it gave an immediate impetus to the sale of Jefferies' neglected works. Sir Walter's zeal on behalf of the unfortunate author was unbounded, but it was sometimes carried to excess. "No worker in the world," he wrote in 1892, "not even the needlewoman, is more helpless, more ignorant, more cruelly sweated than the author." After that it is surprising to learn from Mr. Chatto that Sir Walter's relations with his own publishers were always of an exceptionally cordial nature—as a bundle of letters from the novelist abundantly testifies.

The twelve Besant and Rice novels which are now published appear in a three-and-sixpenny and a six-shilling library edition, though "Ready Money Mortiboy" and "The Golden Butterfly" are out of print in the more expensive form. Taking them all round the Besant and Rice books were rather more successful than the novels by Besant alone, though it is true none of them had such a large sale as "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" (1882), the first of Sir Walter's books to appear after his partner's death. And certainly none of them did so much practical good. "It is the greatest thing that could have happened to a man," he once said, "to have had that People's Palace built in response to a novel he had written." Among the most successful of his other two score novels or so are "Dorothy Forster," "The World Went Very Well Then," "For Faith and Freedom," "St. Katherine's by the Tower," "Children of Gibeon," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," and "The Orange Girl."

Besides being first chairman of the Society of Authors Sir Walter was for seventeen years secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and as such edited "The Survey of Western Palestine," and wrote the "History of Jerusalem" with Professor Palmer, whose life he afterwards wrote in a volume published by Mr. Murray, which is now out of print. The "History of Jerusalem" was originally issued by Bentley, and is now published in a fourth edition by Messrs. Chatto, from whom also come his well-known topographical books on London. Jerusalem Sir Walter had never seen, though he used to say that he knew every important stone there; but naturally he knew his London infinitely better—better, probably, than any one living. There is a little "History of London" by him published by Messrs. Longmans in two forms—one as a half-crown prize-book for schools. His larger history (1892, 7s. 6d.) is brought out by Messrs. Chatto, who had settled with him before his fatal illness for a volume dealing with North London in the same style, to complete the series which now comprises "London," "Westminster," "South London," and "East London." The monumental "Survey of London," upon which he had been engaged for Messrs. A. and C. Black during the last few years as editor, director, and principal writer, is not merely an up-to-date reproduction of Stowe, but an entirely new work on a different plan, illustrated by new records and documents. The publishers had fitted up a special room for Sir Walter in their publishing house in Soho, and here, until lately, he did most of his work in connexion with the Survey. In a letter to Mr. Chatto on another subject he wrote:—"The Survey is an immense job. I dare not look ahead—but I hope to worry through." That was in 1894—seven years ago—yet he did not live to see the appearance of his first volume. The greater part of the work, however, was done; the thing was mapped out and the material arranged for, while Sir Walter's own contributions were practically finished. There are to be at least eight royal quarto volumes, of which the fourth is now in type.

Three other books have been left by him to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus—"A Lady of Lynn," the historical romance now running in the *Queen*, with which the publishers will open their autumn season early in September; and an eighteenth-century novel and a shorter story dealing incidentally with the women's side of a Debtors' Prison—somewhat on the lines of "The Orange Girl." A little book on Alfred the Great, by Sir Walter Besant, is also announced, but this, it is said, is to be completed by his friend Dr. Sprigge, the editor of the *Lancet*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

[BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.]

I have been asked to give a few personal reminiscences of my dear and lamented friend Sir Walter Besant. Brief let me be. He was the very type of a scholar and a gentleman, his knowledge was great and unusual, but he never paraded it in conversation. His tolerance for people younger or less instructed,

or both, than himself, was as unfailing as his courtesy to great and small. His nature was compact of a kindness which showed itself in his usual manner. He could be indignant enough upon good occasion, and yet even in indignation I do not remember to have ever heard him utter what could rightly be called an unkind word of any one. I fancy that he may have had a naturally quick temper; if so he kept it in wonderful control. I have had the privilege of collaborating with him both in *The Ballad Monger*, our joint version of Banville's *Gringoire*, and also in certain stories and in a volume of "Drawing-room Plays." Now collaboration is almost as great a trial to the temper as matrimony is sometimes said to be. In all my work with Besant I never had a cross look or a cross word from him. He took hints from his inferior and younger colleague with the most perfect temper, and it was characteristic of him that when *The Ballad Monger* was produced, he insisted on leaving all the arrangements in my hands, because, he said, he knew much less about the stage than I did. His conversation, like his nature, was always kindly and interesting and frequently witty with that best kind of wit that never gives a real wound. Therefore his arrival at any of the clubs he frequented was always eagerly welcomed, and, however he might be worried or suffering himself, he always managed to infuse good spirits and cheerfulness into any friends who might be for the moment suffering from depression, mental or bodily. His first book, I think, was an essay on Rabelais, and certainly from that philosopher he had learnt all the good that was in the great Frenchman and none of the harm. He, Mr. Leland, and myself founded the Rabelais Club—an institution which flourished for some time and dropped only because we all became too busy to give full attention to it. He was a man essentially sympathetic, and, as is not always the case, also receptive of sympathy. In short, he was a man altogether lovable and helpful to others. I could give many instances, were it permissible to do so, of his kindness to younger people, competent or incompetent, who were struggling to make their way in literature. He never encouraged those whom he perceived to be entirely unfitted for such a calling, but his discouragement was always kindly and gently expressed. He was a close friend of the late Professor Palmer, and better company than he and Palmer made together can hardly be imagined. The high spirits of Besant and the dry wit of Palmer made the happiest contrast and combination. More might be said about his good and great qualities, but let it be enough to say that no one who knew him well could help loving him or can ever cease to feel his absence.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The story of Robert Buchanan's literary life, if it were written frankly and with knowledge, would present a record of as much adventure and emotion as that of any of his own adventurous novels. It started in a spirit of the eighteenth century, and it ran the gamut of almost all the varied interests of the last half of the nineteenth; it joined hands, either in friendship or in combat, with most of the representative writers of the time, and it was above all things the career of a man passionately interested in his fellowmen, a creature of impulse, a child of emotion, capable alike of generous friendship and of equally ungenerous enmity; unreasoning, unreasonable, but often instinctively right, and generally downright and sincere. Judged externally, it would be pronounced successful; for while Buchanan came up to London, like the waifs and Whittingtons of a Lygone age, without money or prospects, he passed in his time through most of the phases of popularity and



Yours truly
Robert Buchanan

material comfort; he had a hard struggle as a boy, but he enjoyed in his manhood more of the moderate plenty of life than falls to the lot of many men of greater ability and equal industry. And yet his career is one that criticism cannot regard altogether complacently, for Buchanan certainly did not do quite the good things that at the outset he promised to do; he achieved a great deal, but only a small portion of it was on a distinctively high level. Mr. William Archer has said that he was "guilty of the most unpardonable sin a craftsman can commit—that of not doing his best." But this is, perhaps, rather too uncompromising a judgment; and we may arrive at a juster estimate by distinguishing rather more carefully some of the issues and necessities of the situation.

Buchanan arrived in London (in 1860), with the romantic confidence of boyhood, "to seek his fortune." He was nineteen years old, the son of a Stafford socialistic missionary, and of Scots descent. He had been educated at Glasgow High School and University, and he brought with him to London a fellow student of the same ambition, the pair having sworn comradeship in the pursuit of literary fame. The story of the early struggles of Buchanan and his friend David Gray is generally familiar. It is the story of privation in a Grub-street garret, which recalls the early misfortunes of Richard Savage, and it ended for one of the combatants in a premature and pitiful death. Buchanan's was the stronger temperament; he lived through the lean years of half-starvation, and overcame the obstacles which bristle about the start of a literary career, and in a few years he was making his way steadily upon the newspaper Press. Those, however, who watched Buchanan's

career closely were inclined to think that the experiences of those early days in London had set a mark upon him which the easier circumstances of later life never wholly obliterated. Privation is a cruel taskmistress, and in those probationary years he learnt that to please the public you must provide what the public wants. Material success was essential to one in Buchanan's position. He had not the provision which might have enabled him to choose the work he would have preferred; he was obliged to write what he could find a market for. And so it was not, perhaps, so much the case that he deliberately did not do his best, as that he fell more and more unconsciously into the habit of working upon lines which he saw elsewhere successful, and in which he knew he could himself succeed most easily. The result in any case was much the same; a true artist was wasted in the necessary pursuit of popular favour.

For the unfortunate part of this compromise with necessity was that it fostered in Buchanan the very defects to which his work was most fatally prone. He was, as we have said, a creature of emotion, and his temperament was always swaying between emotional excesses. When for a moment the balance lay level, he would produce, as he often did in his early career, poems of intense and poignant humanity, genuine and sincere utterances of a man of high feeling and deep sympathy. But the balance was momentary, and with its decline he plunged at once into melodramatic exaggeration. Over-emphasis both of detraction and of admiration marred his loyalty to what were often most commendable causes, and in his creative work the same over-emphasis dragged him into lurid and hyperbolic effects which were quite unworthy of his talent. He became the victim of untutored emotion, playing into the hands of the crowd.

And yet he was at heart a true poet, of the vigorous and emotional order. He began to write, perhaps, in an unfortunate time, for the spasmodic, sentimental, and rather formless poetic movement of the 'sixties was precisely the sort of movement to call out in him the qualities which he most needed to restrain, and he yielded himself readily to its fascination. A natural melodist, he was content with loose and flaccid metrical excesses, and his harmony often dissolves itself into the mechanical jingle of the barrel-organ. A rapid and volcanic thinker, he indulged himself in unshapely diffuseness; form became the last thing to be considered; effect, effect, and always effect was the mainspring of his work. Later on, too, he assumed subjects far beyond the range of his imagination, and the nebulous and rather pretentious parables in which he attempted to set forth some sort of philosophy of the divine will are found, on careful analysis, to be often very tawdry and always theatrical. But poetry was undoubtedly his sphere. Here, more than anywhere else, he found expression for the most humane and sincere trait in his nature—his generous care and sympathy for the sufferings of the unfortunate. Here, too, he often wrote with persuasive, simplicity and directness. It was in his early poetry that he held out promise richer, alas! than any later fulfilment.

Poetry, however, is a poor staff upon which to support a household; and Buchanan, like so many others, turned in time to the more popular field of fiction. Some of his earlier novels are full of power, even if it be rather crudely employed. "The Shadow of the Sword" is not without taint of his besetting sin; it is over-emphatic and over-eager; but it has fine passages and is marked by open and broad sincerity. "God and the Man," again, has theatrical faults (indeed, it was afterwards recast as a melodrama); but there are scenes of abounding vigour, and in working up emotion to a fever heat Buchanan was not only adroit, but electrically effective. Still, as time went on, Buchanan's fiction declined in quality more than any other side of his work. As he began to give his attention more and more to the stage, the influence of the theatre affected his fiction to such a degree that one seemed to see in every new novel the process by which it had been hastily recast from a first rough dramatic draft. No doubt, this was not actually the case; and many of the novels which looked like readjusted melodramas may have begun and ended their history in their

final form of fiction. Still, the pervading influence of the theatre was fatal to good work in the novel, the dialogue became stagey, the effects suggested the footlights, and there was no "conviction" in the whole of the workmanship.

Meanwhile, Buchanan was gaining much popularity in the theatre. It cannot, indeed, be said that he enriched the stage with literature, but he turned out many workmanlike dramas which served their purpose, and were upon the whole healthy and vigorous enough in tone. Sentimentality, a perverted form of his emotionalism, warped some of his effects; and in his adaptations of Fielding and Richardson in particular he imported into the stage version of the eighteenth-century novel a sugary sort of sentiment which was not much in harmony with the virile savour of the originals. On the other hand, he was thoroughly aware of the value of stage-craft, and some of his melodramas, such, for example, as the adapted "Man's Shadow," were in their theatrical way genuinely impressive. It is doubtful, however, if any of them would stand literary criticism if printed; and this, it need scarcely be said, is rather a serious consideration when applied to the work of a professedly literary man.

Finally, some reference is demanded to Buchanan's excursions into literary controversy, the best-remembered instance of which is his attack upon the Pre-Raphaelites in the article he called "The Fleshly School of Poetry." Buchanan was, of course, no critic; the violence of his temperament were against him. But he was a tremendous fighter, and he loved controversy, if not for its own sake, at any rate for the opportunity it gave him of venting opinions which increased in emphasis with every fresh outburst of opposition. As a combatant he lacked every grace and chivalry of the lists; urbanity and persuasiveness were apparently distasteful to him, for he lost no opportunity of outraging them with diversities of violence. His attack upon Rossetti was quite without method or stability of judgment; it wounded its victim to the quick, but it probably persuaded no one of its justice. "The Coming Terror," a volume of controversial essays which aroused some interest ten years ago, contains some sensible ideas intermingled with a great deal of indiscriminate striking in the air, and this defect is representative of all his critical arguments. Yet his enthusiasm was as generous in praise as it was violent in difference. The consideration of dates renders it unlikely that Buchanan spoke by the book when he said that he was one of the first to give Browning welcome at a time when all the critical world was condemning him; but it is at least true that among the voices raised to proclaim a new talent Buchanan's was often among the earliest and the most hearty. His view was not always sound, and the hyperbole with which it was expressed was almost invariably unsound, but he gave encouragement to many literary beginners at a time when they needed it most urgently. Here, too, perhaps the memories of his own early struggles prompted him, and to a better purpose.

We take leave, then, of Robert Buchanan with a sense of kindly and sincere regret. He was a man of real talent and of generous emotion, driven, as we believe, by the force of circumstance to make less of his abilities than might have been made under advantages of leisure and of competency. The struggle of life affects different men in different ways. Some go down under it altogether; some, but these are very few, rise above it and seem to thrive upon opposition; others, and these the great majority, compromise with it, and are content to swim with the tide. Buchanan went with the tide and the majority. The compromise brought him success and his reward; but it would be an injustice to his memory to pretend that, under other circumstances and with other advantages, the success might not have been on higher levels and the reward itself more enduring.

Most of Robert Buchanan's early verse was published by Alexander Strahan, and to him—"their true friend from the beginning"—he dedicated the first collected edition of his poetical works, published in 1874 by H. S. King and Co. The late Mr. George Smith almost became the publisher of his second book, "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," for George

Lewes, one of the first to lend Buchanan a helping hand in his bitter struggle for fame, had praised the manuscript to the future founder of the "Dictionary of National Biography," who offered the poet a good round sum—as it seemed to him at the time—for the copyright. But Strahan offered even better terms and secured the manuscript. Both this and his first London volume "Undertones" (his earliest literary efforts appeared in Glasgow before he came to London) were very well reviewed, and the praise they received seemed almost too much for him. "Poor little pigmy in a cockle-boat," he wrote, "I thought Creation was ringing with my name." It was Strahan who republished the famous essay on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," which made its author so many enemies upon its first appearance in the *Contemporary Review* in 1871; and in the preface to the booklet Mr. Buchanan explained that the editor of the *Contemporary* had put the signature of "Robert Maitland" to his essay without his knowledge, the idea being to let the criticism stand upon its merits and gain nothing through the name of the real author. But the pseudonym and the amiable references to his own poems were errors of taste and judgment which did Buchanan an incalculable amount of harm. "The Wandering Jew" (Chatto and Windus) was another of his books to cause a tumult and a correspondence—this time in the religious world, though several sermons were preached upon it as being rather a helpful indictment of Christianity than otherwise. "The Wandering Jew" was the only volume of verse which Mr. Buchanan left with Messrs. Chatto and Windus when he rose in revolt against publishers in general in 1896, and brought out his books himself. Messrs. Chatto had previously published (1884) a collected edition of his poetical works in one volume—ten years after the collected edition issued in three volumes by H. S. King and Co.—but he took that with him as well. His publishing experiences, however, were never very happy, and the only new books of importance that he issued were his last volumes of verse—"The Outcast," "The Ballad of Mary the Mother," and "The Devil's Case." Not long ago the collected edition—with the separate volumes—came back to Messrs. Chatto, who agreed to bring it out with a second volume made up of Mr. Buchanan's later poetry; and this complete edition of his verse is now in preparation for publication in the autumn. The collection will include "The City of Dream"—out of print in its original form—which won the eulogy from Mr. Lecky at a Royal Academy banquet.

In 1882 Messrs. Chatto brought out a volume of Buchanan's "Selected Poems," to which the author added a condensed account of his tragic story of the life of his friend David Gray. "A Poet's Sketch Book," giving selections from Buchanan's prose writings, was a companion volume, published a year later. In 1892 Messrs. Heddon and Co. placed a cheap volume of "The Buchanan Ballads" on the market, which, besides several new poems, contained a number of pieces which had long been used at public recitations—"Wake of O'Hara," "Phil Blood's Leap," "Fra Giacomo," and others.

Mr. Buchanan's first novel, "The Shadow of the Sword," published as a "three-decker" in 1876, has always been one of his best selling books (Chatto and Windus). Most of his other novels are issued by the same firm in a uniform three-and-sixpenny edition, the most popular of which, besides "The Shadow of the Sword," are "God and the Man" and "Foxglove Manor." They also publish "The Charlatan," which Buchanan wrote in collaboration with Mr. Henry Murray—a book which was fairly successful, as was the last novel by Buchanan published by them, "Andromeda: An Idyll of the Great River" (1900), which is still in its six-shilling form. Buchanan's last great success was "Father Anthony" (John Long), of which some 70,000 copies have been sold. Three other tales by him are published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, "Diana's Hunting," "A Marriage by Capture," and "Edie Hetherington"—of which a sixpenny edition was recently placed on the market. Another of his novels, "Come Live with Me and be my Love," is published by Mr. Heinemann, who also issues his two-act opera *The Piper of Hamelin*.

THE FUTURE OF THE DRAMA.

A "Personal View"

By PROFESSOR WALTER RALEIGH.

The nineteenth century has gone to its account, and has left the English theatre, as it found it, divorced from what is best and most strenuous in the living imagination and thought of the race. The history of our nineteenth-century dramatic literature, if it shall ever find an historian, will be a history of the books that have been written by students and admirers of older dramatists. The history of the stage, on the other hand, will be a record of the various renderings of the chief Shakespearian characters, of some gallant attempts to impose the plays of Shelley and Tennyson and Browning on a reluctant public, of a few—a very few—original works that rose above mediocrity and succeeded, and, for the rest, of the evening recreations of a people.

Is the new century to make the divorce absolute, or will it see a revival of the drama, of tragedy and comedy, handling eternal topics, written in modern English by living men, and acted on the public stage? Some eager apologists for the stage as it is assert that the living man has only to come forward; he was never more ardently desired and sought after by managers. And the literary critics have done something to foster the idea that the qualities necessary for good dramatic writing are so many and so rare that only a very fortunate generation can hope to see produced upon the stage that miracle of art, a good original play. It is surely long starvation that has taught us to think food a rare luxury. We do not speak in this way of books, but, with more or less confidence, expect them every year, new and good. And drama, from childhood upwards, is one of the most natural and irrepressible instincts of the human imagination, to gesticulate is as natural as to speak, to invent speeches and actions for others is as natural as to speak for oneself. Indeed there has been no dearth, during the past century, of that first essential for the drama, the dramatic imagination. Scores of writers have been distinguished for that, and that alone. Who that reads her "Literary History of England" (1785-1824) would ever suspect that Mrs. Oliphant was a woman of genius? Who that reads "Salem Chapel," or "Phoebe Junior," or any other of her finer novels, would dare to deny it? Anthony Trollope, again, while he speaks for himself, is often flat and dull, but he has only to rig up his stage and speak through the mouths of his puppets to become a marvel of vivacity, sympathy, insight, and conviction. The dramatic imagination is not rare, except on the stage; and the reasons for its rarity there must be sought elsewhere than in the imaginative poverty and creative impotence of the men of our time.

Is the public to blame? It is the fashionable, broad-shouldered scape-goat, and any one who stands forth as its representative to vindicate its intelligence may very readily be flattered out of his position. To be coherent in speech and argument, to have taste and judgment, is, by hypothesis, to stand aloof from the great insensate, inarticulate mob. Yet the reflection will occur that there is a public—in some cases a regular and sufficient public—for good music and good books. Why should good plays alone be incapable of attracting an audience?

It would be truer, I think, on the whole, to say that in any attempt to bring dramatic thought and dramatic imagination into touch with the modern theatre, the actor bars the way. The control of the theatres, the choice of plays, the mode of presenting them in action, are all practically in the hands of the acting

profession. It is no discredit to that hardworking profession, containing as it does many enthusiasts and many artists, to say that literature can expect but little at its hands. Of the motives that lead men and women into the profession a zeal for the finer imaginative and dramatic capabilities of human speech is surely among the rarest. Once there, the actor finds himself in a world of his own, bound to the revolving wheel of rehearsals and performances, exhausted and exhilarated by turns, but always absorbed in his profession. A large part of his experience of life thenceforward will come to him across the foot-lights, and most of the lessons that it teaches him will be false. The temptations that are familiar to all who have so much as spoken in public will beset him, the irrelevant sympathies offered in the sweet form of applause. He may not have asked for them, but human nature is frail, and perhaps, before long, he will pocket them and ask for more. Like the best dramas, the best impersonations admit of no applause save at the end, for the parts are all strictly subordinated to the whole effect. Such subordination, enforced throughout a play, is the business of a dramatist; it is not likely, except in rare cases, to be the business of an actor.

I am defending so moderate a proposition that I should be sorry if it were supposed that I am attacking a profession. Printing is a beautiful art, but we do not expect a master-printer, except by accident, to devote his labours wholly to the service of literature. He, like the actor, has a technique and a pride of his own. Under the control of the acting profession two forms, at least, of dramatic art are very much alive in England at this day—burlesque, and what, for want of a better name, I shall call charade—the representation on the stage of commonplace characters and manners in the midst of comic or sentimental intrigue. The pleasure to be derived from this depends not a little on the preservation of a low pitch, so to say; the characters seem to have walked on to the stage by mistake and are behaving as any one might behave in a suburban drawing room. We are a nation of individualists and humorists, and these two forms of the dramatic art appeal to our practised sensibilities. The intervention of the foot-lights gives piquancy to the situation in either case, by reminding us dimly that the stage is a place where characters are assumed. But here are characters with no trace of assumption, they treat us confidentially, and, as it were, make themselves at home. If only the humoristic talent that is so rife in the music-halls were given free scope, and encouraged to produce concerted dramatic sketches, we might, in time, have a native burlesque drama, strong in criticism and humour, and all our own.

But tragedy! And high comedy, appealing to the intellect, tickling the young, not asking to be punctuated throughout by sentiments of approval or disapproval—how and where are we to get these? How many actors now on the stage can recite verse with ease, music, and meaning? How many actresses of tragic parts can distinguish tragedy from hysteria and violence; how many have the faintest understanding that tragedy without solemnity, dignity, deliberation, measure, proportion, and harmony is impossible? The absurd mimicry of natural passions in their physical effects, the restless indulgence of individual foibles have made tragedy, which is as much an affair of law and convention as ever was music or architecture, a stranger to our stage. When Lamb complained that to see Lear acted was merely to see an old man in a pitiful state of nervous prostration and excitement, he expressed what many thousands since have felt. But must we always be made to feel it?

Our hopes for the future may perhaps be defined by an

interrogation of the past. The English drama rose suddenly to its greatness when the control of the companies of actors came into the hands of the authors. When Marlowe, Kyd, Greene, Peele, and Shakespeare began writing for the stage they found ready to their hand a body of skilled comic actors, men of the type of Tarleton and Kemp. These men gave delight to the populace, and not a little trouble to the dramatists. Shakespeare alone, of the names mentioned above, seems to have adapted his plays perfectly, though not without protest, to the requirements of the professional clown—and perhaps the much discussed mixture of mirth with tragedy was his necessity not his choice. But the rest of the actors, and especially the actors of the great tragic parts, were all to train, and they can have got their instructions from no one but the playwrights; Alleyn, perhaps, chiefly from Marlowe; Burbage from Shakespeare.

The case of France is yet more striking. When the Renaissance drama, which was to develop, a century later, into the drama of Corneille and Racine, first arose in France, it found the stage already in possession of fully organized and highly privileged companies of actors, who devoted their energies entirely to the production (how modern it all sounds!) of Moralities and Farces. To secure the services of these men was impossible, even had it been desirable; and the plays of Jodelle and his successors were produced by friends of the authors, companies of amateurs, who, for all their lack of technical training, understood the ideas that inspired the new attempt.

I conclude with a conditional prophecy. If the new century shall be lucky enough to witness a dramatic revival, that revival will be the work not of actors, but of dramatic authors, who will collect their own companies, train their own actors, secure, if need be, their own patrons, find their own public in the service of their own ideas. The difficulties of such an attempt are great; by professional actors they will be represented as insuperable. Stage-craft, it will be said, is a business that takes some learning; Lamb, in his farce of *Mr. H.*, Browning, in *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*, failed from ignorance of the rudimentary principle that an audience must not be kept ignorant of a secret that is influencing the behaviour of the chief characters on the stage. So be it; but perhaps it is easier for Lamb and Browning to acquaint themselves with these matters, which, after all, are within the reach of a very ordinary intelligence, than it is for the seasoned deviser of "curtains" to come by a live dramatic idea. It may well be easier to teach selected amateurs to speak audibly than to teach an average professional company to forgo the over-emphasis, the dreadful mechanical liveliness, that murders poetry.

I know that there exists a strong movement to maintain and revive the "classical" English drama on our stage, and if I make little account of it in this connexion it is because the credit of literature cannot be maintained solely by reprints, or reproductions, of the classics. It would be an encouraging sign if a little more boldness in revival were possible. Is this generation never to set eyes on the matchless comedies of Congreve and Vanbrugh? It is true that to set them before an audience accustomed to the modern composite of sentiment and farce would be like trying to introduce chess into a skittle alley. And while the revivalists deserve gratitude, honour must also be paid to those actors and managers who have shown themselves willing to produce new plays of more than merely popular pretensions. But the redemption of the drama, it may safely be predicted, will not come from these. The actor-manager, in

fact, is related to real dramatic literature very much as the speculative builder is related to architecture. There are many speculative builders; some of them are good and honest men. They are not hostile to good art—if their public wants it and will pay for it. They think poorly of architecture, for they have notions of their own, effective and original, with which, even to the diminution of their profits, they indulge themselves and their clients. The suburbs of modern large cities are the monuments of their industry. Now, if a speculative builder were to offer employment to a promising architect (I am not sure that the thing has ever been heard of), would the acceptance of the offer inaugurate a renaissance in domestic architecture? Would it not rather mean that the architect had set himself to work under impossible conditions, and would find that he must either escape from his engagement or adapt himself violently to the requirements and ideas of his ill-chosen patron? The parable needs no moral; reason and experience show that when the modern theatre patronizes literature, it is not the theatre that becomes literary, but literature that becomes stagey.

THE "BOZ," AND OTHER LITERARY CLUBS.

The "annual gathering" of the "Boz" Club took place at Rochester last Saturday, and its proceedings were duly reported in the daily Press. It is not so very long ago that a morning paper was instituting inquiries as to whether there was, or was going to be, a "Boz" Club. Now that the club has entertained the Mayor of Rochester at the "Bull," there can be no question of its corporate existence, and it takes an honourable place in a class of association which is more popular in America than it is here.

This is, of course, the age of clubs. Of literary clubs, or societies, some are of that social, not to say Bohemian, type which was characteristic of the days of Dr. Johnson, when coteries of authors foregathered at coffee-houses to smoke, drink, and "have a good talk." At the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard-street, Soho, was held the "Literary Club" founded by Dr. Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others. The same tavern had been the rendezvous of the Society of Artists, and from it (as recorded in Fry's "London") was presented the petition to George III for patronage, which resulted in the founding of the Royal Academy of Arts.

Many clubs have been founded in honour of and named after famous writers with the object of encouraging the study of their authors' works. Such clubs as the Urban, the Savage, the Whitefriars, and that known by the quaint designation, "The Sette of Odde Volumes," do not devote their attention exclusively to a particular writer; their scope is broader, their lectures and discussions (if they have any) bearing generally upon matters of literary or artistic interest. Of clubs bearing the cognomen of great writers a number exist both in Great Britain and America. In Forster's "Life of Dickens" mention is made of the Shakespeare Society, of which Procter, Talfourd, Macready, Thackeray, Blanchard, Charles Knight, Douglas Jerrold, Maclise, Stanfield, George Cattermole, Tom Landseer, Frank Stone, Forster, and Dickens himself were members, and at the meetings (says Forster) "out of much enjoyment and many disputings, there arose, from Dickens and the rest of us, plenty of after-dinner oratory." To-day we have the New Shakespeare Society, with Mr. P. Z. Round as Hon. Sec., which is presumably a revival of the older institution.

The Chaucer Society is mainly concerned in fostering the publication of the works of that author. The same remark applies to the Bacon Society, of which Mrs. Kindersley is hon. secretary, and which issues a periodical called "Baconiana"; and there is an English Goethe Society. There are clubs, too, named after Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. The brotherhood of the Johnson Club dined a little while ago at the worthy Doctor's favourite

house-of-call, the Cheshire Cheese. This club flourishes greatly, and at the last annual dinner a paper on "Rasselas" was read by the then newly-elected Prior, Colonel Keene of Bath, which became a text for witty speeches by Mr. Augustine Birrell and other good Johnsonians. The members of the Goldsmith Society, besides indicating their reverence for the poet in more substantial ways, render homage to his memory by placing wreaths upon his tombstone in the Temple on the anniversaries of his death, and on the last occasion of observing this event an aged admirer recited selections from "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." The recently-organized Cowper Society (of which Mr. Thomas Wright of Olney is hon. secretary) has for its object "the publication of the unpublished writings of William Cowper, and of manuscripts and original essays relating to him and his circle." The Ruskin Society of Birmingham was founded in 1896 by Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, the hon. secretary. Writing to Mr. Whitehouse at the time of its inception, Mr. Ruskin said: "I think that you might with grace and truth take the name of 'The Society of the Rose'—meaning the English wild rose—the object of the society being to promote such English learning and life as can abide where it grows." This name was therefore incorporated in the title of the society, which pledges itself to endeavour "to form a centre of Union for Students and others interested in Mr. Ruskin's writings; to promote the study and circulation of his works by means of lectures, discussions, and the issuing of such publications as may be deemed advisable; to influence public opinion, in relation to Arts and Ethics, on lines which he has indicated; and, generally, to encourage such life and learning as may fitly and usefully abide in this country." The society issues a quarterly journal called *Saint George*, in which are printed the lectures delivered before the members, and other matter; a library of Ruskin's works is available for the use of members; and annual excursions are made to places of interest. A few days after the Master's death, a Ruskin union was formed in London to promote the study of his writings, and it has already received the support of many distinguished men and women. The Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club is a flourishing institution. Robert Burns is similarly honoured by the existence of two clubs bearing his name, one in Edinburgh and the other in Carlisle; the former has lately been endeavouring to incite the school children of Edinburgh to a closer study of the works of the Ayrshire poet by the offer of various prizes, and a good deal of success has attended this effort.

In America—that is, the United States—Literary Clubs are domiciled largely. Chicago can boast a Dante Society; Cambridge, a Shakespeare Society, with Dr. William Rolfe as President; Boston, a Browning Society, the members of which direct their attention exclusively to the writings of Robert Browning; Waltham (near Boston), a Browning-Emerson Club, presided over by Mr. Charles Malloy—a close friend and conservator of the fame of Emerson. Some years ago there was a monthly gathering of scholars, including such men as Lowell, Longfellow, Parsons, &c., with Professor Charles Eliot Norton as president, who devoted their attention to Dante. For these particulars of American Literary Societies the writer is indebted to Mrs. Adelaide H. Garland, herself the founder and president of one of the most successful institutions of this character, viz., the All Around Dickens Club, whose headquarters are in Boston, Mass. Organized in 1894, this Club (essentially a ladies' club) numbers some fifty members, these being supplemented by honorary members and corresponding members of both sexes. The list of honorary members includes the names of members of the Dickens family and of many who are distinguished in literature, both in England and America. The object of the All Around Dickens Club is "to study the writings of Charles Dickens, to create a greater interest in them, and to promote united intellectual and social alliance"; its motto is "Stand by"—"Do everything at your best."

In England there is a Dickens Club, an informal affair, the home of which is in Birmingham. Mr. William Farrow is its president, and its members meet to read and discuss the writings

of their hero, and indulge in summer excursions to Dickensland, &c. Strange to say, until quite lately, no Club devoted to the study of Dickens was to be found in London. It is true that there has existed during the past few years a fraternity calling itself "The Dickens Society," of which Mr. Edwin Drew is the ruling spirit; but, like the Birmingham Club, it is not a formal organization, confining itself merely to the anniversary celebration of Dickens' birthday by means of concerts, and of his death-day by the placing of floral offerings upon his tomb in Poets' Corner. Some months ago Mr. Percy Fitzgerald—one of the most ardent of Dickens' disciples—gave to the Press some particulars as to the formation of the "Boz" Club. Its headquarters are at the Athenæum, and it originally consisted of members of the Athenæum who knew Dickens personally, including Lord James of Hereford, Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. (the illustrator of "Our Mutual Friend"), Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A. (the illustrator of "Edwin Drood"), and others who foregathered at the Athenæum, about a year ago, to dine together by invitation of the genial host, Mr. Fitzgerald himself. So pleasant was the "love feast" that the worthy host determined it should be the germ of something in the form of a club commemorative of Dickens. Accordingly, a "Boz" Club was instituted, and at the first regular Dinner, also given at the Athenæum Club, on June 24, 1900, the members present were:—Lord James of Hereford in the chair (Boz's own Gadshill chair, now the property of the Athenæum), Lord Acton, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Luke Fildes, the Rev. Professor Bonney, F.R.S., Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., and the Hon. W. Warren Vernon; some guests intimately associated with the study of Boz's writings were invited—Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), Judge Bompas, Hon. F. Latham, Mr. Egerton Castle, and Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, who originated the idea of the "Boz" Club, acts as hon. sec., and is responsible for the production of No. 1 of "The Boz Club Papers," recently issued to the members, in which an account is given of the Club's inception. At the first regular dinner it was felt that the rule as to membership being confined to those admirers of Dickens who were already members of the Athenæum Club—and so constituting a club within a club—was against the spirit of the Athenæum rules. The President's suggestion that it should comprehend all Dickensians of whatever degree met with approval, and a small committee was appointed to deal with the question, with the result that, besides the original members (which included, in addition to those already mentioned, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., Sir Henry Irving, the late Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Charles Kent), the following were elected: Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., the Very Rev. Dean Hole, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Professor J. Churton Collins, Mr. Moy Thomas, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, Mr. F. Inderwick, K.C., Mr. Frederic G. Kitton, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. G. Storey, A.R.A., the Hon. F. Latham, Mr. Egerton Castle, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. John Hollingshead, Mr. Francesco Berger, Mr. George Herbert, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, Mr. Oscar Browning, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, Mr. R. Brudenell Carter, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and one or two others have since joined. Of this number, one half knew Dickens intimately, which (as Mr. Fitzgerald observes) is surprising when we recall the fact that thirty-one years have elapsed since the novelist's death. Some may perhaps urge that the "Boz" Club is still of too exclusive a character, and that what is wanted is a Dickens Club in London to which admirers and students of the great novelist may be admitted as members by election, on payment of a moderate fee. As a matter of fact, the All Around Dickens Club, of Boston, U.S.A., has been organized on these lines. Perhaps the proposed Dickens Museum, when realized, could be utilized as the home of a Dickens Club. Meanwhile the "Boz" Club is worthy of its eponymous hero, and rules for its guidance have been judiciously drafted. It is proposed that the members shall dine together on the anniversaries of Dickens' birth and death, and some subject of Dickensian interest be brought forward at each dinner; while in the summer there may be expeditions to localities associated with Dickens, such as that

recently undertaken to Rochester. Certainly Mr. Fitzgerald's idea that other members of the "Boz" Club should be induced to imitate him in supplying periodically, at their own expense, further numbers of "The Boz Club Papers" is worthy of serious consideration, for in this way many interesting reminiscences of the Novelist might see the light which perhaps might not be "of sufficient importance to be dealt with in more official shape." The wrapper bears an excellent portrait of Dickens, from an unfamiliar photograph.

F. G. K.

THE DRAMA.

"L'AIGLON."

There is, I fancy, a general feeling of disappointment over *L'Aiglon*, now that Londoners have had the opportunity of seeing it played. Its strong patriotic appeal ceases, of course, to be operative in London, where the play comes to judgment merely as a play, like any other. For similar reasons *Henry V.*, say, could not claim the critical indulgence in Paris which it is always sure of obtaining in London. Considered merely as a play, *L'Aiglon* is essentially undramatic, because it lacks unity of theatrical impression, nor does it even present a series of definite and decisive actions. What unity it has is a unity of idea; it raises the ghost of the Napoleonic legend; but, in the language of the spiritualistic *séance*, the ghost will not consent to "materialize." It may be said that the unity of some of Shakespeare's chronicle-plays (and *L'Aiglon* is a chronicle-play—the "tragical historie" of the education, futile aspirations, and premature death of the Duke of Reichstadt) is also a unity of idea only, but then there is no chronicle-play of Shakespeare which fails, as this play fails, to present a series of definite and decisive actions. It may also be said that indecision and inaction are of the very essence of the story, which is that of a Napoleonic Hamlet, a "*Hamlet blanc*," as they call him. The answer is that *Hamlet*, tragedy of irresolution though it be at its core, does on its surface contrive to present much bustling and even violently melodramatic action.

In lieu of action, M. Rostand gives us curious details, "documentary" *bric-à-brac* and "literary" embroidery. These details make amusing reading—*L'Aiglon* from first to last is excellent reading—but are mere waste in the theatre. Thus, Metternich says the French must not

. . . laisser trop Monsieur Royer-Collard
Venir devant le roi déplier son foulard.

The allusion to Royer-Collard and his "foulard" passes unperceived. Some one mentions "Les Méditations." "Ah!" cries Marie-Louise—

Ah! je connais l'auteur!—Ce sera moins maussade!—
Il a dîné chez nous—L'Attaché d'Ambassade!

M. Rostand is evidently pleased with the idea that Marie-Louise would naturally think of Lamartine merely as a young diplomat who had dined at her table. But on the stage this little touch is quite valueless. A young man from Paris is asked by the Duke of Reichstadt who he is and why he has turned Bonapartist conspirator. M. Rostand cannot resist the chance of giving us an 1830 "cours de littérature romantique."

Ce que je suis? Je ne sais pas. Voilà mon mal.
Suis-je? Je voudrais être—et ce n'est pas commode.
Je lis Victor Hugo. Je récite son *Ode*
A la Colonne. Je vous conte tout cela
Parce que tout cela, mon Dieu, c'est toute la
Jeunesse! Je m'ennuie avec extravagance;
Et je suis, Monseigneur, artiste et Jeune France.
De plus, carbonaro, pour vous servir.

In the theatre all this goes for nothing.

Details of this kind are purely irrelevant. Others, though intended to have dramatic significance, are, in practice, ineffective. Thus, there is the set of Austrian toy-soldiers which Flambeau turns into toy-Frenchmen, in order that the Duke may

go into raptures over the Grande Armée. There is the collection of Napoleonic odds and ends which Flambeau takes from his pocket to convince the Duke that Paris is still Bonapartist. There is Napoleon's old hat, which is placed on the table, in order that Metternich may apostrophize it -

Toi, dont il s'éventait après chaque conquête,
Toi, qui ne pouvais pas, de cette main distraite,
Tomber sans qu'aussitôt un roi te ramassât,
Tu n'es plus aujourd'hui qu'un décrochez-moi-ça,
Et si je te jetais, ce soir, par la croisée,
Où donc finirais-tu, vieux bicorne ?

Flambeau answers "au musée !" and herein speaks more truly than he knows, for one feels that all these toys and curios are articles whose proper place is a museum, not a playhouse.

Leaving the miscellaneous assortment of 1830 allusions and Napoleonic relics, one finds two really fine imaginative moments in the play. One is at the close of the third act, when Metternich drags the young Duke to a mirror, to show him by his features that he is his mother's not his father's son, a Hapsburg not a Napoleon. The other is at the end of the fifth act, on the field of Wagram, where under the hallucination of night and nervous exaltation the Duke hears the moans of the wounded and battle-cries and "drums and trappings" (how, by the way, that great dreamer Sir Thomas Browne would have appreciated this idea !) and sees the spectres of the innumerable dead. In reading that scene, as it is sketched out in print, one feels that John Bright's "Angel of Death" has passed over the scene, and "you can almost hear the beating of his wings." Both these scenes, I say, are inspired by a fine imagination, but it is the imagination of a poet rather than a dramatist, for neither scene on the stage at Her Majesty's gives you the thrill which you can hardly fail to get from reading it in the book.

I have tried to account for the vague feeling of disappointment produced by the play as acted. Nevertheless, undramatic as it is, *L'Aiglon* is a remarkable piece, one which no spectator is likely to forget in a hurry. The subject has a silent pathos of its own—*sunt lacrymæ rerum*. M. Rostand has turned a rather obscure bit of history to good artistic if not entirely to good theatrical purpose; and his workmanship is always delicate and distinguished. These two qualities, delicacy and distinction, are also the qualities of Mme. Bernhardt's acting as the hero of the play. As there is something womanish in this part, we are not offended by her sex; indeed, in her white uniform, she makes a very gallant youth. For she still contrives—wonderful woman!—to look quite young, her bearing is grace itself, and her voice has regained something of its old quality. The only criticism we will venture on her make-up is that she is a little too "wiggly" for our taste. She is the whitest of "white Hamlets," a sweet prince, a melancholy prince, and—what Hamlet was not but the Duke of Reichstadt was—an anæmic prince. As a tonic for the anæmia you have the "Vieux Grogard" of M. Coquelin, whose voice stirs the blood like a trumpet in his opening tirade—

Et nous, les petits, les obscurs, les sans-grades,
Nous qui marchions fourbus, blessés, crottés, malades

Et nous battant, maigres, nus, noirs et gais,
Nous, nous ne l'étions pas, peut-être, fatigués ?

He cocks his eye, drops the corner of his mouth, is "égrillard" at times (as over the "sein" of the "nounou"), swaggers like Mascarille, is nimble-fingered like Scapin, or "digne" like Poirier, or flamboyant and superb like Cyrano—is, in short, the inimitable Coquelin that we all know. There is a "gusto"—that, at any rate, is the word Hazlitt and his contemporaries would have used—in M. Coquelin's acting which, crowning and combining all his other qualities, puts him at the head of living comic actors. He is a comedian "in the grand style," and I for one consider it no hyperbole to say that the present chance of seeing him at Her Majesty's makes life for the moment distinctly worth living.

A. B. WALKLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE BOOK OF THE BOXERS.

CHINA AND THE ALLIES. By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.
(Heinemann. 30s. n.)

Since his interchange of recriminations with Mr. Douglas Freshfield, acting as the spokesman of the Royal Geographical Society, there have been two opinions as to Mr. Savage Landor's accuracy as an observer and reporter; but he is, at least, a picturesque and lively writer, and in the case of recent events in China, a few inaccuracies and exaggerations more or less can add but little to the perplexity of the seeker after truth. On the whole, therefore, we can welcome and praise his book. It is long; it covers all the ground; it is richly illustrated; it is entertaining. It is not the work of an expert or of a political philosopher. But it is the work of a man who says what he thinks—and this must be taken for what it is worth.

Mr. Savage Landor has his own theory of the origin of the Boxer movement. He attributes it to the fanaticism of Buddhist priests. He had his own little trouble with the Buddhists a few years ago, and possibly the personal equation must be reckoned with in accepting this opinion. This argument practically amounts to little more than that they must be guilty of the atrocities because they are capable of them. As a matter of fact, one of the most redoubtable of the leaders of the revolt against "foreign devils" was a Mahomedan, so that the solidarity of Chinese exclusiveness seems to depend on something less than religious conviction, and Buddhist superstition to have been rather its instrument than its originating cause. But Buddhist fanaticism is not the only fanaticism that Mr. Savage Landor criticizes. That of the Christian missionaries also excites his derision. A few of the missionaries, he admits, are men of tact who have done good. The majority, he maintains, both male and female, only make themselves ridiculous. In particular he maintains that their habit of adopting the Chinese dress is a mistake.

It has so far been the impression among supporters of missions in the East that, to spread the Gospel—and with it civilization—among the heathen, anybody is good enough. Thereupon, and presumably infatuated by the good they imagine they can accomplish, and partly attracted by the apparently handsome salary offered, a great number of unattractive young women with suburban ideas and education have found their way to the remotest corners of China. There, while faithfully preserving their characteristic Anglo-Saxon stride and stiffness of body, they parade about in ungracefully-worn Chinese robes, quite as inappropriate and unbecoming to them as European clothes to Chinese or Japanese women. One would suppose it obvious that one should never begin serious work by turning the laugh on oneself, and it is with sorrow, even with pain, that one sees these poor girls of one's own nationality driven to make themselves ridiculous. Not only are they made ridiculous, they are also looked down upon by the natives, for, with Chinese clothes, Chinese etiquette needs to be adopted to cover endless misunderstandings and avoid insult; for as we ourselves wear clothes appropriate to various seasons and to special occasions, and as we wear our garments in certain recognized ways only—not the wrong way up or inside out—so do the Chinese, and the breach of these complicated rules, very difficult to master in their infinitesimal details, invariably leads to unpleasantness, offence, and contempt—just the three things, one would suppose, that missionaries ought to avoid in trying to earn the respect of the natives.

The folly of sending these ladies into the interior where they are exposed to the most appalling dangers is insisted upon in emphatic language. We can hardly regret the fact that Mr. Landor gives a fuller recital than does any other writer whom we

have read of the atrocities committed in the various mission centres. The facts, though they have not been actually suppressed, have been kept very much in the background by the official representatives of the Powers: no doubt for fear lest a popular indignation, akin to that which sent America to war with Spain, should commit them to a crusade which they are afraid of. None the less, in view of Sir Robert Hart's ingenuous proposal that we should abandon the principle of extra-territoriality in our dealings with China, they are facts that ought to be made widely known. Public opinion on this matter will hardly be unaffected by Mr. Savage Landor's careful and painful relation.

There is humour as well as horror, however, in Mr. Savage Landor's pages. He naturally has a good deal to say about the looting both at Tien-tsin and at Peking. He admits that there was plenty of it; but he holds that, in the circumstances, it was justified, and he contradicts the allegations so frequently heard that the methods of the Russians were particularly savage, and those of the Americans particularly honest. According to Mr. Landor, the favourite amusement of the Americans was the smashing of costly porcelain; what they wanted to carry off was gold or silver. Tommy Atkins, on the other hand, began by chasing fowls and ducks, and then proceeded to annex embroidered silk gowns for his lady friends at home; while the French delighted in looting hams, the great joy of the Russian was to steal musical boxes, and the Japanese went through the shops and houses in the spirit of connoisseurs of works of art.

Mr. Savage Landor entered Peking with the troops. He gives a good account of the fighting, and a still better account of the proceedings after the Legations had been relieved. The description of the march through the Forbidden City is particularly illustrative of Mr. Landor's method:—

In front stood prominent the lumbering, bony figure of Sir Claude MacDonald, in an ample grey suit of tennis clothes and a rakish Panama slouch hat, which he wore at a dangerous angle. He walked jauntily and with gigantic strides, moving his arms about as if preparing for a boxing match. To his right the Russian Minister seemed quite reposeful by contrast. He was clad in dark clothes, and bore himself with dignity. Next to him came the representative of the French Republic, in a garb which combined the requirements of the Bois de Boulogne on a Sunday with the conveniences of tropical attire on a weekday. Mr. Conger, the American Minister, strode ponderously behind, dressed in white cottons and military gaiters, while a horde of secretaries, students, and interpreters, in various fancy garbs, made part of the distinguished crowd.

A striking incident of the march, which is new to us, is recorded:—

Much to the evident annoyance of General Linievitch, a number of officers of the allies made direct for these coffers, smashed them open, and filled their pockets with what they could get, regardless of the feelings of the spectators, who stood aghast. A worse thing happened. Out in the court, as one of the Chinese officials who was escorting the visitors stood impassive, with his white tasselled hat, and a long necklace of amber and jade, with pendants, the emblem of his rank, dangling on his chest, a military officer approached him and with a bow removed the valued necklace from the Chinaman's neck, placed it round his own, and with a "Ta-ta" and graceful wave of the hand, walked away with it. A complaint was later made of this to Sir Robert Hart, but, unfortunately, the necklace could never be recovered.

And we may conclude this review of the most readable, if not the best, book that has been written on the strange events of last summer with a story of an American practical joke:—

The west side of the Chinese city outside the Ch'ien gate was placed under their protection, and when the Chinese began to return to their homes, a few days after our entry, they implored the soldiers to write them notices to post on the front doors of their houses so as to keep out looters. A

soldier wrote, in gigantic letters:—"U. S. A. Boys, plenty of whisky and tobacco in here."

Every soldier that passed the door banged it open with a kick, and demanded a smoke and a drink, while the puzzled and concerned Chinaman inside pointed to the notice on the door, until it was explained that the writing on it was the principal reason of the many calls he received.

MODERN ITALY.

ITALY TO-DAY. By BOLTON KING and THOMAS OKEY.
(Nisbet. 12s. n.)

This volume may, we suppose, be regarded as a kind of sequel to Mr. Bolton King's "History of Italian Unity." The preface contains a long list of persons who have supplied information, but does not specify the share of the work which each of the two writers has individually contributed. It is embarrassing to deal with authorship in the plural; we shall therefore, simply for convenience, speak of Mr. King as the writer.

He claims to have "approached the various problems without prepossessions"; yet, true as this may be with regard to economic or strictly social questions, no reader will fail to detect in political matters a strong leaning to the party of the Extreme Left, especially its Socialist wing. Unstinted praise is bestowed on this party in the review of the various groups, and there are straws showing from which quarter mainly the wind of information has blown. There is the allegation that Depretis "bought" Crispi from opposition by a seat in the Cabinet in 1887; there is the unfavourable view of the character of the late King, who is said to have lowered the popularity of the Throne; there is finally the assertion that our South African policy has aroused "very strong resentment" against England among all classes. Englishmen visiting the country have not heard much of this resentment except in the mouths of extreme politicians. It may be, as Mr. King thinks, that the future of Italy rests largely with the ultra-Radical groups in the Chamber. But at present they are untried men; and if they are to win and keep the confidence of a country in which Conservative forces are strong (and with prosperity are likely to be stronger) they will have to discard their crude theories and cultivate a statesmanlike moderation not generally characteristic of extremists. For the moment their outlook is promising from the deep-seated corruption which has discredited the older parties; but they will find it more difficult to govern than to obstruct, harder also to remedy abuses than to denounce them. The "minimum programme" of the Socialists seems in some respects moderate; but in a country where political education is at a low ebb, and where the electorate is now barely seven per cent. of the population, "universal suffrage for adults of both sexes" sounds rather a large order.

For many years to come the supreme need of Italy is peace—peace internal as well as external. The new King struck the right note when he urged upon the nation the necessity of honesty and concord. Yet the prospects of concord do not look bright in Mr. King's pages, partly from the unequal development of the North and the South, but still more from the variety of causes at work to produce disorder. No one who was in Milan from May 7 to May 11, 1898, could doubt that there is dangerously inflammable material in the larger cities; had Mr. King been there, he would hardly describe the riots of those days as a pitiless massacre of innocent victims by a brutal soldiery, nor would he throw all the blame, as he tries to do, upon the "Moderates" and the authorities. He says that these riots were the result of "accident." It may be so, in the sense that the outbreak was unpremeditated; but "accidents" like these do not happen in well-regulated States. If Mr. Burns, for instance, like the Milan Deputy, were to tell his constituents that their weapons were "the vote and the carbine," and if, shortly after, the people of Battersea were to barricade the street-

tear up the railways and tramways and meet the order to disperse with volleys of paving-stones, the occurrence would not seem quite accidental. No Government worthy of the name could have hesitated to proclaim martial law, although it may be granted that the penal and repressive measures which followed were a monument of political un wisdom. Mr. King thinks that the Milan riots have done good "by creating a plain issue between progress and reaction." This is very probable; and so too has the tragedy at Monza, by accentuating the national dread of anarchy.

In one quarter especially a more conciliatory spirit is said to prevail. The Clericals have too often acted in the past as if Italy's difficulty were the Pope's opportunity, and the forbearance of the Italian Government has been rewarded by the order to Catholics not to vote at the elections. Mr. King, however, adduces evidence to show that this veto is largely disregarded; and he thinks that the next Pope will probably remove it altogether. M. Ollivier said that "a Pope reconciled to Italy would lose the rest of the world." If so, the Vatican is in an awkward dilemma. For it is becoming plain that any attempt to restore the Temporal Power by compulsion from without would mean the ruin of Italian Catholicism. Is there then no chance of a compromise? Mr. King has it "on excellent authority" that the Vatican would be satisfied with the Leonine City—i.e., St. Peter's and part of the Janiculum—in full sovereignty and the transference of the Italian capital to Florence or some other city. But this is an impossible solution. It would mean surrendering a point on which Italy is practically unanimous. And as it is a first principle with the Papacy never explicitly to abandon its aims, the deadlock seems likely to continue.

We can only deal briefly with the interesting chapters on the general state of the country. The condition of the finances is deplorable; but, in spite of the mistakes of her rulers, Italy has progressed marvellously since she achieved her unity. Mr. King passes in review the various systems of land tenure, the statistics of emigration, the wretched state of the peasantry in many districts, and the defects in education and in poor relief despite the extensive charities; but he has a remarkable story to tell of the growth of manufactures and trade, and of the efforts recently made to improve agriculture. That so much should have been done already in these respects in a country so poor as Italy should give Englishmen food for reflection. Her principal industry of silk has nearly doubled its exports in the last four years; in cotton manufacture she is becoming a serious rival to ourselves; and if the power latent in her rivers could be made available by electricity she would overcome the great drawback of the want of native coal. In agriculture the small proprietor is learning to look for improvement to his own initiative rather than to the State. Village banks are supplying him with capital on easy terms; agrarian syndicates and co-operative dairies are teaching him the power of association; and a system of local instruction is springing up which would put our backward districts to shame. If Italy could only find some heaven-born statesman to bring purity and economy into her finance, and to readjust her local government, she would, given peace and domestic tranquillity, rank in time among the most prosperous of the nations. But till then her rulers should be content to let her play a more modest part.

In the closing chapter the authors give a rapid but able sketch of recent achievements in Italian literature. If it be really a fact that no poet, and hardly a novelist, makes a livelihood by his pen, those achievements must be pronounced considerable. In Carducci Italy possesses a poet of the first order, and by his critical studies on the great writers of the past (not mentioned here) he has raised the level of Italian scholarship. Villari as historian, Lombroso as criminologist, D'Annunzio and Fogazzaro as novelists, have all found fame beyond the bounds of their native land; and in these pages there is a useful, if cursory, estimate of their work. But it is strange, so soon after the death of Verdi, to find no word upon the subject of Italian music.

MR. MEREDITH'S POEMS.

A READING OF LIFE, WITH OTHER POEMS. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (Constable. 6s. n.)

In his new volume of poems Mr. George Meredith supplies a sort of companion to "A Reading of Earth." In that collection he set forth, more clearly perhaps than elsewhere, his sense of the earth-spirit which stirs in all sensitive natures, and institutes a relationship of brotherhood between man and the inanimate children of earth. In the present instance the point of view is changed, and life is regarded from its spiritual side, and as engaged in a species of perpetual conflict. As so often in Mr. Meredith's poetry, the animating thought is involved in so many subtle, interlacing tendrils of imagination and under-thought that at first sight it appears more elaborate and intricate than it really is; but reduced to its lowest denomination the thesis of the poem is exceedingly simple. Two spirits are in conflict in man's nature; the athletic, energetic instinct, which Mr. Meredith portrays as the spirit of Artemis, and the indulgent, languorous instinct, which is the spirit of Aphrodite. Both alike make insistent appeal to human nature, but neither is to be trusted exclusively. The man of unimpeded action starves his spiritual side; the man of passion loses the name of actor and dissipates his power in futile imaginings. It is in the middle way that sanity lies; the sane mind in the sane body is secured by a divided allegiance to the two goddesses.

This is a simple enough theme, but in its treatment Mr. Meredith, as is his wont, illuminates his work with penetrating and poignant thoughts no less than with many delicate and exquisite touches of the imagination. The two pictures of Artemis and Aphrodite, in particular, afford him opportunity for well-wrought and carefully arranged contrast. Here is Artemis:—

Nought of perilous she recks;
Valour clothes her open breast;
Sweet beyond the thrill of sex;
Hallowed by the sex confessed.
Huntress arrowy to pursue,
Colder she than sunless dew,
She, that breath of upper air;
Ay, but never lyrist sang,
Draught of Bacchus never sprang
Blood the bliss of gods to share,
High o'er sweep of eagle wings,
Like the run with her, when rings
Clear her rally, and her dart
In the forest's cavern heart,
Tells of her victorious aim.

And here Aphrodite:—

Shorn of attendant Graces she can use
Her natural snares to make her will supreme.
A simple nymph it is, inclined to muse
Before the leader foot shall dip in stream;
One arm at curve along a rounded thigh;
Her firm new breasts each pointing its own way.
A knee half bent to shade its fellow shy,
Where innocence, not nature, signals nay.

It is needless to point out the extreme felicity of this beautiful picture, or to expatiate upon the subtle and sincere intention of the line "Hallowed by the sex confessed" in the equally vivid interpretation of Artemis. Such beauties are clear upon the surface. But it may be added that the whole volume is marked by a much greater degree of lucidity and poetic grace than Mr. Meredith sometimes allows himself in poetry, and that the corresponding gain in charm and persuasiveness is clearly marked. It is true that there are still a few of those discordant and manufactured words from which his later manner is never, unfortunately, free, and that there are sometimes lines, more especially in the hexametrical versions of Homer, where eccentricity gets the better of melody. But these are rather exceptions than

commonplaces ; and the prevailing note of the volume is one of diverse and delicate harmonies.

They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry ;
In me they sing.

And again :—

If that thou hast the gift of strength, then know
Thy part is to uplift the trodden low ;
Else in a giant's grasp until the end
A hopeless wrestler shall thy soul contend.

There is in the first of these a melody, and in the second a lucidity, that could not be surpassed for simplicity and directness of effect. Mr. Meredith is certainly at his best when he is content with these clear and searching methods of expression.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

Old Parish Life.

Dr. Jessopp writes so well that we are always glad when he collects his magazine articles into a volume. *BEFORE THE GREAT PILLAGE* (Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is as good as any of its predecessors, which is saying a great deal. Its history is sound, its expression vivid, its enthusiasm restrained by judgment, its humour fresh and cheering. What better can we say of the literary recreation of a country parson ? Such books as Dr. Jessopp writes make us recognize the truth of the oft-quoted saying that in English country vicarages some of the best work for English literature and learning has been done ; they make us regret, too, that it is so rarely rewarded. Three lectures on parish life in England in the Middle Ages are the core of the book. The points emphasized (perhaps, in view of the recent work of Professor Ashley and others, a little too strongly) are that the parish was "the community of the township organized for church purposes," and the nature of the corporate ownership of parochial property. On that follows a severe indictment of the robbers of Edward VI.'s day even more than of Henry VIII. A practical plea, which every historian and archaeologist should endorse, is added for the handing over the custody and ownership of the churches all over England to "somebody," so that the members of the Church of England should not be the only religious body in the land which cannot "call their churches their own." After this comes a remark by the way, that "only once in the history of the Reformed Church of England have the Bishops as a body known their own mind." A paper on the baptism of Clovis shows that Dr. Jessopp is well up in French historical criticism, and some charming natural history sketches remind us that he is a man of many accomplishments. "Before the Great Pillage" is the book, in the delightful old phrase, of a scholar and a gentleman.

Lady Margaret Sackville's Poems.

We noted with pleasure the appearance in the *Thrush* last month of a remarkable poem by Lady Margaret Sackville, and her *POEMS*, which have just been published by Mr. John Lane (3s. 6d. n.), confirm the impression suggested by "Harmodius and Aristogeiton"—the impression that here we have a writer who may in time achieve something worthy of the traditions of English poetry. "Harmodius and Aristogeiton" was too obviously Swinburnian. So is "The Helots" in the volume before us. But nearly every other piece it contains is the fruit of an original talent—of a gift for expression that is clearly derived from close study and enjoyment, not of one master alone, but of all the best poetry in the language. The book reveals an urgent striving after thoughts and forms that shall arouse noble and pleasurable emotion. The first piece, "Pan and the Maiden," gives the clue to the mood in which most of these poems have been written. It is the mood in which the spirit that

yearns after the beautiful casts itself back upon the early world that owned the sway of Pan to the times "when the light wave lisp'd 'Greece.'" The other poems of classical origin are interesting mainly as testimony that the writer has sought inspiration in a period that is the safest, on the whole, in which young poets can let their thoughts wander at will, the next desirable being the period of Dante's Italy. To this Lady Margaret Sackville is no stranger, as we may see from "The Death of Beatrice" and "Lorenzo dei Medici." But, after all, it is to the poems of more individual and modern feeling that most readers will turn with greater interest. "The Poet" is a rhapsody full of beautiful, true images, from which we quote two stanzas :—

Beneath the faint far sky at night,
When a cold harvesting of stars
The moon reaps and the dim moonlight
Pours down 'twixt cloudy prison bars,
He moved as one whom no grief mars,

And with wide rapture lost all sense
Of self within the night's cool breath,
Grew portion of all things immense,
Tides infinite of life and death,
And those great words the ocean saith.

We should like to quote all three sonnets on "Nightfall," but must be content with one—"The Earth" :—

Pale, patient with her throbbing heart at rest,
Waiting with half-closed, half-expectant eyes,
Till slumber's lips shall cleave in pitying wise,
Full of sweet comfort, to her brows and breast,
She feels by one and one in the bright West
Fade the long trails of gold, and wavering shades
Leap from lone forests and forgotten glades,
And dance and shimmer at the moon's behest.
What change is on the fields ? The old known land
Spreads, by some goddess of the twilight planned,
A cloudy world of formless trees and flowers,
Where with cool hands the placid gardener, night,
Waters the blossoms of the pale moonlight
With quiet dews of unregarded hours.

"Autumn" and "December" are exquisite little impressions, emotional as well as descriptive. We do not think, though, that the wild swan's wings can be said to "creak." "The Man who found Truth" gives fine expression to an idea that has often brought rest to fevered souls. Some lines in it suggest the influence of Clough. Lady Margaret Sackville has clearly the true spirit of poetry in her. Time alone can show whether she will wrap her talent in a napkin or, as we hope rather, increase it a hundredfold, and leave the world the richer for its use.

A Lady at the War.

Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, already known as a good friend to soldiers, got leave to go to Africa to continue her kind offices to them and make herself generally useful. In *A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF THE WAR* (Nisbet, 5s.) she tells us what she was able to do. She writes pleasantly and unpretentiously, and has the gifts of humour and pathos. Our recommendation of the book is warm, though our review of it cannot be long. There are many good anecdotes bearing on the relations between officers and men, and we must find space for one of them :—

A subaltern I know had to bring up a number of cavalry details, chiefly reservists, from Cape Town, and did his best to make his men comfortable, under very uncomfortable conditions. On a cold wet night, for instance, he used up four out of six tins of Maggi soup he had with him, to give them all something hot to drink the last thing. They were all bivouacking out, and one morning he woke up to find a tent-like arrangement of blankets fixed round him. Greatly astonished, he asked his servant what it meant. "It came on to rain pretty stiff, sir," was the answer, "and the men were afraid it would be too much for you, not being hardened to the job as they were. So they drew lots as to who should

give up their blankets to keep you dry, and we fixed all this up without waking you."

There would have been no talk of the "plague of women" if all the women had understood their duty as Miss Brooke-Hunt did.

CHINA UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT, by William Arthur Cornaby (Unwin 6s.), contains much miscellaneous information about Chinese affairs indifferently expressed and arranged. The author appears to know his subject; but he does not know how to make the most of it when writing a book.

IN SIXTY YEARS ON THE TURF (Grant Richards, 21s.) Mr. Charles R. Warren relates the racing experiences of Mr. George Hodgman on his behalf. The book is neither edifying nor well written—few collections of racing men's reminiscences are—but there are a few good stories on matters not connected with the racecourse. The story which tells how the Tichborne claimant gave himself away is one of them:—

Mr. Warner, of the Welsh Harp, was at the time, one of his chief backers, and used to have him out to dine with him at Hendon. But one Sunday came disillusionment. The carving knife cut rather badly, and Mr. Warner could not coax an edge on. "Give it me," said "Sir Roger." And the deftness with which he handled carver and steel was an eye opener for Mr. Warner, who, when their guest was absent from the room, said to his wife "We're done, He's a butcher right enough."

FICTION.

"The Divine Adventurer."

Not since "John Inglesant" has the glamour of Italy so fallen across the pages of a book as in Edward Hutton's *FREDERIC UVEDALE* (Blackwood, 6s.). As in that classic, the environment is a symbolic setting to a spiritual drama; a dreamer's quest of the perfect life. But the dreamer in this case is of our own more complex and less picturesque time. Frederic Uvedale is the son of a convert to Rome, heir to ideals and exaltations. He justifies his heritage. His boyhood is spent at Farley Court, the Devon home of his family, under the care of Father Antonelli, a scholarly and simple-hearted ecclesiastic. When his pupil passes into the care of the rector of Monksmead, the priest's parting counsel is, "Trust God and follow the light." The years of study there give Frederic the companionship of the child Elianor. Her love of the natural world and joy in its sunshine break across the boy's introspective moods. At Oxford he is swayed by many influences and seeks to steady himself by return to the services of the Roman Catholic Church. Under his brief passion for Elianor stir the deep currents of spiritual unrest. The death of his betrothed frees him with a stunning shock from the thralldom of sense, and he takes refuge in a pilgrimage to Rome, trusting to find there guidance to the higher life. In the salons of the "Blacks" he meets political cardinals and schemers for the restoration of the temporal sovereignty of the Church. He becomes engaged to a passionate woman, Maria, daughter of the Prince San Michele. The Prince is a Bourbon enthusiast, who lives only to serve the King—disrowned and dead. For his dream's sake he becomes the head of a great socialist conspiracy, believing that a democratic uprising might serve the cause of the Church, then be itself disowned and crushed. Life in the old castle of San Michele, with the peasants hailing in hope a new Messiah, and the Prince and his household entombed in futile allegiance to a ghostly King, is a picture as realistic as the grim mountain world, as visionary as the dream-enfolding sky. Frederic Uvedale, still seeking the perfect life, is sent to Milan during the bread riots to safeguard the interests of the Church. The way of peace opens to him when, striving to save the people from the soldiery, the first shot enrols him, the doubting dreamer, in the noble army of martyrs. Intriguing cardinals, unscrupulous socialists, *grande dames*, and solitary monks are convincingly

sketched; while the study of Uvedale himself is one of great psychological insight and literary skill. In the few pages from the diary of Princess Maria is laid bare a woman's heart, quivering beneath the *mortmain* of that inherited service. The book is full of Italy, of the gold of its sun, of the purple of its twilight, of the wine of its air, across an immemorial Appian Way.

An Egoist.

It is almost impossible, in dealing with Mr. George Gissing's last book, *OUR FRIEND THE CHARLATAN* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), to avoid a comparison with "The Egoist" of Mr. Meredith. In many points Dyce Lashmar (who is the charlatan of Mr. Gissing's novel) bears a strong resemblance to the great Sir Willoughby. True, he is not quite the gentleman, and the head of the house of Patterne, with all his faults, was always well-bred; he has no sense of chivalry whatsoever, whereas the baronet preserved some touch of the true feeling even in the most adverse circumstances. But both men laboured under a magnified sense of their own importance; both, curiously enough, found themselves engaged at different times—once at the same time—to three several ladies; and both ended by marrying, as a last resort, the woman whom they had at first ruthlessly sacrificed for the sake of greater attractions. These coincidences are sufficiently remarkable to make some comparison almost inevitable, and it is a comparison from which very few of our novelists could emerge unscathed. Mr. Gissing's work is always interesting; he writes far better than the mob of novelists, and his psychology is wonderfully subtle and acute. Dyce Lashmar is drawn with great power and delicacy; as a character study he is hardly inferior to the Egoist himself, and, indeed, the characters, one and all, with the possible exception of Mrs. Toplady, are unmistakably living men and women. But the story has not the breadth and spacious atmosphere of Mr. Meredith's masterpiece—there is no Crossjay, and no Clara Middleton. This, of course, is to try the book by a lofty standard, but Mr. Gissing invites comparison with the best. His work is very good indeed; his insight and observation very much above the ordinary. He has probed Dyce Lashmar relentlessly—perhaps almost too relentlessly—until we are all but forced to feel pity for a fellow mortal whose soul is so laid bare to the world. And, after all, was the conveyance of that "bio-sociological" theory (from the French of M. Jean Izoulet) so very terrible a matter? Miss Constance Bride, to our thinking, was a little hard on the unhappy man about this business, in spite of the plausibility with which he argued his case. And Miss Bride herself, for some little time, seems to accept Lashmar at his own valuation. We confess that this very sensible young lady rather fails to carry conviction during her engagement. But the book is good enough to read without halting to examine flaws. The characterization is as strong as we get from any writer in these days, and the example of Dyce Lashmar may well be useful to young men with a tendency towards plagiarism and Parliamentary life.

Those who are never tired of the stirring story of military adventure will find that *MY LADY OF ORANGE*, by H. C. Bailey (Longmans, 6s.), "fills the bill" with entire satisfaction. It is a tale of William the Silent's Netherlands forces pitted against the cruel troops of Alva, and the interest gathers about the exploits of one John Newstead, an English mercenary who in truth is no saint, as he constantly reminds the reader, and is willing to fight for the cause that affords the greater likelihood of the best pay for his three hundred men. To-day he is in Alva's camp, to-morrow planning for Dutch success, anon arraigned as a traitor by each side in turn, and one is not sure that he does not deserve it. But, as he repeats, he is no saint, and as he is a brave fighter he is a fit enough hero. In the end consistency is given to his conduct by a "love interest" without which no such story was ever yet written. The tale is spirited, possesses humour and descriptive power, and represents very fairly the condition of things during this time of turmoil.

THE BARROIS-ASHBURNHAM MSS.

"Purchase for me, without thinking further, all that you discover of rarity. My friend, do not spare my purse." Thus wrote Cicero to Atticus nineteen hundred years ago and the great Roman orator was one of the most enthusiastic collectors of whom we have record. Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham, was actuated by a like desire to possess objects of beauty and of rarity. For the most part, instead of employing an Atticus, he himself made the purchases, guided by fine taste and judgment. The collection of MSS. dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby this week forms a small part only of the vast library brought together by the late Earl. Onward from the year 1814, when as a Westminster boy he bought a copy of the "Secrets of Albertus Magnus" for one-and-sixpence at Ginger's shop in Great College-street, till within a few months of his death in 1878, he was an ardent collector, one of his last purchases being the Bramhall MS. of the Wycliffe Bible, sold in May, 1899, for £1,750. *A propos* of the present Lord Ashburnham's offer, made in 1879, to treat for the sale of the library as a whole, with the British Museum alone or jointly with the French Government, £160,000 being named as the price, it may be recalled that in 1897-98 the 4,075 lots of printed books brought at auction £62,700 odd, including £4,000 for the Mazarin Bible on vellum; on May 1, 1899, a section of the MSS. known as the "Appendix," brought £8,500; a few months ago the "Evangelia Quatuor," whose binding is studded with precious stones, was sold privately by Messrs. Sotheby for £10,000; and this leaves out of account altogether the great Stowe collection, obtained by Lord Ashburnham for £8,000 and sold to the British Museum for something like £30,000; and the Libri assemblage, which, again, cost the late Earl £8,000.

The Barrois collection of MSS., which is now being sold, was brought together by M. Paul Barrois, Deputy for Lille before the Paris Revolution of 1848. In that year it was offered to the British Museum for £6,000; but although, after examination, the keeper recommended the purchase, no application appears to have been made to the Treasury, and the collection soon afterwards passed into the hands of Lord Ashburnham, according to some for £6,000, to others for £8,000. At that time it consisted of 702 MSS. Thereafter, however, M. Leopold Delisle proved that between sixty and seventy of the MSS. had been stolen from the Paris National Library; hence, some thirteen years ago, these wrongfully acquired volumes were re-purchased from the present Earl by the French Government. As catalogued, there are 628 lots—and it may be noted in passing that the catalogue, with its fine autotype reproductions, reflects great credit on the compiler. A majority of the items appeal to the scholar rather than to the collector; the average of general interest is not so high, for example, as in the case of the portion of the Hamilton collection which came under the hammer in 1889. On the other hand, competition for carefully-wrought painted and illuminated volumes of the past is much keener now than twelve years ago.

The chief items during the first three days of the sale are:—

1. "La Vie du vaillant Bertrand du Guesclin." Small folio. Sæc. XIV. MS. on vellum, 290ff., *lettres bâtarde*s. 14 miniatures, 5×3½in., in camaieu gris, heightened with gold, representing incidents in the life of the hero. Old French olive morocco by Derome, from the La Vallière collection, No. 2,778. (179.) ... 1,500
2. "Chronique Générale dite de la Bourcchardière." By Jehan de Courey. Two large folio vols. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 337ff., bold *lettres bâtarde*s. Six large paintings, 9×8in., 8 illuminated miniatures, 4×3½in. From La Vallière collection, No. 4,601, and Count MacCarthy's, No. 3,945. (301.)... 1,420
3. "Høræ." 4to. Mid-fifteenth century MS., on vellum, 225ll., bold Gothic letters, red and black. Ten fine miniatures, several hundred large and small illuminated ornamental initials with inner borders and details, humorous and satirical figures of men and animals introduced into the borders of leafy scrolls. Work of illuminator unfinished, thus showing progressive stages of decoration. (282.) ... 1,160
4. "Histoire Universelle," compilée d'Orose, de Salluste, de Lucain, &c. Two vols., large folio. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 452ff., *lettres bâtarde*s. 76 illuminations in camaieu gris, 76 large illuminated initials, with marginal decorations of floreate scrolls. (279.) ... 910
5. "La Genesi de Nostre Dame Sainte Marie," par Prêtre Herman, known as "La Bible d'Herman."

- Folio. Sæc. XIV. MS., on vellum, 43ff., French *lettres bâtarde*s. 223 miniatures, 2½×3½in.; many ornamental pen letters. (263.) ... 715
6. "Evangelistarium." 4to MS. of eighth or ninth century, on vellum, 154ff., bold semi-Roman letters. 10 full-page illuminations, 7½×5½in., in leafy frames, akin in character to decorations in Book of Kells. Ancient ivory plaque inserted in cover. (189.) ... 700
7. "Le Livre du Gouvernement des Princes." 8vo. Sæc. XIV. MS., on vellum, 136ff., Gothic letters. 120 small illuminations, about 1½×2in., of Anglo-Norman character. An anonymous work. From Hanrott's sale, No. 304. (240.) ... 685
8. "Œuvres Poétiques de Gilles li Muisis." Small folio. Sæc. XIV. MS., on vellum, 267ff., Gothic letters. 25 painted and illuminated miniatures, large and small, with marginal decoration of spiked ivy leaves. Formerly belonged to Abbey of St. Martin at Tournay; bought by Richard Heber for £43 from Nicol's collection; Heber library, Feb. 1836, 125 gs. (236.) ... 660
9. "Hystoria . . . Beatissimi Augustini." Small folio. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 35ff., 136 tinted drawings of incidents in life of St. Augustine. Written and illustrated in manner of ancient Netherlands Block Books. (40.) ... 655
10. "Dante: La Commedia," with Commentary by Boccaccio. Small folio. Sæc. XIV. MS., on vellum, 129ff., semi-Roman letters. 5 illuminated initials, 2½×2in., the first containing a miniature portrait of Dante. (153.) ... 630
11. "Boethius, Book V.," with unpublished Commentary by Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln. Folio. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 103ff., small Gothic and *lettres bâtarde*s. Six miniatures of scenes in life of Boethius. Possibly executed for Philip IV. of France. (68.) ... 540
12. "Evangelia Quatuor." Prologue by S. Jerome. 4to. MS. of ninth or tenth century, on vellum, 119ff., Roman letters. 8 full-page paintings in wash, character of old Irish illustrations. Ivory plaque of Our Lord blessing inserted in cover. (191.) ... 490
13. "Le Livre du . . . Conte d'Artois et de sa Femme." Small 4to. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 115ff., French *lettres bâtarde*s. 84 painted and illuminated miniatures, 4×5in. Edited by Barrois in 1837. (25.) ... 455
14. "La Bible Hystoriaus." Old Testament only. Translated from Latin of Petrus Comestor. Large folio. Sæc. XIV. MS., on vellum, 416ff., Gothic letters. 70 miniatures, 3×3½in., 72 illuminated initials. (144.) ... 390
15. "Dylogue des Créatures." Translated by Collard Mansion. Folio. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 148ff., bold *lettres bâtarde*s. Two large miniatures, about 6×6½in., one probably showing Collard Mansion and two scribes in Bruges study; 120 small miniatures, 2½×3in. (164.) ... 350
16. "La Première Guerre Punique," from the Latin of Brunus Aretinus Leonardus. Small folio. Sæc. XV. MS., on vellum, 74ff., *lettres bâtarde*s. 34 miniatures, 4×2½in. (335.) ... 335
17. "The Heart of Pity," by Hugo de Folieto. Small 4to. Sæc. XIII. MS., on vellum, 104ff., small cursive Gothic, probably by English scribe. 68 painted and illuminated figures of fabulous birds and animals, most on rich gold ground, and a remarkable drawing in colours of Christ and the Devil dividing the sheep from the goats. (288.) ... 325
18. "Evangelistarium." 4to. Sæc. IX. MS. on vellum 111ff., legible Roman letters, rubrics in gold, within ornamental borders of colour. Ancient ivory floreate carving, 21 emeralds and carbuncles inserted in cover. (190.) ... 320
19. "S. Augustine: Sermons." Small 4to. MS. of sixth or seventh century, on thick vellum, 67ff., in Merovingian characters, rubrics in capital letters, red and green. (28) ... 315
20. Anglo-Norman Charters, State Documents, &c. collection of 1,179, A.D. 1269-1771. 8 folio vols. (102.) ... 305
21. "Glanville, Des Propriétés des Choses." Translated by Jehan Corbichon. Large folio. Sæc. XIV. MS., on vellum, 335ff., neat cursive *lettres bâtarde*s. 18 large historiated miniatures, 38 smaller ones. Old French calf gilt. (237.) ... 295

£13,185

It will be seen that the twenty-one most valuable MSS. sold during the first three days yield a total of more than double the sum at which the entire assemblage of 702 works was offered to the British Museum in 1848. The totals are, first day, 120 lots, £3,980 17s. 6d.; second day, 125 lots, £7,614 9s.; third day, 131 lots, £7,215 19s., or an aggregate for the 376 lots of £18,811 5s. 6d. The principal buyers have been Messrs. S. C. Cockerell, Quaritch, Ellis, Belin of Paris, Baer and Co. of Frankfurt, and, of private collectors, Mr. Fairfax Murray and Mr. Money.

AMONG THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.—II.

The *Fortnightly* is the best of the reviews this month. "A Fool's Paradise," by Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby Verner, frightens us with the allegation that our position in the Mediterranean is insecure. Mr. J. Holt Schooling brings out another bogey—the declining birth-rate. Professor Macaulay Posnett, discusses the Federal Constitution of Australia. Mr. Arthur Symonds argues with Mr. Churton Collins, but on the whole agrees with him. Baron Pierre de Coubertin has a notable paper on "The Conditions of Franco-British Peace." One of those conditions, we note, is that France should not betray undue anxiety to pull chestnuts out of the fire for Russia. The article should be read side by side with that of "Calchas" on "Russia and her Problem," wherein it is maintained that "the greatest of all necessities for Russia is peace at almost any price," and also that "the origin of the Peace Conference is to be found in Russia's sense of her almost overwhelming disadvantage in view of the economic awakening of the last thirty years, in which she has had the least share." Other contributions are a sonnet by the editor, a short story by the author of "The Column," and an article on "Eros in French Fiction and Fact," by the author of "An Englishman in Paris."

The *Nineteenth Century and After* has secured an article on "The Queen Victoria Memorial Hall in India," by the Viceroy. "The Next Coronation," by L. W. Vernon Harcourt, proposes the revival of certain ancient and gorgeous ceremonials. Art criticism is supplied by Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, who writes of "Mr. Sargent at the Royal Academy." Mr. Fyfe holds that Mr. Sargent lacks "imagination, striving towards the noble and the beautiful, shrinking from the commonplace and all that is not lovely and of good report"; but he sees "a gleam of hope" that this want may be supplied in time. "Some Real Love-letters," by the Hon. Mrs. Chapman, recalls the memory of Mlle. de Lespinasse, who loved General Guibert, also beloved, in early girlhood, by Madame de Staël. Mr. Arthur H. Lee, M.P., faces the recruiting question. His knowledge of the conditions of the American army and the efficiency of American soldiers leads him to businesslike conclusions:

It is very difficult in this world to get anything good without paying the market price for it, and the United States Government is humdrum enough to recognize that fact. Our Government takes a more original view. It says in effect: "The proper pay of a British soldier is one shilling a day."

Three Scenes from M. Rostand's *L'Aiglon* are rendered into rhyming decasyllables by Earl Cowper—not very effectively; and Mr. Frederic Harrison gives his "Impressions of America." These leave us with the belief that Mr. Frederic Harrison did not penetrate very far beneath the surface. He says he "never saw or heard of" the Yellow Press or of "official corruption and political intrigue."

The *National Review* is as usual distinguished by actuality. Any one who aspires to know the precise nature and bearings of the colossal financial operations of Mr. Pierpont Morgan will find exactly what he wants in Mr. H. R. Lawson's lucid paper on "Morganeering"; and a point not the less important because it has been neglected is raised in Mr. Sydney Brooks' article "Our next Blunder in South Africa." This is an urgent plea for the suppression, whether immediate or gradual, of the Taal. "Our supremacy will not be assured till English is the only language permitted in the schools, Law Courts, Legis-

lature, and Government offices of the Transvaal, Orange River, and Cape Colonies." The experience of Canada is generally supposed to point in the contrary direction; but Mr. Brooks maintains that even there the permission to speak French rekindles memories that had better die away. He finds a good object lesson in support of his own opinions in "the polyglot chaos of Austria-Hungary," which country "began to decline from the moment the Czechs and Magyars were allowed to revive their dialects." They certainly use those dialects principally for purposes of mutual recrimination. It is interesting to note the statement that "the movement that culminated in Hungarian independence, like the movement that must eventually end in Bohemian autonomy, was in its inception a purely literary movement," and "sprang from archæologists, ballad singers, and historians delving in the parts of the Kingdoms of St. Václav and St. Stephen, and endeavouring to resurrect the Czech and Magyar folklore and dialects." There is also an article by Sir Charles Roe on "The Indian Civil Service as a Career," full of the facts that the young man in search of a career requires to know. May we suggest that similar articles on some other branches of the public service—Woods and Forests Department, Indian Public Works Department, Levant Consular Service, &c.—are badly wanted?

In the *Monthly Review* the art paper on "Florentine Painting of the Fourteenth Century," by Roger E. Fry, excellently illustrated, is the best feature; and Mr. Harold Bindloss writes like a good journalist who knows his subject of "Nigeria and its Trade."

Dr. T. Miller Maguire's article on "Guerilla or Partisan Warfare" in the *United Service Magazine* throws light on a subject singularly neglected in English military literature. Captain Jeffreys, who writes of "Extravagance of Army Life," fears that economy would lower the social status of officers. This surely might be prevented by introducing some such system of "nomination" as prevails in the Navy. The difficulty of making both ends meet certainly keeps many good men out of the service—the men who now go into the various higher branches of the Civil Service, or become masters in the public schools. Colonel Maude's notes on the evolution of cavalry are concluded.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's serial "The Making of a Marchioness" is appearing in *Cornhill* as well as the *Century*. Mr. William Watson contributes a sonnet, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie some random reminiscences of Brighton, and the Rev. W. H. Hutton "Some Memories of George Crabbe." Mrs. Ritchie claims that Brighton has been ignored by the novelists, and mentions Dickens among those who have never "sent any heroes or heroines to revive there." But was it not at Brighton that Paul Dombey went to school? Mr. Hutton's remarks on Crabbe as a preacher are amusing as well as instructive:—

No longer do the clergy mingle their secular with their spiritual affairs so simply as did Crabbe, or perform their duties in a manner so unconventional without being irreverent. "I must have some money, gentlemen," Crabbe used to say as he walked down from the fine Jacobean three-decker at Muston, meaning that the tithes were due. Sometimes he would stop his sermon when it grew dark, with "Upon my word I cannot see; I must give you the rest when we meet again," or walk into a pew near a window and finish his sermon standing on a seat.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's spirited memorial stanzas on Andrée in the *Thrush* are better than the many poems of a similar character which have this year flooded the magazines. But the poet unduly praises the object of Andrée's expedition in referring to it as "for large help to the living," and invidiously contrasts it with warfare involving bloodshed. Whether the motive of this particular expedition was truly "large help to the living" or the satisfaction of the tramp-fever and spirit of exploration which might be more useful in other directions is a matter of opinion. Mr. Dawson's ballad "Blake's Homecoming" preserves well the old ballad tradition, as well as that of the sea songs which flourished last century in Campbell and others. It bears some resemblance in spirit to "The Revenge," and makes us proud of the race to which Blake belonged.

In the *Antiquary* there is an article by A. Bertram R. Wallis on "Charles Dickens as an Antiquary." There is not much to be said; but it is made clear that Dickens was more of an antiquary than is generally supposed. "His antiquary was the antiquary of Rowlandson's caricature, an elderly monomaniac living in a cobwebby world of his own, engrossed in the past, opposed to progress, and slatternly in person." But this, of course, was the general feeling about antiquaries of that age.

Correspondence.

THE HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I fully accept Sir Herbert Maxwell's assurance as to the sincerity of his criticism, and I trust he will believe that we humanitarians, on our part, are equally devoid of any wish to attack him unfairly. We gladly recognize the humanity which has prompted him to condemn such cruel practices as the caging of wild birds and the use of the pole-trap, and our disagreement with him has turned solely on the question of "sport."

Sir H. Maxwell has found it impossible "to obtain a clear view" of the principles of the Humanitarian League. Its main principle is this, that "it is iniquitous to inflict avoidable suffering on any sentient being, whether human or non-human." We hold that all sentient beings have rights, though these rights vary in degree according to the sensibility possessed. While it is obvious that many differences of opinion will arise in the application of this principle to individual cases, I submit that the principle itself is intelligible enough, and is proof against the objection brought to bear on it by Sir H. Maxwell, viz. :—That, while it is allowable to kill animals, it is not allowable to kill men, and that from killing to not killing is more than a matter of "degree."

Humanitarians do not allow that the prohibition "Thou shalt not kill" either includes men absolutely or absolutely excludes animals. The killing of men is commonly held to be justified by the plea of necessity, as in legitimate warfare or self-defence. According to the humanitarian principle the same plea of necessity is needed for the just killing of animals; but the degree of responsibility is lower; we are compelled, in self-preservation, to kill a large number of animals, and the lower the organization and sensibility of the animal the less our repugnance to killing. That is why I denied Sir H. Maxwell's statement that humanitarians would apply "the same treatment" to the lower animals as to mankind. The treatment varies widely according to the conditions of each case; the principle is the same throughout. We are not bound to treat all human beings alike, much less to treat all animals as human beings.

With respect to what Sir H. Maxwell says of the injury done by the polluting of rivers, I of course agree with him; but I do not see that the crass commercial selfishness which, without thinking or caring for anything but profit, poisons a number of fish incidentally, is in any way analogous to a deliberate eulogy of angling as a justifiable practice. The morality of "sport," in its various forms, must surely be discussed independently and on its own merits.

May I say, in conclusion, that in sending Sir H. Maxwell marked copies of *Humanity* we have only followed our usual custom of making our friends and foes acquainted with what is said of them in our journal? It would give us much greater pleasure to count Sir H. Maxwell among our friends than among our foes. We cannot but hope that the same humane feelings which have led him to discountenance the steel trap may yet lead him to abjure those so-called sports of which the steel trap is an accessory.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT,

Hon. Sec. Humanitarian League.

53, Chancery-lane, W.C.

EDINBURGH PUBLISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Will you allow me to correct a slight error into which your writer of the article on the "Leading Publishers of Edinburgh" in your last number has fallen? In writing of my firm, Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, he terms it "a younger firm." This is hardly correct. It is one of the oldest Edinburgh firms, having been in existence for nearly a century.

It was founded by William Oliphant, who had served in the house of William Creech, the publisher of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns, and who himself issued the first popular monthly magazine, the *Scotch Repository*, five years before Miller of Haddington's *Cheap Magazine*, which was long regarded as the pioneer of Scottish magazines. This said magazine was edited by Dr. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, the founder of savings banks, and had among its contributors Charles Kilpatrick Sharpe. Some of the contributions had a popularity—in separate publications—of seventy years. I am, &c.,

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Saint Mary-street, Edinburgh, June 11.

A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Re "A Child's Epitaph" (*Literature*, June 8, 1901), the second version of the lines in Mr. Poynder's letter occur also on a gravestone in the old churchyard at Weybridge, Surrey. The tomb is close to that of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's.

Believe me yours faithfully,

MARY SUMMERSLEY.

Falkenstein im Taunus, Germany, June 12.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Philip Wellby expects to have the book on Robert Buchanan, by Mr. Henry Murray, ready in about a fortnight. Mr. Murray was a life-long friend of Robert Buchanan and his collaborator in "The Charlatan," and also, we believe, wrote several plays with him. The book will be both critical and anecdotal, and an authentic account will be given of "The Fleshly School" controversy.

A year or so ago a volume of reminiscences by Buchanan was announced—if we remember rightly—by Mr. George Redway. It would be interesting to know what arrangements were made as to it when Mr. Redway left the business.

Dr. Sigerson, of Dublin, who is author of the "Bards of the Gael and Gall" and other works devoted to Irish literature, besides being well known as an historical and medical writer and one of the contributors to Lord Acton's Cambridge History, has completed a book which will interest those who believe with Matthew Arnold that the Irish were the inventors of rhyme, a theory which has been long held by Dr. Sigerson himself. He has now translated, for the first time, the writings of Sedulius, the Latin rhyming poet of the sixth century, who was an Irishman. There have been many editions of the works of Sedulius, but they have never been translated; and Dr. Sigerson, whose scholarship was widely recognized when he published his "Bards of the Gael and Gall," and whose poetical abilities are also well known, may be expected to do justice to his subject. The book will probably be published in the autumn. The author is the father of Mrs. Shorter, the poetess, better known as Dora Sigerson.

Nearly half a century has passed since Gabriele Rossetti died. At last we are to have his versified autobiography, translated and supplemented by the sole survivor of his family, William Michael Rossetti. Gabriele Rossetti composed his autobiography in 1850, when he knew that his life was drawing to a close, and he wrote it in rhymed sextets. These his son, for ease and literalness, has rendered into blank verse, adding his own prose where necessary to complete the story, and afterwards dealing briefly with the events of the four years of his father's life subsequent to the date of the autobiography. There are five illustrative appendices:—

1. Extracts from six of the domestic letters of Gabriele Rossetti.
2. Extracts from eight letters which he addressed to Mr. Charles Lyall, father of the geologist and godfather of Dante Gabriele Rossetti, on the subject of his Dantesque and other literary researches.
3. Extracts from three letters of Baron Kirkup regarding Dante.

4. Twelve letters from Mazzini, all but one addressed to Gabriele Rossetti.

5. Six examples of Rossetti's poetry in Italian.

The book will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Sands.

The Scottish History Society, of which Lord Rosebery is President, and in which he takes an active personal interest, is to publish the Register of Lindores Abbey, in Fifeshire, one of the old ruined ecclesiastical establishments of Scotland. The Register contains several Papal Bulls, and is likely to be of considerable interest. It is to be edited by Dr. Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, who is a member of the Council. But there are many volumes due before this one can be reached. Indeed, the society is in arrear with its publications. The volume of Despatches of the Papal Envoys to Mary Queen of Scots, which is being edited by Father Hungerford Pollen for the society, was promised last year, but has not made its appearance yet. It has been delayed by the discovery of further documents, but will soon be ready now, and is looked forward to with much curiosity. There is no reason to believe, however, that it will throw any additional light on the character of the unfortunate Queen.

Ollendorff, the Paris publisher, is issuing a volume of literary criticisms upon eighteen of our living writers—George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Pinero, Jones, &c. The book is written by M. Charles Legras, a young French journalist, who spent several years in England. For the sake of seeing ourselves as others see us it is interesting to know what a French writer, who is also a good English scholar, thinks of our contemporary literature. The author has mingled with his own appreciations of the writers selected a great many reflections and criticisms gathered from the authors themselves.

The American Publishers' Association, which we recently referred to, are having their first fight with the department store in New York, owned by R. H. Macy and Co. One of the first books to be issued after the agreement was made was "Tarry Thou till I Come," published by Funk and Wagnall at \$1.40. Macy and Co. immediately cut the price to \$1.34, and the Publishers' Association has refused to supply them with any more books. Doubtless, they can obtain the books they want from other sources, and not direct from the publishers; but it is the intention of the Association to break down all these channels and stop the supply, not only to Macy's but to any one who sells to them.

According to the *Bookman* Mr. Kipling's "Jungle Books" will be produced on the stage of the Garrick Theatre in December next.

On June 19 Sir Martin Conway will publish through Messrs. Harper the account of his climbing and exploration of the Bolivian Andes, with copious illustrations and a bibliography.

A new publication will be issued from the *Punch* office at the end of June, under the editorship of Mr. E. T. Reed—viz., "Mr. Punch's Holiday Book"—containing original contributions by writers and artists whose work is well known in the pages of *Punch*.

Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, who, as is known, has written a drama, *The Empress of the Balkans*, is now occupied with an historical novel treating of the history of Duke Stephan of Herzegovina and the founders of the dynasty of Montenegro.

Messrs. Harper announce a new book of stories by W. D. Howells entitled, "A Pair of Patient Lovers."

Mr. Quaritch is issuing a volume on "Buddhist Art," being a translation of the new edition of Professor A. Grünwedel's *Buddhistische Kunst*, largely augmented by Dr. J. Burgess. It contains upwards of 150 illustrations of Buddhist sculptures, and is intended as a handbook for the visitor to any collection of these reliefs.

Messrs. Robinson announce a pamphlet, written by a British Field Officer, defending the Army against the attacks which were made on it by the Press during 1900.

Part I. of a second volume of "The Book of Book Plates" will be issued next week by Mr. Brimley Johnson.

Books to look out for at once.

"Makers of the Nineteenth Century." By the Rev. R. A. Armstrong. Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

[Deals with Queen Victoria, Gladstone, Carlyle, Darwin, George Eliot, Ibsen, Matthew Arnold, Mazzini.]

"Renaissance Types." By W. S. Lilly. Unwin. 16s.

"Tolstoy's Reply to the Synod's Edict of Ex-communication." Free Age Press.

[The full text of Tolstoy's reply to the Edict and to letters received concerning it—in pamphlet form.]

"Lord Byron's Works." Poetry, vol. 4. Edited by E. H. Coleridge. Murray. 6s.

["Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," "Beppo," "Mazeppa," "Vision of Judgment," "Marino Faliero," &c.]

"Flowers and Gardens." By Canon Ellacombe. Lane. 5s. net.

"The Secret Chambers and Hiding Places of Great Britain." By Allan Fea. Bousfield. Illustrated by the Author.

Fiction.

"Crucial Instances." By Edith Wharton. Murray. 5s. net.

"A Son of Mammon." By G. B. Burgin. Long. 6s.

"The Maiden's Creed." By Alan St. Aubyn. Digby and Long. 6s.

"The Millionaire Mystery." By Fergus Hume. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

"Love Rules the Camp." By Lieut.-Colonel Haggard. Hutchinson. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

WOMEN AND MEN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE. By EDITH SICHEL. 9×5½. 395 pp. Constable. 16s. n.

[The period covered is from 1498 to 1547. Special books are devoted to Marguerite of Angoulême and to Rabelais and his contemporaries.]

PETER ABÉLARD. By J. McCABE. 8×5¼. 352 pp. Duckworth. 6s. n.

[Berington's "History of Abailard" being no longer adequate and there being no complete life of Abailard written since in English, Mr. McCabe's book proposes to supply the want.]

THE MILITARY LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL GEORGE, FIRST MARQUESS TOWNSHEND, 1724-1807. By LT.-COL. C. V. F. TOWNSHEND, C.B., D.S.O. 9×6. 340 pp. Murray. 16s.

BROTHER MUSICIANS. Reminiscences of Edward and Walter Bache. By CONSTANCE BACHE. 7¼×5¼. 330 pp. Methuen. 6s.

[Two English composers of unfulfilled renown—1833-1858 and 1842-1888.]

EDUCATIONAL.

ENGLAND AND WALES. (Geography Readers No. III.) By L. W. LYDE. 7×4¼. 202 pp. Black. 1s. 4d.

SOUTH AMERICA. (School Geographies.) 7×4¼. 77 pp. Black. 1s. n.

DEDUCTIONS IN EUCLID. (University Tutorial Series.) By T. W. EDMONDSON. 7×5. 206 pp. Clive. 2s. 6d.

THE TUTORIAL ALGEBRA. Part I.—Elementary Course. By R. DEAKIN. 7×5. 443 pp. Clive. 3s. 6d.

FRENCH LANGUAGE DRILL. Part I.—Elementary. By U. A. DUTOIT. 7½×5. 103 pp. Dent. 1s. 6d. n.

LIVY BOOK XXI. (Illustrated Classics.) Ed. by F. E. A. TRAYER. 7½×5. 255 pp. Bell. 2s. 6d. n.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Their Influence on English History. By J. G. C. MINCHIN. 7½×5. 462 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s.

[Mr. Minchin takes eight schools—Charterhouse, Eton, Harrow, Merchant Taylors, Rugby, St. Paul's, Westminster, Winchester—and traces their influence in the great men among their alumni, &c.]

THE CURSE OF EDUCATION. By HAROLD E. GORST. 7¼×5¼. 144 pp. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

FICTION.

THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN. By HAROLD BEBBIE. 7¼×5¼. 355 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

LENA LAIRD. By W. J. LAIDLEY. 8×5¼. 482 pp. Sands. 6s.

[The scene is laid on the west coast of Scotland and in Paris, introducing the Latin Quarter.]

YESTRE. The Romance of a Life. By "VARTENIE." 7½×5. 237 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[The Armenian question.]

MUST YIELD TO WIN. (St. Brides Library.) By ADELINA. 7¼×5¼. 219 pp. Drane. 3s. 6d.

MY SILVER SPOONS. (St. Brides Library.) By EDITH HAWTREY. 7¼×5¼. 179 pp. Drane. 3s. 6d.

THE SEPARATION OF THE BERESFORDS. (St. Brides Library.) By CATHERINE ADAMS. 7¼×5¼. 279 pp. Drane. 3s. 6d.

[Short stories reprinted from magazines.]

IMPERTINENT DIALOGUES. By COSMO HAMILTON. 7½×5. 315 pp. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.

[Reprinted from the *World* and the *Outlook*.]

THE EARLY STARS. By A. KINROSS. 7½×5. 435 pp. Arrowsmith. 6s.

A CHILD OF ART. By ANNABEL GRAY. 7¼×5. 250 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

POEMS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. 61-1714 A.D. 7×4¼. 146 pp. Black. 1s. 6d.

GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD. By STEPHEN CRANE. Illustrated. 7¼×5¼. 272 pp. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE AND THE JACOBITE MOVEMENTS, 1701-1720. (Scottish History from Contemporary Writers, No. IV.) Ed. by C. S. TERRY. 6¼×4¼. 510 pp. Nutt. 6s.

[Another of these valuable "Source Books," containing some evidence printed for the first time. Mr. Terry's "The Rising of 1745" contained a bibliography applicable to both periods.]

UN DIPLOMATE FRANÇAIS À LA COUR DE CATHERINE II., 1775-1780. Journal Intime du Chevalier de Corberon, Chargé d'Affaires de France en Russie. Publié d'après le manuscrit original, avec une introduction et des notes par L. H. LABAUDE. 2 vols. 9×5½. Paris, Plon. Fr.15.

LITERARY.

LES CLASSIQUES Imitateurs de RONSARD, MALHERBE CORNEILLE, RACINE, BOILEAU. Extraits recueillis et annotés par E. DREYFUS-BRISAC. 7¼×5. 191 pp. Paris. Calmann Lévy. Fr.2.

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. Vol. I. The Emigrant Literature. By G. BRANDES. 8x6, 198 pp. Heinemann. 6s. n.
[The six volumes of this work deal with European literature, 1800-1848. This volume takes the beginning of the reaction against the spirit of the eighteenth century—the French emigrant literature inspired by Rousseau.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURDETT'S HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES, 1901. By SIR H. BURDETT, K.C.B. 7½x5, 989 pp. Scientific Press. 5s.

[A new feature of this exhaustive guide is a chapter on Royalty and Charity, emphasizing the good done by the late Queen and present King in this direction.]

BEAUTY ADORNED. By MRS. HUMPHRY. 7½x4, 134 pp. Unwin. 1s.

WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND? and other Brown Studies. By G. FROST. 7½x5½, 183 pp. Burleigh. 2s. 6d. n.

SMITH'S INDEX TO THE LEADING ARTICLES OF THE TIMES for five years ended December, 1900. Part I. (Proper Names.) 8½x5½, 48 pp. King. 2s. 6d. n.

OUR FLAG. Their Origin, Use, and Traditions. By REAR-ADMIRAL S. EARDLEY-WILMOT. 8½x7½, 63 pp. Simpkin, Marshall.

PORTRAITS INTIMES. By ADOLPHE BRISSON. 7½x4½, 360 pp. Paris: Colin. Fr. 3.50.

LOGES ET COULISSES. By JULES HURET. 7½x4½, 444 pp. Paris. Revue Blanche. Fr. 3.50.

A TREATISE ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE. By G. V. POORE. 8½x5½, 533 pp. Murray. 12s. n.

THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN OF 1900. By CAPT. C. H. ARMITAGE, D.S.O., and LIEUT.-COL. A. F. MONTANARO, R.A. 9x5½, 278 pp. Sands. 7s. 6d.

GOVERNMENT OR HUMAN EVOLUTION. Individualism and Collectivism. By E. KELLY, F.G.S. 7½x5½, 638 pp. Longmans. 10s. 6d. n.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF CRICKET. By CAPTAIN P. TREVOR ("Dux"). 7½x5½, 299 pp. Methuen. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STORY OF WILD FLOWERS. By the REV. PROF. G. HENSLOW. 6x3½, 249 pp. Newnes. 1s.

[This maintains the character of a series of popular handbooks which has been very well done. It is really suitable for a beginner, fully illustrated, and gives an admirable account of evolution and classification.]

POISONOUS PLANTS IN FIELD AND GARDEN. By the REV. PROF. G. HENSLOW. 6½x4½, 189 pp. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 2s. 6d.

[To enable children and others to distinguish poisonous from harmless plants, with illustrations and a list of antidotes.]

PHILOSOPHY.

THE ADVERSARIES OF THE SCEPTIC, or the Specious Present. By A. HODDER, Ph.D. 7½x5½, 339 pp. Sonnenschein. 6s.

[A criticism of current systems of Metaphysics, Logic, and Ethics.]

POETRY.

A READING OF LIFE and other Poems. By GEORGE MEREDITH. 7½x5½, 128 pp. Constable. 6s. n.

THE OXFORD YEAR and other Oxford Poems. By J. WILLIAMS. 7½x5, 126 pp. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. n.

[Poems about life at Oxford and the surrounding country, many of which are reprinted from the Oxford Magazine and the old Oxford Review.]

NATURE SONGS. By EMILY READ. 6½x4½, 106 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d. n.

VERSE MEMORIES. By the author of "Thine for Ever, God of Love." 7½x5½, 147 pp. Wells Gardner. 2s. 6d. n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

EBEN HOLDEN. By T. BACHELLER. 8½x5½, 189 pp. Unwin. 6d.

TARRY THOU TILL I COME; or, Salathiel, The Wandering Jew. By GEORGE CROLY. (Thrustrup Illustrated Ed.). 8x5½, 538 pp. Funk and Wagnall. \$1.40.

[This book, dealing with the period between Christ's death and the fall of Jerusalem, was first published in 1827.]

THE ART AND CRAFT OF GARDEN MAKING. 2nd Ed. By T. H. MAWSON. 12½x10½, 252 pp. Batsford. 25s. n.

[New matter and illustrations are added to this sumptuous and valuable book and a new preface stating the author's views on garden architecture and criticizing the "natural" method.]

SELECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. (The Little Library.) Ed. by N. C. SMITH. 6x4, 270 pp. Methuen. 1s. 6d. n.

[With a short biographical introduction based chiefly on the poet's own works, a few explanatory notes, and a portrait of Wordsworth at 23 from a drawing by Robert Hancock. The text is almost entirely based on the edition of 1849-1850.]

THE BOOK OF THE CHEESE. Traits and Stories of "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese." 4th Ed. Edited by R. D. ADAMS. 7½x5½, 200 pp. Unwin. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

THE FIRST INTERPRETERS OF JESUS. By G. H. GILBERT, Ph.D., D.D. 8x5½, 429 pp. The Macmillan Co. 5s. n.

THE CHURCH, THE CHURCHES, AND THE MYSTERIES. By G. H. PEMBER. 8½x5½, 554 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

[Written to show that the Church has degenerated by looking to tradition instead of to Scripture only, and by its "veiled Paganism of Priests and Sacraments."]

TOPOGRAPHY.

GUIDE TO GLASGOW. (Exhibition Ed.). 6½x4½, 393 pp. Black. 1s.

GONVILLE AND CAIUS. (Cambridge University College Histories.) By J. VENN, Sc.D. &c. 7½x5½, 271 pp. Robinson. 5s. n.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS. A Description and Itinerary. (Bell's Cathedral Series.) Ed. by REV. T. PERKINS. 7½x5, 91 pp. Bell. 1s. 6d. n.

S. GILBERT OF SEMPRINGHAM AND THE GILBERTINES. A History of the Only English Monastic Order. By ROSE GRAHAM, F.R.Hist.S. 9x6, 240 pp. Stock. 7s. 6d.

TRAVEL.

GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE. 6½x4½, 245 pp. Black. 3s. 6d.

ARMENIA. Travels and Studies. By H. F. B. LYNCH. 2 Vols. 9½x6½, 470+512 pp. Longmans. 42s. n.

ITALIAN CITIES. By E. H. and E. W. BLASHFIELD. 2 Vols. 7½x5½, 296+310 pp. Bullen. 12s.

BY THE IONIAN SEA. Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy. By GEORGE GISSING. 10½x7½, 168 pp. Chapman and Hall. 16s.

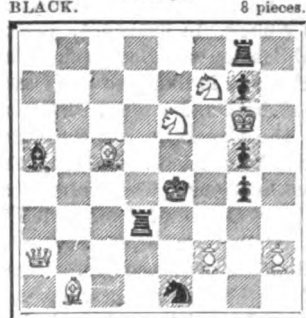
[With full-page coloured illustrations.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 183, by C. E. LINDMARK,

Brooklyn. 8 pieces.



WHITE. 8 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 184, by

VACLAV CISAR, Bohemia. 10 pieces.



WHITE. 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 185, competing in *La Stratégie*.—White (6 pieces)—K at K Kt 4; R at Q Kt 6; Kt at K B sq; pawns at K Kt 2, Q B 2, Q R 6. Black (6 pieces)—K at K 4; R at Q 4; pawns at K Kt 4, K B 5, K 7, Q Kt 4. White to play and win.

THE RICE GAMBIT.—On December 8, 1900, we gave a very remarkable game played by Lasker and other experts to test this opening by Professor Rice, New York. A feature of that contest was the numerous and varied sacrificial combinations and complicated play.

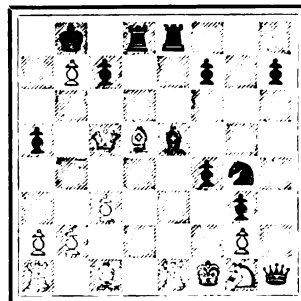
Recently, in the new *American Chess World*, attention has been devoted to the defence, chiefly by Mr. W. E. Napier, a well-known young expert. We cannot do better than give his analysis, which is as follows:—

ANALYSIS—RICE GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	12. Kt-Q 2	QxP
2. P-K B 4	PxP	13. Kt-B 3	Q-B 3
3. Kt-K B 3	P-K Kt 4	14. Q-R 4 ch	B-Q 2
4. P-K R 4	P-Kt 5	15. Q-Kt 4	Kt-Q B 3
5. Kt-K 5	Kt-K B 3	16. PxKt	B-P
6. B-B 4	P-Q 4	17. P-Q 5 (c)	P-Q R 4
7. PxP	B-Q 3	18. Q-B 5 (d)	Castles
8. Castles	BxKt	19. Kt-B 6 (e)	Kt-Kt
9. R-K sq (a)	Q-K 2	20. R-Kt (f)	Q-R 7 ch
10. P-B 3	P-Kt 6	21. K-B sq	P-B 6
11. P-Q 4	Kt-Kt 5	22. Q-Kt sq	Q-B 5 (g)

(a) The Rice Gambit is thus formed and continued, the sacrifice of the bishop being the point.

BLACK. 12 pieces.



WHITE. 12 pieces.
White to play and save the game? (Move 24) (h).

(h) From position in diagram Mr. Napier suggests 24. B-K 3 (threatening mate, &c.) B-Q 5 (very fine!); 25. QxP, PxP, or QxR P all lead to a loss for White.

Now let us take up the position at move 9, and here Mr.

J. P. Doyle (Hoboken) comes to our assistance in the May issue of the *American Chess World*. He plays for Black here a simple defence not mentioned in the book of the Rice Gambit—viz., 9.—K-B sq! Now, of course, 10. R-B seems forced for White, and is well answered by Kt-Q B 3. Obviously if 11. P-Kt, Q-Q 5 ch wins the rook. Otherwise 11. R-K sq, Kt-P; 12. P-Q 4, B-K 3; 13. BxKt, BxP; 14. BxP, Q-R P with a fine game. [(a) If 14. QxP, R-K Kt sq; 15. QxBP, RxP ch; 16. K-B sq, R-Kt 3, &c.]. Or 11. R-Kt 5, P-KR 3; 12. P-Kt, PxR; 13. P-Q Kt P, BxP, &c.

BLACK. 15 pieces.
RICE GAMBIT—Move 9.



WHITE. 14 pieces.
Black to play.



MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Photographed specially for "Literature" by Alfred Se. Fox.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 192. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	525, 526, 527
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—VII. Mr. Augustine Birrell. An Appreciation, by W. P. James	527
ZOLA'S "WORK"—A "Personal View," by Miss Hannah Lynch.....	529
"LUCAS MALET" ON THE FUTURE OF FICTION	530
THE SURVEY OF LONDON.....	531
FOREIGN LETTER—Germany	532
CURRENT LITERATURE— Women and Men of the French Renaissance	533
Educational Books	534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539
The Staff Work of the Anglo-Boer War—A Civilian War Hospital —Peace or War in South Africa—Hints for a Bush Campaign— The Cook's Decameron—Where is Your Husband?—Guide to the Stock Exchange.....	540
The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges—The Seal of Silence— Pastorals of Dorset—The Good Red Earth—Understudies—The Adventure of Princess Sylvia—Queen's Mate—The Warden of the Marches—A Bicycle of Cathay—Afield and Afloat—A Varsity Man—Children of Hermes—The Eternal Choice—Rival Claimants—The Black Tortoise	541, 542, 543
ART NOTES—Exhibitions	544
LIBRARY NOTES	544
THE BARROIS-ASHBURNHAM MSS.—II.....	545
CORRESPONDENCE—Squeers and Dotheboys Hall (Mr. F. G. Kitton) ..	546
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	547
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	547, 548

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT for next week will be that of MR. ARTHUR SYMONS.

In the same number special attention will be given to books on Travel and on Gardening, with many illustrations.

* * * *

It was at the beginning of last year that Mr. George Moore announced his deliberate intention of turning his back on London. He and his friends had "considered the reformation of London. After some doubts, some hesitation, it suddenly came upon us that it was impossible." Nevertheless, we gather from the July number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which is just out, that the process of shaking the dust of London from Mr. Moore's feet is still proceeding. Mr. Archer finds him still choking for fresh air, still asking why he should live in London, still "going to find a primitive people" in Dublin. His conversation on the Irish movement with Mr. Archer (whom he does not convince) is interesting, particularly in one statement, which will be new to many who watch that movement with interest—viz., that its promoters are not agreed as to the Irish language which is to be employed. There are already two schools of writers. "Some—like Dr. Douglas Hyde, for instance—would use no words that are not common to all dialects and understood over the length and breadth of Ireland. Others would give free scope to the vernacular of every district."

* * * *

The Irish Festival, by-the-by, recently held in Dublin, brought to light a great number of Irish writers. Essays were written on a great number of subjects connected with Ireland, and though the money prizes only averaged about £5 each there VOL. VIII. No. 25.

were an immense number of essays written, many of them of great merit. The "Proceedings" are to be published in book form and will contain all the prize essays, poems, &c.

* * * *

The final performance of the Stage Society's second season was disappointing. Mr. W. Kingsley Tarpey, whose play *Windmills* was produced, might be forgiven a lack of experience in dramatic craft if he showed that he had any fresh ideas. But this he failed to show. *Windmills* is the kind of farce one sees constantly at the theatres, and it was not good of its kind. Surely the Stage Society should do better than this. However, the piece gave an actor a chance to show what he could do in the eccentric character line, and of this chance Mr. A. E. George fully availed himself. *Windmills* was preceded by Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema's curious little play, *The Unseen Helmsman*, which is not at all dramatic but which has an idea behind it. It is written rather prettily; the theme however demands power rather than prettiness, being, in brief, the eternal problem whether a woman can expect the whole of a man's love or ought to be content to share it.

* * * *

The late Sir Walter Besant always took a great interest in the stage, and was the part author of several plays which were produced with more or less success. Of these the best known was a dramatized version of the first novel he wrote in collaboration, "Ready Money Mortiboy." This was produced at the Court Theatre in March, 1874. A second play from his pen, dealing with "The Chaplain of the Fleet" was accepted by the same management, but was never staged. In December, 1880, a dramatized version of a short story by Sir Walter was produced at the Olympic Theatre, under the title of *Such a Good Man*. His last play, *The Balladmonger*, has been included for some time past in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's repertoire, and is still frequently played.

* * * *

With the summer assembly which the National Home-Reading Union is holding at Winchester from to-day until the 29th inst. the celebrations of King Alfred's millenary may be said to have begun, though the more notable commemoration is to be held next month. In London a special exhibition is being arranged at the British Museum to illustrate the history of England in Anglo-Saxon times. There are several more volumes on Alfred to come, notably the little book by the late Sir Walter Besant, which, as stated in last week's *Literature*, is to be completed by his friend Dr. Sprigge, the editor of the *Lancet*. Mr. Elliot Stock is issuing the facsimile of the famous Alfred Jewel, of which we have already said something. Several "Alfred" plays are also promised, Mr. Wilson Barrett has already copyrighted one—*The Christian King*.

* * * *

The "Official History" of the Boer War is to be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and at least one volume will probably appear during the autumn. Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, who is preparing the work, is to be assisted by Major G. Lo M. Gretton, who has recently been a member of the Intelligence Staff in South Africa.

A case just brought before the Paris Police-court has made much stir among literary circles in Paris. In 1853 a society was founded for the publication of the works of Lamartine. Among its members to-day are MM. Emile Ollivier, Normand, Coppée, and Jules Lemaitre. A well-known Paris Notary, M. de Barre, the executor of the will of the poet's niece, wants to dissolve the society for the following very piquant reasons. The works of Lamartine no longer sell as they did, and the expenses are very nearly double the receipts. M. de Barre, who possesses 348 out of the 600 shares of the society, does not wish to await the utter extinction of his income from the shares. M. Emile Ollivier, however, has protested in a violent letter against the dissolution of the society, and the question before the Court is whether he has or has not been libellous. His indignation is pious and explicable, for he was an intimate friend of Lamartine; and his counsel may naturally plead that the dissolution of the society would be a crime against the poet's memory, its members not being eager for dividends, but united solely in their pious cult of Lamartine. The judges of the Police-court, however, have before them a simple case of libel, and M. Ollivier's letter has not been yet published.

How to get an opinion that shall always be "ex-cathedra" on an artistic journal is the question which the authorities of the *Architectural Review* have determined to solve by a new departure in their July number. The editorial control is to be put in the hands of a committee of representative architects. Fourteen members of the profession—among them Mr. R. Norman Shaw, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, and Mr. Gerald C. Horsley—have agreed to form this "Advisory Editorial Committee." Meanwhile Mr. MacColl will act as literary editor. Another change will be a reduction of the price to sixpence.

We publish below the poem which has recently gained the Hemans Memorial Medal for 1901 at Liverpool University.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

The air is full of music: mortal mind
Discerns not half the tuneful harmonies
Of subtle sound in Nature's depths enshrined.

The air thrills through with music: tiny cries
And pulsing throbs of daisy-waking morn
Touch the responsive heart to glad surprise.

Upfloating, murmuring music: ripening corn
Scatters quaint chimes of sighing melody,
Of breeze-stirred, bowing ears and leaf-blades born.

The air resounds with music: the strong sea
Is one vast instrument of wondrous range,
Which pours abroad its music ceaselessly.

Everywhere music: endless interchange
Of storm and calm; each season's varying round
Accompanied by cadence new and strange.

Ever vibrating music: the low sound
Of rippling streamlet sheds a sweet refrain;
And quivering pine-trees lead a fugue profound.

Strange, yearning, mystic music: rustling rain
Sobs sad slow symphonies; to every call
The hidden mimic Echo calls again.

In deepest, tenderest music softly fall
And rise the notes of nesting birds, for love
Sweetest musician ever is to all.

With tremulous music insects humming rove;
Buds burst in music; snapping seeds ring shrill;
The whispering wind sings changefully above.

Sacred earth-music, played with heavenly skill
Eternally by Nature; these—and more
Melodious sounds and silence untold still.

MARGARET THEODORA GRIFFITH.

Sir Walter Besant, it is announced, has left an Autobiography, which is in the hands of Mr. A. P. Watt.

The late Miss Charlotte Yonge's estate has been valued at £12,913 11s. 3d. gross, including personal estate of the net value of £10,800 13s. 5d.

The next meeting of the Publishers Congress will be held at Milan.

At the annual general meeting of the London Library, it was stated that both the number of members and the circulation of books had diminished during the year. Mr. Frederic Harrison expressed the opinion that this was due to the war.

The Pope and the Rector of the University of Glasgow have exchanged courteous messages on the occasion of the 450th anniversary celebrations. The University was founded by a Papal Bull granted by Pope Nicholas V.

Vanity Fair has a capital picture of M. Edmond Rostand this week.

A new street in the neighbourhood of Kensington-square has been named "Thackeray-street"—presumably in honour of the author of "Old Kensington."

Mr. Watts is completing his full-length life-size portrait of Tennyson.

Dr. Murray, editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, is on a visit to Hawick, and preached in the East Bank United Free Church there on Sunday last.

Three autograph letters from Charlotte Brontë to Mr. W. Williams were sold on Monday, at Puttick and Simpson's, for £12 14s. 6d. At the same sale an autograph letter from Charles Dickens to Henry Austen fetched £1 13s.

Mr. A. J. Evans has officially informed the Cretan Parliament that he possesses indisputable proof that he has discovered the Temple of Minos.

Mr. George Meredith has written to Mr. F. Chapman denouncing the threatened violation of the view from Richmond Hill.

The 47th anniversary of the London Association of Correctors of the Press was celebrated by a dinner at the Hotel Cecil on Saturday. Dr. Garnett and Dr. Todhunter were the principal speakers.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the American poetess, is in London, and another American poetess, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, sailed for England on the 13th inst.

In a recent copyright case in Paris it was mentioned that the popular novelist, Emile Richebourg, had made £32,000 by royalties on his last eight books. His total fortune at his death amounted to nearly £100,000.

The first performance of the annual Passion Play at Selzach, in German Switzerland, took place on Sunday last.

Professor Hermann Grimm, the German novelist, died on Monday at the age of 73.

Prince Nicholas of Greece has just been designated "laureate" in a dramatic congress organized by the University of Athens. He won the distinction under a pseudonym.

The *Gaulois* announces that M. Hanotaux has decided to retire definitely from politics and devote himself exclusively to literature.

Mr. G. F. McCorquodale will preside at the anniversary festival of the Printers' Pension Corporation at the Hotel Métropole on Wednesday, June 26.

A meeting of the Modern Language Association will be held on Wednesday next in the Pfeiffer-hall, Queen's College, 43 and 45, Harley-street. Sir Richard C. Jebb will be in the chair.

Literature Portraits.—VII.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

When the accomplished scholar and critic, who was the first editor of this journal, cast about for an essayist to open the series of literary *Causeries* he designed to publish in it, his choice fell upon Mr. Birrell. The choice was a natural and right one, for in this graceful accomplishment Mr. Birrell, it is not too much to say, has scarcely a rival. The word is French, the thing is often said to be French; and certainly, though the art of literary *causerie* is now, among ourselves, "upon the town," the Frenchmen still do it more naturally as well as more artfully. Yet the countrymen of Lamb and Hazlitt should have no need to go abroad to learn how to talk well about books, and in Mr. Birrell quite manifestly the art is native and natural. Mr. Traill in his introduction to the republished series of *causeries* from *Literature* felt called upon to defend the term *causerie* as well as the title "Among my Books." Pleading that it hurt his patriotism to have recourse to a French word, he confessed he could find no English word that conveyed precisely the same meaning; and he insisted that the element of bookishness, the atmosphere of the library, was of the essence of the art. Mr. Birrell, then, was the very man for him. He has the rare art of talking naturally on paper, and his every word and tone rings with the love of literature and affectionate familiarity with books.

"*Obiter Dicta*," published in 1885, in a small way marked an epoch. It marked the distance travelled from the time when "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*" was selected and exhibited as the motto and maxim of criticism. Mr. Birrell grew up under Matthew Arnold's milder reign. Arnold has a passage relating how politicians in his day would deplore the less strenuous spirit of their sons—"At their age what reformers we were," cried the sires. Well, in criticism as in politics, a generation's experience of heroic measures had somewhat abated the "cocksureness." The critics had learnt some doubt of themselves and more tolerance towards others. So, in place of the judicial condemnations which the old reviewers were prepared to mete out to all and sundry—to Coleridge and Keats no less than to "Satan" Montgomery; nay, in place of Arnold's own endeavours in the grand style to see the object as it really was, Mr. Birrell came offering the world his *obiter dicta*, "gratuitous opinions, individual impertinences, which, wise or foolish, right or wrong, bind none, not even the lips that utter them." Mr. Birrell, by the way, has criticised the motto of the "Blue and Buff," reminding us that a Judge is not self-elected. Is his own title, modest and characteristic as it is, quite so accurate as it should be on the legal lips of one of His Majesty's Counsel? However, it sufficiently indicated to the world the temper of his deliverances, and the world was very ready to welcome them.

The time was ripe for criticism in this less pretentious vein, and Mr. Birrell's little book had an immense success. It is not often that *The Times* bends all its weight to urge the merit of a slender sheaf of anonymous literary essays. Still less often does "what is facetiously called the reading public" (the ungrateful phrase is Mr. Birrell's own) answer to the invitation. Literary essays, as a rule, have no excitements for the trade. Not here are the palpitating paragraphs that record the race of new editions. Yet "*Obiter Dicta*" ran into new editions almost as if it were a popular novel or a bit of scandal. I do not happen to know the number of the present edition, but my copy of "Men, Women, and Books" advertises the fourteenth, and that was seven years ago. His brother craftsmen appreciate even more keenly than the public how great a triumph this was, and how well it was deserved. The half-dozen essays treated topics none of them new, several of them trite—trampled to death, you might have thought; Carlyle and Browning, for instance—the theme of every amateur essay-society. Yet on these trite topics we all of us found ourselves listening delightedly to the fresh voice. The secret was just that. The voice was fresh, the words witty, and the judgment sound.

In discussing, last week, the various aspects of Sir Walter Besant's life and work, we did not say much about the riddle of his long collaboration with James Rice. Some *Collaboration*. helps towards the answer to that riddle—if not precisely the answer itself—were contained in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's communication to *The Times* last Monday:—"Besant was the skilled writing partner—he did the description, dialogues, characters; but Rice thought out the plot and construction." Rice, in fact, brought suggestions in armfuls. Besant sorted them, picked out what he wanted, and worked them into shape. This is stated as a fact ascertained by inquiry, and it is very much the conclusion that one would have arrived at by comparing the Besant and Rice books, first with the one Rice book, and then with the many Besant books. For Rice, when he wrote alone, was one of the feeblest of the feeble, and Besant, when he was alone, excelled more in execution than in invention. If ever collaboration in the production of works of art was justified by results duly tested by experiment, it was so in this case. And yet, even with the case before them, most literary artists will probably find it as difficult as ever to understand how such collaboration can be anything but an unnatural process. In the case of plays it may be feasible and even useful. But for that there are sound and obvious reasons. In the first place, plays—such plays, at any rate, as are written in collaboration—do not, it must be confessed, aim primarily at artistic success; they aim mainly, if not exclusively, at commercial success. In the second place, the writing of plays requires technical knowledge which no man can possibly acquire by practice or by taking thought, but which can only be got by attending rehearsals and seeing how the stage manager cuts a play about, and why. Not otherwise can it be discovered what concessions the art of the playwright must make to the vanity of the player; what the stage carpenter can or cannot do; what realism is pleasing and what realism is ridiculous; whether such and such an epigram is or is not likely to "carry over the footlights." In the face of these and other thorny problems two heads may often be better than one; and a play by Sims and Pettitt seems a natural product, not merely because we are used to the combination, but because we see what there is to be gained by the joining of forces. In the case of fiction the conditions are different. In the first place, the technique of fiction is not such that any man whose ideas are worth putting into novels need find any difficulty, with practice, in acquiring it. In the second place, ideas for stories are, as a rule, absolutely valueless until they have been transmuted in the brain of the creative worker. In the third place, a novel is in intention, if not always in fact, a work of art rather than a piece of goods; and the artistic temperament, being imperious and dictatorial, resents criticism and wants to monopolize praise. That collaboration has sometimes been found possible in spite of these apparently insuperable obstacles is an undoubted, if a surprising, fact. But of the novels written in collaboration one of three things can generally be predicated. Either

(1) The name of one of the collaborators only appears on the title-page as a compliment or a token of affection, as in the case of the novel attributed to "Mr. and Mrs." R. L. Stevenson; or

(2) One of the collaborators was merely an amanuensis or a "ghost," as in the case of the collaborators of the elder Dumas; or

(3) The novel is a machine-made piece of goods, not of the highest artistic quality, as in the case of the Erckmann-Chatrian series.

The case of Besant and Rice is the best exception to this rule that can be found; and even that case will be found to be provided for by clause three if we apply the very highest standards of artistic merit. The very greatest artists never collaborate in fiction, or even in writing for the stage. One does not readily picture Mr. George Meredith collaborating, or Mr. Thomas Hardy; or Maeterlinck, or Ibsen. For they are writers who write not because they want to say something, but because there is something that they want to say—because their aim is to be artists, not popular entertainers.

Mr. Birrell's success was no doubt directly due to the lightness of his manner. Most legitimately so, for he is commendably free from the besetting sins of the conversationalist and impressionist—pose and display and eccentricity. Moreover lightness of manner is an exemplary virtue when serious subjects are handled lightly and not dishonoured. Talker and wit though he be, Mr. Birrell's interests are notably serious. His manner is light, not because he does not feel deeply, but because his judgment is mellow and his temper tolerant. A careful and loving student of Carlyle and Newman, of Burke and Johnson, an attentive reader of Matthew Arnold and Sir James Stephen, his intelligence was nurtured on grave subjects, and his heart is in the deeper human causes. It is the humanity even more than the art in books and writers that attracts him, and in nine cases out of ten supplies his text.

Mr. Birrell writes brilliantly, yet his essays are at the opposite pole from the prize exercise in style. He gives you the impression of writing because he is fond and full of his subject. And, indeed, there is plenty of internal evidence to prove that his subjects are matters of familiar reflection with him. Throughout the first series of "Obiter Dicta" are scattered the germs of later essays. In the essay on Carlyle are indications of the coming discourses on Gibbon and Emerson and Matthew Arnold and the Muse of History; in the essay on "Truth-Hunting" of those on Lamb and Johnson and Newman. So in the second series, in the essays on Lamb and on the Office of Literature will be found pages on Hazlitt and Borrow as delightful as anything in the later essays treating specifically of those authors in "Res Judicatæ." Only occasionally does the later essay materially modify the opinion indicated in the earlier reference. In the case of Emerson, it is true, Mr. Birrell seems to have felt that he had revealed too incautiously his secret opinion that those who went for real sustenance to the philosopher of Concord were like to fill their bellies with the East wind.

Mr. Birrell's range is not wide. He has not the polyglot erudition nor the cosmopolitan curiosity of some of our other able critics and *causeurs*. He has, for example, I think, handled only two or three foreign subjects:—Benvenuto Cellini and Marie Bashkirtseff, for their human interest; and Sainte-Beuve, no doubt because he was commissioned by a publisher as an appropriate person to introduce to English readers a selection of translations of the most famous "Causeries" in literature. But in these restless encyclopædic days this limitation has its comforts and is not without its refreshing and reassuring side. After all, there is plenty of width to turn in the spaces that separate Newman from George Borrow, or Browning from Pope, or Cowper from Carlyle, or Milton from Matthew Arnold. Nor will he be found dealing in "appreciations" of contemporary writers. In a dozen passages he has emphasized his opinion that the business of the wise critic (who has not the misfortune to be a reviewer) is with the work that time has sifted. He is, I dare swear, an appreciative reader of Mr. Barrie, but in public he would sooner tell you how good a book was Galt's "Entail." Nor will he be found dealing wholesale condemnations. He has a soft place in his heart for "Satan" Montgomery, and is confident that Montgomery's readers did not begin to enjoy Milton or to read the "Paradise Lost" just because they were frightened out of their natural likings by the stormy ridicule of a mighty rhetorician. If Mr. Birrell attacks, his attack is generally in defence of a reputation attacked by others. He can be angry with Coleridge, when his virtues have been pitted against the vices of Charles Lamb; and hostile to Fielding, when his manliness has been too pointedly contrasted with the tea-party moralities of Richardson. His range of work, in fact, is sufficiently indicated by his "Obiter Dicta," of which "Res Judicatæ" and "Men, Women, and Books" were but successors in the direct line. Even the excellent book on Charlotte Brontë is but a longer essay in the same agreeable manner on facts and opinions to be found in Mrs. Gaskell, Mr. Swinburne, and Sir Wemyss Reid. Some of these Obiter Dicta were first delivered as lectures and addresses. For so signal was the success of his

essays that Mr. Birrell soon found himself in great request as lecturer—and that, I believe, even before he was a member of Parliament. Now, to be in demand as a lecturer in England on the sheer literary merits is no mean triumph. The triumph was amply justified by the result, for I know no literary lectures—I judge only by the printed versions—at once more conversational in tone and more literary in style and substance than these.

His services were also naturally sought as editor and "introducer" of the classics; and no reader of "Obiter Dicta" will have been surprised to find him consenting to edit Boswell. His latest "introduction"—and a capital bit of work it is—is at this moment before the public, before whom it ushers the bashful and autobiographical Mr. Broadhurst. The Life of his friend Sir Frank Lockwood was another piece of congenial biographical work that Mr. Birrell found to do.

Only one other literary triumph remains, I think, to be recorded. Mr. Birrell has been chosen by the Council of Legal Education to deliver courses of lectures to law students; and he contrived, without, as I understand, any sacrifice of legal orthodoxy, to make even a law lecture lively. So potent is the magic of manner.

W. P. JAMES.

The first series of "Obiter Dicta" was published anonymously by Mr. Elliot Stock in 1884, and was an immediate success. In ten years it went through fourteen editions; to-day it is in its twenty-first; and it still is Mr. Birrell's most popular book. The last essay in the volume—that on "Falstaff"—was by George Radford, and Mr. Birrell, in mentioning the fact in the preface to his second series, regretted that he was not able to persuade the same writer to contribute again. For authors to enjoy the pleasure of reading their own books over again, he remarked, it was essential that they should be written either wholly, or in part, by somebody else. And he apologized for the appearance of another book "by one who has never been inside the Reading Room of the British Museum," adding, however, that he would be satisfied with its existence "if only it prove a little interesting to men and women who, called upon to pursue, somewhat too rigorously for their liking, their daily duties, are glad, every now and then, when their feet are on the fender and they are surrounded with such small luxuries as their theories of life will allow them to enjoy, to be reminded of things they once knew more familiarly than now, of books they once had by heart, and of authors they must ever love." Mr. Birrell did not have long to wait for satisfaction on this score, for the second series (published by Elliot Stock in 1887) soon justified its existence by going to a second edition, and has since gone to a ninth edition. The large paper edition of the two series, published in two volumes in 1895, is now virtually out of print. Mr. Birrell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" among the "Great Writers," published by Mr. Walter Scott, appeared in the same year as the second series of "Obiter Dicta," and contained some new matter relating to a little-known period in the life of the Rev. Patrick Brontë—the period which elapsed between his leaving Cambridge in 1806 and coming to Yorkshire in 1811. Mr. Birrell's one other biographical volume, the life of Sir Frank Lockwood, was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder in 1898, and is now in its fourth edition. His volumes of essays are all published by Mr. Elliot Stock, who issued "Res Judicatæ" in 1892 and "Essays about Men, Women, and Books" in 1894, both of which have gone through several editions. All the essays, or something very like them, previously appeared in the *Spectator*, the *New Review*, and other periodicals, or had been delivered as lectures. A library edition of the "Collected Essays," in two volumes, was published by Mr. Elliot Stock in 1899.

Mr. Birrell dedicated his "Essays about Men, Women, and Books" to Frederick Locker-Lampson—"sublest of critics, kindest of relatives, most generous of book-hunters"—and last year he wrote a preface to the appendix to the Rowfant Library, "A Catalogue of the Printed Books, Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, &c., collected since the printing of the first catalogue in 1886 by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson," dedicatory odes being at the same time contributed by Mr. Andrew Lang, Lord Crewe, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. Mr. Birrell also edited Frederick Locker-Lampson's "Confidences," published by Smith, Elder, and now in a second edition. In 1888 he edited the "Essays of Elia" for the Temple Library, and Messrs. Dent now publish this edition of Lamb's work in two volumes, illustrated by C. E. Brock, as well as in a cheaper form with an etching by Herbert Railton. Mr. Birrell's busiest year as an

editor seems to have been in 1896, when, besides his work on the complete edition of Robert Browning, which he edited with Mr. F. G. Kenyon for Messrs. Smith, Elder, he wrote introductions to the "Lavengro" published by Messrs. Macmillan, and "The School for Saints and the Rivals," which the same publishers issued with illustrations by J. E. Sullivan. In the same year he also edited Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In 1896, too, he published his six lectures on "The Duties and Liabilities of Trustees" (Macmillan), his "Four Lectures on the Law of Employers' Liability at Home and Abroad" coming from the same firm in the following year. His last legal volume contained the more popular of the eighteen lectures which he delivered as Quain Professor of Law at University College, London, in 1898, on the subject of "The Law and History of Copyright in Books" (Cassell, 1899). Special mention is made of the Copyright Bill which Sir Walter Besant had so much at heart. In other departments of letters Mr. Birrell's latest contribution was his delightful preface—mentioned in our Notes Column on May 25—to Mr. Broadhurst's autobiography (Hutchinson).

ZOLA'S "WORK." A "Personal View"

BY MISS HANNAH LYNCH.

M. Zola is the prince of actuality. At a moment when France is preoccupied with the grave question of strikes, he comes forward with another of his ponderous tomes on the subject. He has devoted 666 pages to the amelioration of the human race in such a manner as to take all seriousness from his proposed reforms. The flightiest of observers must admit that reform in the world of labour is urgent when unrest and dissatisfaction front us on all sides. M. Zola seems to believe that science can accomplish the wildest wonders, and, with the assistance of science, he introduces us to a revised humanity we are very far from recognizing. Labour is done away with. Girls and boys in the pauses of love-making—which is their only real occupation—can carry through all the workings of a factory and find it less laborious than play. Copious repasts are served in the open by magic, for nobody seems to cook them or to stoop to the labour of laying a cloth. Everybody, of course, is a teetotaler in this beatific age, and since everybody is implacably doomed to evening love-making, and all the couples are chased by their creator into the woods the moment the stars are out, with their arms round one another's waist, it follows that there is never any rain or hail or snow. It is eternal spring, the poet's May, and at sixteen or thereabouts all the boys and girls become engaged (there are hundreds of them, all named and all apparently recognized and remembered by the author of their multiple existence) and are allowed not a moment's privacy. Their duty is to make love in the open, under the benevolent eyes of their elders, with an astounding indifference to the spectators around them. And when they sit down to public meals (everything in M. Zola's regenerated land is done in public), all the artisans' wives wear diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, precious stones having ceased to have any value, thanks to electricity; their heads are ashimmer with jewels in the implacable sunlight, and they are robed in soft light silken raiment. They eat off silver plates, and the children about them spring up like mushrooms.

M. Zola seizes nothing of the shades, the variability, the incessant modifications of humanity. Like the men who made the Revolution a hundred years ago, he expects in a different way to bring about violent and immediate reform. We feel on the brink of great changes, but we know that they will come more insensibly than M. Zola imagines. Real progress is too clement not to be slow. And such an amelioration of

existence as he prophesies would deprive us of considerably more than it would bestow upon us. Life which has become methodical and evenly fortunate would mean life without that blest of all gifts, illusion, life without that bitterest of tonics, deception, life without the April smiles and tears of wild rash youth, life without the slow and sure lessons of experience. A humanity that did not suffer is a humanity that could inspire no lasting interest. It is not well to cause suffering needlessly. It is through suffering that man becomes lovable. The diaphanous hand of pain fashions the soul in an infinitely nobler mould than joy. Life exempt from sorrow would be a life exempt from the better part of our common heritage. Is not the pity we feel for a brother broken by some passionate grief of deeper and more vibrant sensation than any we might feel towards him in an hour of triumph? M. Zola would suppress effort—and thereby assuredly mutilate humanity, since the best in us is brought out and developed by effort—because he is indignant at the excessive toil of the working classes. And instead of the diversities of temperament, character, and fate, he offers us the commonplace prospect of flawless publicity. No quarrels, no tears, no broken hearts, no reconciliations, no jealousies or discontents. The wheels of existence move with implacable perfection, kept in order by electricity, in the guiding hand of science. And with the suppression of suffering, he suppresses passion and delight, he suppresses all surprise and illusion, and reduces human beings to the dead dull level of machinery. The idealism of M. Zola sends us back into the arms of reality with recovered vigour of allegiance. We contemplate its harshness in admiration of the results. We perceive so clearly the superiority of labouring, suffering, deceived, and deceiving mankind to this Utopian dream of the races; and whatever changes may be in store for us, we ask of progress not to deprive us of the tears which strengthen and ennoble.

M. Vizetelly, in his preface to his translation of "Travail," writes:—"It is an exposition of M. Zola's gospel of work, as the duty of every man born into the world and the sovereign cure for many ills; it deals with the present-day conditions of society so far as those conditions are affected by capital and labour; and, thirdly and particularly, it embraces a scheme of social reorganization and regeneration in which the ideas of Charles Fourier, the eminent philosopher, are taken as a basis and broadened and adapted to the needs of a new century." I entirely agree with Mr. Vizetelly when he says that science will do more than the "innate spirit of brotherliness between men to bring about comparative happiness for the human race." The pity is that M. Zola, in dreaming of his progressive changes, had not the modesty to content himself with the happiness of mankind in the comparative sense. Things might very well be a great deal better than they are without offering us the spectacle of artisans' wives bedecked in broad daylight with precious stones, robed in silk attire, and eating off silver meals that have apparently been prepared by electricity and invisible hands. How much pleasanter and cheerfuller the sight of a buxom woman of the people arrayed in cotton, with spotless cap, among her shining pots and pans, preparing with her own rough and hardened hands the midday meal which her husband and children will eat with all the better appetite because she has cooked it!

M. Zola has a large and generous heart, but he is not sufficiently armoured against sentimentalism. His hatred of alien suffering stumbles him into the ridiculous, where he poses and prosos sublimely. Hence his violence and exaggeration,

and hence his dull and nonsensical dream of reform. The first three hundred pages of "Travail" are realistic and sad, with here and there a poignant note. We are interested in Luc, the idealist and dreamer, and we honour him for his gentleness and pitying love of Josine, the ill-treated abandoned child of the people, cast into the street by her infamous lover. The author handles this figure with great delicacy and sympathy, and manages, with little description and hardly any dialogue, to convey an impression of sweetness and charm. This impression fades when Josine is rescued and becomes the happy wife of Luc, which is only another proof that the heart is won and held by suffering rather than by joy, and that many, who in adversity command our esteem and admiration, dwindle into the commonplace in prosperity. Luc himself interests so long as he remains an unpractical dreamer and is on the point of disastrous failure in his scheme. But Luc successful, surrounded by adoring women, the president of a Utopian republic, where there is no division of classes, where *bourgeois* and artisan intermarry, where every one laughs, dances, makes love the live-long day, and the very babies are born without peril or pain, repels us as a fatuous and impossible creation. We are thankful for the diversities and divergency of real life, and note that poverty and hard labour are not all incessant gloom and groans. They go with much mirth and blitheness of mood, and they have their radiant hours, too, lending colour and kindness to our earth. There are iniquities one would gladly see abolished, and it were well the greed of gold played less part in the development of humanity, that women and children of the people were less ruthlessly trampled upon, but it will be a dull and dreary world indeed when we reach M. Zola's wild ultimate of progress.

"LUCAS MALET" ON THE FUTURE OF FICTION.

At the women writers' dinner, held last Monday at the Criterion Restaurant, 156 ladies assembled. Man, as the first speaker observed, was regarded "exclusively from the point of view of a brother, and that not a long lost one, though one for the moment absent." The two after-dinner speeches were by Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet") and Madame Sarah Grand. The former did not deliver her speech herself, but handed it to Miss Sydney Phelps, who stood beside a statue of Shakespeare and declaimed it. "Lucas Malet," after showing that the list of women writers of the nineteenth century compared well with writers of the other sex, made some interesting observations on the future of fiction, some of which, as they have been so far rather scantily reported, we give in full:—

"As writers," said Mrs. Harrison, "we have a certain responsibility in regard to the future of our art. It is cowardly to shirk that responsibility, and it is surely a trifle mean, since we are in this matter proven his equal, to try to shuffle it—as, surprising to relate, we so often still, I observe, strive to shuffle our little difficulties—on to the broader shoulders of our brother man. We must come up to time, ladies, and be prepared to pay the price which equality exacts. For it is an unpleasant truth that things, excellent in themselves, frequently produce indirect results wholly the reverse of excellent. The spread of education, a thing in itself very excellent, has produced a new and enormous reading public very far from excellent, since it possesses no standard of taste, of style, of culture, I may almost say, of truth and of untruth. And this, through no fault of its own, since it has not, and obviously cannot have, the hereditary instincts which come of generations of breeding and of scholarship. But it is voracious, and the strength of its digestion is absolutely appalling. That of the ostrich, which comfortably assimilates rocks, ginger-beer bottles, and tenpenny nails, simply

isn't in it! All it asks is to be filled. And the worst of it is, this public will pay for that filling, sums individually small, but very large in the aggregate. And here, as you must recognize, ladies, a very serious danger presents itself. This public asks to be amused as cheaply, not to say vulgarly, as possible. For the most part it is born tired, it hates exertion. It asks to be made to feel clever with as little expenditure of brain power as possible. It asks to be made to feel virtuous and secure of heaven with as little moral and spiritual effort as possible. It asks to be made familiar with, and consequently comfortably contemptuous of all classes not its own, all countries it has never visited, all religious systems with which it is unacquainted, all forms of knowledge beyond its intellectual range, all forms of art which transcend its very utilitarian conception of beauty. . . .

"I regret to say that this demand on the part of half-educated readers for a literature lacking in distinction, lacking in sincerity, lacking in research, lacking in accurate science, lacking in serious observation of human nature, lacking in beauty and in ideas, has been pandered to and catered for by persons of great business capacity, whose attitude towards Letters and Art is neither more nor less reverential than that of the draper towards his ribbons and laces or that of the general dealer towards his monkey-brand soap or Eiffel-tower lemonade. Goods by the yard or by the dozen, goods by the thousand words or by the page, the underlying object is precisely the same—namely, profit and hard cash. I have no quarrel, ladies, with trade or with commerce. These are not only necessary, but honourable, in their right place. At their best they have a certain massive and trampling kind of poetry. They have their romance. In any case, they are to the body politic that which the viscera are to the individual human body. But we distinguish, ladies, between the dignity of the different parts of the human economy. And to apply the rules of commerce, the rules of trade, to matters of Literature and of Art is to cease to exercise such power of discrimination. It is to place the flesh above the spirit, it is to confuse the price-list with the lyric, it is to cease to discriminate between our dinners and our prayers. For the ultimate purpose of commerce can be, after all, nothing higher than the increase of material prosperity, while that of Literature and of Art is the elevation of humanity by the worship of beauty and the expansion of the knowledge of Truth.

"Just now the spirit of commerce rules. It will not always be so. The wheel turns, ladies; for ever the wheel turns. Revolt must of necessity come. Then that very majority, to supply whose ignorant demands—either real or imagined—we have been called upon to degrade our Literature and our Art, will turn also and rend us. And, therefore, I venture to think it becomes not only the duty but the wisdom of all those writers of Fiction who honour their calling, and all those critics who realize their power in forming the taste and elevating the standard of the rising generation, to go before and promote this revolt by every legitimate means. Let the authors do their best work, refusing dictation, refusing to amplify or to curtail it to order. Let them refuse to write what they are told is wanted rather than that which they have it in them to write. . . . There is a ghastly legend—I sincerely hope it is not authentic—that a young man of unquestioned genius submitted, some few years ago, in obedience to commercial considerations, to end his novel in two different ways—one to suit his English, the other his American, public. Now, a story well conceived, a story which is an organic whole, ladies, can no more have two endings than your or my life can have two endings. The first page of a story, if the story is worth anything, of necessity contains the last.

"All my arguments and my appeals will, I know, be met, by many writers, with the simple remark—'Well, but after all we had to live.' . . . With younger persons who make this remark I would humbly reply that, though it may be very necessary for them to live, it is quite unnecessary that they should live by the production of cheap fiction or the production of

equally cheap criticism. For the older members of the profession, they may be called upon to suffer somewhat for their faith. Immediately to make less money. Eventually I believe, to make quite as much. For though the book that dies with the year may bring in a considerable sum during the first six months of that year, the finer order of book—more mature, more imaginative, more deeply felt—though bringing in little at first, will continue to produce a secure, though perhaps modest, income through ten, fifteen, twenty, or even more years to come. For, be it remembered, the great public, even the uneducated majority of it, though too often wrong in its first judgment, is almost always right in its last. Meanwhile a good conscience goes for something; the sense of work done just as well as one knows how to do it can surely be set against certain deprivations in the way of smart clothes, of society, and of all those thousand and one things—notoriety and gratified vanity among them—which are by no means necessities of life."

THE SURVEY OF LONDON.

It is still too early to say exactly when the new "Survey of London," upon which the late Sir Walter Besant was at work as editor, director, and principal writer during the past seven years, will begin to appear. Messrs. A. and C. Black's last list announces that the first of the eight Royal quarto volumes will be ready this year, "to be followed at short, regular intervals." It is understood, too, that Sir Walter had completed most of the necessary arrangements for the work and that his own contributions were nearly all finished. The following particulars from the prospectus give the general outline of Sir Walter's scheme:—

The last edition of Stowe and Strype's famous work was issued in 1754; Maitland's Survey appeared in 1756; Entick's Survey in 1766; Lambert's Survey in 1806: all these were based upon Stowe. Since that time, though there have been many books written on London, on parts of London, on churches of London, and on institutions of London, there has been no actual Survey of London. In this long interval London has extended very far beyond the modest limits of its walls and suburbs of 1806. At the present moment the jurisdiction of the London County Council covers an area, including the old city, which roughly may be estimated at seventeen miles long by twelve miles broad. The whole of this area is to be included in the new survey. The work will not be like those of Maitland and Entick, merely a reproduction, brought up to date, of Stowe, but an entirely new work on a different plan. It will contain a history of London newly written and illustrated by the records and documents which have been brought to light during the last fifty years. These papers enable the historian to reconstruct and to present the city and its people as they were from age to age; not only the achievement of its liberties will be recorded, but also the development of its trade, the growth of its political power, the changes in its religious ideas, the manners and customs of the people. There will be a perambulation of the whole "County" as well as of the City proper, in the course of which every ancient building, every historical association, every Institution—Church, School, Hospital, Almshouse, Museum, Town Hall, Theatre—every great house of business will be noted and described. It is, in short, the desire of the Publishers and the Editor to erect a monument worthy of this great and venerable city. The work will be abundantly illustrated with maps and drawings of buildings past and present.

The eight volumes are said to have been arranged, roughly speaking, as follows:—Volume I.—From Prehistoric to Mediæval Times; Volume II.—Mediæval London; Volume III.—The Court and City in Tudor Times and under the Stuart Sovereigns; Volume IV.—London in the Eighteenth Century; Volumes V. and VI.—The Perambulation; Volume VII.—London in the Last Century; Volume VIII.—Appendices, Indices, &c.

In some respects one can scarcely expect, indeed, that this important work will not suffer by the loss of its enthusiastic editor. More truly of Sir Walter Besant than of any man since Samuel Weller could one say that his acquaintance with London was "extensive and peculiar." It was shown in many novels, where the curious knowledge of the antiquary elbowed the insight of the psychologist. It found still freer expression in the various histories of parts of London which he found time to publish as specimen skimmings of the larger work. "The History of London," as he conceived it, "is a long and dramatic panorama, full of tableaux, animated scenes, dramatic episodes, tragedies, and victories." In the projected Survey all these scenes were to be called up in the course of the "perambulation" of the area, referred to in the prospectus, that the modern county covers. One is glad to believe that the work is well advanced.

In spite of all that has been written about our Metropolis—if the shade of Freeman will allow us to use that word—from John Stow to Grant Allen, there is still room for a new and encyclopædic treatise on the subject. Stow, whose memory was often invoked by Sir Walter Besant in his appeals for access to records, still holds the first place in point of merit as well as of time: we say it with the estimable volumes of Mr. Wheatley and the laborious Peter Cunningham in full view. The lack of style and order which disfigure that worthy merchant-tailor's other contributions to history do not interfere with any reader's pleasure in the "Survey of London and Westminster" which he published just over three hundred years ago, in which order was provided—as in "Treasure Island"—by the map, and style came of its own accord to sit on the pen of an historian whose primary consideration was accuracy. Stow professed, unlike most authors, to be rather afraid of writing well. He gave a quaint rhyming reason for his scruples:—

Of smooth and flattering speech

Remember to take heed,

For truth in plain words may be told,

But craft a lie doth need.

The school of history which Freeman founded in this country seems to have borne the same motto before its eyes, in its terror of the example set by writers like the charming but inaccurate Froude. In spite of his refusal to sacrifice to the Graces of literature, Stow's language has a curious and agreeable old-world flavour, which seems to have had some influence on Sir Walter Besant's own historical style. Fuller, it is true, abused him for his love of picturesque but needless detail—reminding us of the controversy between pot and kettle. Stow, said the unconquerably quaint Fuller, was "such a smell-feast that he cannot pass by Guildhall but his pen must taste of the good cheer therein." It is just this affection for detail that makes Stow still readable, while later historians of London are merely used for reference. We should all remember how his literary executor summed up Stow's aims:—"He always protested never to have written anything either for malice, fear, or favour, nor to seek his own particular gain or vainglory; and that his only pains and care was to write the truth. . . . He was very careless of scoffers, backbiters, and detractors." The founder of the Society of Authors—who was not quite so philosophical—more than once took a text for his favourite sermon from Stow's being left a beggar at eighty. "Having left his former means of living" to compile the Survey, and being too old to return to the stitching of ruffles and the slashing of doublets, he had no better shift than to petition the King for a licence to beg, the economical substitute of his time for a Civil List Pension. His permission "to collect among our loving subjects their voluntary contributions and kind gratuities" was not a great success: he has recorded that a single parish only returned 7s. 6d. in twelve months. Every one will trust that the new editor of the Survey will be more fortunate.

Dr. Johnson, who spoke so scornfully of the high-road from Edinburgh to London, would have been mollified by the thought that it is a migrant firm of Scottish publishers—Messrs. A. and

C. Black—who have undertaken this great scheme for the glorification of his beloved city. It is a thousand pities that no Cave or Dodsley ever thought of persuading the Lexicographer to carry on the work of Stow. Most readers would have been sorry, indeed, to part with the "Lives of the Poets" in exchange for such a book, but it would certainly have been more in demand at the present day than the "Rambler." Johnson's love for London was remarkable even in an age when a far wider gulf divided town and country than is the case in these days of Pullman cars and "week-enders." "Is not this fine?" he said to Boswell, indeed, when they walked in Greenwich Park, but it was only "an angling question," to see if the little Scotch gentleman had already grasped the true faith that Fleet Street was far better. It is one of the mysteries of literature how Johnson, even with the licence of the poet, could say anything so uncomplimentary of London as to call it "the needy villain's general home." He was more in his true vein when he explained that, "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." That was, of course, before the *Edinburgh Review* had shown us the real provincialism of London, or Grant Allen had proved it to be only a squalid village. Perhaps the learning of Great Britain—to which some add, but others do not, Ireland—is no longer so crowded into the four-mile radius as Johnson thought that it was in his day. On the other hand, the true marvel of London has increased. "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey its innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists." Johnson, in fact, anticipated the art of "slumming" and the discovery of the interest that lies in "mean streets."

It is curious to compare his eulogy of London with the denunciations of other famous men. Cobbett's phrase of "the wen" is familiar to us all. Edward FitzGerald had a perfect horror of the "huge, hideous" town. "I hate this beastly London more and more," he used to write to his friends. "It stinks all through of churchyards and fish-shops. . . . I think the dulness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners, and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*." There are some convinced Londoners who—to quote Dr. Brand Firmin—like "the *fumum* and *strepitum*" as well as "the *opes* of our Rome." The late William Allingham said that, on his first visit to town, he leant out of the train window and exclaimed "There's the smoke of London!" "On which, I remember," he goes on, "a fellow-passenger opposite, whom my conduct had perhaps amused, remarked quietly, but not without a certain emphasis and feeling, 'Ha! there's no smoke like it!'" This is perhaps a desirable frame of mind for the citizen, but it is to be discouraged in the authorities, who are always being incited to grapple with the smoke nuisance. Perhaps by the time this Survey of London is completed they will have risen to their task, and future generations who read the work set on foot by Sir Walter Besant may have succeeded in fulfilling Morris' adjuration to "forget six counties overhung with smoke." It is such evanescent details as seem hardly worth mentioning to a contemporary that often give posterity the chief interest in records of the kind inaugurated in London by Stow. Let us hope that smoke and fog will prove a case in point!

Search in the library of University College, London, has recently brought to light two rare volumes. The Coverdale Bible of 1535 is found there in a damaged condition, the title page being lost, with the exception of a fragment, as well as all the text after Corinthians. Besides this, there is a thin volume, "Poetical Sketches" by W[illiam] B[lake], of 1783, the earliest edition of his poems published by his friends' subscription. Only about twelve copies are extant, none of these being in the British Museum.

FOREIGN LETTER.

SOME NEW GERMAN BOOKS.

We had intended in this letter to confine ourselves to recent productions in lighter literature, but it again happens that (except, perhaps, in drama) the most noteworthy books are the serious ones. Among novels there is little that calls for remark. Adolf Wilbrandt has published two volumes—one a long novel, rather dull, entitled "Franz," in which the hero and his friends are occupied in the search for a new religion. This is not, as a rule, a stirring theme for fiction, and "Franz," which has a very loosely constructed plot, cannot be said to be a good novel. "Das Lebende Bild und andere Geschichten," a collection of short stories, is more attractive and more on a level with Wilbrandt's best work. Indeed, the second tale, "Der Mörder," seems to us one of the most powerful short stories we remember. A man who has committed a murder and has successfully concealed the crime for years is induced by his mistress to confide his secret to her. She makes use of the knowledge to demand an immediate marriage, and he, recognizing his folly in having made her his confidant, puts an end to his life. Baldly stated, the motive may not seem particularly original or striking, but it is worked out with the utmost skill. "Die Geschichte der jungen Renate Fuchs," by Jacob Wassermann, made a great sensation in Berlin and Vienna. It has been compared by some enthusiastic critics to Gottfried Keller's "Der Grüne Heinrich"—we wonder they did not suggest Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" at once; yet the adventures of Renate, a woman with an "asbestos soul," dead until the last few pages of the book to all ordinary human feeling, arouse interest despite the poor construction of the story. Into the characters of certain types of modern women Wassermann has great insight—the woman, for instance, who, like his heroine, is quite careless of the future. "I do not want," she says, "to know every room that I am to occupy for the rest of my life." But so hard does she strive to get out of every room she occupies that she sees nothing of the value of the furniture it contains. Incidentally the author has much that is sensible to say about the modern woman. His conclusion is depressing. Women, he thinks, can never gain liberty—not because they are unworthy of it, but because their use of it leads to a life much less free than that which they lived in the atmosphere of restraint. The book would be vastly improved by compression; yet it has what is rare in German works—a distinction of style, and this makes one hope that the author may use his remarkable gifts to greater purpose in the future.

If there are very few good novels there are many excellent plays, both among those intended for the stage and those called by the Germans "book-dramas." *Die Zwillingschwester* is more than a pleasant trifle, written in the easy-flowing, melodious verse which we associate with the name of Ludwig Fulda. It is an admirably constructed play, in which in some bygone period a lady of Padua believes her husband to be untrue to her and tests him by personating her own twin sister. In Max Dreyer's *Der Sieger* we have a conflict between liberty and compulsion in art, and also a conflict between an artist husband and his artist wife, of whose superior talent he is jealous. This last motive is true stuff for drama; but unfortunately Dreyer lets the former motive predominate, and so spoils his play. In *Haus Rosenhagen* Max Halbe returns to the motive of his *Mutter-Erde*. The peasant-hero is the last representative of his race, and has to choose between his affection for a woman who wishes to wean him from his native soil and his love for the home of his birth. The motive of Hirschfeld's *Der junge Goldner* is the struggle for freedom of idea, and its hero is a young playwright who, because his first play is not produced at the moment he desires, shakes the dust of his native town from his feet and goes forth to find another world where art is free. The subject of "Susanna im Bade" was a very favourite one with German sixteenth-century

dramatists. On this theme Hugo Salus has published a one-act play in admirable verse. He gives it an original turn by making Daniel persuade one of the elders to confess. These do not, of course, exhaust the new plays, but space forbids us to do more than record the names of Otto Ernst's *Flachsmann als Erzieher*, indubitably inspired by Dreyer's *Probekandidat*; E. von Keyserling's *Der dumme Hans*, a fairy tragedy in five acts; Arthur Schnitzler's *Der Schleier von Beatrice*; and Ernst Rosmer's (Frau Bernstein) *Mutter Maria*, an elegy in five scenes.

Classical scholars derived great satisfaction from the perusal of the late Professor Erwin Rohde's "Psyche," which has already become a classic. We give a cordial welcome to two volumes of his minor pieces that have just appeared. They deal, of course, with classical antiquities, a subject he made his own, and contain contributions to the chronology, sources, and history of Greek literature, and to the place of ancient classical legends and fairy tales in the history of the romance and novel. A supplementary volume, with a biography (by O. Crusius, Rohde's successor at Heidelberg and Tübingen) and a selection from Rohde's aphorisms, is promised. For antiquarians, too, a very excellent work is being done by the National Museum of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in Sarajevo. We have before us Vol. VII. of its Proceedings, an admirably printed and illustrated book, written in German and published at Vienna. Among the best papers are those on the national dwellings and the marriage customs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, on the popular superstitions of, and the popular cures practised among, the Mahomedans of the province, and on the folk-lore of Dalmatia.

We alluded the other day to the correspondence of Kant which is being published. It is part of the new edition of the philosopher's complete works now appearing at Berlin under the auspices of the Prussian Academy of Sciences. There are to be four divisions:—(1) Works; (2) Correspondence; (3) Manuscripts hitherto unprinted; (4) Lectures; and when finished the whole will extend to about twenty-five volumes, of which two or three will probably be issued each year. The only volumes yet available are the tenth and eleventh, which contain the beginning of the Correspondence, and cover the years 1747-94. They include letters from Kant to such persons as King Frederick II., Herder, Lichtenberg, Schiller, Wieland, and Lavater, and from men like Moses Mendelssohn, Solomon Maimon, and Fichte. Other philosophical works are Descartes' "Meditationes de prima philosophia," carefully edited with an historical introduction and notes by Dr. C. Güttler, of Munich. This is the first adequate German edition of what Kuno Fischer calls "an incomparable philosophical work of art." Of Heilborn's new edition of "Novalis" we hope to say something another time.

At the moment Englishmen are more concerned with action than philosophy, and they will turn with interest to a new biography of Moltke. The special subject of its author, W. Bigge, is to give a military portrait of his hero, to paint his individuality as soldier and field-marshal. This aspect of Moltke—the development of his military personality—has hardly yet been adequately dealt with, perhaps because the necessary material was not available. But the book is not intended solely for a military audience, and will attract all who are interested in the career of the great German soldier whose distinctive military virtue was that he thought his battles out in advance.

A mountaineering book of importance is Merzbacher's "Aus den Hochregionen der Kaukasus: Wanderungen, Erlebnisse, Beobachtungen." It is the first German work of the kind, and compares well with Mr. Freshfield's "Travels in the Central Caucasus." Merzbacher gives an excellent account of the region, dealing exhaustively with its orography, ethnography, hydrography, and glacier system, and describing in detail the different mountain passes and ascents, including that of Elburz. He draws an interesting parallel between the Alps and the Caucasus, emphasizing the greater difficulties of climbing in the latter, and the advisability of taking European guides and porters.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

The two most fascinating figures of the brilliant period of the French Renaissance are Margaret of Angoulême, titular Queen of Navarre, and Rabelais, who was scarcely more than titular curé of Meudon, for he seems to have had almost as little to do with his parish as she with the kingdom she never possessed. In *WOMEN AND MEN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE* (Constable, 16s.) Miss Edith Sichel gives interesting and sympathetic sketches of both the curé and the Queen.

Margaret of Navarre was one of the most remarkable and lovable women of that or any age, so many-sided was she, so broad-minded, so warm-hearted, and so full of contradictions. Best remembered by the gay tales of the "Heptameron," written in her later middle-age to amuse her brother during a convalescence, she was all her life much given to piety of a somewhat mystical and even evangelical kind. She expresses it in an earlier work "Le Miroir de l'Ame Pécheresse," a very long and soulful poem which gained her as much notoriety in her day as the other book has done since. The Sorbonne found in it evidences of heresy. She had made no mention of the saints nor yet of purgatory. She was cited to appear before its court. But nothing came of this citation, since Margaret refused to obey. She was passionately fond of her only child Jeanne, yet when Jeanne at the age of eleven refused to marry the Duke of Cleves because he was old, and a foreigner, and she could not love him, Margaret gave orders to the State Governess to thrash Jeanne daily until she consented. And Jeanne was actually thrashed into submission. Yet Margaret herself at the very same age had refused to marry Henry VII. of England for the very same reasons.

This extraordinary harshness on the part of a woman like Margaret can only be explained by her servile adoration of her brother Francis I. who desired the match. Margaret's attitude towards Francis touches on the absurd and indeed on the blasphemous. In order to have the privilege of being with him she declares herself ready to become "the serving maid of his washerwoman." When he sends her the present of a crucifix, she writes that on beholding an object so divine she can do nothing but embrace it "for the honour and reverence that I bear my two Christs." And in another of her letters she tells him:—"I was yours before you were born and you are more to me than father, mother, and husband. Compared to you, husband and children count for nothing." His letters to her she wears as relics which cure all her wretchednesses, even her colds and indigestions. She kisses them at least once a day, makes her unfortunate husband kiss them too—one can imagine the wry face with which he must have done this—and is ready to have her child beaten to death to further his wishes. It is absurd certainly, it is monstrous, yet it is hard sometimes not to admire it, it is so thorough-going. As she said herself, very finely, "To love God one must first love a human creature perfectly," and to the woman who loves much, with the consequent disillusionment which it brings, much can be forgiven.

She gave with both hands to the poor, and was always in money difficulties, but she bought with both hands likewise all sorts of unnecessary and costly luxuries and *objets d'art*. She ate off gold plate, kept Cellini, Clouet, and Limousin employed for her, dressed magnificently if soberly, and would have all her Court equally finely dressed at her own expense. With all her genuine piety there were moments when in the exuberance of her spirits she made an elaborate jest of religion and sacred things. Such was the "Messe a sept Points" which she allowed to be celebrated in her Château of Nérac. She could have conversed on the subject of Women's Rights with the best of the sisterhood of to-day, yet she remembered the advice given by St. Paul, and was silent before her husband. And he, except in the matter of the King's letters, appears to have asserted his own rights without flinching, going so far as to box Margaret's

ears soundly when he on one occasion suspected her of having coquetted with Lutheran doctrines and with a certain gentleman who had been expounding them to her. When Margaret received this gentle rebuke she was over forty. Every man of talent found in the Queen a warm friend and protector, and the diverse characters of those she gathered about her show the catholicity of her tastes. Calvin, Erasmus, Benvenuto Cellini, Clement Marot and Dolet are numbered among her correspondents and intimates.

Oddly enough she seems never to have met Rabelais, but there must have been a mutual admiration between these two souls who were so much akin. He dedicated to her the third book of "*Gargantua et Pantagruel*," and, we can feel sure, his dictum that love is the one solution of human ills would appeal direct to her heart. Some people still think of Rabelais as a synonym for coarse wit. The natural religion which he taught is one of the most beautiful and elevating to be found. If men would but help one another, he preaches, "there would be peace among mortals, love, and delight, good faith, repose, and feasting. There would be no lawsuit, no war, no disputing." And without this large charity, even intellect, which nevertheless meant so much to him, is useless. "Wisdom," he says, "cannot enter an unkind spirit, and knowledge without conscience is the ruin of the soul." Such teaching is no less needed now than it was three centuries ago, and possibly Miss Sichel's book may lead some readers back to a discriminating study and appreciation of Rabelaisian lore.

We read these chapters with the most enjoyment, as they show real insight and sympathy, but we wish we could give the book as a whole unreserved praise. While the matter is always entrancing, the author's methods are not always so. She shows a most lofty disregard for accuracy, spelling, grammar, and dates. The mere mechanical business of proof-correction scarcely seems to have engaged her attention at all. It is true she inserts a note in the beginning of the volume to correct the misattribution of Corneille de Lyon's portrait of Margaret to Clouet which she had made in the text; but how could she pass over the heading of her "Historical Summary" which gives for Louis XIII. the dates 1498 to 1515? She refers, of course, to Louis XII. On page 319, she speaks of "*Benvenuto's Tour de Nesle*." This is mere slovenly proof-reading, since elsewhere she writes the name correctly enough, but the same cannot be said of the word "*parlement*" which she uses, without italics and as though it were an English word, throughout the book. On page 194 the foot-note is attached to an entirely wrong paragraph, but the confusion of dates in Chapter 21, "*The Last Days of Margaret of Navarre*" could scarcely have arisen without some corresponding confusion of mind. Thus on p. 354 Miss Sichel states correctly that Francis I. died in March, 1547, and refers to the two visions Margaret had of him at the time of his death. The Queen fell into a state of despondency, and later, we are told on p. 364, "a comet had appeared in December, 1544, supposed to be the presage of Paul III.'s end. Margaret took it also as an augur of her own. She was anxious to see it, and in the contemplation of it she caught the chill that was fatal to her." Would Miss Sichel have us believe that Margaret died before her brother? Or that in 1544 she caught a chill which only proved fatal to her five years later, since the real date of her death is 1549? But confusion is worse confounded a few pages further on, where she speaks of Margaret writing the "*Heptameron*" between the years 1544 and 1548, and adds six lines lower down that it was not published until "1558, *nineteen years after her death*." How does she get at the nineteen, since even on her own erroneous theory that Margaret died in 1544, only fourteen years could have elapsed?

Occasionally Miss Sichel translates the French poems she quotes, but more often she does not. Her principle appears to be that where the quoted passage is short and will give little trouble, she puts it into English, but where it is longer and more difficult, the reader must shift for himself. For the help of the reader who does not know French, she should surely have turned her method the other way about.

EDUCATIONAL.

SOME NEW SCHOOL HISTORIES.

Greece.

Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh, the author of *A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREEKS* from the earliest times to B.C. 146 (Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges; Cambridge University Press), is a pleasant writer, and knows his subject well in the main lines, although there is little evidence of first-hand study or of originality of thought. This history may be relied on as safe and sensible. It has also the merit that the wider aspects of history are brought into prominence, and less important events treated cursorily. A good point is made in distinguishing Homer from Hesiod—the one writes for the chieftain's hall, the other for the peasant's cottage, and this goes a long way towards explaining the different tone of each. It does not explain, however, why Homer consistently ignores the grosser elements of savagery in Greek mythology. The book contains maps and a number of good illustrations. But we wonder when schoolbooks will adopt the latest improvements in maps, which show so clearly the physical structure of the land. More might have been made of the geography with advantage.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF GREECE, by Rev. A. S. Walpole (Murray, 2s. 6d.), is an ideal book for a young child to begin with. It is written in simple language, and dwells on great deeds and great men rather than on the minutiae of history. It is full of pictures, some of which are quite new to us.

Rome.

A HISTORY OF ROME UP TO 500 A.D., arranged "for use in the higher forms of schools, at the Universities, and for the Civil Service Examinations," by E. H. Miles (Grant Richards, 8s. 6d.), is introduced, in a preface, with a flourish of trumpets which prepared us for something startlingly new in the way of method; but it is not so very new after all. The newness lies chiefly in treating history twice over, briefly and then more fully, and in gathering up its hundred threads in a series of what Mr. Miles calls "essays." We should call them notes rather, not very well arranged, nor in good proportion. There is a great deal of triviality and commonplace, such as this:—"Contrasts are quite as valuable as comparisons and analogies. Nothing helps so much towards a realization of what a holiday means than hard work; a calm cannot be thoroughly appreciated except after a storm." He speaks of the loss of ancient authors, "for which schoolboys should be duly thankful"; and this gives us the right phrase to describe the book. It is the history of a clever schoolboy, not sufficiently trained to see that examinations are not the be-all and end-all of life. The numerous memory-rhymes show the same spirit. How can a pupil be imbued with respect for the great dead, or with a sense of the magnitude of historical issues, when he associates them with such lines as these:—

Now reigned Augustus, backed by army, equites, and crowd,
And faithful friends; a great desire for safety most men cowed.
IT CRAMPS ALL gives the initials of Augustus' veiled rule.
The S is most important, for the senate was his tool,

and so forth through the other initials; or more terrible still, if he remembers the map of the Roman Empire by an outline of the Mediterranean distorted into a semblance of the words 'E WINS YE. Mr. Miles' literary standards may be gauged from the astounding sentences: "Again, let us look at literature. Let us consider its cheapness and the cheapness of the education it confers. What Athenian or Roman would have dreamed of the possibility of a *Tit-Bits* or *Answers?*" Thus the tone of the book, vulgar and trivial, condemns it as far as concerns the young; but we must not fail to add that it contains a great deal which is likely to be useful to teachers, both in the subjects suggested for particular study and in many of the ideas which Mr. Miles puts forth. It will probably help those whose aim is to pass examinations, as it bears evidence of having been compiled for them and tested by experience of cramming.

The British Empire.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, with maps, plans, and bibliographies (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.), has been compiled by "several teachers of experience," modest enough to have been inhabitants of Gray's country churchyard. It is unpretending, but appears to be well adapted to practical ends. The paragraphs have headings; the bibliographies are good. It is awkward, however, to use deep black now for high mountain-land and now for the sea, in the maps.

We have already offered our tribute to Mr. W. H. Woodward's "Expansion of the British Empire," and are prepared to do the like for the present abridgment, AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1500-1870 (Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges, 1s. 6d. n.). It is a pity to abridge it, and that is our only criticism.

One of the schemes recently issued by the Board of Education suggests lessons on great Englishmen as a suitable historical course for the middle division of a school. In response to that suggestion appears FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN (Black, 1s. 4d.), a new school-reader by John Finnemore. It tells, in simple language, the stories of such illustrious personages as Alfred the Great, Dunstan, Becket, Simon de Montfort, Chaucer, Wycliffe, Caxton, Drake, and Shakespeare.

No doubt the flame of Welsh patriotism, much fanned of late years, is responsible for Professor Ernest Rhys' READINGS IN WELSH HISTORY (Longmans, 1s. 6d.), but even the poor Saxon may well be grateful for it. The story is told so prettily, and with such a light touch, that it is a pleasure to read, and we are glad to have our ignorance enlightened as to Llewellyn the Great and Owain Gwynedd. Of course the book touches on English history in many places. A number of excellent pictures help the imagination. Many are by Mr. Lancelot Speed, and give an idealized picture of that wild life. There is some posing in them, however, as before a photographer. Why do half of Boadicea's people turn their backs to her as she speaks, and the other half stand behind her?

The purpose of Mr. J. A. Nicklin's anthology, POEMS OF ENGLISH HISTORY (Black, 1s. 6d.), is to give life and colour to historical teaching; and each poem printed has its definite bearing on some definite historical event. We are glad to see not only such old favourites as Cowper's "Boadicea" and Burns' "Bannockburn," but also excerpts from such contemporary poets as Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Newbolt, and Sir Rennell Rodd. Whether it was quite wise to include Chaucer is an open question. Chaucer, it seems to us, is a little too difficult for the boys into whose hands the anthology is likely to come; and the same objection might apply, on this side of the Tweed at all events, to Jane Elliot's "The Flowers of the Forest." Only the most simple and intelligible poetry is likely to be popular in "lower and middle forms in secondary schools," and if the selection is not popular its usefulness disappears. Most of the pieces, however, are at once simple and stirring. We are particularly glad to see Sir Rennell Rodd so well represented. His work has never received the attention which it deserves.

THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA, by the Hon. A. Wilmot (Kegan Paul, 5s.), is intended both for general use and as a school-reader. It might serve either purpose, being written in an entertaining style, though a certain lack of precision and a rather loose arrangement of the material would militate against its usefulness as an actual lesson-book.

LATIN.**Oxford Texts.**

ARISTOPHANIS COMOEDIAE II.: Lysistrata, Thesmophoriazusae, Ranae, Ecclesiazusae, Plutus, Fragmenta, Index Nominum. F. W. HALL, W. M. GELDART.

PLATONIS OPERA II.: Parmenides, Philebus, Symposium, Phaedrus, Alcibiades I. and II., Hipparchus, Amatores. I. BURNET.

XENOPHONTIS II.: Commentarii, Oeconomicus, Convivium, Apologia. E. C. MARCHANT.

M. TULLI CICERONIS EPISTULAE. I. Epistulae and Familiares. L. C. PURSER.

We have no need further to dwell on the principles underlying the Oxford texts, which we have explained in dealing with the earlier volumes. The editors of the second volume of Aristophanes have had a harder task than usual, especially in the dialect portions, and have been forced to admit a number of conjectures into the text, which, even so, still contains many passages which are clearly corrupt. The labours of Bentley, Elmsley, Brunck, and others have left their mark on the less-read plays. Where the editors have been conservative, we can generally approve, and their choice for filling gaps is judicious (e.g., *Thesm.* 477); it should be a rule, however, to obelize all conjectures adopted in a text of this sort. Some of those mentioned in the notes (as Meinecke's *rās kūvas*, *Lys.* 340) deserve to be forgotten. In *τοῦνομα*, *Lys.* 853, a letter has fallen out. In *Lys.* 1,052 perhaps a transposition, *ὡς ἔσω πολλά 'στιν*, would lead to a better emendation than Burges'. *καὶ μὲν*, in *Thesm.* 819, is highly suspicious. To the fragments, a new one of twenty lines is added from the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri*. The Index contains a good deal besides names, the chief allusions being added in a subject-index under the chief names.

Prof. Burnet in this section of his work shows the same good judgment, in our opinion, as before, and does not, we think, deserve the censure which Diels passed upon him of neglecting unduly the testimony of ancient citations. The weakness of these as evidence he points out in his preface; all important variations are noted, nevertheless. It is to his credit that no startling novelties are to be found in his text; and the conjectures, especially those of Badham and Bury, which he records in the notes, are of value. Mr. Bury's *αἰσῖς* for *λύσις* in *Philebus*, 31 D, is brilliant. For criticism of the Parmenides and Philebus he has the advantage of following Mr. Waddell, although Schanz has not done these dialogues. Although we cannot be expected to agree in all points with the editor, we have only noted one where we feel pretty sure he is wrong. The Greek idiom requires *οἷς δαῖ τε καὶ μὴ* in *Phaedr.* 275 E (so Thompson, after Hirschig) for *δαῖ γε*.

Mr. Marchant, warned perhaps by the fate of Rutherford's "adscripts" when tested by the papyri, has not followed those who would excise what they do not like from the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon. His text follows as closely as possible the tradition of A and B, criticized with the aid of Stobaeus and sometimes of the inferior MSS. He adds the text of a papyrus fragment lately discovered, which partly confirms, partly changes, the received text; neither of Cobet's corrections on the passage is found in it. For the *Oeconomicus* also papyrus fragments are now available, but, unfortunately, in a rather corrupt state. A number of fresh MSS. have been used for this, and in particular that in the British Museum. We think Mr. Marchant is right in keeping the MS. reading, *οἱ πλείστοι* in 3.11 and *ἐπηλύτου* in 11.5, against seductive suggestions, although he obelizes both. The vexed phrase in 4.7 might be mended by a simple transposition (*τῶν ἀρχόντων ἢ τῶν φρουράρχων καταμελοῦντας*). We have no further comment, save that we are glad Mr. Marchant votes for the genuineness of the *Apologia*.

It is very appropriate that Mr. Purser should edit the Cicero, and his task is worthily done. The text is based on the Medicean, with the addition of Harl. 2773 and Pa. 17812 for the first eight books; and for the rest Harl. 2682, the Erfurt Codex F, and Pal. 508, which all three derive from one source, and supplement the Medicean. The MSS. derived from these are left out of account. Besides MS. variants, a number of conjectures are recorded in the notes. Our only criticism would be that Mr. Purser has been a little too generous in mentioning conjectures. But this does not apply to such brilliant corrections as his own in viii., 8, 3, *transegisse et rem* for *transegisset*. Date and place of writing are prefixed to each letter, and an *Index Nominum* is added to the book.

Blackie's Illustrated Latin Series.

In Blackie's "Illustrated Latin" Series Mr. John Brown, Professor of Latin in Wellington, N.Z., edits LIVY, Book I. (2s. 6d.), and CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR, Book V. (2s.). In both books the introductions are good and well written, but the notes leave something to be desired. It is amusing to find the Celtic fallacy cropping up in a schoolbook; it is suggested that the Celtic element in North Italy may have had a share in the genius of Catullus, Virgil, and Livy. Can no one be a genius, then, without consent of the Celt? There is not a shadow of evidence for it here. Mr. Brown begs a vexed question when he speaks of the Iliad and Odyssey being "written" (Livy, p. xiii.). The appreciation of Livy's merits and the account of his style are interesting. Accessory matters, such as the sources of early Roman history, the Roman army and camp, are sufficiently explained. The fault we have mentioned in the notes is a certain shallowness. It is misleading to say that *ausim* is "for *ausus sim*" (Livy, pref. § 1), or *postridie* "for *postero die*" (Cæsar, ch. x.); a boy is sure to imagine these are contractions, and there is opportunity to suggest the historical development of Latin in the optative assist *ausim*, and the locative case in *postri-die*. There is no note on the mood and tense of *sim* and *consoler* in Livy, pref. 3, and on the much discussed *condendam* all Mr. Brown has to say is "the gerund being equivalent to a pres. part-passive." So, too, the relic of the old gen. plural in *um* is not explained (Livy, I. 2), and Mr. Brown does not realise that Livy does use *ab* with the instrumental (I. 4). The note on *animi* (Cæsar, xi.) is wrong; *animi causa* is a common Latin colloquialism meaning "for a whim," "to please oneself." The notes have, however, the merit of brevity. The illustrations, which are antique, are not sufficiently explained. Some useful exercises in retranslation complete each book.

In the same series Prof. P. Sandford edits Virgil's ÆNEID II. (1s. 6d.) in a more scholarly way. Authorities and quotations are given with Virgil's "Life," which is more original and more gracefully expressed than is usual in schoolbooks. The critical remarks, too, are happy. The introduction, as a whole, appeals to a cultivated taste, and might be thought too good for school-boys by those who make the common mistake of supposing that it is necessary to write down to the pupil's level or below it. The pictures in this volume, largely taken from Greek vases, are really illustrative; but, as before, fuller references and descriptions should be given. The notes, on the whole, are adequate, the versions tasteful. We cannot accept, however, the interpretation of *impulerat* (55)—that the indicative is meant "to emphasize the fact that the action did not take place." To say it did take place would be a strange way of emphasizing the fact that it did not. In such phrases the hypothesis is stated as a fact for vividness. *Fors et* (139) needs a little more explanation. There is no ellipse in *sed enim* (164), which means literally "but indeed."

We have already spoken of Mr. Winbolt's valuable study of the Virgilian hexameter, in reviewing his "Georgics, Book I." This reappears, with the rest of his preface in his GEORGICS II., a volume of the same series. The notes are just what the school-boy wants; they contain many parallels from English poetry, and every effort is made, by explanation and illustration, to make clear the processes of husbandry. But we should like to have heard more about Evelyn's "Silva."

In the same series, Mr. H. B. Cotterill edits ÆNEID VI. (2s.) with the usual "Life" and general introduction. The description and photograph of Virgil's tomb, and the allusion to Virgil as a magician, are novelties in a schoolbook. The comparisons of Virgil with Dante are good, and so are many of the notes in other respects. But they have their limitations. Professor Postgate's convincing explanation of the conception of Cerberus, as a monster with three dogs' heads and a hundred (or fifty) snakes for hair, is not mentioned. Athena's triple crest, amongst others, is omitted when it would have been in point. Mr. Cotterill shies at the dative of motion, and his note on 129 is

misleading:—"Notice how in Latin one does not say 'this (neut.) is the labour,' but 'this labour is (the labour).'" But to the Roman, *labor* certainly was the predicate, no other being understood, and *hic* attracted. There are several excellent appendices on the philosophy of the book.

Livy.

It is not often that the reviewer meets with a school edition which contains so much original work as Professor R. S. Conway's LIVY, Book II. (Pitt Press Series, 2s. 6d.) Professor Conway has a first-hand knowledge of the textual criticism of Livy, which he is editing for the Oxford "Bibliotheca." If we do not feel confident that he has always chosen the best reading (as, in ii. 3, he adopts *offenderet* for *offenderit* of the MSS., which Dr. Reid defends), yet he does not change rashly, and the discussions of textual points are instructive. The notes are thorough, and show independent research; linguistic points are especially well handled, as we should expect from Professor Conway's antecedents. The editor takes a sensible and not too contemptuous view of tradition; and he has given a clear analysis of the story of Coriolanus. But the most valuable part of the book, which makes it worth the while of any teacher to get it, lies in an appendix "On the Variation of Sequence in Oratio Obliqua," where Livy's usage, generally regarded as loose, is shown to be orderly and based on principle.

An edition of LIVY XXII., by Messrs. J. Thompson and F. G. Plaistowe (Clive, 2s. 6d.), is, within its limits, distinctly good. The edition aims at giving just what is necessary, and no more, to introduce and explain the author; and it succeeds. The notes are more thorough and scholarly than most others of this series which we have examined, and the only omission we have noted is that the *c* of *necubi* is not explained (2 § 3).

CICERO, PHILIPPIC I., by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. University Tutorial Series (Clive, 3s. 6d.), is a serviceable edition, strongest perhaps on the historical side. The note explaining Cæsar's adroitness in escaping impeachment after his governorship of Gaul (p. 77) is particularly good, and so is that on the political status of Italian towns (p. 93). The introduction is good as a whole, though it touches on childishness in parts, as where the question is suggested whether Cæsar were a "good or bad" man. There is the usual omission of general principles. It should be stated, for example, why words like *poteram* could be used in the indicative, with subjunctive in the protasis (p. 69). And what is a predicative genitive (p. 68)?

THE AGRICOLA OF TACITUS, edited by Mr. J. W. E. Pearce (Bell, 2s.), is well done, and is especially interesting to English readers from the number of illustrations of Roman remains found in Britain, the views of Silchester and the Roman Wall, &c. We doubt, however, whether *bipennis* could mean a half-axe; the image may, perhaps, have been the bronze or stone axe of oval shape with hole in the middle, which was also called *bipennis*. A FIRST LATIN READER, by R. A. A. Beresford (Blackie, 1s. 6d., illustrated) is adapted for very young children, the first part having a picture to each sentence. It is good on the whole; but *quisque miles* is not the Latin for "each soldier," and *tali modo* should be *hoc modo*. The pictures are capital.

Of Bell's Illustrated Classics there is much to commend in Mr. F. C. Smith's ELEGIAC SELECTIONS FROM OVID. The selections are more complete than is usual in such books, a distinct advantage; and the notes are simple and sensible. There is no vocabulary, but a list of proper names. LIVY, Book XXI., by F. E. A. Trayer, is excellent from every point of view, not least for the appendix in which Hannibal's route over the Alps is once more discussed. Mr. Trayer gives a clear summary of the current views, and finally votes for Mont Genève. Every point of importance is dealt with, and the whole book is illustrated abundantly with maps, plans, cuts, and photographs.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, Book I. (with Vocabulary), by M. T. Tatham (Arnold, 1s. 6d.), is meant for beginners. The chief point to note is a useful analysis of Virgil's style, illustrated by examples from the first book, and compared or contrasted with classical prose. The notes are clear and good, with many happy quotations, which are quite original for the most part. The text is Hirzel's.

Grammars and Readers.

MACMILLAN'S LATIN COURSE, PART III.: EASY EXERCISES IN CONTINUOUS PROSE, by W. E. P. Pantin, M.A. (3s. 6d.), is a capital little book and well arranged. It contains a few pages of hints and explanations and a number of sentences for practice,

besides the continuous prose. For exercises alone, indeed, we have never seen anything better than Champneys and Rundle's little book; but if exercises and explanations are to be in one book this will, we think, be found satisfactory by teachers.

We have no space here to argue the question, whether Latin should be begun by learning the tables of grammar, or by bits of grammar and exercises combined; but if the latter plan be adopted, BELL'S LATIN COURSE, Part II., by Messrs. Marchant and Spencer, is superior to other attempts we have seen because (1) the sentences are coherent, (2) some little use is made of dialogue, (3) the vocabulary is small. At the same time the sentences are too few, and will have to be supplemented by scores of others done *viva voce* or a reading book. Personally, we prefer grammar and reading book and plenty of *viva voce* practice. The coloured pictures are very coarse; and what has become of Hercules' second snake (p. 17)?

DISCERNENDA LATINA, by J. S. Howell (Blackie, 6d.), contains a useful list of words alike yet different, in quantity or construction, and a few idioms and proverbs. Some carelessness is to be seen on p. 22, where *manere aliquid* is translated "I await some one." Why are not all the verbs given in the same form? On p. 23 *committo* "entrust" is given with dative and accusative without a hint of the difference.

An Anthology.

Professor R. Y. Tyrrell's ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN POETRY (Macmillan, 6s.) ought to have been called "Specimens"; for it is not a choice of the best, but of characteristic, pieces from the earliest traditional songs to Boethius. That they are nearly all interesting in themselves is beside the mark. As a book of specimens it has high merit; and it will be found more useful by the University man or the average teacher than Wordsworth's, not only because it is more compact, but because great advances have been made since Wordsworth's day in the study of Latin. We regret, however, that Professor Tyrrell should lend his authority to an accentuation of the Saturnian verse which implies quantitative structure. We cannot believe in such a pronunciation as *cumé* or *ensór*, and Plautus is conclusive for the accentual scansion, not to mention the evidence of popular verse at all dates and of the course taken by Latin verse when left to itself. The notes on the less known poets are generally admirable, though in parts obscure by compression; and in the familiar pieces little is said.

GREEK.

Theocritus.

THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS, edited with introduction and notes by R. J. Cholmeley, M.A. (Bell, 7s. 6d.). A new edition of Theocritus was certainly needed, but editors have been deterred by the magnitude of the task. There are scores of MSS. which have never been properly collated and classified; and we are only just coming to a position in which we can duly criticize the dialect. The desired edition, then, would be conceived on a larger scale than this, and such a one should properly have preceded an edition for schools such as this appears to be. But we must be thankful for small mercies, and as a school edition (with certain reservations which we shall point out) this is distinctly in advance of any earlier one. Indeed, it is in many respects an improvement on Ahrens and Fritzsche, whose work with all its merits is marred by insufficient knowledge in some parts and by arbitrary changes in many. If Mr. Cholmeley does not appear to have done much more than use the materials which others have provided, he has at least the advantage of the studies of Legrand and of a host of articles in learned periodicals which have been published in late years, as well as Mr. Paton's "Inscriptions of Cos"; and he has used his materials with conspicuous good judgment. We have read his introduction with great interest, and acknowledge that it throws light on many obscure places. In particular, the poet's life is made clear in outline, and good reason shown for believing him to have studied in Cos under Philetas between 290 and 285, where he wrote i., iii., vi., vii., xi., and xiii., published together as a book of bucolic verse. This theory explains both the tone and the allusions in many places which have hitherto proved a puzzle, and enables us to keep the MSS. reading, e.g., in ix., 26. He identifies Aratus, not with the astronomical poet, but with another who is mentioned

in a Coan inscription. Mr. Cholmeley's critical remarks are also in excellent taste; we would instance those on Simaetha, on Homeric phraseology, and the comparison of Theocritus with Herondas. The MS. evidence, so far as known, is clearly set forth, the authenticity of the poems discussed, the metre explained fully, and the dialect very briefly. The notes are strong on the literary side, and in the new illustrations drawn from Alexandrian poets; but, from the schoolboy's point of view, they omit difficulties which need comment (such as *αὐτὰ* in ii., 89). Further illustration should in any case be given of *πλέον*, i., 20 (cp. *πλέον ἔχειν*); *θεῶν δαίδαλμα*, i., 32 (cp. *regis opus*); *ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι*, 51 (*ἐπὶ τῷ φάργος ἡδιστ' ἄν*, &c., of the feast's accompaniment or sauce); *ὄρεχθεῖν*, xi., 43; "Phyllida flouts me," should have been compared with *Idyll xi*. But these are only a few points; and there is new matter on nearly every page. Quotations from modern Greek songs are given, and are excellent illustrations. Mr. Cholmeley may be interested to learn that the Doric *πόκα* (iii., 21) is still used by old-fashioned people in Cos. The greeting in xiv., 1, may also be paralleled in the modern *καλῶς τόν*. We hope the editor will in due time give us a more complete Theocritus, and with it a good account of the poet's dialect (a weak point here) and a comparison with the Coan remains.

THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS, edited by Mr. C. E. Lawrence (Bell, 1s. 6d.), shows signs of haste or incomplete study. What will the boy think when he is told that the orchestra was circular and then sees it to be semi-circular in the picture? If it is not certain that the classical Greeks used a stage, it is more than likely. Is the language of Euripides so simple as Mr. Lawrence makes out? There is certainly much affectation in it. Mr. Lawrence knows of Shelley, but he might have mentioned Bridges' "Prometheus the Fire-bringer." What is meant by explaining *δραπε* as an "intrans-perfect with present sense" (p. 60)? We welcome the metrical versions of the odes.

TRANSLATIONS.

We predict a wide sale for Messrs. Isbister's pocket edition of Dean Plumptre's ÆSCHYLUS, bound in soft red leather (2 vols., each 2s. 6d. n.). A reprint of the book was wanted, and this is really charming. There is no need to enlarge on the merits of the translation, which has won a place for itself. We do not always like Dean Plumptre's choice of rhythms, but his blank verse is good enough to outweigh many faults, and the whole work is scholarly, except the spelling of names. Why *Aeschylus*, one would ask; why *Cronos*, *Skythia*, and other hybrids? There is a portrait of Aeschylus and a view of Athens, and the translator's notes accompany the text.

We have been much pleased on the whole with THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS, translated into English verse by J. H. Hallard (Rivingtons, 5s.), which now appears in a second edition. Not that we think Mr. Hallard has produced an ideal translation, but he has made a number of new experiments which are interesting. He uses a dozen different metres, suiting the metre to the subject and style as far as he can; and amongst them are hexameters and elegiacs which produce a novel effect on the ear, because they combine accentual rhythm with some regard for position. The result is, we think, to improve on the usual type of English hexameter; the lines do not hurry so much, and yet they are lighter on the lips. The elegiacs in VI. (Polyphemus and Galatea) are a distinct success. There is a possibility of still further success on these lines, one would think, with a more delicate ear; for Mr. Hallard's ear fails him at times in the hexameters, and in another measure there are a good many lines which appear to have no rhythm at all (e.g. p. 39). What would our readers make of this:—

Fair will Ageanax' voyage to Mytilene be.

Mr. Hallard's blank verse is simple and dignified. "The Fishers" is good in rhythm and style; and there are some happy touches in "Gorgo and Praxinoë," but why is the expressive *μᾶ* omitted? Mr. Hallard is a little apt to slur characteristic phrases; *τὸν παρίσαν δμῆλγῃ* becomes "Hold what thou hast" (xi.). The seven-line stanza, a variety

of terza rima, hendecasyllables, and several other measures are attempted. Mr. Hallard has not Calverley's charm of phrase or his mastery of rhythm, but this Theocritus deserves a place in the scholar's library.

The Rev. S. Hemphill translates PERSIUS into English prose (Hodges, Figgis, and Co., Dublin: Bell, London) with some success. An intelligent introduction is prefixed, in which Dr. Hemphill suggests that much of his author's obscurity may be due to allusions and catchwords which are now forgotten. (See especially p. xiv.). He maintains that Sat. i. may be a sarcastic "review" of *Callirhoe*, "which may have been Nero's last production." No evidence is given for this suggestion, but if it be true the last line gains a new point. Dr. Hemphill discards the current interpretation of *nonaria* (i. 133), which (following Mr. F. D. Morice) he translates "nones-girl, a servant-maid out for a holiday on the Nones of July." This is certainly better than to suppose any connexion with the "ninth hour." Conington's version is more idiomatic than Dr. Hemphill's, but this is a useful companion and commentary for Conington.

Mr. F. E. Robinson publishes a translation of PLATO'S APOLOGY, by D. F. Nevill (1s. 6d., n.), with Introduction, Analysis, and a few notes. The version is correct, but not very good in point of style. It savours too much of the "crib."

THE SONGS OF ALCAEUS are given us by Mr. J. Easby-Smith, Greek text with verse and prose translations and notes (Washington: Lowdermilk, \$2). Mr. Easby-Smith has already done Sappho in the same style. The work is intended for the general reader who has, perhaps, forgotten some of his Greek; for whose behoof scattered fragments are made to give the hint for whole songs which the translator rewrites. The verse is fair, and the translation generally accurate (but Lat. *plectrum* is not a harp as on p. 30). The most original part of the book is the Life of Alcaeus, which (with some repetition) sets forth some new ideas. The notes cite poetical translations by other authors.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Mr. T. R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in Yale, has written an admirable HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE (Bell, 5s.); the revised edition of an earlier work we have not met with. He deals in the first part with the elements which make up the language, and in the second with Inflections. The history and relations of the dialects are clearly stated. We have not seen any book on the subject which is at once so interesting and so sound; and it is to be commended that larger issues are kept ever in view. Thus Mr. Lounsbury points out that the future of English depends not upon the language, but on the character of those who speak it.

Mr. H. S. Pancoast, of Philadelphia, writes an INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE (Bell, 5s.), which is in its department equally good. His aim is, not to record the greatest number of facts, nor to give cut-and-dried criticisms to be learnt by heart; but "to bring him into direct and sympathetic contact with the books he should learn to read and appreciate." In the earlier sections, when he deals with authors not easily accessible, he gives characteristic extracts; and, in dealing with important writers, he suggests books for further study. Portraits and a map of Shakespeare's London are added; full tables and indices complete the work. The spirit of admiration and keen delight is communicated by this book.

JULIUS CÆSAR, in the "Picture Shakespeare" (Blackie, 1s.), is not so well illustrated as *As You Like It*. The frontispiece is a horror of crude colour; and the cuts are rough and indistinct, not to speak of a Brutus defying tradition with a beard. The notes are simple enough.

THE STORY OF THE ABBOT (6d. n.) is added to Black's Sir Walter Scott Readers for Young People. At the same price and in the same format appears Black's Literature Series. The volumes sent to us are POEMS OF KEATS AND COLERIDGE, POEMS OF LORD BYRON, POEMS OF LORD TENNYSON, and POEMS OF R. AND E. B. BROWNING, all compiled and arranged by Miss C.

Linklater Thomson. They contain no notes except a short glossary at the end of each poem, and one may hope that this omission, which it will, of course, be the business of the teacher to supply, will increase their popularity, and help to cultivate a real taste for literature among the children who use them. The type is good and clear, and the selections are good enough if not the best that could have been made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We cordially recommend Dent's *TEMPLE MOLIERE*, of which *LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES* is edited by Mr. F. Spencer (1s. 6d. n.). Every difficulty is explained in the vocabulary and the brief notes, which also fully illustrate the peculiar affectation which Molière laughs at. We cannot conceive what more is necessary for a school edition or for the book-lover than editing of this sort. We note, however, that Mr. Spencer does not seem to have heard of Theophrastus.

FRENCH LANGUAGE DRILL: a supplement to Dent's First French Book, U. A. Dutoit, Part I., Elementary (Dent, 1s. 6d.), is a series of tables, exercises, and rules, arranged as a help to the revision of grammar. It is all written in French, according to the latest practice, but translations of the rules are given at the end. It is a useful and practical little book.

Mr. C. E. R. Hewitt edits for Arnold's FRENCH READING BOOKS three simple and entertaining little pieces: "Un Anniversaire à Londres," "Les Quatre Cri-Cris de la Boulangère," and "Il faut Penser à Tout" (9d.). The notes are judicious, and there are good remarks on some points of idiom difficult to the beginner.

The latest Pitt Press French Readers are two of the Erekman-Chatrian novels, *LE BLOCUS* and *WATERLOO* (3s. each). They are edited by Mr. Arthur R. Ropes—the Dr. Jekyll of whom Adrian Ross, of comic opera fame, is the Mr. Hyde. It is a good choice, for Mr. Ropes is not only a good French scholar but also a good French historian, and has a particular acquaintance with the campaign of 1815. We observe several references in his notes to the recent grammatical edict of M. Leygues. The French of Erekman-Chatrian is fairly easy, and their stories are of the sort that boys like. There are lucid maps to illustrate the military operations. It seems a pity that a note on "Landwehr" should omit to distinguish "Landwehr" from "Landsturm," but on the whole the notes are very good.

The third book of GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS (Arnold, 1s. 3d.), of which we have already reviewed the earlier books, is for students sufficiently advanced to read brief German anecdotes.

GERMAN UNSEENS, for Middle and Upper Forms, selected by W. G. Etheridge, M.A. (Blackie's Modern Language Series, 2s.), is rather difficult, but the selection is well done. The authors are very modern, and the range of subject and vocabulary is wide.

We can recommend Dr. T. C. Fry's edition of the *BOOK OF GENESIS* (Rivington's Books of the Bible, 1s. 6d.) as neither insincere nor pedantic. Dr. Fry is courageous enough to recognize the facts established by criticism, and analyses the book into its elements. The footnotes to each page explain difficult words or allusions.

JOSHUA, edited by Rev. F. W. Spurling (Rivington's Books of the Bible, 1s. 6d.), is good on the whole, especially in the geographical part when the editor has the advantage of following Professor G. A. Smith. His remarks, however, are sometimes less sensible than pious, as when he discusses whether Rahab had any idea of the "perfect holiness" of Jehovah. He is hardly quite frank on the subject of miracles (App. A.), for he ought to recognize that the ancients spoke of God as causing natural phenomena by direct agency, as when Xenophon said "the god shook the earth."

SOUTH AMERICA (Black, 1s. n.) is added to the series of geographical manuals edited by Mr. Lionel W. Lyde, of which we have on a previous occasion explained the distinguishing characteristics. The same publishers also issue AN ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND AND WALES (1s. 4d.), by the same author. It is a reader rather than an ordinary lesson-book, and has pictures.

GRÆCIA is now published in "Murray's Handy Classical Maps" (1s. 6d. n., cloth 3s.), ably edited by Mr. G. B. Grundy, and printed in colours with admirable clearness to show the heights above sea-level. The North Greece may have to be revised when a proper survey has been made, but Mr. Grundy has first-hand knowledge of a good deal of it.

Candidates for the higher appointments in the Civil Service will appreciate the usefulness of Mr. A. W. Ready's *PRÉCIS AND PRÉCIS WRITING* (Bell, 3s. 6d.). The manual is in three parts. Part I. explains the art of Précis writing. Part II. gives eight specimens of Précis set in Public Examinations. Part III. is a key—in which the specimens are worked out. An admirable little handbook for its purpose.

AN EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTIONARY.

According to an anecdote, which is instructive whether it be true or not, Archbishop Temple was once asked to sanction a "quiet day" at a certain village church. He replied that the real necessity of the parish in question was not a "quiet day," but an earthquake. Mr. Harold E. Gorst, in *THE CURSE OF EDUCATION* (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.), is evidently of the opinion that what English educationists need is an earthquake. He talks of the absurdities of "the conventional mode of teaching and bringing up children, and of educating youth in this and other civilized countries." He asserts that "the foundations of all existing educational systems are absolutely false in principle, and that teaching itself, as opposed to natural development and self-culture, is the greatest obstacle to human progress that social evolution has ever had to encounter." This reminds one a little of the farmers "who don't 'old with no book larnin' whatever," and it is to be regretted that the whole of Mr. Gorst's book is marred by over-statement. But it calls attention to many defects in the theory and practice of English school-mastership, and may startle a large number of readers into asking themselves for a definition of "education." The essential point of Mr. Gorst's book is the complaint that between "the stupidity of the parent and the inflexibility of the school system children have little chance of developing their natural propensities; . . . all that the school professes to do is to stuff the pupil with a certain quantity of facts according to a fixed curriculum." Is this not more a question of chronology than Mr. Gorst supposes? At all events, the present attitude of men of culture towards the new-born science of teaching can hardly be fairly judged until the young men of to-day furnish the parents and the headmasters of twenty years hence. Mr. Gorst's book is all the more readable in that it provokes criticism. The more discussion, the more illustration, the better. Mr. Gorst says:—

The average schoolboy, who does his work mechanically and without enthusiasm, probably furnishes the greatest number of examples of the misplaced individual. His application to his studies is not natural; it is enforced by what is called school discipline. That is to say, the authorities devise every conceivable form of punishment to make a constant grind at obligatory subjects less disagreeable than the consequences of idleness.

This passage is marred by the inaccuracy of "every conceivable form of punishment," but it contains truth. Mr. Gorst must not suppose, however, that any of the younger Oxford and Cambridge honours-men who are concerned with educational theory do not intend "to change all that" when they get the chance. Of the willingness of the average British father to submit his sons to the process he describes Mr. Gorst has many hard things to say. The typical British parent can often not understand why sons whose "education" has cost thousands are too often unable to preach their own sermons, to act as stewards of their own land, or even to appreciate a novel written by Hardy or by Gissing. As Mr. Gorst says:—

The whole trend of evolution is to differentiate; and if natural laws were not completely disregarded by education systems, the absurdity of filling the world with two or three human species (? types) instead of a hundred thousand would never have been perpetrated. As long as this arbitrary interference with Nature is continued, educated men will not cease to be a drug in the market. Its immediate effect is not to endow the individual with special qualities, but to handicap him heavily for the real business of life.

Certainly the "uneducated" clever man, who has developed along the line of least resistance, can often utilize the "well-

educated" nonentity, who, without such a master, is helpless in any environment other than that in which he grew up. Boys' brains, after all, are not grown trees needing to be trimmed and bent into shape, but rather saplings for which space, air, and light are the first and the greatest necessities. The book should be read, if only because it gives utterance (perhaps without Mr. Gorst's knowledge) to much that foreign critics of English education are thinking.

THE CHILD.

Not the least of the many merits of *THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND NURTURE* (Temple Primers, Dent, 1s. n.) is its freedom from vague psychological theories, and from over-insistence on hereditary peculiarities. One of Dr. W. B. Drummond's chief objects seems to be to dwell upon

The facts that it is possible for man so to alter the environment of the infant as to favour the preservation of good qualities, and to hinder or prevent the development of evil tendencies, and that the infant has a marvellous capacity for individual adaptation to such changes.

Beginning his book with excellent chapters upon the general subjects of "Nature and Nurture" and "Child Study," the author passes on to write specifically about "The Surroundings of the Child." We disagree with Dr. Drummond's verdict that the nursery should be usually kept at a temperature of 60deg., partly for reasons which he will soon discover by experimenting with the ordinary thermometer of commerce. A temperature of 62deg.-64deg. is much more easily assured, and suits the average type of British child much better. The author admirably discriminates between a supply of fresh air and the curse of winter draughts. He is also right to refer to the fact that a cold night-nursery means heavy bedclothes, often followed by "chills" to the child, who throws off clothing in disturbed sleep. As for the need of cubic space in class rooms, Dr. Drummond emphasizes the fact that

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the size of the children as compared with adults can be taken as a guide. Even healthy children, according to Sir John Simon, "in proportion to their respective bodily weights, are about twice as powerful as adults in deteriorating the air in which they breathe."

Dr. Drummond sees clearly that the hope of the future for poor town children lies not so much in improved sanitation and better inspection of the milk and food supply, as in

The establishment of cheap means of locomotion whereby a large proportion of the working classes will be able to move out to new districts, where it will be more easy to avoid the worst of the old evils, and where especially ample open spaces can be preserved for playgrounds, gardens, and parks. Even now it would be possible for far more people to live out of [? outside] the large towns where they work did they realize the advantages that would accrue to the children by their doing so.

The details contained in the chapter on "The Care of the Infant" are practical and well-arranged; indeed, they exceed the limits of their title. Eleven hours' sleep for children between six and ten years old is a point important to insist upon, but we do not notice any reference to the fact that between four and ten years of age occasional afternoon naps are invaluable to excitable children. The use of good sweetmeats as an addition to children's meals is clearly explained, but there should have been a warning against eating sweets at other times, and against all sweets not emanating from a reputable maker. The chapter upon "The Senses" of children makes good reading; it is to be hoped that purchasers of this little book (and their name should be legion) will ponder the importance of Dr. Drummond's remarks upon improving the sight and hand-dexterity of ordinary children, remembering that "a child who may look but who mustn't touch will often look without seeing." As our author says in a later chapter upon "The Muscles," a little child playing is really learning lessons—he

might add, out of the oldest and best of primers. In a carefully-arranged chapter upon "The Emotions," one of the best sections deals with the æsthetic emotions, but here Dr. Drummond seems afraid (or unable) to speak positively about the difference between the romantic child of British fiction and the stolid infant of British middle-class fact. On the other hand, he has an excellent passage about the social instinct in children, and how its need for harmony with parents or friends may be controlled to make for righteousness. The chapter upon "Intellect" is clear upon two most important matters, first, the need of phlegmatic children to have their attention constantly called to objects of interest, and their sociability persistently directed towards livelier children, and, secondly, the desirability of preventing excitable, impressionable children from forming a habit of toying with all things by turn, and nothing long, instead of learning to do something consecutively both in play and work. In a chapter upon the will, Dr. Drummond has many true things to say about "temper" and obstinacy, so often the signs of real force of character which may be trained for good. It is not the bold, "rampagious" child who is to be feared, but the incipient liar, time-server, or tell-tale.

There is, perhaps, no child whom education can do more to make or mar than one in whom a generous disposition and a passionate temperament go together. Crush all outbursts of emotion, carrying the day if need be "at the point of the sword," and the flame will smoulder, inwardly nourishing the roots of all forms of selfish anger. Guide them into the service of the will, and they lay the foundation of a hatred of wrong and a generous scorn of evil.

Dr. Drummond's monograph is so complete in itself (save for the lack of an index) that it even ends with a chapter upon "Froebel and the Kindergarten." We advise parsons and schoolmasters to call the attention of parents to a book which it would be a great pity to let any thoughtful mother, lacking larger works upon the subject, pass by unread. It is quite a mistake to think that because a woman is not bookish she cannot be persuaded to read and inwardly digest a sensible volume about children.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

The War.

Our natural curiosity about the war has now been so thoroughly well satisfied by so many capable writers that we cannot do more than mention the works of the writers who do little more than gossip round the subject. This remark applies to *THE STAFF WORK OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR*, by Lady Briggs (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d.), but not to *A CIVILIAN WAR HOSPITAL* (Murray, 12s. n.). This latter book, to which all the members of the professional staff of the Portland Hospital, Bloemfontein, contribute, is a record of experiences that should be permanently valuable. It deals not only with hospital organization and equipment, but with the problems in medicine and surgery with which the writers were brought in contact. Interesting cases, more particularly interesting bullet-wounds, are photographed; and there is a careful discussion of the enteric epidemic at Bloemfontein. The disease, it is suggested, came to Bloemfontein from Modder River Camp, whence it had floated down stream from Jacobsdal. We are apt to forget that there ever was an epidemic at Modder River, but we read here that, "on 6th February the total had reached 156 and twenty-seven deaths." To the general reader the most interesting cases may be those of neurasthenia and mental derangement. There have been several remarkable instances, from that of the private of the Gordons who, having had his helmet shot off, was so frightened that he had to be invalided home, to those of officers "complaining of a tendency to emotional outbursts which have sometimes taken the form of irresistible fits of weeping on the smallest excitement." The condition, of course, is due to over-strain and, particularly, to want of sleep. "Fed up" is the soldier's slang for it. Sometimes it takes the form of malingering; but the authors tell us that very little of that came under their notice. The book is not

easy to quote from owing to its very technical phraseology, but it is one to be warmly recommended to those whom it concerns.

In *MR. A. M. S. METHUEN*, the author of *PEACE OR WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA* (Methuen, 1s.), we have an opponent of the war who can write with cultivated restraint and moderation. To call him, in the current phrase, a "pro-Boer," is rather to misrepresent him. He does not idealize the Boers, or appear to be greatly concerned about them. His contention is that, the Boers being what they were, the proper way to bring them to reason was not the way adopted by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner. We recommend the pamphlet to those who want to know what the case against those statesmen, as urged by their opponents, really is. It is well written, and not in the least hysterical. The historical parallel between the situation in Africa in 1899 and the situation in America in 1775 is very carefully drawn.

HINTS FOR A BUSH CAMPAIGN, by Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Montanaro, R.A. (Sands, 1s.), is a handy little manual written for the edification of officers and non-commissioned officers who go soldiering in West Africa. It puts into shape the lessons learnt from the late Ashanti Expedition.

Artistic Cookery.

Despite the careful and scholarly researches of Mr. Abraham Hayward, few Englishmen or Englishwomen allow to *Cookery* as high a position among the fine arts as it deserves. Mrs. W. G. Waters, to whom we owe an entertaining and instructive volume called *THE COOK'S DECAMERON* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.), gives the art its due. It is true, indeed, that "all cooks who can turn out distinguished work will be found to be endowed with imagination," but the scientific connoisseurs whose acquaintance we make in "*The Cook's Decameron*" go further and find in the construction of a culinary masterpiece "a breath of the same *affatus* which gave us the Florentine Campanile, and the Medici Tombs and the Portrait of Monna Lisa." The book, as its title indicates, recalls us to Italy, the home of art; and its object is to prove that France has not exhausted the possibilities of food, that few English people know the virtue and resources of Italian cookery, or have penetrated where it can really be enjoyed. In despair of the shortcomings, both artistic and moral, of their cooks, a little party of persons seriously interested in the subject meet at a country house, there to devote themselves to the study under the personal supervision of the Marchesa di Sant Andrea, whose delightful and recondite recipes (to the number of some two hundred and thirty) are given in full. The history of their visit is recounted with much humour and geniality, each day of the ten affording a new theme for discussion and entertainment, the individuality of the different members of the party adding a pleasing touch of human interest to the Marchesa's practical exposition of her art. That English housewives will, to any great extent, find the recipes, as Mrs. Waters anticipates, simple and inexpensive, we hesitate to affirm. But there are many capital macaroni and vegetable dishes of a kind too often neglected in English households. And wives who have a little more time and money to spare will find in these recipes, which are all excellent, a new field for the ingenuity of their cooks and for the delectation of their husbands. Englishmen have two main characteristics—the spirit of adventure and the love of a good dinner; and both of them will be satisfied to the full by the use of "*The Cook's Decameron*."

WHERE IS YOUR HUSBAND? by George Frost (Burleigh, 2s. 6d.), is a collection of rather clever essays on some of the trials and troubles of domestic life. A single sentence may suffice to show the tone of the book:—

The perpetual caller is a social plague; no purity of motive atones for her persistent and pestilential presence on the doorstep; yet many otherwise respectable women live to "call," exercising no control whatever over an abnormal appetite for ceremonial visiting.

Comparatively few people nowadays read essays of this sort; but those who do will thank us for calling their attention to this quietly humorous and eminently sensible little book.

CORDINGLEY'S GUIDE TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE (Edinburgh Wilson, 2s. n.), an explanation of the various modes of speculating in stocks and shares, has reached a second edition.

FICTION.

Vanished Hands.

We have always been inclined to the opinion that nothing but good should be said of the dead as well as the living. But to a criticism of a work of art which is absolutely impersonal the rule need hardly apply. And yet to find fault with the work of those who have gone before is unprofitable and unpleasant. Fortunately the two books before us *THE SECOND YOUTH OF THEODORA DESANGES* (Hutchinson, 6s.), by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, and *THE SEAL OF SILENCE* (Smith, Elder, 6s.), by the late Mr. Arthur R. Conder, are admirable examples respectively of the work of a ripe, accustomed hand, and of a beginner, full of promise, in the art of fiction. Mr. George Somes Layard introduces us to "Theodora Desanges," and tells us that Mrs. Linton's last book is presented very nearly in the condition in which it was left. He appears to think that some people will have expected him to make "an exhaustive revision of her manuscript," but he has judged it best to forbear. For our part, we consider Mrs. Linton's work likely to be very little improved by "unauthorized collaboration" of any kind, and congratulate Mr. Layard on his discretion. He also bids us beware of confusing "Theodora Desanges" with Mrs. Lynn Linton as few, we apprehend, are likely to do, and adds that to him "her last message is unutterably sad—that gloomy gospel of humanity—good news, if one will, for the race, but disaster for the individual." To us, on the other hand, "The Second Youth of Theodora Desanges" is a remarkably interesting example of the work of an artist of many years' standing. That Mrs. Linton at the very end of her life could write so powerful and arresting a book is an excellent monument to her mental powers, courage, and insight. The *motif* of the story is in the fact that somewhere in the sixties of the last century a woman of seventy years who has had her victories and lived "at all four corners of her being," goes through an illness and gradually renews her youth. The process is mainly physical at first; bright, brown curls are found pushing up through the long grey hair; new teeth take the place of the hitherto useful artificial set; a reflux of vitality takes place, and a new and more beautiful Theodora appears before her doubting friends. Having convincingly explained this change in her heroine Mrs. Linton proceeds to develop the idea with her well-known ingenuity. Perhaps, as her editor says, the message is one of hopelessness, but before one hears the full meaning of it an extremely interesting and often entertaining novel has been read.

As we have said, Mr. Conder's book belongs to life's beginning. He, too, is edited or rather prefaced. "A. F.," who knew and admired the author of "The Seal of Silence," helped him to find a publisher for this first book. From the short memoir here given it is evident that the character of Arthur Conder was both generous and fine. He was cut off after a few University victories and after writing one extremely promising book. "The Seal of Silence" contains enough of plot to supply a dozen novels, and reminds one of James Payn's saying that the young writer squanders in this way what the old hand would give a great deal to possess. Indeed, "The Seal of Silence" reminds us in its vivid style, buoyancy of manner, and general elasticity of spirit of Mr. James Payn's early work, those stories which made his fortune being little if any better than this one by Mr. Conder. The plot is so complicated and involved that, although we have followed it with scarcely unabated interest from start to finish, it is impossible to describe it within the limits of a review. As "A. F." says, the book displays powers of observation and description, a great sense of character, and delicate unforced humour. It is a book to enjoy; youth and hope and love and above all, humour, are there, and where these things are is contentment for the "general reader."

In the West of England.

Village sketches by Mrs. Francis Blundell (M. E. Francis) are always sympathetic, humorous, and delightful. **PASTORALS**

OF DORSET (Longmans, 6s.) includes a few stories a little below their author's usual standard, but most of them are charming. "Up at the 'Lotments'" is one of the best. Joseph Frisby, an old rascal of a villager who has lived riotously while he still had a penny to enable him to do so, finds himself in his old age without even a few potatoes to plant. His neighbours are planting all round him, and he makes a pathetic appeal to them. But all are piteously poor and know him all too well, and he meets with refusal. That night he goes secretly to the allotments and removes set after set of the newly-planted potatoes, smoothing down the earth as he goes. "It chanced that Jim Cross, waking with the dawn, fancied he heard the sound of a spade in the next garden. On his way to work, a little later on, he observed that a goodly portion of Joseph's patch of ground was, indeed, freshly dug up. . . . 'I've put my trust in Providence,' said Joseph, peering at him cautiously out of the corner of his eye, 'and to show as I've a put my trust in Providence, I'm a gettin' ready my bit o' ground. When the Lard sends me them taters, neighbour, He'll find I ready.'" Jim was "much impressed" and no wonder! The result was that the whole body of villagers rewarded the old ruffian's supposed faith by presenting him with some more of their scanty "taters," little dreaming how many they had involuntarily contributed. "There were many gaps among the ranks at the allotments, and it was noticeable that Jan Domeny in particular (an enemy of Joe's) had suffered severely. No one was more loud in commiserating this misfortune than Joseph Frisby. 'The ways of Providence be wonderful, as the Scriptures say, Jan Domeny,' he remarked one day, 'Aye, 'tis what I often d'say to myself; a man may plant and a man may water, but 'tis the Lard as gives the increase.' 'Weel,' returned Jan, a little grudgingly 'I d'l'ow that He've a-gi'ed it to you, Mr. Frisby.' 'He have Jan; He have!' agreed Joseph heartily." There are many other entertaining things in the book, which certainly ought to be read.

In Mr. Eden Phillpotts one has long since recognised a literary workman who needs not to be ashamed. He has set up for himself a very high standard, having never bowed down to false gods the worship of which might have brought him a wider popularity. His truthful and discriminating studies of character in the West of England deserve the highest praise that can be accorded to conscientious work undertaken in the right artistic spirit. While other authors slay their ten thousands Mr. Phillpotts is content with his thousands. Yet he must enjoy his great reward in the quietude of his artistic conscience. It matters little in what genre so painstaking a craftsman works. In *THE GOOD RED EARTH* (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6s.), as in some other stories by him, the scene happens to be laid in the "west cuntry." Here, as anywhere else in a novelist's wide world, love and hate, humour, hypocrisy, pride, drunkenness, the whole repertory of the primal sins and virtues find their home, so that the seeing writer finds and presents a microcosm of the great world. "The Good Red Earth," with its Devonshire background, contains several characters which cannot fail to stamp themselves upon the memory. Foremost amongst them is Alpheus Newte, the pedlar-preacher, whose combination of humour and oleaginous piety, poured forth in much the same way as the unco' guid were used to "discuss the doctrine of election through their noses," is presented in the most convincing manner. Sibella, too, and dame Hatherley, with her hidden hoard, are excellent examples of the commonplace revealed and redeemed. We would not willingly have missed Sir Archer Baskerville, either, with his wounded patrician pride. Over all is spread the garment of an intense love of nature and her moods. Mr. Phillpotts possesses a literary vehicle that enables him adequately to express this love. As a rule the dialect is correct, but here and there occur unaccountable lapses into literary English that are inappropriate enough in the mouths from which they proceed. A Devonshire maid would never (we would stake a full bowl of cream upon it) say, "I've got an appointment," as Sibella does on p. 66, any more than her grandmother would protest "That's not to the point," as

she does on p. 25. Girls are not "gals" in the West, either, they are "maids" or "maidens." But it would be ungrateful to magnify a small fault in a book possessing virtues so many and so great.

Miss Wilkins' "Understudies."

In these captious days the owner of rich literary argosies who sets sail for the ports of the critics with a lighter freight than usual is likely to be called to account over the quantity and quality of his merchandise. It may even be hinted that his stock-in-trade must be failing him. Let us hope that Miss Mary E. Wilkins will escape many such strictures when, with her recent collection of short tales suggested by animals and by flowers, she is found to be riding under easy sail, as it were, with an unusually slight consignment. We are content, ourselves, to berth *UNDERSTUDIES* (Harper 6s.) alongside of "A New England Nun," "Jerome," "Silence," and the rest, without too regretful a reminiscence of past treasures or any anxiety as to our enjoyment when future cargoes are unloaded. To drop the metaphor, it is unreasonable to expect a writer to be for ever at the stretch, and if Miss Wilkins chooses to write a series of tales about animals or to draw a few dainty and fanciful analogies between flowers and people it seems a little impertinent to grumble. If the book represents less strenuous effort there is no need for disappointment. In the animal stories one scarcely expects to find quite the same sympathy and insight, quite the same exquisitely natural touch, that appeals so directly to readers of the tales of men and women. Miss Wilkins is the most human of writers, and when she writes of her kind the fountains of her knowledge and kindness are deep and ever fresh. How often at the close of one of her tales, when we think that all has been said that can be said, does she overflow with some delightful sentence or reflection washing the whole thing bright and clear, as it were, with the dew of its wise and tender thought. But here we are concerned with animals and the human interest is, very properly, not allowed to predominate. In the one case to the contrary, indeed, the story of the parrot, the effect is comparatively unsatisfactory. Some account of the deceiving of the parrot's mistress by the minister was of course necessary, for the final episode hinges upon that rampagious bird's uncanny acquaintance with what was going on, but Miss Wilkins should have said either much less or much more about the philandering parson, who as he stands disappoints us in one way nearly as badly as he disappointed poor Martha in another. But the parrot himself is a gorgeous and consoling character, and the other animals are all excellent in their various ways. The study of the cat who, left in a mountain-hut during a bitter winter, entertains and keeps alive a starving tramp till the spring comes round is perhaps the best thing in this section of the book. The description of the cat out rabbit-stalking in a snowstorm at night is a veritable primitive epic in little.

In the last half of the book we return to human types set variously against backgrounds of flowers which they seem to resemble. Of these "Arethusa" is delicate and poetic, "Mountain-Laurel" is pathetic, and there is a quaint humour about the first downfall of the youth whose early promise was as brilliant as that of the "Morning Glory"—a flower which closes its petals in the afternoon. The youth, too, went to sleep, and his *fiancée* suddenly decided that it was necessary to jilt him. She was a daughter of the people:—

"Now you look at here, Alexander Bemis," said she. "I've promised to marry you and I'm most ready, clothes all bought an' everything. I don't know what you will say, an' I don't know what folks will say, an' I can't help it, and I don't care. I'm goin' to back out. I've got to look out for myself, and my father's money, that he's worked so hard to get, without a dollar to start with. I'm goin' to back out. I've liked you an' I like you now, an' it ain't none too easy for me, an' I've laid awake some nights thinkin' of it, but it's better for both of us. I ain't goin' to marry you. You're good and steady and handsome, and you're awful smart, but you ain't done anything but talk smart and look smart, an' be smart; you ain't ever acted

smart, an' I don't believe you ever will. You haven't done anythin'. You've just laid right back on your reputation, an' that's what you're goin' to do right along. I'd rather have a man with less smartness than you that can use what little he's got. There's no use. I'm goin' to back out."

Isn't that delightful?—for every one except Alexander. We do not think there is much fear of Miss Wilkins' "laying right back on her reputation."

Diplomacy and Marriage.

In *THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS SYLVIA* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), Mrs. C. N. Williamson breaks new ground and introduces us to some very exalted personages. The Princess, daughter of a Grand Duchess and kinswoman of our own Royal house, finds herself chosen for political reasons as the future bride of the Emperor of Rhaetia. But she would rather be wooed and won on her merits, and so she makes a strictly incognito incursion into the Emperor's domains, which gives us a series of amusing episodes ending very properly in the triumph of love over the exigencies of *la haute politique*. It is all highly improbable, but it is fresh and vivacious. Nevertheless, we prefer the simpler manner and matter of Mrs. Williamson's earlier work.

We are introduced to very high circles indeed in *QUEEN'S MATE*, by Morice Gerard (Hodder, 6s.). The Duke of Longlands and the British Ambassador at Dursdorf would pass for central figures with most novelists; here they are but pawns in the game. The Queen of Amphalia is of marriageable age, and Ferdinand II., Emperor of Gramand, has a suitor ready for her hand—a suitor of noble blood and handsome appearance who has sown a plentiful crop of wild oats. The great personages are but thinly disguised—the masterful and omniscient ruler of Gramand, a congeries of petty states, and the fair young Queen of Amphalia—and, perhaps, this rather obvious method of producing a realistic effect may reap its reward. In itself the story is not particularly interesting. It is ingenious, but thin, and the characters do not live. This is commonly the penalty of dealing with such illustrious people as ambassadors, queens, and emperors. Judith Lowenfels, the daughter of the Jewish financier, is better than the others, but even she is unnatural. It may be worth while adding that a modern Mauser pistol is not "kept fully primed." Priming was an operation that went out of fashion with the introduction of breech-loaders.

The North-West Frontier.

Miss Mabel North was a young lady with "a celebrated smile." It was commonly understood, writes the author of this book, that her guardian, General North, had found his life a burden to him owing to the multitude of her suitors; and strangers (of the male sex), thanked with a smile for some slight service, were impelled not infrequently to propose to her on the spot. It can easily be imagined that so charming a girl—of whom other women were never tired of saying that she had no claim to real beauty—should enjoy a lively time of it in a garrison town of an Indian frontier province. And the incidents in Sydney Grier's last novel, *THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES* (Blackwood, 6s.), are very lively indeed. It is a good book—well done in every way, and the ladies especially are drawn with a number of those delicate and feminine touches that are seldom absent from this writer's work. Nor can the men be accused of any lack of life. They are not the usual soldiers that so many lady writers are apt to give us—the wooden automata to whom we have been accustomed. They have character, and they are differentiated. Major North, the great man Burgrave, who reminds us of one of Mr. Kipling's figures, and the group of young officers and civilians who are concerned in the ruling of Khernistan, are all adequately drawn. The story deals with one of those little frontier wars which to people at home are merely a name and a paragraph in the papers, but which are none the less serious to people on the spot. The behaviour of the different men and women in time of stress when besieged in their crazy fort and waiting for relief is brought out with power. The motive is reminiscent of many Indian stories, and no doubt the

author has borrowed a hint or two from predecessors in a fruitful field. But the handling is her own, and it could not well be better. "The Warden of the Marches" has nearly every mark of a good novel—character, incident, a touch of pathos here and there, and a pleasing style.

Mr. Frank Stockton.

Mr. Frank Stockton's *A BICYCLE OF CATHAY* (Harpers, 6s.), like everything else by its author, is full of humour and flows pleasantly along. Cathay is a holiday land into which Mr. Stockton's very attractive young schoolmaster rides, more or less heart-whole, and out of which he comes with the impression that, however delectable a country it may be, it has too many young women in it. From the first day to the last, chance throws him with maidens in distress or maidens who are anxious to help him in his hours of need. He is impressionable to a degree; and must have felt relieved when he finally found himself engaged to the doctor's daughter who started him on his travels with the thoughtful present of a box of quinine lozenges. It is all very amusing in a quiet way—not so irresistibly funny as some of Mr. Stockton's books, but as full of human interest as the best of them.

Mr. Stockton is, however, perhaps better at short stories than at long. For his long stories now are too frequently merely short ones unduly expanded. Few men have the art of saying so little in so many words, and of leaving the reader not unmused at the end. He has the leisurely air; he expounds his whimsical fancies at their fullest length, and reports the conversations of his extraordinary characters—and most of them are singular enough—in *extenso*, but he is seldom really dull. Sometimes, it is true, he seems to be making strenuous efforts in that direction, and in *AFIELD AND AFLOAT* (Cassell, 6s.) he arrives more nearly at the goal perhaps than usual. The collection of stories to which he has given this name is some way beneath Mr. Stockton's average. One or two are ingenious examples of a fanciful invention; two (not the worst of the collection) are inspired by the late Spanish-American war; several are specimens of that blend of the ghost-and-love-story which used to be practised long ago. But there is not one of outstanding merit—not one that recalls "The Lady or the Tiger" or "The Wreck of the John T. Hyke," although the last tale in this volume is conceived somewhat on the model of that excellent piece of foolery. It is rather a disappointing book.

The Oxford Undergraduate.

Mr. Inglis Allen's book has an engaging cover, and deals with the adventures of an engaging young man. Some of these adventures we have seen before, when they appeared in the pages of some magazine, and they impressed us agreeably with their deftness and lightness of touch. *A VARSITY MAN* (Pearson, 6s.) is a true and intimate picture of a certain class of Oxford undergraduate—the class that used some few years back to be known as the "blood," and is probably now adorned with some equally expressive cognomen. There is no harm in him, but he is solicitous of his dress, and apt to fancy himself in love, and has an exaggerated contempt for the "townee" and all his works, and is altogether very young. But Mr. Allen's youth (we rather wish he would not always refer to him as "The Youth" and to his friend as "The Cynic") has a saving taste for athletics, and will probably develop into a decent fellow in time. He is very naturally drawn—perhaps the most natural undergraduate we have seen of late years—and, despite rather an overdose of slang, Mr. Inglis Allen may be congratulated on his little book. We like it better than Mr. Benson's effort at presenting his Cambridge "Babe B.A." And some of the other characters—the ladies of the piece, and the egregious family of the Twists, and Bromley, the shy giant of St. Luke's—are people whose acquaintance we are glad to make, for a spare hour or two.

A Fair Burglar.

Mr. Hume Nisbet's *CHILDREN OF HERMES* (Hurst and Blackett, 3s. 6d.) fairly holds the record for strange happen-

ings and remarkable adventures. First we have the escape of M. Emile Larron, the most expert of Parisian pickpockets, from Noumea to the Australian coast, where he plays the part of another M. de Rougemont among the natives. Then his voyage to England on a passenger ship, passing as the Marquis de Montresen, and his acquaintance with a band of pretty young ladies who turn out to be artists in crime. We have omitted to mention the murder of Harvey, captain of the *Norse King*, a picture of which adorns the cover; but incident follows incident so quickly in this book that it had escaped us for the moment. When all the characters arrive in England, the Chinaman Wung Ti among them, the fair Althea Lennox commits the cardinal error of falling in love with a manly young doctor. This is a mistake, as she has several important burglaries in hand that must be attended to at once, to say nothing of an old mother and invalid father in very straitened circumstances, who believe her to be the widow of a wealthy colonial. She doubles the part of criminal and guardian angel for some time with effect, and so softens Mr. Hume Nisbet's heart in the end that he lets her off something too easily for the stern moralist. The book is a curious medley, original enough, and it has the merit of containing plenty of excitement. The Clapham establishment, run by Mr. and Mrs. Tony Bagster, is not a bad idea. Mr. Nisbet has a fertile invention, but his book does not make for respectability.

"The Eternal Choice."

The question whether an author should study to please his readers or himself is suggested by Mr. E. H. Cooper's *THE ETERNAL CHOICE* (Pearson, 6s.). It is mainly about Beatrice, the plain, seventeen-year-old daughter of an atheistical Professor of Chemistry, and Reginald Fanshawe, the heir and nephew of Philip Vernon, an orthodox and religious man of wealth. Here is the "eternal choice." Beatrice follows her father; Reginald, at some distance, his pious uncle; yet he exchanges his interest in £90,000 for the Professor's daughter, thinking that he will make her a Christian. Ah, the vanity of lovers! But he is mistaken. Beatrice holds to the belief in which she has been reared; there is no conflict, and one asks: Has an author the right to create so poignant a situation, and then fritter it away? However, the mind of Beatrice—"half baby's and half philosopher's," an interesting description truly—is changed by simpler and more natural means than her husband's reasoning. Mr. Cooper does not seem to us to make good use of his opportunities; he puts into a country house, with a host who has nightly prayers in his private chapel, a German Assyriologist, an English atheistical professor and his daughter, two women of the world, an archaeological baronet, a serious youth—Reginald—and an empty-headed one who has a village *liaison*. What humour and interest could have been drawn from this company! Yet the humour is thin and the interest far from engrossing, excepting where the latter concerns Reginald and Beatrice. The characters taken singly are often well drawn, and are worth the drawing.

Forty years of literary work has sharpened rather than dulled the point of Miss Sarah Tytler's pen. Her *RIVAL CLAIMANTS* (Digby, Long, and Co., 6s.) would attract more than ordinary attention by its quality were it her first work instead of her fiftieth or thereabouts. One of the chief of Miss Tytler's charms is her style. Every line reveals a strong individuality, and conveys an impression of clearness and vivacity. In this case a charming style is the vehicle for conveying an ingenious and interesting story of rival lovers and a disputed inheritance which ends in happiness and reconciliation. A delightful tale—not least in its pictures of early days in North Carolina.

There are several points of novelty about the detective story which its author has named *THE BLACK TORTOISE* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.). The scene of it is laid in Norway—its author (who gives Frederick Viller as his pen name) being a Norwegian—and the local colour is sufficient without being oppressive. But not content with one theft and recovery of a missing diamond (for that is what the black tortoise is), Mr. Viller lets it vanish in the same way a second time. The mystery is well kept up until close to the end. If, as we suspect, the work is translated Mr. Viller may congratulate himself on his translator.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

"Gardens at Home and Abroad" is the title of an interesting little collection of water-colour drawings which Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stevens are now showing at the Modern Gallery. Colour problems have attracted the painters to much purpose, and even if these are offered more often than they are solved the effort is seldom without considerable interest. The medium is handled with more freedom by Mrs. Stevens than by her husband, and generally speaking the palm remains with her. There is a notable drawing entitled "Holland House," which shows the painter in her most ambitious mood and is not without a certain dexterity. Viewed as a whole, however, the collection contains many contradictions and leaves with us the impression that it is by no means confined to recent work, since some of the drawings are very antiquated in their method and occasionally fall to a low level of execution. It seems to suggest that the long-forgotten resources of a large studio had been freely drawn upon. The best of the pictures, however, are very good.

In another of the rooms in the Modern Gallery is a small collection of cabinet oil paintings of "Picturesque Ireland," by Alexander Williams, R.H.A. Luscious colour of land and sea crowds from his brush with almost overpowering opulence. It is the colour of Ireland in her richest, and occasionally her rankest, seasons, and is a very faithful representation of her short and glorious summer. The collection comes as a seasonable antidote to the grey landscapes too often affected; but there is no reticence, no subtlety, and too little atmosphere. Given some insight into the hidden mysteries of nature Mr. Williams would be a more acceptable exponent of nature than he is, but taking him from his own standpoint his work does very well indeed. It is not given to every one to see nature with the romantic eyes of a Rousseau.

The eighty or so drawings of birds and animals in motion which Mr. John Guille Millais has sent to the Fine Art Society will delight the sportsman and the ornithologist. The mere artist will be troubled by a certain monotony of colour and a stereotyped method of composition which detracts from the æsthetic value of the work. It has every appearance of being extremely accurate, but is seldom true to nature in the best sense. The very accuracy of detail and close attention to "points," without which the naturalist is never content, destroys the pictorial qualities of the work and renders much of it of only the remotest interest for the artist. The close attention to detail mars the chance of a satisfactory picture, for the student of birds and animals is not content that the painter shall record what the eye sees, but demands that he shall present what the brain knows to be there. It thus happens that only upon the rarest occasions, upon the appearance of a genius, the two requirements can be fulfilled in one and the same painter. Mr. Swan is always happiest, artistically speaking, in his rapid sketches, for in these the artist rises superior to the scientist. Mr. Millais is not as yet sufficiently free with his art to be able to suggest complete accuracy of form without somewhat laboriously presenting it.

The Fine Art Society are also showing some water-colours by Mr. Arthur Severn, which are composed and painted much in his usual skilful and dexterous manner. Very few of the drawings fall below a very respectable standard of achievement, and fewer still succeed in arousing any great artistic enthusiasm. The subjects are well chosen and suitably painted.

No student of art should fail to see the collection of drawings by the old masters now being shown at the British Museum. A contemporary is much concerned to find that the editors of London papers permit many columns to be occupied with notices of the Royal Academy Exhibition and that but little space is given to accounts—for criticism is hardly called for—of the British Museum show. It is a pretty question and involves the consideration of the moral obligation of editors towards their public. As a matter of journalism the editors are right and the critic wrong. All the world goes to Burlington House and very few people, more is the pity, find their way to Bloomsbury. The successful editor gives his readers what they want before he stops to consider what they ought to have. Teaching is a poorly paid profession, and not at all popular—

with the taught. Besides it is a sound editorial maxim that a live ass is better than a dead lion. Thus it happens that the public is told much about the pictures at the Royal Academy and very little about the old masters at the British Museum.

More profit and advantage may be obtained by a visit to the Museum, however, than by dallying with such a collection as now occupies the Egyptian Hall. The days of the Dudley are past, for the amateur is now either a successful exhibitor elsewhere or deserves to remain more or less unrecognized. It is by no means a bad exhibition, but the work is neither sufficiently bad to provoke hostile criticism nor sufficiently good to demand serious attention. The work exhibited reaches an amiable plane of moderate ability and will probably please the friends of the exhibitors. And this, we imagine, is what it is intended to do.

An extremely interesting collection of drawings by American caricaturists has been hung in a part of the Doré Gallery, which has of late taken a new lease of artistic life. The best of the caricatures are by Mr. Chrichton and Mr. Davenport, and appear to have been drawn to illustrate Great Britain day by day, generally in the most friendly spirit of bantering criticism which often contains more than a spice of good common sense. If one does not mind one's own follies being laughed at, the collection will be found to be most interesting and certainly instructive. In an annexe of the Doré Gallery Mrs. Bacon is showing a wonderful piece of stone, about the size of a hazelnut, found by her in the neighbourhood of Oberammergau. Viewed in a certain light the similarity to the traditional likeness of the Saviour is almost startling. A remarkable array of experts has been secured to testify to the fact that the small piece of stone is absolutely untouched by tool or gravure, and the phenomenon is very remarkable.

We have received from Messrs. Cassell their annual volume of "Royal Academy Pictures," with its large, excellently-reproduced photographs of nearly three hundred of the best pictures, a preface by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, and some notes; and from Messrs. Chatto and Windus the smaller, well-known "Academy Notes," originated by the late Mr. Henry Blackburn, as well as their very interesting "Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon," a publication now in its twenty-third year.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The new Radcliffe Library, in the grounds of the University Museum at Oxford, was opened on Tuesday. The building, which is the gift of the Drapers' Company, has cost over £21,000. The Vice-Chancellor remarked that it was the first contribution of the kind that had been made by a City Company to the educational resources of the older Universities. The modern benefactor—unlike the Drapers' Company—usually bestowed his gifts on new institutions. On the same day the degree of D.C.L. *honoris causa* was conferred on Mr. Cornelius N. Dalton, C.B., Master of the Drapers' Company.

Battersea is essentially a progressive borough. Its libraries march not only with the times, but occasionally even a little ahead. The library committee recently proposed to other London authorities a general amalgamation whereby tickets would be interchangeable and borrowers free to rove as they chose. The prospect of chaos in a dozen different systems appears to be fatal to the realization of such a scheme. Within its own borders, however, the committee is supreme. It has just decided to provide in the libraries free notepaper and envelopes to all applicants with the object—laudable in itself—of giving facilities for answering advertisements. But that pest of public institutions, the begging letter writer, is probably making large use of the privilege, while the ratepayers may be wondering whether the stamps are also to come out of their pockets.

The Lambeth Borough Council has been obliged to set aside over £1,000 for the repair of one of its libraries, the foundations of which have become insecure. A week or two ago we referred to a similar difficulty at Northwich of meeting expenses caused by subsidences. A clause touching this point has been inserted in the Public Libraries Bill now before Parliament. It provides that the cost of any repairs to a public library, necessary through the subsidence of ground, shall be payable, not out of the limited library rate, but out of the general funds of a borough or urban district council.

Reading tables in the parks are desired at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We have previously referred to the carrying out of this

idea in America. To be effective books and papers must be supplied for out-door reading, and here comes the difficulty. Readers are not usually over careful, even in their own homes, of the books they borrow. We hardly like to think of the disasters attendant upon a few sharp showers or a summer's gale. In this climate kiosks would be needed, and the expense negatives the general adoption of a scheme which (on paper) appears delightful.

The Selkirk Subscription Library is no more, and another link with the past thus disappears. It was founded in 1772, with the grandfather of Mr. Andrew Lang among the originators. Sir Walter Scott himself presented many of his works, but these, though first editions, were too well read to command any price in the recent sale, or even apparently to bear too much handling. First editions of Byron and Thackeray were in an equal state. The best comment is supplied by the price paid for a library which originally cost nearly £3,000. Now the whole stock goes for £60; 126 bound volumes of the *Edinburgh Review* selling for 3s. 6d., with unbound copies thrown in.

A correspondent has drawn attention in the *Daily Telegraph* to several ludicrous blunders in a library catalogue issued from East Ham. It is now pointed out by Mr. Bridle, librarian of the East Ham Public Library, that he is not responsible for the catalogue, which is that of a small lending library in the neighbourhood. Neither the misdemeanour of "Paul Clipper," nor the perverted genius visible in "Poetical Works of John Burns," should, therefore, be attributed to him.

THE BARROIS-ASHBURNHAM MSS.

On Friday of last week Messrs. Sotheby concluded the dispersal of the Barrois-Ashburnham MSS., the final section destined to come under the hammer of the historic library brought together by Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham. Save for a small 4to. volume of 39 ll., containing memoranda, anecdotes, &c., written by Voltaire while he was in England about the year 1727, which was bought by Mr. Quaritch for £61, works whose interest was primarily of a literary kind sold for relatively small sums. Competition was keenest for volumes painted and illuminated by old-time artists, whose very names are unknown. We give, in money-value order, details of the thirteen outstanding lots sold on Thursday and Friday. Nos. 1 and 2 on this list were bought for a private collector—or collectors—whose name did not transpire. The American agent, Mr. B. F. Stevens, the under-bidder for the Giottesque Latin Psalter, procured one only of the high-priced lots, No. 6 on the table; and other prominent buyers included Belin of Paris, Baer and Co. of Frankfurt, and J. Rosenthal of Munich.

Chief prices of last two days:—

1. "Le Roman de Lancelot du Lac," by Gautier Map. 3 folio vols. Sæc. XIV., MS. on vellum, 383ff., Gothic letters and *lettres bâtarde*s. 39 painted and richly illuminated miniatures of fresco shape, 8½in. by 3in., 129 large painted and illuminated historiated initials, about 2in. square. Formerly belonged to the Maréchal de Boussac, who defended Orleans against English, 1428-29, afterwards escorted Joan of Arc from Blois to Orleans, and there assisted in onslaught against besiegers. (537) ... 1,800
2. Latin Psalter. Small 4to. Sæc. XIV., MS. on vellum, 106ff., semi-Roman letters by an Italian scribe. Every page ornamented with rich Italian border, initials finely illuminated. 180 historiated initials, 1½in. by 1½in., and six larger miniatures divided into small compartments. Paintings in style of Giotto, possibly executed by him at Avignon while there with Pope Clement V. Great amount of burnished gold. Old French calf gilt. (495) ... 1,530
3. "La Légende Dorée." Two large folio vols. Sæc. XV., MS. on vellum, 564ff., bold *lettres bâtarde*s. 143 illuminated miniatures, mostly 5in. by 6in., many in camaieu gris heightened with gold, and 148 large ornamental initials, innumerable smaller ones. (616) 1,500
4. "Passion de N. S. Jésus-Christ," in verse, by Jacques le Lièvre. Folio. Sæc. XVI., MS. on vellum, 25ff., *lettres bâtarde*s. 43 illuminated miniatures, mostly 13in. by 9in., almost every leaf richly painted on both

- sides. Probably unique and executed for Francis I., whose arms are on the first page. Old French red morocco, ascribed to Le Gascon. (458) ... £ 770
 5. "Le Roman du Saint Graal et de Merlin," by Robert de Borron. Two large folio vols. Sæc. XV., MS. on vellum, 359ff., bold *lettres bâtarde*s. 32 finely painted and partly illuminated miniatures, 172 illuminated ornamental initials, 1½in. by 1½in., with marginal decorations of scroll flower work. From the La Vallière, Roxburghe, and Heber collections, in latter of which it made £126. (536) ... 560
 6. "L'Étiquette des Temps," by Alexandre Sauvage. Folio Sæc. XV., MS. on vellum, 121ff., neat *lettres bâtarde*s by an Italian scribe. 127 large initials, with historiated miniatures in pen and ink, seven circular drawings of Old Testament subjects, one with emblazoned arms of Rochechouart. (540) ... 500
 7. "Merveilles du Monde." Small folio. Sæc. XV., MS. on vellum, 179ff., cursivo *lettres bâtarde*s, rubricated in blue and red. 57 large miniatures in gouache, many illuminated ornamental initials. Old French red morocco. (397) ... 415
 8. "Le Miroir Historial de France." Small folio. Sæc. XV., MS. on vellum, 134ff., semi-Roman letters, rubricated. Five miniatures, 5½in. by 5in., one representing a King of France anointed by a prelate. 36 historiated miniature initials, 2½in. square. Arms of House of Burgundy. (405) ... 410
 9. "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis." Small folio. Sæc. XIV., MS. on vellum, 71ff., small *lettres bâtarde*s. 191 outline drawings in pen and ink, in manner of early Block Books of Low Countries. (552) ... 395
 10. Six illuminations, in colours on gold ground, from a MS. of the Thirteenth Century. 6½in. diam. (404) ... 390
 11. "Les Ordonnances de Charles le Hardi." Small folio. Sæc. XV., MS. on vellum, 41ff., notarial copy duly attested, *lettres bâtarde*s. 60 illuminated ornamental initials, first leaf richly decorated, showing Charles amid an assembly of his nobles. (434) ... 355
 12. "Le Roman de la Rose," &c. Quarto. Sæc. XIV., MS. on vellum, 170ff., *lettres bâtarde*s. 76 painted and illuminated historiated miniatures, mostly 1½in. by 2½in., many hundred ornamental initials. (518) ... 345
 13. "Le Roman de Perceval le Galois" (incomplete) and "La Vie de Sainte Marie Egyptienne." Folio. Sæc. XIII., MS. on vellum, 279ff., Gothic letters, capitals in blue and red. Very ancient carving in ivory, 7½in. by 3½in., representing death of Emperor Septimius Severus, inserted in cover. (463) ... 340
- £9,310

If this total be added to that of £13,185, paid for the twenty-one principal works sold during the first three days, as detailed in last week's *Literature*, we get an aggregate of £22,495 for thirty-four lots. The entire Barrois assemblage of 628 lots realized £33,217 6s. 6d.

It is impossible to estimate exactly the gross amount realized by private treaty and at auction for the various sections of the Ashburnham Library. The following table, incomplete as it is, covers the principal sections. Were realizations from every source to be included, probably the total would be more than £220,000. As to the last item definite particulars are not forthcoming—the 1,923 lots of the Libri MSS. cost the late Earl £8,000 in 1847:—

Printed Books (at auction) ...	£62,712
MSS. known as "Appendix" (at auction) ...	8,495
Barrois MSS. (at auction) ...	33,217
Stowe MSS., acquired by British Museum, 1882 ...	45,000
"Evangelia Quatuor," precious stones in binding, sold privately by Messrs. Sotheby and Co., 1901 ...	10,000
166 Libri and Barrois MSS. bought by Mr. Trübner, all save the Manesse Liederbuch resold to France	24,000
Remaining Libri MSS., say ...	30,000
	£213,424

A library of similar worth is not likely to come into the market for many years.

Correspondence.

SQUEERS AND DOTHEBOYS HALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The reprint in *The Times* of a Yorkshire schoolmaster's advertisement, which appeared in that journal a hundred years ago, revives the evergreen question, "Who was the prototype of Squeers?" Quite a mass of literature has grown around this subject, apparently without producing satisfactory evidence as to the identity of the Yorkshire pedagogue whom it is conjectured Dickens had in his mind when portraying the horrors of Dotheboys Hall. Of course, every one knows that in his Preface to "*Nicholas Nickleby*" the Novelist is careful to point out that "Mr. Squeers is the representative of a class, and not of an individual," and every one believes that it was his firm intention so to generalize. Such evidence, however, as is available to us certainly indicates that Dickens principally had his eye upon a particular schoolmaster, and that this man was by no means the worst of his tribe.

Dickens's description of Squeers (in the fourth chapter), emphasized by "Phiz's" portrait of him in the illustration accompanying it—"Phiz" (H. K. Browne) accompanied Dickens to Yorkshire when investigating the subject of Yorkshire schools in 1838—and the address of Dotheboys Hall, enabled those who knew the locality of Greta Bridge to point out the person to whom the description especially applied. So general was this recognition that the school over which that individual presided was the first to suffer. Who, then, was that individual? Many Yorkshire schoolmasters have been suggested as the probable prototype of Squeers. That their name was legion is amply proved by reference to the advertisement columns in contemporary newspapers of the earlier part of last century. In turning to *The Times* and the identical journals mentioned by Squeers himself—"Morning Post," [Morning] Chronicle, [Morning] Herald, [Morning] Advertiser—all of which flourished when "Nickleby" was written—we find scores of advertisements similar to that of Squeers. For example, in the issue of *The Times* of January 2, 1838, there are no less than seventeen (a few of which, however, relate to seminaries "for young ladies"), including that of Mr. Ralph Simpson's "Academy" (reprinted by *The Times* of January 1, 1901), whose London headquarters was (like Squeers's) at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, and whose annual fee for each boarder (again like Squeers's) was twenty guineas. But *The Times* of January 2, 1838 (*et seq.*), also contains the advertisement of one Shaw, which is much more pertinent:—

EDUCATION.—By MR. SHAW, at Bowes Academy, Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, YOUTH are carefully INSTRUCTED in the English, Latin, and Greek languages, writing, common and decimal arithmetic, book-keeping, mensuration, surveying, geometry, geography, and navigation, with the most useful branches of the mathematics, and provided with board, clothes, and every necessary, at 20 guineas per annum each. No extra charges. No vacations. Further particulars may be known on application to Mr. J. Metcalfe, agent, 38, Great Marylebone-street. Mr. Shaw attends at the George and Blue Boar, Holborn, from 12 to 2 daily.

Observe "no extra charges—no vacations" (absent in Simpson's advertisement), and note that in the curriculum Squeers substituted "fortification" for "navigation." Curiously enough, one of Shaw's "business" cards (reproduced in facsimile in my "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil") bears upon it, in the handwriting probably of Shaw himself, an intimation that he "leaves the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill [the London headquarters of Squeers], half-past seven o'clock, Thursday morning, 25th July."

I do not lay too much stress upon the importance of the similarity of these announcements—Shaw's and Squeers's—as, without doubt, Dickens generalized here. There is, however, good evidence, beyond that already adduced, that Shaw stood for

Squeers. A writer in *The Athenæum*, February 3, 1894, states with some show of authority that "Dickens called at several local schools (there were at least three in the village of Bowes alone) and asked to look through them. Such institutions would hardly welcome the inquiries of a stranger, and in only one case was he admitted. This was the school which he afterwards made famous as 'Dotheboys Hall.' . . . The description of the buildings in '*Nicholas Nickleby*' pointed too plainly to this particular school, and the appearance of the proprietor was painfully suggested in the personality of Mr. Squeers. . . ." Dr. Charles Rogers, editor of "*The Modern Scottish Minstrel*," records that, during a visit to Barnard Castle in 1864, he met a local clockmaker, Humphreys (whose name and occupation are said to have suggested to Dickens the title for one of his works). Humphreys said that it was he who called the Novelist's attention to, and described to him, the school which was rendered infamous as Dotheboys Hall. We may also assume that it was Humphreys who reminded him of the fact that some years previously certain actions-at-law had been brought against William Shaw, of Bowes Academy, Greta Bridge, by parents of children who had been ill-used at his school. On learning this, the diary, or note-book, which Dickens carried with him to Yorkshire was at once brought into requisition, and the information jotted down. I have seen the note-book, which is now preserved at South Kensington, and, with Miss Hogarth's permission, have copied the following entry, under date February 2, 1838:—

Shaw, the Schoolmaster we saw to-day, is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since, from gross neglect. The case was tried, and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and 1826. Look this out in the newspapers.

The exact dates of the trials were October 30 and 31, 1823, and the cases (*Jones v. Shaw* and *Ockerly v. Shaw*) were tried at the Court of Common Pleas, before Mr. Justice Park and a special jury, and the fullest reports of them appeared in *The Durham Chronicle* of November 8 following. These cases, in which the defendant was cast in heavy damages (*viz.*, £300 in each instance), were doubtless in Dickens's mind when he wrote the thirty-fourth chapter, where Squeers informs Ralph Nickleby that what brought him to London was "some bothering law business connected with an action, for what they call neglect of a boy." In order to still further identify Squeers with Shaw, it is imperative that we should know something regarding the latter's personal appearance. This information is supplied by Mr. Lloyd, the well-known Glasgow comedian, who knew Shaw intimately, and vouches for the accuracy of the outward presentment of him as delineated by Dickens and his illustrator—allowing, of course, for some exaggeration. "I can see him now," wrote Mr. Lloyd, "as plainly as I did then . . . a sharp, thin, upright, little man [Squeers was 'a trifle below the middle size'], with a slight scale covering the pupil of his eyes [Squeers 'had but one eye'] . . . Wellington boots and short black trousers, not originally cut too short, but from a habit he had of sitting with one knee over the other, and the trousers being tight they would get 'rucked' half-way up the boots [Squeers's trousers were 'a great deal too short']. Then the clean, white vest, swallow-tailed black coat, white necktie [Squeers wore 'a white neckerchief with long ends'], silver-mounted spectacles, close-cut, iron-grey hair [Squeers's hair was 'very flat and shiny' and 'brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead'], high-crowned hat worn slightly at the back of his head—and there you have the man."

Now comes the strange part of the story. Admitting that the evidence is in favour of the belief that Squeers was Shaw, and that Dotheboys Hall was Bowes Academy (a belief which has been, and still remains, current in Bowes itself), we are confronted with the frequently-corroborated statement that Shaw was really a man of a kind and humane disposition, much respected by his neighbours, who, after his death in 1850, placed a stained-glass window in the village church to his memory! An old scholar of his, in a letter to *The Newcastle*

Weekly Chronicle, May, 1889, declares that the charges levelled at the school "were simply so many artistic untruths."

How, then, are we to consider those actions-at-law to which I have referred, when charges were made against Shaw accusing him of dreadful acts of cruelty? In a letter signed "Jacmar," published in *The Athenaeum*, February 17th, 1894, the writer informs us that the charges of starving the boys broke down, the verdicts going against the schoolmaster on the charges of carelessness and neglect. Although the school left much to be desired, it is declared to have been far above the class of schools which Dickens did so much to abolish. "Jacmar" asserts that the trials showed on the part of the proprietor great ignorance of sanitary matters and culpable carelessness, but no trace of the villainy so graphically painted by the Novelist. He says, further, that the reports of those trials are very much condensed, as they only give the plaintiff's case, nearly the whole of the evidence being omitted; that no mention is made of the fact that the schoolmaster nearly lost his own sight when ophthalmia broke out in the school; that he had spent four hundred guineas in medical attendance; that, as a result of the actions, his school was temporarily ruined; that, through his counsel, he expressed the deepest regret and sorrow that such affliction should fall upon his pupils; that most probably the disease was caused by one of the boys entering the school when recovering from a severe attack of smallpox; and, lastly, that many of the smaller charges were explained away at the time.

Must we, then, conclude that William Shaw was unfairly made a scapegoat for others' sins? The facts seem to point that way, and the most devout worshippers at the shrine of Dickens (of whom I claim to be one) must admit the truth of the allegation that in portraying Squeers and Dotheboys Hall the Novelist had principally in his mind the Academy at Bowes and the pedagogue whom he interviewed there. Unfortunately, he located at Bowes Academy stories which were true of other schools in the neighbourhood; and, instead of generalizing, he so carefully described the proprietor thereof that the man was immediately identified, and suffered accordingly, while the more detestable members of the tribe went, for a time, scot free.

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., has averred that his father "never took individuals, but types." I would respectfully remind him of Mr. Fang, Mrs. Nickleby, and Miss Mowcher (to name but a few), who were avowedly drawn from individuals.

Yours faithfully,

F. G. KITTON.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The summer months will not be altogether devoid of interest in the book-world, with Hall Caine's "Eternal City" coming from Mr. Heinemann, John Oliver Hobbes' "A Serious Wooing" from Messrs. Methuen, and Sir Walter Besant's historical romance "A Lady of Lynn" from Messrs. Chatto and Windus—now announced for publication on July 4th. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. also announce one or two books for the slack season, including "My Lady's Diamonds" by Adeline Sergeant and "The Coward" by Robert L. Jefferson, the author of "The Ride to Khiva" and other books of travel. Next week, too, Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish Mr. Crockett's new story "Cinderella" and a translation of Paul Bourget's novel "The Disciple," while "The Bourgeois," by H. de Vere Stacpoole, will follow a little later in the "Green Cloth" Library. August is expected to bring M. Zola to London, and he will be preceded by his new volume of stories under the title of "The Honour of the Army," edited, with an introduction, by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly (Chatto and Windus), and announced for publication on July 14. Most of the books lately announced, however, are intended for the autumn. Early in the season Messrs. Chatto will probably publish "Despair's Last Journey," by Mr. David Christie Murray. Two other novels announced for the autumn are Mr. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" (Heinemann) and Mr. J. M. Barrie's new book (Hodder and Stoughton), while Messrs. Methuen will make a feature of a new story by Lucas Cleve, entitled "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," which enjoys the distinction of being the longest novel the publishers have ever sent to press—it runs to over 700 pages.

Mr. Heinemann will publish shortly a novel entitled "The Inheritors," by Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. It deals with literary and political circles of England and Paris.

Major G. S. Thomson, of the Indian Medical Service, has written "A Treatise on Plague," which Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein will publish immediately.

The Harrow School Register has been re-edited and brought up to date by Mr. M. G. Daughish and will be issued this month by Messrs. Longmans. Its aim is to give the name and details of the career of every Harrow boy during the Nineteenth Century.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Selections from the Writings of the Hon. Sir Charles Augustus Murray." 2 vols. W. Blackwood. 30s. net. Collected and edited by his wife.
- "A History of the English Church." Vol. 2. By Dean Stephens. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
- [Deals with the period from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward I.]
- "Mr. Punch's Holiday Book." Edited by Mr. E. T. Reed. "Punch" Office.
- "Wall and Water Gardens." By Gertrude Jekyll. Newnes, 12s. 6d. net.
- "Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks." By Francis Gribble. Constable. 18s.
- [An anecdotal account of the literary celebrities associated with Geneva, from Bonivard to the poets of the Caveau Genevois.]
- "Laws and Principles of Bridge." By "Hellespont." De La Rue. 5s. net.
- "Springtime in the Basque Mountains." By Mr. Arthur Lasenby Liberty. Grant Richards. 12s.
- [Gives ancient ballads and folk-lore recounting the heroic deeds of the Basques.]
- "The Case for the Factory Acts." By Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss Hutchins, Mrs. W. P. Reeves, Miss Clementina Black, and others. Grant Richards.
- [With an introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward.]
- "Fyander's Widow." By Mrs. Francis Blundell. Longmans.
- "Prince Charming." By "Rita." Sands. 3s. 6d.
- "In the Italian Quarter." By Rosina Filippi. (Carpet Plays, edited by Mr. Lucian Oldershaw.) Brimley Johnson.
- [Performed at the Vaudeville in 1899.]

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BIOGRAPHY.

- MAKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By R. A. ARMSTRONG. 7½×5, 215 pp. Unwin. 3s. 6d. n.
- [Sunday evening lectures delivered in the course of the writer's ministry in which thirteen types—the Critic, the Iconoclast, the Patriot, &c.—are each represented by a man or woman of the nineteenth century.]
- A LEADER OF LIGHT HORSE. LIFE OF HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE. By CAPT. L. J. TROTTER. 9×5½, 396 pp. Blackwood. 16s.
- HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII. By Mrs. BELLOC-LOWNDES. 9×6¼, 320 pp. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.
- [The authoress' Life of the King when still Prince of Wales enlarged and brought up to date, with additional illustrations.]

CLASSICAL.

- M. TULLI CICERONIS, EPISTULAE, VOL. I. (Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis). Ed. by L. C. PURSER. 7½×5. Clarendon Press. 6s.

FICTION.

- MRS. GREEN. By EVELYN E. BYND. 7½×5, 186 pp. Murray. 2s. 6d. n.
- [Exceedingly entertaining sketches retelling the talk on various subjects of "the Wife of our Gardener."]
- JOHN JONES, CURATE. By GWENDOLEN PRYCE. 7½×5½, 293 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- [A novel of Welsh life.]
- A FALSE POSITION. By A. M. MONRO. 7½×5¼, 245 pp. Unwin. 6s.
- DESMONDE, M.D. By H. W. FRENCH. 7½×5, 208 pp. Unwin. 2s. 6d.
- [An account in the form of a novel of a doctor who uses hypnotic influence.]
- THE LUCK OF WHEAL VEOR. By J. H. HARRIS. 7×4½, 237 pp. Gay and Bird. 2s.
- CATHERINE OF CALAIS. By Mrs. H. DE LA PANTURE. 7½×5¼, 357 pp. Smith, Elder. 6s.
- MARE'D IN MAKING. By BARONESS VON HUITTEN. 7½×5, 305 pp. Constable. 6s.
- ENSIGN KNIGHTLEY and other Stories. By A. E. W. MASON. 7½×5, 341 pp. Constable. 6s.
- THE MAIDEN'S CREED. By ALAN ST. AUBYN. 7½×5¼, 295 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
- [The heroine is a "girl graduate" at Cambridge.]
- A DEAL WITH THE KING. By J. T. FINDLAY. 7½×5¼, 320 pp. Digby, Long. 6s.
- MALICIOUS FORTUNE. By STELLA M. DURING. 7½×5¼, 346 pp. Allen. 6s.
- POOR ELIZABETH. By M. HAMILTON. 7½×5¼, 315 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
- VIE EN DETRESSE. By MATHILDE SERAO. Translated from the Italian. 7½×4¼, 424 pp. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. Fr. 3.50.

LITERARY.

- THE LETTERS OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON. Two vols. Ed. by C. STRACHEY. 7½×5¼, 416+502 pp. Methuen. 12s.

LE MOUVEMENT LITTÉRAIRE CONTEMPORAIN. Par G. PELLISSIER. 7¼×4¾. 302 pp. Paris: Hachette. Fr.3.50.

[An account of the romantic, naturalistic, and symbolistic movements during the last twenty years in French literature.]

ROBERT BUCHANAN, and other Essays. By H. MURRAY. 9×5½, 254 pp. Wellby. 5s. n.

MILITARY.

A CIVILIAN WAR HOSPITAL. By the Professional Staff. A. A. BOWLEY, C.M.G., H. H. TOOTH, M.D., and others. 8¼×5¼, 343 pp. Murray. 12s. 6d. n.

THE STAFF WORK OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR. By LADY BRIGGS. 9¼×6, 503 pp. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

SOUVENIRS DE LA GUERRE DU TRANSVAAL. Journal d'un Volontaire (Mars-Septembre, 1900.) By H. LECOY DE LA MARCHE. 4¾×7¼, 288 pp. Paris: Colin. Fr.3.50.

[An instructive and vivid revelation of the indiscipline of the Boers, by a disillusioned French volunteer. His final word, however, is: "Vive le Transvaal, quand même."]

ARMY ADMINISTRATION IN THREE CENTURIES. By CONSTITUTIONALISTS. 8¼×5½, 78 pp. Stanford. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SECRET CHAMBERS AND HIDING PLACES. By A. FEA. 8¼×5¼, 317 pp. Bousfield. 10s. 6d. n.

[A copiously illustrated book about famous old houses and the stories of their secret chambers.]

INDEX TO BOOK-PRICES CURRENT, 1887-1896. 8¼×5½, 472 pp. Stock. 21s. n.

THE STORY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE. By C. DUGUID. 7¼×5, 463 pp. Grant Richards. 6s.

THE EARLY TRADING COMPANIES OF NEW FRANCE. By H. P. BIGGAR. 10¼×7¼, 308 pp. Toronto: Briggs. London: P. S. KING. 84.00.

THE SUBURBAN GARDEN. By F. M. WELLS. 6¼×4½, 253 pp. Sampson Low. 3s. 6d. n.

ZULU SELF-TAUGHT. By F. EYLES. 7×4¼, 107 pp. Nutt. 3s. 6d. n. Key to the Same. 2s. 6d. n.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

AMPHIBIA AND REPTILES. (The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. VIII.) By HANS GADOW, Ph.D., &c. 9×6¼, 658 pp. Macmillan. 17s. n.

GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS. By E. T. COOK. 9×5¼, 485 pp. Newnes. 10s. 6d. n.

BRITISH TREES. By the HON. S. TOLLEMACHE. Illustrated. 10×6¼. Sampson Low. 14s. n.

[Popular accounts of trees with photographic illustrations.]

BETWIXT THE LING AND THE LOWLAND. By W. C. PLATT. 8×5¼, 308 pp. Digby Long. 6s.

[Miscellaneous reading about country life in Yorkshire. Genial and observant, and sometimes showing much skill in narrative. The illustrations are not good.]

A FLOWER BOOK. By NELLIE BENSON and EDEN COYBEE. 5×3¼, 94 pp. Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.

[An illustrated booklet for children.]

SEA AND COAST FISHING. By F. G. AFLALO. 7½×5, 228 pp. Grant Richards, 6s.

POETRY.

"BY GREY GARDENS." By NELLIE B. BADCOCK. 7×4¼, 108 pp. Grant Richards.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

SELECTED POEMS OF JAMES, FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, and ANDREW MARVELL. 5¼×3¼, 121 pp. Constable. 2s. 6d. n.

[Contains almost all the poems of Montrose, printed from Mark Napier's "Montrose and the Covenanters" (1838). The selection from Marvell is almost entirely from the "Poems," with a few passages from the "Satires."]

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. New Century Scott. Vols. VII. and VIII. 6¼×4¼, 699+331 pp. Nelson. 2s. each.

CHRIST'S FOLK IN THE APENNINE. By FRANCESCA ALEXANDER. Ed. by John Ruskin. Fifth thousand. 7¼×5, 242 pp. Allen. 5s. n.

BYRON'S WORKS. Poetry, Vol. IV. Ed. by G. H. COLERIDGE. 8¼×5½, 588 pp. Murray. 6s.

CATHEDRAL AND UNIVERSITY SERMONS. By G. SALMON, D.D., F.R.S. 2nd Ed. 7¼×5½, 274 pp. Murray. 3s. 6d.

DINNERS AND DINERS. By LIEUT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS. New Ed. 7×5, 376 pp. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

[Includes new restaurants established and old ones resuscitated since the first edition was published in 1899.]

THEOLOGY.

APOSTLES OF THE LORD. By W. O. E. NEWBOLT. 7½×5, 215 pp. Longmans. 3s. 6d. n.

[Lectures on Pastoral Theology delivered at Cambridge in the Lent Term of this year.]

SERMONS ON ISAIAH. (Sermon Seed Series.) By J. F. B. TINLING. 7½×4¼, 144 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d.

[Abstracts of real sermons with author's name given and an index of subjects.]

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE—EZRA AND NEHEMIAH. (Rivington Ed.) Ed. by the REV. P. W. K. KETTLEWELL. 7×4½, 103 pp. Rivington. 1s. 6d.

CHRISTIANITY THROUGH JUDAISM. By the REV. M. FOWLER. 8¼×5½, 23 pp. Church Newspaper Company. 1s.

SAINTE LYDWINE DE SCHIEDAM. By J. K. HUYMANS. 7½×4¼, 360 pp. Paris: 1901. Stock. Fr.3.50.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

THE HISTORY OF THE PARISH OF HAILSHAM, &c. By L. F. SALZMANN. 9×5¼, 308 pp. Lewis: Farncombe.

[Comparatively little of the matter has been brought together before, and much is here printed for the first time. Purports to shed light on the early history of a part of Sussex.]

OXFORD COLLEGE HISTORIES, NEW COLLEGE. By H. RASHDALL and R. S. RAIT. 8×5¼, 256 pp. Robinson. 5s. n.

VERS LE POLE. By FRIEDTJOF NANSEN. Trans. by CHARLES RABOT. Illus. 4¼×7½, 466 pp. Paris: Flammarion. Fr.4.

THE TRAVELLER. Vol. III. 12×9, 510 pp. Newnes. 10s. 6d.

TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON. By J. E. S. MOORE, F.R.G.S. 9×6½, 250 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. n.

[An account of the modern aspect of Central Africa and some little-known regions traversed by the Tanganyika expedition in 1899 and 1900.]

CHESS.

Address "Chess": LITERATURE, Printing House Square, London.

PROBLEM No. 186, by JOHN F. TRACEY. 9 pieces.



WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 187, by A. CSIPKÉS, Csikszerecs. 9 pieces.



BLACK. 9 pieces.
WHITE. 9 pieces.
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 188, by A. Troitzky.—White (4 pieces)—K at Q R 3; rooks at K R sq and Q Kt 7; pawn at Q R 2. Black (4 pieces)—K at Q 3; R at Q B 3; B at Q 8; pawn at Q B 7. White to play and draw.

PROBLEM No. 189, by Rev. J. Jespersen.—White (10 pieces)—K at K B 7; Q at Q R 8; R at Q B 3; B at K 4; pawns at Q Kt 6, Q 5, K B 2, K Kt 2, K Kt 6, K R 3. Black (9 pieces)—K at K B 5; bishops at K R 3 and Q Kt 8; pawns at K R 5, K Kt 2, K B 4, K 4, Q 3, Q Kt 6. Three moves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Duncan Prime.—Your solutions of Nos. 182, 186 to 189, 171 to 173 came duly to hand and are, of course, most useful and acceptable. All will be formally acknowledged as usual.

A. S. Holding and others.—The keys only of two-move problems and chief variations of others. Authors' names always greatly assist us.

Beginner.—At first, as in your present attempts, you will be tempted to try obvious keys and commonplace moves. After a little experience you will, if well advised, abandon once and for all such, looking for something subtle and more really attractive.

M. J. H.—Stanton's "Handbook," in spite of many advances and changes, is still worthy of commendation. Mason's "Principles of Chess" is a useful modern work.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Forsyth, late of Edinburgh, who now resides at Dunedin, entered the annual tournament of the New Zealand Chess Association, and by winning first prize becomes New Zealand champion. Mr. R. J. Barnes should have won a game against Forsyth which would have given him the coveted honour, but he had the mortification of giving an unexpected stalemate just when victory seemed assured.—Mr. G. Reichelm, one of the Philadelphia experts, has compared Lasker's present appearance with his recollections of seven years ago when the champion first visited the Quaker City. There were many changes, more than the mere years would warrant, and the lines betokened much midnight oil burned over difficult mathematical propositions. With Lasker, the entire field of chess is his study.

GAMES, Nos. LXXXIV.-LXXXV.—Played by correspondence between the Akademischen Schachvereinen (Berlin) and Bonn:—

WHITE. Bonn.	BLACK. Berlin.	WHITE. Bonn.	BLACK. Berlin.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	15. R-K sq	Q-Q 3
2. P-K B 4	P-Q 4	16. P-Q Kt 4	B-Kt 3
3. P-Q 3	Kt-Q B 3	17. P-R R 4	P-Q R 4
4. P-Q P 3	Q-P 3	18. R-Q R sq	P-P 3
5. Kt-Q B 3	Q-K 3	19. P-P 3	R-B 2
6. Kt-Kt 5	B-Q 3	20. B-B 2	Kt-P 3
7. Q-K 2	Kt-Q 5	21. B-Kt 2	Q-B 4
8. Kt-Kt 3	P-Kt 3	22. Kt-P 3	B-B 4
9. P-Q Kt 3	Kt-K B 3	23. K-Q 3	Kt-R 7
10. P-Q Kt 3	Kt-Q 4	24. P-R 5	B-B 6
11. Kt-K B 3	B-B 4	25. Kt-Kt 3	Q-R 6
12. B-Q Kt 2	Kt-Kt 5	26. Q-K 3	B-Kt 5 ch
13. K-Q 2	Kt-B 3	27. B-B 3	B-B 5 ch
14. P-Q R 3	Castles	28. Q-X B	B-X B and wins (a).

(a) If 29. Kt-B 3; Q-B 8 ch, followed by R-K sq ch, &c., will win. Otherwise 29. K-K 2, B-B 6; 30. Q-Kt P, Q-Kt 7; 31. K-B 3, Q-X B P; 32. Kt-B 5, R-K sq; 33. K-Kt 4, Q-K 7 ch and wins.

WHITE. Bonn.	BLACK. Berlin.	WHITE. Bonn.	BLACK. Berlin.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	19. B-X R	Q-X B
2. B-B 4	Kt-K B 3	20. P-B 3	P-X P
3. Kt-K B 3	Kt-P 3	21. P-X P	B-Kt 5
4. P-Q 3	Kt-B 4	22. Q-B 2	Q-P 3
5. Kt-P 3	P-Q 4	23. Q-X Q	Kt-Q 3
6. B-Kt 3	Kt-X B	24. Kt-B 6 ch	P-Kt 3
7. R-P Kt 3	B-Q 3	25. R-X B ch	K-B sq
8. P-K B 4	Q-R 5 ch	26. R-X P	K-K 2
9. P-Kt 3	Q-R 6	27. R-R 6	Kt-B 8
10. K-B 2	Castles	28. R-K 4 ch	K-Q 2
11. Kt-Q B 3	P-Q 5	29. P-Q Kt 4	P-Q R 4
12. Kt-K 4	R-X Kt	30. R-X P	P-R 5
13. P-X B	Q-B 5 ch	31. R-X P ch	Q-K 3
14. B-B 4	Kt-Q B 3	32. R-B sq	Kt-Kt 6
15. R-K B sq	Kt-P 3	33. P-B 4	P-R 6
16. K-Kt sq	P-Q Kt 3	34. R-Q sq ch	K-B 3
17. R-R 4	R-Q sq	35. R-K 3	P-R 7
18. B-Kt 5	Q-Q 2		White wins (a).

(a) Black's 17th move appears to be an oversight which loses. Obviously White wins by 38. R-Kt, P-R 2=Q; 37. R-X Q, R-X ch; 38. K-Kt 2, R-Q B 8; 39. P-K E 4, E-X P; 40. P-R 5, &c.



MR. ARTHUR SYMONS.

Photographed specially for "Literature" by Elliott & Fry.

Literature

Published by The Times.

No. 193. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE DAY	549, 550, 551
"LITERATURE" PORTRAITS.—VIII. Mr. Arthur Symonds, by Egan Mew	552
TRAVELLERS' TRUTH—A "Personal View," by C. L. Barnes	553
THE DRAMA, by A. B. Walkley	554
Travel— Climbing in the Bolivian Andes—The Story of Bruges—By the Ionian Sea—Italian Cities—Naples, Past and Present—The Cities of Northern Italy	555, 556, 557
Guide-Books— Surrey—Black's New Guide-Books—Kebbleland—Ward, Lock's Shilling Guides—The Malvern Country—Illustrated Gossipy Guide-Books—The English Cathedrals—Guide to London—En- vironments of London—The Pilgrims' Way—Oxford, &c.—Guides to Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, &c.	558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564
Gardening— Greenhouse Construction and Heating—The British Gardener— The Suburban Garden—Stray Leaves from a Border Garden— Open-Air Gardening—The Art and Craft of Garden-Making— On the Other Side of the Latch—Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them—Poisonous Plants	564, 565, 566, 567, 568
THE STANLEY LIBRARY	569
CORRESPONDENCE— <i>L'Aiglon</i> as an Acting Play (Mr. H. Schütz Wilson)—Mr. Augustine Birrell—"Lucas Malet" on Fiction— "Women and Men of the French Renaissance" (Miss Edith Sicel) —Tennyson on the Signature in Criticism—"Crabs"	570, 571
AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS—Books to look out for	572, 573
LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	573, 574

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The "LITERATURE" PORTRAIT for next week will be that of
Mr. THOMAS HARDY,
an appreciation of whose work will be contributed by Mr.
Stephen Gwynn.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Charles Kensington Salaman left
some record of his career. He was almost the last personal
link with the musical world of three-quarters of a century ago,
and it is sixty-five years since his best-known song—his setting
of Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee"—was published. His
one serious literary work was his study of the position of the
Hebrew community entitled "The Jews as they Are," which
was published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall in 1882, and appealed
specially to the Shakespearian student on account of an
interesting chapter on "Shylock from a Jewish point of view."
The book went to a second edition in 1885.

Literature will not play a very conspicuous part in Mr.
Clement Shorter's new society and dramatic weekly, the
Tatler, the first number of which is to appear next Wednes-
day. Literature, in the view which Mr. Shorter has expressed
to us, is looked upon in an illustrated paper more or less
as the "pill," and the illustrations as the jam. There will be
some literary pills in the shape of articles and poems by well-
known writers. In other respects literature will only be treated
from the personality of the author, not from the contents of his
or her books—in other words the *Tatler*, instead of reviewing
books, will say something about the authors of them. To those
Vol. VIII. No. 26.

who object to the revival of an old and honoured title for
the new journal Mr. Shorter replies:—"If the *Spectator*
can do it, why not the *Tatler*?" "Like Mr. Steele,"
he writes in his foreword to the coming first number, "we
shall, 'we trust, prove that a true relish for manly enter-
tainments and national pleasures is not wholly lost'; we
shall not, indeed, like Mr. Steele, try to 'expose' any 'false arts
of life,' if any exist to-day; nor shall we lead any crusade for
'a general simplicity.'" Briefly, the *Tatler* is to be "an
up-to-date paper of society and stage, richly illustrated week
by week."

Another instance of a name snatched from an elder day is,
of course, the *Guardian*. But this week we have an ambitious
revival, in something more than name, of a classic periodical.
Mr. Herbert Vivian steps into the shoes of Dr. Johnson and
brings out No. 209 of the *Rambler*. With the addition of a
red cover, bearing a picture, presumably of Dr. Johnson himself
at dinner, the journal is the same as of yore. Contributors
are requested, among other things, "to favour every Noun
with a capital initial Letter." "The revival of Toryism, which
has now nearly passed into a Memory; a free criticism, even of
the Idols of the Hour; an Exposition of Foreign Politics,
hitherto so gravely misunderstood; a Return to those literary
Graces which Johnson displayed in the *Rambler* and Disraeli on
the Hustings"—these are the chief objects of the new *Rambler*.

The familiar warning "The editor cannot undertake to
return unused MSS." becomes, in Johnsonian style, "The
Rambler acknowledges no Responsibility for the Custody of what
he may not have solicited." But there is surely no eighteenth
century precedent for the *Rambler's* announcement that
"Separate Numbers will not be sold." "I decline," he says,
"to submit my cause to those who will not indulge me with
three months' hearing." Criticism of the "Idols of the Hour"
runs some risk of growing stale after three months. Mr. W. H.
Helm contributes a letter purporting to come from Dr. Johnson
himself—on hearing of Mr. Vivian's venture. But he out-
Johnsons Johnson, who was scarcely so ponderous as to call his
death "the Operation of corporeal Dissolution."

The special exhibition at the British Museum, apropos of
the approaching Alfred millenary, of objects connected with the
King and Anglo-Saxon times is now ready for inspection. The
collection is not large—the whole of it is contained in two cases.
Probably the most popular objects will be the copy of the famous
Alfred Jewel—made at Oxford, where the original is preserved
in the Ashmolean Museum—and a splendid series of Anglo-
Saxon finger rings. These include the massive gold rings of
King Ethelwulf, Alfred's father—found at Laverstock, and
presented to the Museum by the Earl of Radnor—and of
Alfred's sister Ethelswith, Queen of Mercia—found in Yorkshire,
forming part of the Franks Bequest. Most of the gold rings,
as well as the Alfred Jewel, were described and illustrated in
Professor Earle's recently published book. A silver spoon and
fork are among the more homely examples of Anglo-Saxon

craftsmanship. A bronze seal of Ethilwald, Bishop of Dunwich in 850—found near the site of the monastery at Eye, in Suffolk, and subsequently damaged by fire—bears a central device which occurs on a silver penny of Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great. The collection of coins is specially valuable, comprising the coins of Alfred himself and their Danish imitations, and of Ethelwulf, Ethelred, and the Danish Conquest of Northumbria. Almost more interesting than the coins is a leaden trial-piece with a cast on the reverse side for a silver penny of King Alfred from a die by the moneyer Ealdulf. This was found in St. Paul's Churchyard and purchased in 1856. The design was apparently rejected, but a similar die of the same moneyer was on another occasion authorized by the King. The literature of Anglo-Saxon times, and more particularly the scholarship of King Alfred, are illustrated by a fine collection of MSS.

* * * *

The sixpenny reprints of which we spoke a week or two ago may be taken, we suppose, as an index of the success of the original. We are not surprised at two which are at the moment coming from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—"Isabel Carnaby" which brought Miss Ellen Thornycroft Fowler to the height of her popularity and on which we doubt whether she has since improved; and "My Lady Nicotine." The latter had a big sale. It caught that "common object" of the town, the pipe-smoking quasi-Bohemian bachelor. But it was hardly an epoch-making work, and we much fear that the rising generation will know it only as a testimonial to a particular brand of tobacco.

* * * *

What it does suggest is that the literary travel book of which we speak elsewhere is just the thing for Mr. Barrie. He went once, it will be remembered, on a tour to the Shakespeare Country. Stratford affected him so much that he parted with Gilray (who wanted to hurry on) and "passed day after day smoking reverently at the hotel door." This, to the encomiast of "My Lady Nicotine," only led up to the story of a tobacco pouch. But it makes one wish that Mr. Barrie would take to touring in a less frivolous, but not too serious, mood—in the spirit, say, of Stevenson. No one would be better fitted to write "a sentimental journey."

* * * *

The Ordinance for the foundation of the "Sir William Fraser Chair of Ancient History and Palæography" in the University of Edinburgh has now been approved by an Order in Council, and the University Court is about to appoint a professor. The professor will have to deliver annually an ordinary course of 100 lectures and, if required, an Honours course of fifty, and the salary is to be about £700 a year. The University Court meets on July 19, and will probably make the appointment then. Applications have to be lodged by July 15. Aberdeen University Court has resolved to obtain an Ordinance for the foundation of a Chair of History. Mrs. Fletcher has agreed to extend for another year her offer of £5,000 for its endowment on receiving an assurance from the Court that it would secure the institution of the Chair before the termination of the present lectureship. The amount required to complete the endowment is about £3,500.

* * * *

Apropos of the mistake in Browning's "Transcendentalism," noted in *Literature* recently, a correspondent writes:—"There is an odd blunder in 'Muckle-Mouth Meg' where the mouth of that lady is described as large enough to swallow 'a bubbly-jock's egg.'" Everybody north of the Tweed and some others know that the bubblyjock is the male turkey.

While on the subject of mistakes may I point out that Mr. Alfred Austin misquotes Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale" in his "Garden that I love?" Keats did not write

Long verdurous glooms and mossy winding ways,
but "Through verdurous glooms, &c."

A BIRD SANG, OUT IN THE SUNSET.

A bird sang, out in the sunset; and hearing him where I lay
At anchor amid the crested seas at the close of a windswept day,
My thoughts flew over a thousand leagues to you in an English bay.

For of all sweet names it was your dear name he praised with
passionate note,
Ringing such changes upon it that the rapture rose in my throat,
And across that wild bird's silvery cry my answering music
smote.

I thundered him song for splendid song, he carolled me lilt
for lilt,
Till the winds blew into the swaying heavens the lyrics we
blithely spilt,
And the clouds swung on like a knightly press in some wide
heavenly tilt.

So sang we both in the sunset the songs we could not hold,
O! he sang on of a spirit of fire, and I of a heart of gold,
And the sunset flamed and the great sun sank ere ever our
love was told.

And little I cared what bird he was who sang so blithe and fine,
But into the cool of the night we sang, of woman, and love,
and wine,
And deep in the heart of every song was the name of the maid
that's mine.

W. J. LANCASTER.

* * * *

The following letter from the Council of the British Economic Association appeared in *The Times* of Tuesday:—

Sir,—We desire to call public attention to the fact that a great collection of national interest and importance is in imminent danger of leaving this country. The well-known library of Professor Foxwell, consisting of some 30,000 valuable volumes, pamphlets, and manuscripts, illustrative of the social, industrial, and financial history of the kingdom, is about to be sold; and unless a sum of £10,000 can be found within a few days it is to be feared that this unique storehouse of material of scientific and historical economics will be removed to America, whence it will never return.

No such library of economic literature has ever been formed before, and it is doubtful whether any future collector, however learned, leisured, and wealthy, will be able to rival it. When Professor Foxwell started the enthusiastic pursuit of his hobby in 1875, he was almost the only collector. Owing to agricultural depression and other well-known causes an exceptional number of old and famous libraries have since that time been brought to the hammer, and he has thus been able to put under contribution the libraries of a great number of distinguished statesmen and economists, and to make the richest possible collection, especially for the period down to 1850. Many of the volumes are interesting as having belonged to Adam Smith, Ricardo, Arthur Young, Pitt, F. Baring, Huskisson, Peel, Cobbe, and many are in sumptuous English and French morocco bindings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of which a selection was chosen for exhibition by the Fine Arts Club a few years ago. Every volume is of importance, and the catalogue is the most complete bibliography of political economy yet made. It would be humiliating if these records, in some cases unique, of the condition of the English people for more than four centuries were allowed to leave the country. Such subjects as taxation, currency, banking, the National Debt, the growth of the colonies and colonial trade, the slave trade, the anti-Corn Law movement, the rise of the large towns, and the growth of industries, industrial legislation, guilds, trade unions, co-operation, Socialism, Owenism, chartism, Poor Law, charity organization, population and the census, emigration, Ireland and Irish questions, East Indian and American trade from the earliest times, commercial law and practice, railways and canals, to mention only a few of the topics each of which has a library to itself, must surely be of sufficient interest and importance to the country to justify some effort to arouse public interest in the matter. The owner is making no profit by the sale, and the sum mentioned is no larger than the price which has been paid for a great racehorse. In Germany and America there is sufficient public interest to arouse great

eagerness for the acquisition of such a library. The council of the British Economic Association would appeal to some public-spirited person or persons to seize this opportunity of performing an act of enlightened patriotism by purchasing this library for the country. It might, perhaps, find a fitting home in the new London University; but it is proposed to leave to the subscribers a decision upon this question.

Subscriptions or offers of help may be addressed to the secretary of the British Economic Association at 9, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C.

Lord Acton has been chosen to fill the vacancy on the committee of the London Library caused by the death of the late Bishop of London.

M. Catulle Mendes has completed a drama in verse upon the life of St. Theresa. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will produce the play at her own theatre next autumn, creating herself the part of St. Theresa.

Mrs. Craigie has been elected a member of the Council of the Society of Authors in the place of the late Miss Yonge.

The recent death of Mrs. Anna Longfellow Pierce, a sister of Longfellow, removed the last immediate member of the poet's family.

The newly constituted African Society, founded in memory of Mary Kingsley, held its inaugural meeting at the United Service Institution, Whitehall, on June 27, under the presidency of the Marquis of Ripon.

Mr. Foster Fraser, who rode on a bicycle round the world a few years ago, proposes to spend the autumn going through Siberia, along the track of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

At the Essex Assizes, a few days ago, Mr. Aylmer Maude, the friend of Count Tolstoy and translator of his works, objected to serving on a jury, on conscientious grounds. Mr. Maude was excused.

The arrangements for the memorial to Archibald Forbes, which is to take the form of a tablet with a medallion portrait in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, have been almost completed.

Building developments on the "Lalla Rookh" Estate, Muswell-hill, will shortly sweep away Tom Moore's cottage.

Fun, which has been for some time the property of Sir George Newnes, has been sold by him to Mr. C. Shurey.

Though Dr. Ibsen is now slightly better, little hope is entertained of his permanent recovery.

Dr. Pinedi, who was Robert Louis Stevenson's doctor at Davos, has died at Arosa.

The offer of Victor Hugo's house to the Paris Municipal Council has been accepted. His two grandchildren will place in it 500 of his drawings and water-colours, also his wood carvings, writing table, and bed. They will also give 50,000*fr.* for arranging the house as a Hugo Museum.

The conference which has been held in Berlin to consider the best means of securing uniformity in the spelling of German words has concluded its labours. The report recommended that the superfluous "h" should be dropped in words like *thur*.

The *Moniteur*, it is announced, will cease to be published at the end of this month. The paper was founded as the official organ of the French Government in 1790.

In honour of the tercentenary of *Hamlet* in 1902, a statue of Shakespeare, subscribed for by Danes and sculptured by Professor Lorenz, will be erected at Cronberg, near Helsingfors.

A recent writer in the *Monthly Review* lamented an alleged decline in the quality of the literature of travel. It is at least true that a great many travellers write bad *The Literature* books when there is not the least occasion for *of Travel*. them to write any books at all. For there really are only two reasons which justify what our forefathers of the eighteenth century used to call the "relation of a journey." A traveller may have made discoveries worth communicating to the world, or he may have the artist's gift of rendering moods and impressions. On either of these alternatives we are glad to hear from him. We have no use for the average globe-trotter's record of trivial happenings on the beaten track. The appearance of such records is not, of course, an absolutely new phenomenon. Even in the golden age of our literature a certain type of man was a little apt to write a book about a well-known place merely in order to prove that he had been there. If there is more of that sort of thing nowadays than there used to be, the reason is that there are more travellers, more people who can write, more people who can read. And no great harm is done. All that happens is that a certain number of readers and writers waste their time in one way instead of wasting it in another. In spite of the great flow of unnecessary books, literature stands where it did; and the only really interesting and important question is—Have the major books of travel lost that literary charm which we find in those books of travel of an earlier period which have survived the cankerous touch of time? We are inclined to think that they have to some extent lost it for reasons for which the travellers cannot be held responsible. Travel itself was richer in romantic possibilities even a hundred years ago than it is to-day, or than it can ever be again. There were no guide-books and there were only inadequate maps. There were no geographical societies to say, "We already know this and we want you to find out that." There were *terre incognita* within a very few hundred miles of Pall-mall; and many a journey over which you can now be personally conducted, with a lecturer in attendance, was then a "Great Perhaps." This general state of ignorance about the byways of the world must have been a great help in the production of fascinating books of travel. It gave the writers confidence, even if it shielded them in inaccuracy. They let themselves go, much as one does in telling fairy tales to children. They drew pictures as well as tabulating facts. What we call "high falutin'" in a modern traveller seems in their case only the natural outburst of sentimental, unsophisticated men. The idyllic pages in de Luc's "*Lettres Physiques et Morales sur les Montagnes*" and the ecstatic pages of Ramond de Carbonnière's "*Observations faites dans les Pyrénées*" are typical of the charming literature of travel that was only possible when the world was ignorant and unsophisticated. Both writers were men of science. One of them invented the hygrometer and had a passion for ascertaining at what temperature water would boil at any given altitude; the other was so much addicted to the use of the barometer that, when he was Prefect at Puy de Dome, he was said to employ it for measuring the heights of conscripts. But they both rendered the poetry of the mountains in a manner never attained and seldom aimed at in an age of those Climbers' Guides which direct you to the top of Mount Blanc much as a policeman would direct you from the Mansion-house to Piccadilly-circus. Now and again, of course, a traveller with the right temperament, happening upon the right place, may partially triumph over the literary difficulties with which the advance of geographical knowledge and the scientific spirit has confronted him. Stevenson did so, in a measure, in "*An Inland Voyage*" and in "*Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*." Mr. Gissing has done so in a book we review on another page. Mr. Morley Roberts did so, in a measure, in "*The Western Avernus*"; and so did Mr. Stadling in the recent book in which he reproduced so eloquently the impression made upon him by the vast silences of the Siberian forests. But these exceptions to the rule are few and rare. The rule is that the modern book of travel must be read for information and not for literary charm.

Literature Portraits.—VIII.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

No one who glances, however cursorily, through the volumes—some twenty or so—that bear the name of Mr. Arthur Symons, either as writer, translator, or editor, can fail to recognize that he has certain qualities which he is able to employ with effect in many branches of art. He displays always style, critical acumen, connoisseurship, wide literary sympathies, and a catholic sensitivity. His "Studies in Two Literatures" and his later "Symbolist Movement in Literature" place him high among the literary essayists; his volumes of verse, "London Nights," "Amoris Victima," "Silhouettes," "Days and Nights," "Images of Good and Evil," prove him to be a devoted poet of great accomplishment and moderate inspiration. But it is from his critical faculty, his power of recognizing the new and true and of presenting his discoveries to other people who may not have been able immediately to value them, that the world will receive most benefit.

This is, in his own words, the delightful business of the critic, and it is the one in which he has engaged both with skill and fortune. His original writings in prose and verse, although undertaken, as I think he says in one of his neat and effective dedications, because they interest him, have really all aimed—unintentionally—at providing us with a more finely-accounted critic. Although we are prepared to grant him title of poet and essayist—novelist or historian, too, should he care to claim these names later—it is as the critical journalist that he is most effective.

As the exponent of the Continental symbolists Mr. Symons, ignoring their less admirable side, undoubtedly achieved a useful work. Symbolism, broadly speaking, has been taken to stand, at any rate in France, for individualism in literature, artistic freedom and abandonment of old formulas. In England, where the irregular is often surer of welcome than the academic, the necessity for such a movement was not so apparent. In an article in *Literature* some eight months ago Mr. W. M. Fullerton gave an admirable picture of the days when the younger generation, artistically speaking, were knocking at the gates. They were told that their symbolism was merely an experiment in affectation. The havoc they played with the *Alexandrin* was a crime. Englishmen hardly realized that, after all, symbolism was only an effort of emancipation. Mr. Symons was one of the very few critics who studied and appreciated the symbolist movement before it was at all understood in England. The results of his study appeared in the book already mentioned, and in his translations of "symbolist" verse. In the first number of the *Savoy*, in which Mr. Symons undertook to publish no verse that had not some close relationship with poetry, there appeared, in 1896, his sympathetic rendering of "Mandoline" from the *Pêches Galantes* of Verlaine. This is still an admirable example of his work as translator, poet, and critic—for one who translates verse must be all three—and I transcribe it here. It was accompanied by a beautiful drawing by Mr. Conder which somehow suggested—in black and white—the "rose and grey ecstasy of the moon."

The singers of serenades
Whisper their faded vows
Unto fair listening maids
Under the singing boughs.

Tircis, Aminte are there;
Clitandre is over long,
And Damis for many a fair
Tyrant makes many a song.

Their short vests, silken and bright,
Their long, pale, silken trains,
Their elegance of delight,
Twine soft, blue, shadowy chains.

And the mandolines and they,
Faintlier breathing, swoon
Into the rose and grey
Ecstasy of the moon.

Although the inspiration of these verses belongs to Verlaine, they are very characteristic of Mr. Symons, at least in one mood.

But the poet's point of view changes as quickly as the shadows in an English summer sky, so that it is almost impossible to pin Mr. Symons, as it were, to one particular and typical song. Since "Silhouettes" was published, or the epilogic "Credo," the close of "London Nights," was penned, many influences have been at work with Mr. Symons. Since those days when he could write—in all sincerity, no doubt, although his feeling for the *mot juste* sometimes hints a trifle of affectation—

Lagging, and loud, and riotous:
My life is like a music-hall

—to the present time, when he has told us that Mysticism, with an initial capital, and Symbolism claim his deepest interest, many are the changes of spirit which he has passed through. But here, again, there is nothing but advantage for the reading public. The literary moods, the psychic changes of the poet make him a more intimately valuable critic. This brings us by an easy route to Mr. Symons' achievement as a translator. Until quite lately the English version of modern Continental work has been, with a few exceptions, absolutely unworthy. Mr. Symons has done a good deal to alter this bad state of affairs. In 1894 he published his translation of "L'Assommoir," and since then has either edited or translated many valuable, but for the general public esoteric, books. "Les Aubes" of Emile Verhaeren is a good example of a clever translation from French verse into English prose and verse. To Gabriele D'Annunzio's "Il Piacere" he wrote an informing introduction and supplied some translations in verse, but his best work in this direction is "The Dead City," evidently a labour of love, as one gathers both from its style and from the dedication, which speaks of it as "begun at Arles and finished at Toledo, the two dead cities which I love most in Europe." This is the secret of Mr. Symons' magnetism as a critic; he either only touches the work he likes, or, we rather incline to think, he has that fine journalistic gift, the power of believing, for just the space of time necessary to convince us, that he is heart and soul in the work of which he writes.

Mr. Symons' general attitude towards art is very clear; his simple belief, in his own words, is "that a work of art has but one reason for existence—that it should be a work of art, a moment of the eternity of beauty," and he adds:—"One forgets sometimes that it has entered the brains of men to doubt anything so obvious. Yet, here they undoubtedly are, critics to whom art means a theory, a belief, a science; the Ibsenites, the Realists, the Romanticists; people who, when you offer them a rose, say, 'Yes, but it is not a violet.' Frankly, I do not understand this limiting of oneself to a school, a doctrine, a costume." With so broad a view of art one is not surprised to find Mr. Symons a student in many schools. But if one must attempt to trace the particular bent of his talents to modern forces one might say that he is to some extent the heritor of Walter Pater and John Addington Symonds, of both of whom he writes in his "Studies" with considerable feeling. He is not without the fineness and subtlety of emotion which he ascribes to Pater and the "retentive receptivity" which Symonds modestly claimed for himself is certainly his also. One may give an idea of his diverse energies by recalling the fact that the subjects he has treated as critic or as editor range from the Elizabethan Dramatists to Mathilde Blind, from St. Augustine to Aubrey Beardsley.

Poet, essayist, translator, critic, editor, journalist; to be the first one must be everything, but to be the last one must be something of all the others. Mr. Symons, a representative of the best type of literary journalist, is a great deal of each and all of these things.

EGAN MEW.

Mr. Arthur Symons dedicated his first volume of verse ("Days and Nights," Macmillan and Co., 1889), to Walter Pater, and ten years later wrote an introduction to the French translation of Pater's "Imaginary Portraits." His bibliography begins, however, with 1886, when he not only published his "Introduc-

tion to the Study of Browning," (Cassell and Co.), but wrote the introductions to four numbers of the "Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles"—"King Henry V.—the first quarto, 1600"; "King Henry V.—the third quarto, 1608"; "Titus Andronicus—the first quarto, 1600"; and "Venus and Adonis—the first quarto, 1593." His edition of "Essays by Leigh Hunt" in the Camelot Classics belongs to the same period, as well as his editions of plays by Massinger and John Day in the Mermaid Series of Old Dramatists. His volume of "Silhouettes" was originally published by Mathews and Lane in 1892, but was issued in a second edition, revised and enlarged, by Mr. Smithers in 1896. In 1892 Mr. Symons also edited "A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind" for Mr. Fisher Unwin, and supplemented it last year by editing the complete edition of Mathilde Blind's poetical works, issued by the same publisher. In 1894 he translated Zola's "L'Assommoir," and in the following year came another volume of verse, "London Nights," for Mr. Smithers. In the second edition of this book, which appeared in 1897, he replied to the critics who attacked his verse on the ground of morality. "I have rendered, well or ill, many moods, and without disguise or preference. If it be objected to me that some of them were moods I had better never have felt, I am ready to answer, Possibly; but I must add, What of that? They have existed, and whatever has existed has achieved the right of artistic existence."

His "Amoris Victima," and "Studies in Two Literatures" were both published by Smithers in 1897, and in the following year his memoir of Aubrey Beardsley appeared from the Unicorn Press, as No. 3 of the Unicorn Quartos. Mr. Symons first met Aubrey Beardsley in the summer of 1895, not long after Beardsley left the *Yellow Book*. Symons had just been asked to form and edit a rival to the *Yellow Book*, and, as he tells us in the introduction to this memoir, Beardsley was ready to fall in with the suggestion that he should illustrate the new quarterly, though he was supposed to be dying at the time. It was Beardsley who gave the name of the *Savoy* to the venture. A little later they met again at Dieppe, where they stayed for a month or so. "It was at Dieppe," continues Mr. Symons, "that the *Savoy* was really planned, and it was in a café, which Mr. Sickert has so often painted, that I wrote the slightly pettish and defiant Editorial Note which made so many enemies for the first number." In 1898—to return to chronological order—Mr. Symons' translation of D'Annunzio's "The Child of Pleasure" was published by Mr. Heinemann; and his edition of "The Confessions of St. Augustine" appeared in the Scott Library in the same year. In 1899 came his volume on "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" and his introduction to the limited edition of the translation of Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif"—both from Mr. Heinemann. Last year came another volume of verse, "Images of Good and Evil," through Mr. Heinemann, who also has his latest translation from D'Annunzio in the press—*Gioconda* as produced by Signora Duse. Most of his books published by Smithers are, we believe, out of print.

TRAVELLERS' TRUTH. A "Personal View."

Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.—*Tempest*.

The tendency of travellers to supply from a fertile imagination what the defects of memory leave incomplete is far too threadbare a topic to court revival at the present day. Nevertheless, the world could ill spare the wealth of tales and romances, from Homer downwards, which has been bequeathed to it from this source. Even where flagrant attempts at deception are obvious, their effrontery may be redeemed by a vivacious style, and much may be forgiven to those whose flow of language seems to render the raising of doubts an impertinence. But in these days, when so little of the earth's surface remains unexplored, and all assistance from the supernatural is proscribed, the wings of fancy are clipped, and the area into which she can stray is greatly restricted. True, it is no long time since Louis de Rougemont succeeded in imposing upon so august a body as the British Association, but his early discomfiture will probably serve as a warning to modern Munchausens for a long period.

There remains the question, however, whether the human mind can be relied on to furnish a correct account of what took place in times of great peril or fatigue, or when long privation has dulled the faculties below their ordinary standard. An impression is certainly prevalent that at such times the chain of events is so burnt into the memory that no link of it can be lost. But is this really the case? When different witnesses are examined about some occurrence which took place before their very eyes, or in which they themselves participated, their accounts are liable to differ enormously, especially as regards the smaller details. How, then, can we accept in every particular the narrative of a single observer, expanded after the event from half-indecipherable notes, and "touched up" before being handed to the compositors?

I cast no aspersions on the good faith of the writers whom I quote, nor upon the value of their work from a geographical or scientific standpoint. My contention merely applies to the minor touches, such as lend picturesqueness to a narrative. By way of preface I quote from Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald's "Highest Andes," where Mr. Stuart Vines (p. 106) laments that he had forgotten to take his camera to the summit of Aconcagua, though it had lain all night at his feet in the tent where he slept. He writes, "Alas! one's memory is not keen at these high altitudes." What, then, shall be said of Mr. Fitzgerald himself, whose plight is described as follows (p. 77):—

About noon I crawled back into the camp, waiting there in a helpless and hopeless state, half unconscious. I had not even the energy to light a fire and cook a meal for myself. About 2 o'clock . . . the wind changed and blew upon me with full force. So feeble was I, *both in brain and body* [the italics are mine], that I had not the wit or energy to move twenty yards away, though I could have escaped from the wind, and received what little warmth the sunlight afforded.

How many statements made under such physical disabilities as these could survive cross-examination in a court of law? Yet the narrative is continuous, and, apparently, without a flaw.

Let me turn now to an even more fascinating book, "Through Asia," written by a traveller of great and well-earned renown, Dr. Sven Hedin. On April 10th, 1895, he set out, with three companions, and what was meant to be a full load of supplies, to cross the Great Desert of Asia. In about a fortnight their situation began to be perilous in the extreme—far worse, indeed, than was realized at the time. Their course lay across gigantic sand-dunes, blown into strange crescentic forms by the wind; their water supply gave out, and the hot sun dried up every vestige of moisture in their belongings. With parched throats and eyes, and limbs aching with the friction of walking, which seemed as if it would set them on fire—to quote the doctor's own words—they struggled on, until finally seven of the eight camels had lain down to die, and two of the men were left behind, expecting no better fate.

By a lucky chance, on May 5th, the leader, who had left his solitary companion, Kasim, in order to make a last effort, came upon a pool of clear water, of which he drank immoderately, and from that moment the worst was over. The next consideration was obviously to relieve his follower, and for that purpose the doctor filled his top-boots with water, carried them some distance, and reared them up against a tree-stump for the night. The next morning they had not lost a drop, and in the course of some hours we find Kasim emptying first one and then the other, just in time to call back the little life that was in him. I am well aware of the challenge—

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face,

and having no liking for the fray, I make no comment upon the story. But what about the picture which accompanies it, where Dr. Hedin, in the act of emptying one of the boots down Kasim's throat, is shown with clean-shaven cheek and chin, and a moustache apparently newly trimmed? The correctness of all the pictures, it should be observed, is guaranteed in the preface, so that they are fair subjects for criticism.

Any lapse of memory may, of course, be readily forgiven to a man who had just escaped a horrible death by such a narrow margin, but when the examples I have quoted can be paralleled in several other books of travel recently published, the only possible conclusion is that absolute accuracy cannot and should not be claimed for descriptions of scenery, or the sequence of events, when the narrator is avowedly not in a condition to take proper heed of what is going on.

C. L. BARNES.

THE DRAMA.

RÉJANE.—SADA YACCO.

Dipping into a volume of the "Journal des Goues" the other day I came upon this entry, under "Jeudi, 6 Février, 1890":—"Ce matin, dans ma toilette du matin, tombe Réjane toute tourbillonnante dans une pelisse rose. Quelle vitalité! quelle alacrité, il y a chez cette femme. . . . C'est une parole blagueuse, coupée de rires gamins, et de remuements qui ne peuvent tenir en place sur sa chaise. . . . Elle me parle ensuite de l'Angleterre, où elle me dit qu'elle a un public à elle." This is an excellent thumb-nail sketch of the actress. She is, indeed, of vitality, alacrity, restlessness, "chaff," and child-like laughter all compact. And she was right when she said she had a public of her own in England. For the last fortnight she has filled the Coronet Theatre to overflowing. The truth is, she is irresistible. That can be stated confidently; it is a fact which any one can test by actual experience. The difficulty is to say precisely wherein the secret of her fascination lies. To try and describe the thing in words is a sorry business. You cannot describe a smile, a voice, an intonation. I have seen much ratiocination in print about the peculiar fascination of Réjane. It leaves me unconvinced, for it misses, as all reasoning must, the *insaisissable* element, which is just the element that makes all the difference. The secret of her fascination is—herself.

It is all very well to talk of her method. That, no doubt, is, as they say, a realistic method, while Sarah Bernhardt's is a romantic method and Duse's, I suppose, would have to be called a classic method. Réjane does give a strict imitation of life; but that is not the key to her secret. Put another realistic actress in her place—there are plenty of them in Paris—and the peculiar pleasure which Réjane gives you at once disappears. No, it is the temperament behind Réjane's art which accounts for her fascination. So it is in many another case, as I tried to make out here the other week in speaking of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The mere mimetic faculty has its value, of course, immense value in its way. That is to say, it has precisely the value of perfect command over technical means in any other art—as mastery of the brush in painting, of the keyboard in piano playing. But the real secret of the painter or the pianist is in the character, the brain, the soul, which his mastery of technique enables him to reveal. So it is with acting. To be able to give a perfect imitation of something or other is the A B C of the player's business; but it is only a means to an end, the end of revealing the player's own self—of course, as conditioned by the assumed character. Players are apt to mistake the means for the end, to revel in mere imitation—a hollow, soulless thing, mere trickery. This abomination of desolation is quaintly misnamed "character-acting." The real

"virtue" of the player for us begins where the mere imitation leaves off; it consists, that is, in the quality of the player's temperament.

Réjane's is a nervous temperament, and it addresses itself to the nerves. There is something subtly perverse and "degenerate" in it. After an evening of Réjane's playing I feel as though I had been sipping absinthe. Her talent is exciting, disquieting, a little demoralizing. When Pope asserted that every woman is at heart a rake he was too sweeping; he forgot the Saint Teresas and the Dinah Morrisses, not to mention the British Matron and the American School Marm. When I am watching Réjane I forget them, too. And what Michelet said comes into my mind: *toute femme est une malade*. This seems like an ill compliment to Mme. Réjane. It is, in fact, only part of the truth. Her temperament is saved from being morbid by its enormous energy. Its *virida vis*—in Lucretian phrase—is, perhaps, its dominant quality. Réjane flings herself headlong into her part, does not scruple to make herself ugly when required, never spares herself. Has the heroine of *Sapho* to be *franchement canaille*? Very well, then Réjane will be as frankly *canaille* as it is possible to be. See the quarrel at the close of Act III. If she has to be hysterical, a physical wreck, then she abandons herself to that, too, without sparing a gurgle or a convulsion. See the parting at the close of Act IV. It is the fashion to praise these violent exploits as Réjane's most telling effects. Telling effects they are, but they are far from being Réjane's best things. Her best things, if I am not greatly mistaken, are her *nuances*; a gesture suddenly checked, a fleeting expression of face in a moment of silence, the instantaneous translation of a word or a thought into some little physical act, or an impatient interjection which "speaks volumes." Watch her as she dismisses her lover in a scene of *La Parisienne*. The point of the play is that the lover has insensibly acquired all the prosaic qualities of a husband and that the woman so regards him—"un second mari, autant dire." It is the business of the author, of course, to work out this idea in his dialogue. But note a detail in which Réjane helps him out. In addressing her final words to the lover she flicks the dust from his coat mechanically and puts his tie straight, an essentially conjugal action—and there is the author's idea in a nutshell! Add that Réjane's acting is an intellectual stimulant. Her mental alertness braces you up. You feel you are in presence of a quick-witted woman and that you must keep all your own wits about you to cope with her. Add, too, that she exercises, into the bargain, all the seduction of an elegant, luxuriously-gowned woman, and that woman a Frenchwoman. *Odor di femmina* and the frou-frou of petticoats will always have their effect. They complete the fascination of Réjane, which, I repeat, is irresistible.

Compared with Réjane, and all the types of Western civilization which unite to make a Réjane, Sada Yacco, the Japanese actress at the Criterion, seems a doll, a baby, or a porcelain idol. Yet you soon find that she, too, is a woman, and very much a woman. In *The Wife's Sacrifice* she is a tender, submissive, plaintive little woman. In *The Geisha and the Knight* she is "all air and fire," and at last a fury. I do not profess to appreciate all the fine shades of Japanese acting. How can one, when not a single word has any meaning for one, so that the drama is reduced to pantomime eked out by gibberish? But we can all appreciate dancing, and Sada Yacco is quite the most graceful dancer I have ever seen. Call it not dancing, but rather the capricious hovering, advance, settling, and retreat of a butterfly. I feel as if I wanted to catch her in a net, to see how her wings would glisten under a glass case. Her fairy grace is strangely contrasted with the grim performance of Mr. Otojiro Kawakami, who gives a horrible representation of self-slaughter. This combination of exquisite beauty with the bloodthirsty and the *macabre* may or may not be characteristically Japanese, but it is certainly very curious, very "primitive." It gives the jaded Western a "new thrill."

A. B. WALKLEY.

TRAVEL.

THE HIGH ANDES.

CLIMBING AND EXPLORATION IN THE BOLIVIAN ANDES. By Sir MARTIN CONWAY. (Harpers. 20s. 6d.)

The Bolivian Andes were the scene of almost the earliest mountaineering expeditions ever undertaken in any country. Leaving out of account such isolated excursions as that of the soldiers of Cortez to the top of Popocatepetl in quest of sulphur for their gunpowder, no explorations above the snow line are recorded at an earlier date than those of De La Condamine and the other French Academicians who were in Peru and Bolivia from 1735 to 1741, measuring an arc of the meridian, and exploring the country generally. The report of their adventures in the neighbourhood of Pichincha gave an impetus to climbing in other countries but not in Bolivia itself. Though Humboldt went to the Andes, it was not to the Bolivian Andes, but to those of Ecuador—to Chimborazo and Cotopaxi. Those Andes have been fairly well climbed, both before and after Mr. Whymper's expedition, and there has also been some successful climbing in the range of which Aconcagua is the culminating point. But the Bolivian Andes have been neglected. Mr. Whymper could not visit them because, when he set out, Bolivia was at war with Chile; and the two expeditions of Mr. J. B. Pentland and M. Wiener, being inadequately equipped, accomplished very little.

Sir Martin Conway, therefore, broke comparatively fresh ground in going there; and he achieved enough to make his book as important as it is interesting. He did not, indeed, attempt Ampato—22,800 feet, according to the railway surveyors, and believed to be the highest mountain in America—but he did climb Illimani, and he nearly climbed Aconcagua, the principal peak of the great Sorata group. The story of the turning back from Aconcagua is a graphic piece of writing, not unworthy of the golden age of Alpine literature. The clean-cut sentences draw the picture much as Mr. Whymper drew pictures in the old days of "Scrambles in the Alps." One sees the party of three toiling up the final snow slope:—

The darkness, the uncertain flicker of our fire-fly candle, the utter silence, the angry clouds, the starry heaven, and the vaguely felt, rather than seen, expanse of snow and surrounding peaks in the bonds of a frost like the grip of a demon's hand combined to produce on all of us an immense impression. None but necessary words were spoken. The silence was too awful to be lightly disrupted. . . . Our breathing was hard and loud; our hearts beat audibly; we were working up to the verge of our possible strength.

The snow was waist-deep and the incline was steep. It could not be traversed in zigzags, for that would have been to cut the snowfield with a furrow and so provoke an avalanche. It was necessary to go straight up in the middle. The feet of the guides were frost-bitten, but they beat them with their ice-axes and toiled on to within 600 feet of the summit. Then a huge crevasse, fifty feet across, barred their path. They could have got over it, cutting a way down one wall and up the other; but that would only have been the beginning of their difficulties. The slope beyond the crevasse was fraught with peril:—

It was a little steeper than the slope we had come up, and it was covered with the same powdery snow; but, whereas thus far we had been able to climb straight up, it would now be necessary to take a diagonal course, for the summit was above, on our left hand. If we had fallen from any point on the hither side of the great crevasse, we should have come to rest somewhere on the level snowfield below. Even if involved in an avalanche we might have extricated ourselves safely, as I have more than once done in similar circumstances. But in the traverse above, on the far side of the crevasse, we should have had it below us to tumble into, for the first part of the way, and further on an ice cliff of one hundred feet to

fall over. Moreover, the probabilities were that we should start an avalanche, and if we did, it was certain we should all be killed. To have accepted the risk would have been the act of a fool.

So they turned back sorrowfully, believing that they had missed a chance of surmounting the highest peak ever trodden by the foot of man. But that turned out to be a mistake. The Bolivian survey gave the altitude as 24,812 feet, Sir Martin Conway's aneroid brought it out at 24,500 feet, and Pentland had actually computed it as 25,250 feet; but subsequent triangulations, continued for a fortnight, reduced the measure to 21,700 feet, or some 1,700 feet less than Aconcagua, which had been climbed.

Though the book is to be classed with climbing books, climbing was by no means the only subject that interested the author, and is by no means the only subject on which he writes well. One thrilling chapter describes a revolution at Panama. Sir Martin Conway's train ran right into the area of disturbance, and he had to lie under the seat while the insurgents riddled the car with bullets. Another chapter describes how the Indians chased and stoned him while he was engaged upon his trigonometrical survey. He had to complete the process under the protection of the police. There is also a good deal about the rubber industry—a subject which Sir Martin treats as thoroughly as if he were preparing a Consular report—and there are some interesting facts bearing on the vexed question of mountain sickness.

Sir Martin Conway had time to study that complaint in detail during his residence at La Paz—a considerable town, 11,945 feet above the sea level. He took to his bed, attributing his ailments to excessive indulgence in good fare; but his doctor undeceived him, saying that new comers always suffered in that way, and that some of them made quick recoveries, while others continued more or less ill during the whole of their sojourn. He noted, too, that even the residents "when they come to walk uphill demonstrate by the rapidity of their breathing and the slowness of their gait that they, too, are affected by the diminished atmospheric pressure"; and, as was easy in a country so much given over to horse-racing, he observed that horses are even greater victims of the disorder than human beings. Every thousand feet above sea level, he was told, tells markedly upon a horse:—

Thus, taking Valparaiso and Santiago in Chile as instances, the racecourse of the latter being some 2,000 feet above that of the former, a horse trained at Valparaiso is found to be unable to win a race at Santiago against an equally good horse trained there. On the other hand, a horse trained at Santiago and brought down to Valparaiso is in perfect condition for racing there. Again, the lengths of races which a horse can run have to be reduced as the altitude increases. At La Paz, the greatest length that a horse can gallop is about five hundred metres, and that is a severe strain upon any animal that has not lived at La Paz for months before the race.

But will mountain-sickness prevent the climbing of the very highest mountains? That is a question which Sir Martin Conway does not answer confidently; but he shows that, in spite of the fact that a man may more or less get over it, the obstacle is very serious. It weakens the strongest, even though the acute symptoms pass, and, consequently the stages of ascent have to be continually abbreviated as higher altitudes are reached. The guarded conclusion is:—

This diminution of daily range will prove to be one of the most serious impediments, perhaps the most serious, to the attainment of the highest altitudes on the surface of the earth. Unfortunately for adventurous mountain explorers, the higher they rise the greater are many other factors of difficulty with which they have to contend. The cold at night increases very rapidly above 20,000 feet, and at anything like 24,000 feet it becomes a very serious matter indeed. Almost equally wearing to the system is the power of the sun by day, which,

shining through the thin air, scorches the life out of a man in an appalling fashion. The difficulty of transport is another increasing impediment, for the higher you climb the less easy it is to find porters who can go with you, and the smaller are the loads they are able to bear. Lastly, the danger arising from bad weather is multiplied in almost geometrical progression the higher you go.

Possibly these difficulties may be overcome even to the point of climbing Mount Everest; but hardly for many years to come. Kanchanjanga is lower (27,280 feet), and approachable, and does not look appallingly difficult, but none of the mountaineers who have attempted it have ever got near the top.

BRUGES.

The latest addition to the Mediaeval Towns Series (J. M. Dent and Co., 4s. 6d.) is the *STORY OF BRUGES*, by Ernest Gilliat-Smith, with drawings of great artistic merit by Edith Calvert and Herbert Railton. The volume may be praised without reserve, both as a history and as a guide-book; and if we say that the drawings, numerous as they are, are not sufficiently numerous, we are not finding fault, but paying a compliment. The author himself is aware that the subject of Bruges cannot be exhausted within the prescribed limits of his book. It is a town of considerable size, with ramparts nearly five miles in circumference. We are not surprised that after living there for many years Mr. Gilliat-Smith finds that even now he does not know all its beauties. Bruges was not built in a day, and cannot be seen in a day. We note, however, for the benefit of the casual tourist, that the book contains a useful map, and that the last chapter suggests the best method of seeing as much as possible in the course of a few hours.

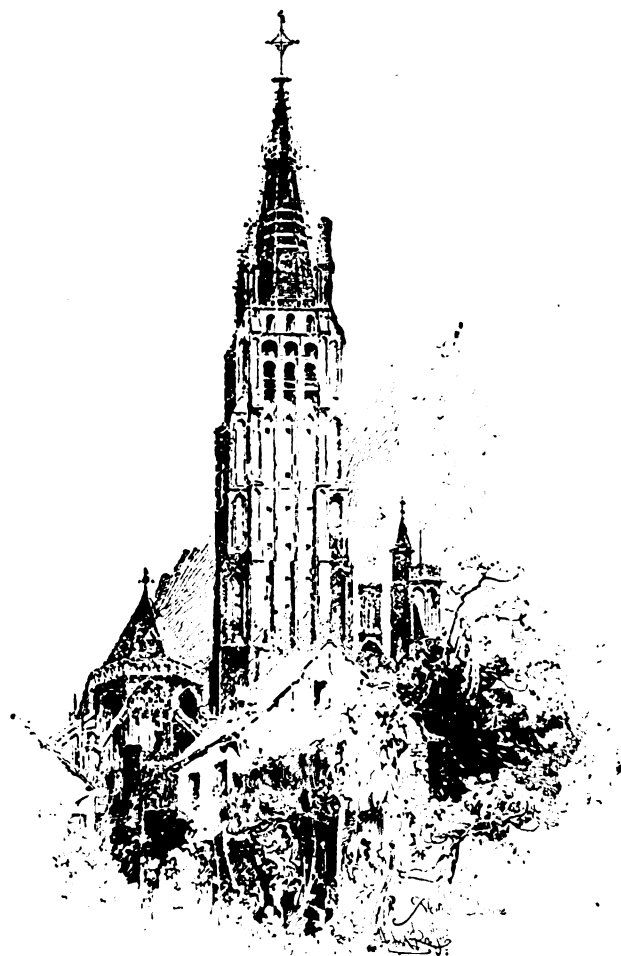
Except for these few practical hints, the work is devoted either to history or to architecture and painting. Mr. Gilliat-Smith traces the history of the town from the first beginnings of its civilization, through a good many scenes of primitive outrage and violence, to the end of the fifteenth century, when its decadence set in, and Antwerp superseded it as a centre of commerce. Its later history is only summarized. The earlier centuries, which saw the rise and prosperity of Bruges as a great trading community, are full of interest, for they include,



VIEW OF THE QUAI VERT

[From the "Story of Bruges," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

besides much else that is romantic, the tragedy of the Erembalds, and the legend of Baldwin, Count of Flanders and



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME

[From the "Story of Bruges," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

Emperor of Constantinople. It is not an easy history to follow, but it is told in a spirited manner, and as clearly as is practicable in a short compass. At the same time, it is rather a serious blot on our author's credit as an historian that he relates the whole story of Baldwin's reappearance as a hermit twenty years after his death without intimating that this surprising tale is not believed by serious writers. He describes it as "strange," but does not inform the reader that Baldwin *redivivus* is generally regarded as an impostor. In fact, Mr. Gilliat-Smith does not seem aware that the *soi-disant* Baldwin was ever charged with imposture, or was hanged as an impostor. Still, this lapse from historical virtue does not greatly affect the value of the book. One visits Bruges not for the sake of Count Baldwin, but for the architecture of one of the most picturesque towns in Europe. There is no doubt that had Bruges continued to prosper she would have lost her mediæval charm. Her merchant princes long ago became too poor to live in their palaces; had they remained, their houses would have been rebuilt in process of time, and many delightful examples of domestic architecture would have disappeared. Modern improvements, falsely so called, have done some mischief, but Bruges on the whole values itself on its antiquity, and does not move fast. "It took her twenty years," says the author, "to restore the Hôtel Gruthuise. Twenty-five years ago she decided to restore the western façade of Notre Dame. Between that time and this, the architect who was commissioned to undertake the work has submitted no fewer than twenty-five different plans. When the façade has actually fallen, and it is said that it cannot last much longer, perhaps those who are responsible for the delay will select one of them. We may take it, then, that mediæval Bruges will at all events last our day." Of the famous belfry, and of the great spire of the Cathedral, seven feet higher than that of Salisbury, much has been written. Mr.

Gilliat-Smith is at his best, perhaps, when he speaks of domestic architecture, of the Hôtel de Gruthuise, the Hôtel Bladelin, De Zeven Toren, the Ghistelhof, the Hôtel d'Adornes, and the Princenhof. And in the fifteenth century not only did the great burghers build splendid palaces for themselves, sumptuous within and beautiful without, but

Even working men, humble members of the great guilds of smiths, or masons, or carpenters, were making their homes beautiful with the fruit of their handiwork; constructing canopied niches at street corners, or over the doorways of the hovels in which they lived, and placing in them graven images of Our Lady or of some favourite saint; hammering out exquisite lanterns, which it was their delight to hang before them, from brackets of no less dainty fashion; fabricating of wrought iron those quaintly beautiful trade signs by which it was their wont to call attention to their avocations; making door, and lintel, and chimney, and rafter comely with fruit and foliage, fascinating with heraldic devices, and grotesque and leering heads, and the images of devils and of saints.

Such was mediæval Bruges, thanks to the happy co-operation of wealth and art, and such, to some extent, it is at the present day. The pictorial art of Bruges has a chapter to itself, with carefully written accounts of ancient frescoes, early miniaturists, and the great fifteenth-century artists, Hubert Van Eyck, John Van Eyck, Gerard David, Roger Van Der Weyden, Dierick Boudts, and Hans Memline. In short, the book deserves more consideration than the author's modest preface claims for it.

BY THE IONIAN SEA.

A perusal of Mr. George Gissing's volume *BY THE IONIAN SEA* (Chapman and Hall, 16s.) naturally suggests a comparison thereof with the chapters of "*Sensations d'Italie*," which deal with Magna Græcia. Bourget's wanderings were considerably more widely extended and led him over more unfrequented and inaccessible ways than those attempted by Mr. Gissing, whose travels, indeed, amounted to nothing more ambitious than a steamboat voyage from Naples to Paola, a rough drive to Cosenza, a pilgrimage to the legendary tomb of Alaric, a railway journey along the coast as far as Taranto and then back to Reggio, at the "toe of the boot." But, in spite of the more ambitious scale of M. Bourget's work—of the extraordinary interest clinging to places like Oria and Lucera (unvisited by Mr. Gissing) with their memories of the splendid State maintained by Frederic II. and of his Saracen hordes, of the opportunity thus given for copious and apposite literary illustration—it certainly does not surpass in charm the volume before us. We doubt, indeed, whether M. Bourget equals Mr. Gissing in just appreciation of the episodes of travel, in comprehensive insight as to their attractions and in sympathetic delineation. Mr. Gissing possesses that happily constituted nature which is stirred by impetuous desire to visit in the flesh those famous spots whose names are linked with romantic and momentous events in the world's history. Perhaps the wisest are those who carefully plan their voyage to this and that renowned city, and wait and wait till Anno Domini tells them their day for such expeditions is past. Whether the more adventurous spirits who put their wishes into action choose the better part is a question which each one must answer according to his own temperament. In the final sentence of his book Mr. Gissing sighs for a life in which he might "wander endlessly amid the silence of the ancient world, to-day and all its sounds forgotten." These words were written when his Calabrian wanderings were over, when he was once more in comparative comfort and civilization at Reggio, and they are almost certainly infected with the spirit of forgiveness of past discomforts which possesses us when we are happy in the consciousness that we have done with them for good and all, and shall behold their ugly faces no more. This, however, is a matter which concerns Mr. Gissing himself; it was certainly a stroke of good luck for his readers

that he did not listen to the gloomy vaticinations of his friends in Naples when he spoke of his journey to Calabria, or allow himself to be dissuaded therefrom. Every appreciative reader knows how to suffer with his author, to weep sympathetic tears over the troubles which beset travellers in the few by-ways now left in the world; and we, as we acknowledge Mr. Gissing's vicarious sacrifice on behalf of arm-chair explorers, can assure him that the result achieved by him has not been purchased too dearly, even though the price paid included the horrors of the inn at Squillace and the attack of fever at Cotrone.

Mr. Gissing has been known as a novel writer and a critic. We are not sure that he has not equal claims to distinction as a classical scholar. Certainly we doubt whether he has ever been so completely successful as in the issue of "*By the Ionian Sea*." He possesses to perfection the gift of being able to bring before the reader graphic and living pictures of the scenes he views and the people he meets, and to tint these pictures with exactly the due amount of subjective emotion, so that we find ourselves affected by the spell of stony wilderness, of gloomy forest, of mouldering walls, or of glittering sea, just as he himself was affected. Over Mr. Gissing's pages the reader can never forget that he is in the presence of a writer of subtle perception and exquisite literary gift. The book is full of masterpieces of prose writing—the dream which haunted his fevered brain at Cotrone, the discourse of the young men at the *caffè* at Catanzaro, and the miraculous story of the friar bound for Loreto, though, perhaps, the choicest of all is the apologia of his volume in the opening chapter:—

Every man has his intellectual desire; mine is to escape life as I know it and dream myself into that old world which was the imaginative delight of my boyhood. The names of Greece and Italy draw me as no others; they make me young again, and restore the keen impressions of that time when every new page of Greek or Latin was a new perception of things beautiful. The world of the Greeks and Romans is my land of Romance; a quotation in either language thrills me strangely, and there are passages of Greek and Latin verse which I cannot read without a dimming of the eyes, which I cannot repeat aloud because my voice fails me. In Magna Græcia the waters of two fountains mingle and flow together; how exquisite will be the draught!

It is a legitimate cause of congratulation that Mr. Gissing has demonstrated the ability of Englishmen to hold their own with the best of other lands in this particular field of literature; all the more because of the facile assent given by some of us to the claims of certain talented foreign writers to a foremost place. We hope that those who have been so generously appreciative of Bourget and Loti will condescend to read Mr. Gissing. We have said enough of the book itself; it is simply a delight, and with its beautiful illustrations and its excellent print and paper it is as well set as such a gem deserves.

ITALIAN CITIES.

ITALIAN CITIES. By EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD and EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD. 2 vols. (Bullen. 12s.)

NAPLES, PAST AND PRESENT. By ARTHUR A. NORWAY. With 40 Illustrations by Arthur G. Feraud. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY. By G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. n.)

The traveller is no longer able to wander about in wide-eyed ignorance, confining his knowledge to the habits of porters and hotel-keepers; it is becoming almost impossible to avoid taking some amount of intelligent interest in the cities traversed, and this is due to the writers of books like those before us. If they continue, travelling will cease to be fashionable; for the great world does not like having to read and observe and, worst of all, to think. "*Italian Cities*" is a good example of the book that lures you into knowing things you never expected to know,

making buildings delightful and even history interesting to the holiday-maker. The authors know their subject, and they write in a quiet, vivid way, using that restrained, sympathetic style which throws over one the glamour of the past and focusses the mind upon beautiful things. The two volumes consist of a collection of short essays that seem to have been written to the length of magazine articles and then strung together to form chapters of a book; such a form is easy to read and convenient to travel with. They deal mostly with the less frequented but not least interesting of Italian towns, with Siena and Ravenna, Parma, Perugia and Spoleto, Mantua and Assisi, and the heart of the reviewer grows bitter within him for envy. Florence and Rome also have several essays, but these are in the way of side-lights, such as "Raphael in Rome" and "In Florence with Romola." Here is a fragment, taken at random, for an illustration of their style:—

For, with all its beauty, her little church stands as a monument to three invasions, and to the beginning of such slaughter, misery, and depopulation as the world has not seen before or since. The little church is under the invocation of Saints Nazarius and Celsus, is only forty-six feet long by forty broad, and upon the outside might be taken for some house in which the workmen were wont to lay away their tools at night. Inside it is as if one had crept into the heart of a sapphire. Blue, the blue that glistens jewel-like on the peacock's neck, is the prevailing colour, with great gold disks and drinking stags and dull red borderings.

Very different is Mr. Norway, much more of a journalist and rather less of an artist. History to him is rather the occasion of telling stories, and he tells them in great multitude; he is lively and chatty, profuse rather than discriminating in his descriptions, and popular in his methods and ideas; but he has worked with love and diligence at his subject, and the book deserves to be well read. The traveller to Naples will find a great deal of information in the book, which in its 360 pages finds room for chapters on many of the neighbouring places—Vesuvius and Pompeii, Castellammare, Capri, and the rest. The eruptions of Vesuvius and the blue grotto at Capri are vividly described, nor are such antiquities as the ruins at Pæstum forgotten. There are a good many illustrations, carefully done in wash, but Mr. Ferard is not Mr. Pennell.

Dr. Williamson's "The Cities of Northern Italy" belongs to the series of historical handbooks originally planned by the late Mr. Grant Allen. He only lived to write the first four volumes of the series. Dr. Williamson, who takes up the task, carries out his friend's idea of "button-holing the tourist, and directing his attention at once to what he should certainly see in a town, and to what concerns the history of that town." Dr. Williamson, as our readers know, is a writer of experience, and as editor of Messrs. Bell's series on Great Artists has been brought into contact with many leading critics on Italian art. He is familiar with the writings and opinions of Morelli, of Mr. Berenson, and other well-known authorities, and has devoted much careful labour to the present work, which cannot fail to be of use to the intelligent traveller in North Italy. In his account of Milan we are glad to see that he devotes especial attention to the Castello of the Sforzas, that magnificent pile which has been so admirably restored during the last few years by the municipality of Milan, assisted by the self-sacrificing exertions of generous and patriotic citizens, and which is certainly one of the finest Renaissance palaces still in existence. Dr. Williamson's account of the tombs and churches of Verona, of the wonderful mosaics and basilicas of Ravenna, and his descriptions of Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua and of Francia's altar-pieces at Bologna are especially to be commended. We venture, however, to point out a few mistakes and omissions, which ought to be rectified in future editions. In our author's notes on the galleries of Milan, for instance, we find no mention of Piero della Francesca's noble Madonna with Duke Federico of Urbino kneeling at her feet, or of that lovely profile-portrait in the Ambrosiana which, after being long

ascribed to Leonardo, is now generally recognized as the masterpiece of Ambrogio de Predis. Again, in his chapter on Padua, Dr. Williamson dismisses Mantegna's great frescoes in the church of the Eremitani in a few lines, without even giving us an account of the subjects represented in these immortal works. And, still more strangely, there is absolutely no allusion in his pages to the famous Scuola del Santo at Padua, with its beautiful paintings by Titian and his comrades, surely some of the finest specimens of Venetian art of the period. As a rule Dr. Williamson's historical facts and dates are careful and accurate. We may, however, remark that Beatrice d'Este, the short-lived wife of Lodovico Sforza, was not buried in the Certosa of Pavia, as we read at p. 121, but in the Moro's favourite sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Solario's splendid monument to her memory was raised soon after her death and only removed to the Certosa in the following century. In conclusion, we would direct our reader's attention to the excellent practical hints contained in the author's preface. To treat Italians of all ranks with courtesy and civility, to be reverent in churches and pilgrimage shrines, above all to follow without a murmur the universal custom of bestowing small tips on *custodi* and *facchini*, will add materially to the traveller's comfort and enjoyment.

GUIDE-BOOKS.

ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

Surrey.

The latest addition to Dent's County Guides, which are being published under the general editorship of Prof. George Dewar, is SURREY, by Walter Jerrold (Dent, 4s. 6d. n.). Besides the seven pleasant and comprehensive itineraries by Mr. Jerrold, the guide-book contains special articles on the Bird Life, by John A. Bucknill; on Our Surrey Flowers, by Edward Step; on Entomology, by the Rev. E. J. Vernon; on the Geology, by Prof. Edward Hull; on Cycling in Surrey, with a list of twenty-five routes, by Duncan Tovey; and a useful, if not very exhaustive, Gazetteer. Illustrations by J. A. Symington and a map of the county at a scale of some three miles to the inch complete as handy and trustworthy a guide as could be desired. It has the merit of being readable without being loosely gossipy; the ground has been carefully "perambulated" quite recently, and the author writes with genuine enthusiasm. He is, apparently, neither a cyclist nor a horticulturist, but he treats both wheelmen and gardeners at least with toleration. He has an eye as much for the recent literary associations of the county as for its better-known history, and advances opinions with a most commendable modesty. He speaks of the *Osmunda regalis* as a flowering fern, as if all ferns did not flower, and has probably borrowed the epithet "flower" from those who really mean the spore-clusters; and he is commendably out of sympathy with the Ripley-road cyclist who cares nothing for byways. There is an occasional looseness of description, however, as, for example, when the author speaks of the heath at Weybridge as "the common." There are a heath, a common, and a green in this favoured village. The author also says there is "nothing particularly attractive" in the short walk from Weybridge to Addlestone, but to a literary man there is Queen Anne's farm, a



[From "Surrey," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

good specimen of English farmhouse architecture, and the scene in which the opening chapters of Mr. George Meredith's "Rhoda Fleming" are laid. The tradition that Wycliffe once preached under the "crouch oak" at Addlestone is also among exploded local traditions. Ottershaw might also be accorded the honour of possessing one of the finest views in the neighbourhood and one of the best of modern village churches. It might also be



Stranger to Moor Park

[From "Surrey," by permission of Messrs. Dent.]

recorded that both Addlestone (in which the authors of "Dod's Peerage" lived for many years and where "Shirt-collar" Hall collected a remarkable amount of artistic booty) and Chertsey are full of Dickens associations, and that the house in Guildford-street, Chertsey, opposite Cowley-house, was that in which "Our Mutual Friend" was written. We can hardly accept the author's statement that the plant-

ing of yew trees along the Pilgrims' Way served to supply material for the weapons of those who were conveying tin from the mines in Cornwall to the Isle of Thanet for shipment to the Continent. But for the romantic story of the Pilgrims' Way we already have Mrs. Ady's book (noticed on another page) and are waiting for Mr. Hueffer's promised book. We cannot expect complete accuracy in a guide, and, careful as Mr. Jerrold has been, he is not always unassailable; but on the whole the information is both concise and well presented. He at least puts the local cabdriver in Hindhead right, and properly locates the Devil's Punch Bowl. He writes with enthusiasm and he writes well. He appears, however, to have failed to remark the chief characteristic of a Surrey landscape—that almost every fine view is dominated by a modern red-brick villa.

Black's New Guide-books.

Having regard to the provision made for us by enterprising publishers of books telling us where to travel and how to travel, it is difficult to realize how our grandfathers and grandmothers managed to perambulate Europe, as it is certain they did in large numbers after the opening up of the Continent as the result of the Waterloo Peace. Paterson's "Roads," which went through many editions during the first thirty years of the last century, served, not altogether badly, the purposes of the English tourist, who of course travelled entirely by road. But for him who would see the beauties of Switzerland and the Rhine and the old and interesting cities of Flanders and Germany there was little or no organized provision until the "Murrays" came into the field in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. So far as English-speaking travellers on the Continent are concerned, Murray's "Hand-books" were the only available publications until the Baedeker books made serious encroachments on the Albemarle-street preserve, as also did, later, the volumes issued from Edinburgh by A. and C. Black, some new volumes as well as some new editions of which have reached us.

Among new editions received are SCOTLAND (cheap edition), THE TROSSACHS, CORNWALL, SURREY, and the CHANNEL ISLANDS. They do not call for any particular mention, being, indeed, all of them well known; but the special feature of the new editions now before us is the large increase in the number and great improvement in the quality of the maps. Most of these are by Bartholomew, a guarantee of excellence, but it is easy to detect which are not by Bartholomew, and we would suggest that these should be gradually weeded out as opportunity

offers. Nothing is more distracting to a traveller, after having got up one map and become familiar with its marks and symbols and scale, than to find, when he gets to his next town, that he has to use a map with different symbols, in which streets and buildings, and so on, are differently shaded and coloured, or not coloured at all. A comparison of the map of the Tintagel district with the Tamar district which follows only eighteen pages further on in the "Cornwall" book will indicate what we mean. The only other remark we would make about the new editions applies to the "Channel Islands"; we think it a mistake to mix up the Channel Islands with West Normandy. The Channel Islands form a tourist district by themselves. Many people go thither with no wish or intention to find themselves afterwards in France. Similarly West Normandy fits in much more naturally with East Normandy. In other words, Normandy is a single province which does not lend itself to separation into two parts, whilst it is much more accessible from England *via* Dieppe and Caen than *via* Jersey, &c.

Turn we now to the new "Blacks." These are exclusively British, and are designated THE SCOTT COUNTRY, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, TWENTY MILES AROUND LONDON SOUTH, and WEST KENT. The first of these is not in the technical sense of the word a guide-book at all, but is rather a gossiping account of Sir Walter Scott as an individual, with a large number of pictures of places and people associated with him or his books. The author, Mr. W. S. Crockett, without intending exactly to write a formal life of Scott, yet practically has done so, weaving in also geographical and historical matter. The reader is not avowedly invited to get up either the poet's life or the geography and history of the Borderland, yet when he has reached the last page of Mr. Crockett's very instructive book he will find himself well up in all three subjects. In Black's "Buckinghamshire," by Mr. G. E. Milton, we have a volume which, to use a threadbare phrase, "meets an acknowledged want," for the county, one of the most interesting in England, has been strangely neglected. It is quite true, as the author says, that, considering its proximity to London, Buckinghamshire is very little known to the tourist or cyclist except as regards a strip of country along the southern border which abuts on the Thames. He rightly points out that the ordinary tourist who simply crosses Buckinghamshire in order to get, say, from London to Oxford, altogether misses the many picturesque villages and rural views which respectively characterize the Vale of Aylesbury and the Chiltern Hills, and which he justly remarks "may easily challenge comparison with the far more celebrated beauties of Surrey." He describes the numerous historical associations of the county both in Saxon times and during the Civil War of the seventeenth century, and the variety and interesting features of much of the church architecture of the county. The plan of the book is based upon roads and not districts; and it is assumed that travellers wishing to "get up" Buckinghamshire will do so first of all by working along the main roads from London, and, secondly, by following the roads radiating from the three principal towns of Aylesbury, Buckingham, and Newport Pagnell. Each part has a chapter devoted to it, divided, where necessary, into two sections. The first section refers to some main road and the second to the excursions to be made from any town on the road. We are not quite sure that this method of dividing up a country is altogether the best. It presupposes satisfactory inns at the sleeping centres, and it is not certain that the tourist will find them just where he wants them in Buckinghamshire. Nevertheless, the author has worked out his scheme very carefully. The maps are very good. The only other criticism we have to make is that the author has, we think, not given sufficient prominence to the railway connexions of Buckinghamshire, and has catered too much for the irrepressible cyclist. In the metropolitan area "West Kent" and "Twenty Miles around London South" deal very sufficiently with the localities named, from a cyclist's point of view; but here again we must point out that, in spite of the popularity of the wheel, there are other people who travel besides cyclists. We note this because the following sentence in Mr. Moncrieff's "West Kent"

sounds discouraging :—" With the railway routes we have been much less concerned, their travellers sitting in not so much need of guidance." This last phrase is not only cminous but curious. The limits of the book are Rochester and beyond to Faversham ; Maidstone and beyond to Ashford ; and Tunbridge Wells to Crowborough and Ashdown Forest, and therefore the author makes the words " West Kent " cover a good deal more than most geographers do.

" Twenty Miles around London South " is also by Mr. Moncrieff and follows the same lines as the volume we have just mentioned. London South, indeed, overlaps " West Kent " because it extends as far as Gravesend. We doubt whether the inhabitants of Bickley, many of whom pay rents of over £300 a year, will feel flattered by being told that Bickley is " a place of cottages of gentility." The railway information is again defective both as regards clearness of statement and details of distances. To take one case out of many ; on p. 67 there is the sentence :—" There are several ways to Richmond and countless trains." This oracular statement, even with the five lines which follow it, is wholly insufficient to help the stranger from the North coming to London for the first time and wishing to find himself at Richmond. Mr. Moncrieff's railway information, such as it is, is a sort of " Memoria Technica " to remind people of things they already know. A good guide-book should explain unknown things to people who know nothing. The maps, as in the case of all these new " Blacks," are admirable in every sense.

The nineteenth revised and amplified edition of Black's guide to GLASGOW (1s.) is, of course, an Exhibition Edition. The Exhibition is dealt with in some ten pages of text ; there is a coloured plan of the grounds, and there are various views of the buildings. The ground covered includes not only the city and suburbs, but also Paisley, the Burns Country, Arran, Bute, Loch Fyne, &c.

Kebleland.

Hursley and its neighbourhood cannot be understood by the hasty bicyclist who rides over for an afternoon, leaves his machine at the village publichouse, and strolls round to look at the church and parsonage. It would be almost sacrilege to treat the home of John Keble in this way. Over the spired church with its three eastern windows rising out of the broad green

spaces of God's acre, over which creep the long shadows of the trees resting gently now on one tombstone now on another, as

The sunbeams weave a parting crown
For some sweet woodland nest,

there hangs a gentle atmosphere of hallowed religious tradition. It will not reveal itself to the passing sightseer. A Sunday should be spent there. The chime of the village bell, the holy calm of the day, the long, quiet afternoon of which the poet of Hursley wrote—

Deep is the silence as of summer noon
When a soft shower
Will trickle soon ;
A gracious rain, freshening the weary bower.
O, sweetly then far off is heard
The clear note of some lonely bird

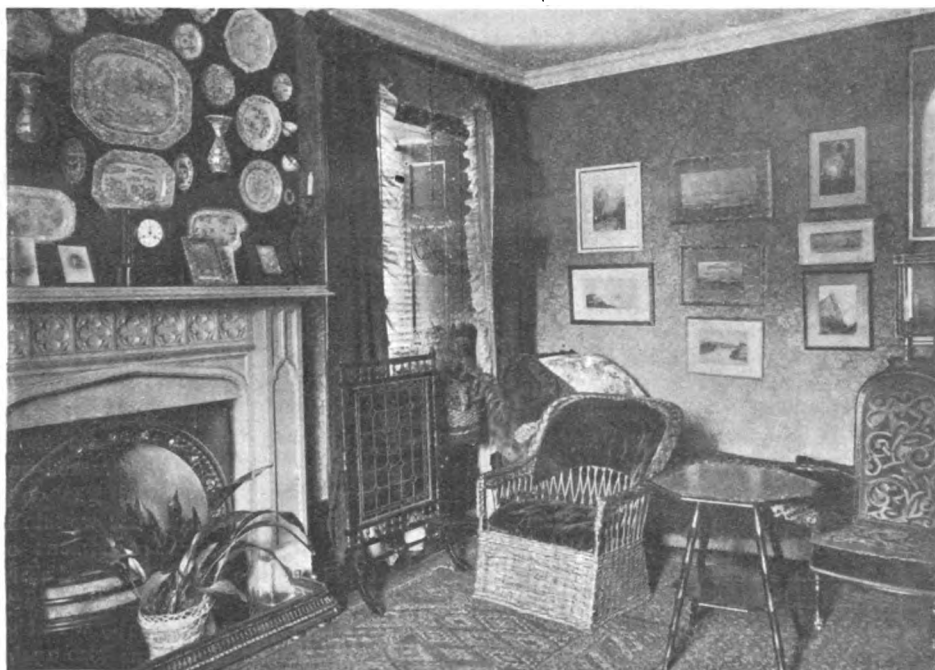
--all this is needed for him who would learn the secret of the home of Keble. It will bring back old memories, as it did to Pendennis, to whom as a child his mother used to " whisper with awe the verses of the ' Christian Year.' "

Faint, very faint, and seldom in after life Pendennis heard that solemn church music ; but he always loved the remembrance of it, and of the times when it struck on his heart and he walked over the fields, full of hope and void of doubt, as the church bells rang on Sunday morning.

IN *KEBLELAND* (Winchester : Warren and Son), edited by Mr. W. T. Warren, the visitor to Hursley and its neighbourhood will find such information as he wants, with many views and a map of the district ; and the compiler has wisely devoted some five or six pages to well-chosen examples of Keble's nature poetry. They show on the one hand the remoteness from the life of his day which marked the poet of the Anglican revival, and on the other his tender and intimate appreciation of nature. The evening carol of the robin in the quiet churchyard will remind the visitor of the lines which sum up the spirit of Keble—

Sweet messenger of " calm decay,"
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best :
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

Strange that in this very churchyard, sacred to the memory of so musical and cultured a religious poet, should lie the remains of Sternhold, who helped to turn the Psalms of David into prose—metrical prose, indeed, but prose nevertheless. It was characteristic of the gentle judgment of Keble that, as Mr. Warren says, " Sternhold's adherence to the original was respected by Keble." More in harmony with the spirit of Hursley is the memory of Charlotte Yonge at the neighbouring village of Otterbourne, which was also under the charge of Keble. To her father William Crawley Yonge, to Sir William Heathcote of Hursley, and to Keble himself, was due the restoration of the churches of Hursley and of Otterbourne. There are many other links with the past at Hursley. At the end of a long grass walk in Hursley Park stands a dial which bears upon it the coat of arms of the Cromwells. The first Sir William Heathcote purchased the estate from the daughters of Richard Cromwell, who had retired to live at Hursley, glad to be relieved



KEBLE'S FAVOURITE CORNER, HURSLEY VICARAGE.

[From " Kebleland," by permission of Messrs. Warren and Son, Winchester, from photograph by W. T. Grein, Winchester.]

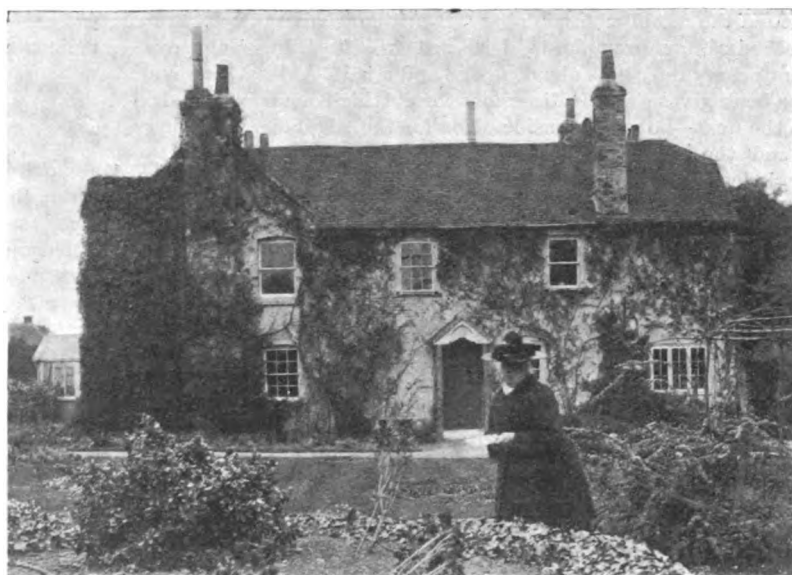
of the cares of his brief period of sovereignty. When the old house of Hursley Park was taken down, a lump of metal was found in a crevice of the wall, which proved to be the die of the seal of the Commonwealth. There is much else to be investigated by the visitor to this quiet and beautiful country, and he will do well to provide himself with Mr. Warren's pleasant book.

Ward, Lock's Shilling Guides.

Messrs. Ward, Lock contribute to our collection new editions of several of their Shilling Pictorial Guides. We have before us LONDON, THE DONEGAL HIGHLANDS, THE ISLE OF WIGHT, LOWESTOFT, OBAN, FORT WILLIAM AND THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS, THE ENGLISH LAKES, and LLANDUDNO AND THE NORTHERN SECTION OF NORTH WALES. The maps are moderately good, and the photographs are very good. Excellence in both departments was hardly to be expected for the price. Whether you prefer Black to Ward, Lock or Ward, Lock to Black depends upon whether maps or photographs are of more importance to you. The merits of the latter vary from one guide to another. On the whole the smaller the area dealt with the greater the merit shown. For this reason the guides to London and to Belgium and Holland are the least satisfactory. On the other hand, for certain of the centres of interest in the British Isles the Ward, Lock guides are excellent, pleasant to read as well as agreeable to look at; and they have a special claim to our regard in the attention which they pay to literary associations. In the case of the Lake District, of course, these are obvious enough; but they are generally dug out for us in cases in which they are not so obvious. In the case of the Isle of Wight, for instance, we read all about the Dairy Man's Daughter, though the writer reasonably doubts whether many of the visitors to Arreton "have the faintest idea of the life story of this excellent young woman," and about "Little Jane," and about their biographer, the Rev. Legh Richmond, sometime curate of Brading. In the case of Lowestoft, again, we are asked to "leave for a while the pleasures of the beach to wander among the haunts of George Borrow at Oulton, and on to the quaint and peaceful Blundeston, with its little church where the juvenile David Copperfield used to make unwilling attendance, and at whose sundial he would look when the sun shone, and think within himself, 'Is the sundial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again!'" while the Oban guide refers us to Scott, and Christopher North, and Macaulay, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and the Llandudno guide has memories of Mrs. Hemans, and "Monk" Lewis, and Charles Kingsley. There are worse occupations for a rainy afternoon than turning over a parcel of these guides.

Malvern.

No section of England deserves a good guide-book better than do the Malvern Hills. They make a better show for their size than any other hills anywhere, and they abound in remains geological and otherwise, the long-haired rhinoceros having left his bones upon their slopes and Caractacus a camp upon their summit. Moreover, they are the headquarters of the water-cure, invented by the father of Mr. Speaker Gully, who figures as "Dr. Gulson" in "It is Never too Late to Mend," and they are the centre whence excursionists radiate to Worcester, Hereford, and Tewkesbury. All these matters, together with kindred matters, are set forth in THE MALVERN COUNTRY (Methuen, 3s.), by Mr. Bertram C. A. Windle. The book is of handy size, so that it can easily be slipped into the pocket. It has excellent drawings, mostly of architecture, by Mr. Edmund H. New. It abounds with information about the things to be seen, and with apposite quotations from old authors. Particularly entertaining is the glimpse of the old Malvern, when the water-cure was in its prime, taken from "Three Weeks in Wet Sheets: Being the Diary and Doings of a Moist Visitor



ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE.

LATELY THE RESIDENCE OF THE AUTHORESS OF "THE HAIRS OF REDCLYFFE."
[From "Kebbleland," by permission of Messrs. Warren and Son, Winchester, from photograph by W. T. Grein, Winchester.]

to Malvern," who describes the female pilgrims to the source of health:—

Bound over and immediately in front of their bonnets were those blue calashes or shades which are known in the place, and perhaps elsewhere, by the popular name of "uglies." In one hand they carried a flat Graffenberg tumbler for the purpose of drinking water at every road or mountain rill they came to, while in the other they stoutly clutched a tall ash staff, some six feet long, with a sharp iron spike at the end.

A delightful addition to the "Little Guides."

Pearson's Gossipy Guides.

Of shilling guides for various localities in England there seems an unending supply. The newest candidates for public favour are the ILLUSTRATED GOSSIPY GUIDE-BOOKS adventured by Messrs. Pearson. Three are before us dealing with GLASGOW, BOURNEMOUTH, and IFRACOMBE respectively. The illustrations and maps are excellent, and the information is given in a crisp and condensed form, but the editor of "Glasgow" exhibits a lofty superiority to such matters as miles and the convenient sequence of places as they would turn up from hour to hour. A prudent and calculating traveller who likes to look before he leaps will probably feel that too much is left to chance and his imagination in the matter of distances. There is, moreover, in all these books a prodigal use of black-faced type which rather defeats its own end. There seems no sense, from a tourist's point of view, in underlining such phrases as "34 acres" (p. 23), or "piscatorial sport" (p. 51), or "hunted deer" (p. 92), the latter being one of the things which Mary Queen of Scots did. On p. 120 we notice a curious statement which applies to an arrangement probably unique. At one time adjoining a chapel in Buteshire there were two churchyards, one for men and the other for women. The tradition is that this was to punish the female sex for one of its representatives who refused to carry some consecrated earth from Rome to Scotland. The Ifracombe and Bournemouth volumes seem put together on somewhat different principles and are distinctly better than the Glasgow book. All are copiously illustrated and mapped.

Cathedrals.

We have reviewed a good many books in Bell's Cathedral Series. So far as we remember they have all merited praise. Now we have a volume in the same format (1s. 6d. n.) intended as a collective guide to all the Cathedrals—AN ITINERARY OF THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS, compiled by Dr. James G. Gilchrist of Iowa, and edited, with an introduction on Cathedral Archi-

tecture, by the Rev. T. Perkins. Conditions of space have prevented the compiler from doing full justice to his subject. Truro Cathedral, for example, is dismissed in fifteen lines, and even Canterbury only gets about a page and a half. At least, however, the book gives explicit directions for getting from one Cathedral to the next—no small consideration for the sightseer in a hurry—and the architectural essay is just the sort of thing that the beginner wants.

London.

PHILIP'S PRACTICAL "INDEX" GUIDE TO LONDON, by W. O. Aves (Philip, 1s.), is an array of names, figures, and hieroglyphics. It looks something like a Civil Service Stores price list, but all is fully explained in the preface:—

Let us assume the Visitor wishes to go to Thornton Avenue. The Index and Map number is 256, and in Section D, page 87, it will be seen as a turning from Sternhold Avenue, which is closely adjacent to the Streatham Hill R.S. (Railway Station). Eight half-miles show its distance to be rather over four miles from Westminster Bridge Road. The Cyclist may see that there is a gradual ascent from 12', 15', 31', 53', 91' to 179 feet. The intending Resident may judge of its healthful position. Having seen its locality and distance, we now inform the Visitor how to get there. The Double Lines indicate that a service of Trams passes Sternhold Avenue, and upon the next page, 88, by the number 256 (already ascertained), will be seen the Rail, Tram, and Bus Routes affording the most direct facilities. The Rail Route, 25 (page 110), shows a service of Trains either from London Bridge, Addison Road, or Victoria. The Tram Routes (page 113) show services from Blackfriars Road, Westminster Bridge Road, or Old Kent Road. The Bus Routes (page 114) would be less direct for the full journey. If a Cab be preferred, say from the beginning of Kennington Road to Robsart Street (255), the fare would be 1/- for two miles; to 52, Brixton Hill (256), a distance of three miles, the fare would be 1/6.

This is very careful and very useful, save for those impatient and haphazard people who would prefer to "ask a policeman."

For the Cyclist.

The office of Messrs. G. Philip and Son in Fleet-street is a storehouse of treasures for the cycling Londoner. They have an admirable new map of the ENVIRONS OF LONDON—an area for which the old maps soon become inadequate—on the scale of an inch to the mile, and extending from Epping on the north to Cobham on the south. Apart from its use to the cyclist, it gives with its extraordinary network of new streets in the suburbs a remarkable object-lesson on the growth of London. Another new Cycling Map (coloured) is THE DISTRICT NORTH-WEST OF LONDON—3·15 miles to the inch—which, so successfully has the cyclist annihilated space, extends as far as Birmingham. Messrs. Philips, however, do not, of course, confine themselves to London, and among their later publications we can recommend THE CYCLIST'S GUIDE TO THE LAKE DISTRICT—a district which it is a mistake to look upon as not suitable for cycling. It is, in a small compass, extremely practical and detailed, with a general map and a separate little map for each route, and careful instructions as to what the cyclist can or cannot, and should or should not, do. Another new coloured Map, 3·15 miles to the inch, is that of the SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

Few books of topography deserved better of the public than Mrs. Ady's THE PILGRIMS' WAY, which appeared nine years ago, and we are delighted to see a new edition of it. Mrs. Ady is a careful student and a pleasant writer, and proves a delightful guide along that path of old Romance winding over the Surrey Hills and through the quiet Kentish meadows which the villagers still speak of as "the Pilgrims' Way." Mr. Quinton's illustrations, of which we reproduce one, are exceptionally good.



VIEW FROM THE PILGRIMS' ROAD.

[From "The Pilgrims' Way," by permission of Messrs. H. Virtue & Co.]

The Oxford tourist or extensionist must have a good head to remember all the interesting historical and architectural details that ALDEN'S SIXPENNY GUIDE TO OXFORD can tell him. The gift of the new Radcliffe Library, in the grounds of the University Museum, to which we referred last week, is the most important of a few new facts that are duly recorded in its twenty-seventh edition, and among the new illustrations the Camera from St. Mary's Entry is the most interesting.

Messrs. Upcott Gill send us the twenty-fourth issue of their well-known SEASIDE WATERING PLACES (2s. 6d.), a substantial and informing guide to holiday resorts on the coasts of England and Wales.

The Homeland Association, founded in 1897, has done good work in collecting and publishing useful information about the towns and country districts of Great Britain and Ireland. Its HOMELAND HANDBOOKS give a great deal of information, and are written by a well-qualified author. DULVERTON and ROCHESTER have just been issued, and a little book on EPSOM is soon coming, with an introduction by "A. R."—initials which "veil the identity of an eminent Englishman." Twenty books have been published, all dealing with England, and as funds will permit other books will be issued. All Ireland and Scotland is waiting to be treated. The address of the association is 24, Bride-lane, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe deserves much credit for his enterprise in issuing (from the office of *London To-day*) his series of HOLIDAY LEAFLETS—i.e., very attractive little pamphlets at a penny each, giving illustrated accounts of "trips" to different parts of England. They are not detailed guides, but provide just what you want to read in the train on a day's outing about the place you are going to. The first five of the "Great Northern Series" take us to the Dukeries, Cromer and the Broads, Lincolnshire, the Yorkshire Coast, and Some Northern Health Resorts; while a twopenny one tells the country cousin how to make a trip to London. These booklets are just the thing for societies, clubs, schools, and employers of labour when outings on a large scale are in contemplation.

Tourist Programmes.

The railway companies continue to increase their useful and often attractive tourist publications. HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN COUNTIES is another of Mr. Percy Lindley's delightful guide-books, published by the Great Eastern Railway Company. In shape it is like an album of pictures, and it is, in fact, full of pictures—real pictures as well as photographs—the ground covered including Burnham-on-Crouch, Dedham Vale, Mundesley, Ware, King's Lynn, Burnham Thorpe, as well as all the obvious places. The letterpress is subordinated to the illustrations, but what there is of it has that pleasant, informal, literary tone to which one is used in all Mr. Lindley's guide-books. He is the ideal gossip to pilot you through pleasant places, and he always mentions, as it were, by accident, the practical things you need to know. This company, too, is just issuing a special pamphlet on "East Anglian Golf Links"—a good idea; and their "Farmhouse and Country Lodgings" book is brought up to date. Another little pocket publication gives information as to fairs, racing, cricket, and fishing. The most artistic book of the Great Eastern Country is Mr. Payne Jennings' PHOTO PICTURES IN EAST ANGLIA (the Studio, Ashstead; and Messrs. Jarrold, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.). Mr. Payne Jennings' photographs are known to most of us, and this book will be welcome either as a guide or a memento.

The Midland Railway Company, besides its usual programmes of arrangements, issues a pamphlet descriptive of its main route and recalling its name in the title, "Choose Aye the Middle Course!" (2d.). It contains a good collection of photographs.

The London and North-Western Railway invites the tourist to Ireland by a useful handbook with many good photographs written by Mr. F. W. Crossley, and called "Visit Ireland." It also issues an Illustrated Guide to its main route, and two booklets with capital photographs on "Dovedale" (apropos of the new Buxton and Ashbourne Railway) and "Greenore." A

very well printed little pamphlet comes from the Caledonian Railway called "A Holiday in Scotland," with special reference to the Glasgow Exhibition. The Midland Railway's "Country and Seaside Holidays" is a very pretty book, with photographs and talk about the Midlands; and in the same style are the "Seaside and Country Lodgings" and the "East Coast Express Route to Scotland," issued by the Great Northern and North-Eastern, and the "Summer Tours in the Land of Burns," which comes from the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. A more extensive work, bound in cloth with abundance of maps, is the "Official Guide to the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway," which embraces the Continental routes. Dr. Lunn makes an interesting pictorial pamphlet out of his "Summer Holidays, 1901." There are capital photographs in "Weymouth" (procureable for 1s. post free from the town clerk of Weymouth), a publication of the Health Resorts Development Association.

ON THE CONTINENT.

Switzerland.

The new edition of Black's GUIDE TO SWITZERLAND (3s. 6d.) is announced as "really a new book." It is written by the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, and has a cycling supplement by Mr. C. L. Freeston, well-known as an authority upon the subject. Mr. Coolidge has made Switzerland in general and the High Alps in particular the study of a lifetime, and has also had a great deal of practice in writing guide-books. In the one before us he is handicapped by lack of space; but he has done wonderfully well considering the restrictions imposed upon him. He can describe nothing at length; but it is remarkable how much he manages to indicate, and how little he is obliged to leave out. He gives us the highways in big print and the byways in small; and we know of no better guide-book from which to get a synoptic view of tourist possibilities and select a route or a resting place. For use on the spot some larger guide would be preferable. This guide does not actually show you the way over such minor passes as the Gries, the Sannetsch, or the Pas de Cheville. It merely tells you that there is a way, and it does not tell you when you can dispense with the assistance of a guide—a too discreet avoidance of responsibility. Mr. Freeston, in his part of the book, is not so timid. He plumps for "coasting" down the passes—a pastime which, if we may judge from the thrilling narrative of Mrs. Pennell, who has done it, is not entirely devoid of peril. The limitations of his plan prevent Mr. Coolidge from displaying much of that erudition which is his strongest point; but he manages to give us an occasional glimpse of it. Messrs. Black also send us a new edition of their RIVIERA.

Every year seems to bring new editions of Mr. Whymper's Guides to CHAMONIX and ZERMATT (Murray, 3s. n. each). Our principal sentiment in contemplating them is one of astonishment that no one produces similar guides to those other great centres Grindelwald and Pontresina. For, as we have often said before, they are the very models of what a sectional Alpine guide, not exclusively addressed to climbers, should be. We trust it is true that Mr. Coolidge has taken Grindelwald in hand, and has got his work pretty forward, as we lately heard. But the case of Pontresina is not much less urgent. It is a happy thought on Mr. Whymper's part to draw attention, in his preface, to the additions and innovations made in the new issues.

Messrs. Cook's Guides to SWITZERLAND and to HOLLAND, BELGIUM, THE RHINE, AND THE BLACK FOREST (3s. 6d.) each are old friends. They are straightforward, businesslike, clearly printed, lucidly written, and fairly well mapped; but they are not much use to travellers who want to leave the beaten track, and the history is dubious in places. Farel, the Genevan reformer, is repeatedly spoken of as Favel; the Escalade is represented as an incident in a war, whereas it was an attempt to rush the City in time of peace; and the version given of the Pilatus legend is told with inaccuracy. The story is not, as the

guide says, that Pilate, filled with remorse, fled there for refuge, but, as may be read in a work of Jacobus de Voragine quoted in Conrad Gesner's "Descriptio Montis Fraeti juxta Lucernam," that, after Pilate had committed suicide, his body was deposited in the little Pilatus lake, where "certain diabolic ebullitions and machinations are still seen." Whereupon the robust and sensible Gesner comments: "This belief, having no *raison d'être* in the laws of nature, commands no credence from me."

CYCLING IN THE ALPS, by C. L. Freeston (Grant Richards), is a book we reviewed last year, but in a Guide Book Number we may draw attention to it again. It pilots the wheelman over the Stelvio, the Bernina, the Fluela, the Albula, the Julier, the Maloja, the Schyn, the Oberalp, the Furka, the Grimsel, and some other passes. It is severely practical, and it has twenty-four full-page drawings by A. R. Quinton, many of them showing the most alarming zig-zags.

There is a new Baedeker (thirteenth edition) to **BELGIUM AND HOLLAND** (Dulau, 6s.). It would help the reviewer if the new editions had new prefaces, drawing attention to alterations and repairs. As it is we can only take Mr. Baedeker's word for it that we have before us a "revised and augmented" publication. It ought to be further revised and augmented by the inclusion of full particulars concerning the direct route from Blackwall to Rotterdam, and thence up the Rhine. This is really one of the cheapest passenger services in the world. Incredible as it sounds, you can go by it from London to Cologne for 14s. 6d. Yet the guide-books are almost unanimously silent on the subject. Messrs. Ward, Lock include **BELGIUM AND HOLLAND** in their Shilling Pictorial Guides.

We have to thank Messrs. Newnes for Vol. III. of **THE TRAVELLER** (10s. 6d. n.). It appears opportunely at the hour when we are all considering where to go, whether to make merry or merely to repair the wasted tissues. This handsome volume, with its unique collection of photographs, should assist our choice—if it does not perplex it. Its great usefulness consists in its various information about the many unspoiled beauty spots of the Continent. We do a little in the way of travelling ourselves (or this book would not have been intrusted to the reviewer who is rejoicing in it), but we have learnt a good deal from it that we did not know before—alike about the Tyrol, the Riviera, Norway, the Engadine, and the Pyrenees. The letter-press is good, without being too good for the multitude, and the practical indications, more particularly about the cheaper hotels and pensions, form a most serviceable supplement to the guide book. It is the sort of book that any traveller would welcome as a birthday present; while, if he pays the price demanded, he will probably recoup himself by the hints which he will pick up.

There is also a Black's guide to **PARIS** (1s.), excellent for the price, and adequate for the needs of the tourist whose stay in the city is short, and who does not desire recondite information.

It is impossible to learn French pronunciation without practical help; but those who know something of its principles will find Mr. H. Swan's **TRAVELLERS' COLLOQUIAL FRENCH** useful (Nutt, 1s., sixth edition, enlarged and revised). The formal analysis of pronunciation is very full, and a good point is made in showing how properly to divide the sentences into phrases, which is one of the chief difficulties of the beginner in any language. The tables of phrases are arranged under headings, "At the Hotel," "At the Post Office," and so forth; there is even a "Cyclist's Vocabulary." The pronunciation of each phrase is given with it, and very clearly too. Various practical directions are added for general conduct, including a new way to avoid sea-sickness. A capital tourist's handbook.

Messrs. Dent expect to follow "The Story of Bruges" in the Mediæval Towns, which we notice above, with the Rev. Robert Langton Douglas' book on Siena. The volume on Prague, by Count Lutzw, will be an early addition to the series. The book on Verona is being written by the Hon. Mrs. Alethea Wiel—not by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, as has been announced.

GARDENING.

Under Glass.

The desire for some kind of greenhouse, primarily for productive purposes, and often secondarily to add to the pleasure of an interior, is becoming more and more general, and we do not know of any book which treats clearly and concisely of the greenhouse, as distinct from its contents. Mr. B. C. Ravenscroft seems to us to supply this want admirably in his **GREENHOUSE CONSTRUCTION AND HEATING** (Upcott Gill, 3s. 6d.). It is a thoroughly practical explanation of all kinds of greenhouses, forcing houses, and heating apparatus, &c., explaining almost every point by excellent illustrations and diagrams. One main object of the book is to show the amateur, who combines a practical turn with a desire for economy, how to make a small greenhouse himself. It is a sensible and thoroughly practical little book.

Mr. William Williamson apparently hails from the North of Great Britain, and **THE BRITISH GARDENER** (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) by him differs from most other gardening manuals in one essential respect. The amateur gardener who does not possess "glass" will find much of the book of small interest to him. Thus in treating of landscape gardening for "the mansion" Mr. Williamson is at some pains to arrange for peach-houses and vineries, but says nothing of a "wilderness." Much as heat may be of service for the production of fruit and flowers out of season, no true lover of the garden would forget to allow for a part where flowers and shrubs may grow very much under natural conditions. The "wilderness" at Kew, for example, is much more instructive to the student of the great wealth of flowers which can be cultivated out of doors in Great Britain than the mammoth glasshouses. The same tendency to give the first place to artificially produced fruit and flowers shows itself in the author's calendar of gardening operations. In this section stove plants, orchids, the greenhouse, the vinery, the peach-house, pits and frames, cucumbers—which in the interests of dyspeptic humanity should be grown sparingly—and melons receive by far the most attention, and Mr. Williamson appears to be very partial to figs. He gives cultural directions for figs for seven months out of the twelve, and we are bound to confess that, for us, the British-grown fig is seldom worth an hour a year. Compared with strawberries—of which no mention is made in the calendar—they are as interesting as Dead Sea apples. In fact, the absence of strawberries from the calendar in favour of figs discloses the weakness of the calendar, which is so general as to be almost worthless. Although it is undeniably difficult to cover all the garden even in a book of 400 pages, Mr. Williamson is not always sure of his proportions, and we marvel to find *Physalis Franchetti*, a herb which seldom grows to more than two feet in height in the open in Great Britain, mentioned under Border Shrubs. We might be forgiven for looking for lilac under this heading, and we find *syringa vulgaris* merely mentioned. What has the *syringa japonica* or the *s. persica* done that no notice is taken of it? It would have been helpful, also, if the author had suggested a good strain of *s. vulgaris*, such as the large Charles X. or the very fine Madame Lemoine. In fact, Mr. Williamson's book is a little too exalted for the common (or garden) amateur. For those who are prepared to make an expensive hobby of horticulture, however, the work will be found to be of considerable use; and those who "show" will be grateful for the author's hints to exhibitors. The manual is practical, and those who cultivate largely under glass will find it more useful than most works of a popular nature. The index might be extended with advantage.

In the Suburbs.

For that large class of country lovers who are tied to the neighbourhood of towns **THE SUBURBAN GARDEN**, by F. M. Wells (Sampson Low, 3s. 6d. n.), is a true guide and counsellor. Mr. Wells shows how a small half-acre plot may become a joy. "We wanted," he says, "a garden that we could love, and not merely a piece of ground bepatterned with red geraniums and yellow

calceolarias, such as satisfied half our neighbours," and this little book aims at "depicting our garden at that point when at last we felt we had found the plants that suited the soil, that we could grow with our limited knowledge, and that seemed best to fill the space appointed to them. This has been our aim throughout—we do not care how homely is the plant or how rare so long as it meets these requirements." The garden was happy in the possession of a natural slope with a mountain ash and silver birch trees. This at once lifted it from the commonplace. By judicious treatment a touch of mystery is given to all, for, as Mr. Wells says, "It is not good to have a garden surveyed at a glance." The plan pursued seems to have been to carry forward the eye by making the pathways long and narrow and to increase the effect of space by the use of horizontal spacing to the full width of the ground. He further advocates the use of "bold masses of one variety of plant rather than a single specimen dotted about," and broad effects generally. His roses fall into two groupings—one ranging from crimson through the pinks and pale flesh tints to creams and whites, and the other comprising the coppery hues, yellows, buffs, and creams; while this colour scheme is repeated in the perennial borders. Many useful hints are given as to the treatment of flowering shrubs and annuals, and a calendar of outdoor work gives such full directions as to the manner of setting to work that it really seems possible to go and do likewise and become in one's own turn the possessor of a garden to love and a bit of God's earth to keep the heart young.

Border Blossoms and their Legends.

— In *STRAY LEAVES FROM A BORDER GARDEN*, by Mary Pamela Milne-Home (Lane, 6s.), we have yet a further addition to the

words still in use among the country people. The writer troubles us not with the practical cultivation of her plants, but dwells upon their interest and beauty. Her diction, which overflows with "so nice" and "so pretty," is sometimes a little irritating. Thus:—

How I should like to go to Holland in Hyacinth time; it must be quite too lovely, the field of bloom! But I am told that the smell is quite too oppressive (I can believe it) and that the expanse of flowers is cut up by hedges for wind protection and canals for transport.

The book is illustrated, and we reproduce one of the drawings, "Caldra Mains," a charming cluster of low roofs and scanty windows. By its description the interior appears to be equally quaint.

Within our house is a nest of tiny low rooms, with wooden beds, chintz curtains, a best bed room with an ancient four-poster which certainly never got in whole, treasures of old Spode china, corner cupboards, and mysterious "hidie holes" in the thickness of the old walls, bead embroidered screens and tables, carved whatnots, old weapons, and ancient prints of dead and gone worthies, friends of those gone from here.

It is much to be regretted that the old mansion house of the frontispiece is no more, having been destroyed by fire, "a victim to its own loyal illumination," on Jubilee Day, for in these days we can ill spare the real old houses of the land. Part II. is a series of character sketches of gardens and their owners refreshingly bright with the sympathy of a kindred spirit.



CALDRA MAINS.

[From "Stray Leaves from a Border Garden," by permission of Mr. Lane.]

already long list of those calm and tranquil home books that have of late been enjoying such a pleasant popularity. This volume is, if anything, too full of information, but a concise and comprehensive Flower and Bird Glossary at the end of the first part helps the assimilation of the facts so liberally placed before us, and brings out clearly the interesting likeness of plant names in different languages. The Latin group naturally tends to similarity, but it is curious to find the same fancy in nomenclature pervading the German, Polish, Danish, and other northern names, and these lists are well worth investigation. The chapter on the vernacular of the Border shows many of the old

Practical Guides for the Amateur.

OPEN-AIR GARDENING (Upcott Gill, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. W. D. Drury, is an abridgment from "The Book of Gardening," with which most gardeners are familiar, and makes a careful and well-illustrated volume full of information useful to the amateur, and containing especially what is so often lacking in gardening books, an adequate treatment of the subject of fruit and vegetables. Mr. Drury is also responsible for a shilling volume, fully illustrated, called *HOME GARDENING*, which comes from the same publishers, and is equally useful on a smaller scale.

"The Art and Craft of Garden Making."

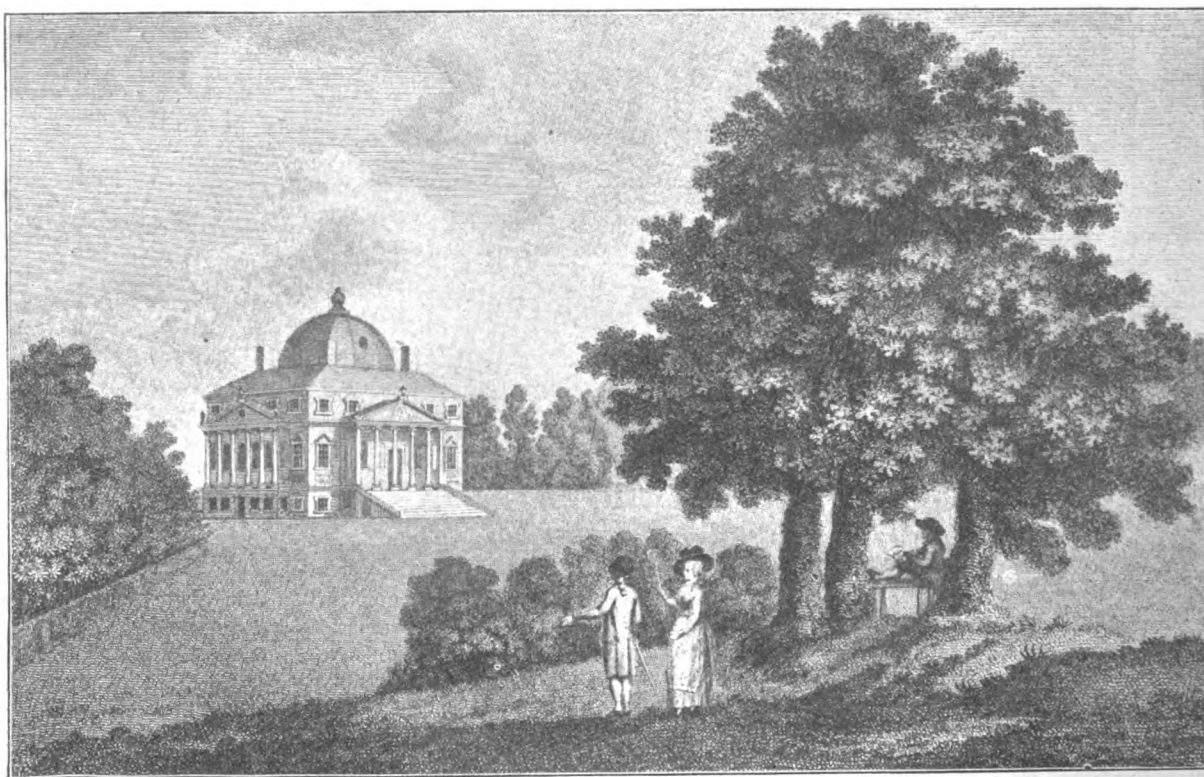
Mr. Batsford has not only increased the price but he has added several good new illustrations to the second edition of *THE ART AND CRAFT OF GARDEN-MAKING* (B. T. Batsford, 25s. n.),



[From "The Art and Craft of Garden Making."
by permission of Mr. B. T. Batsford.]

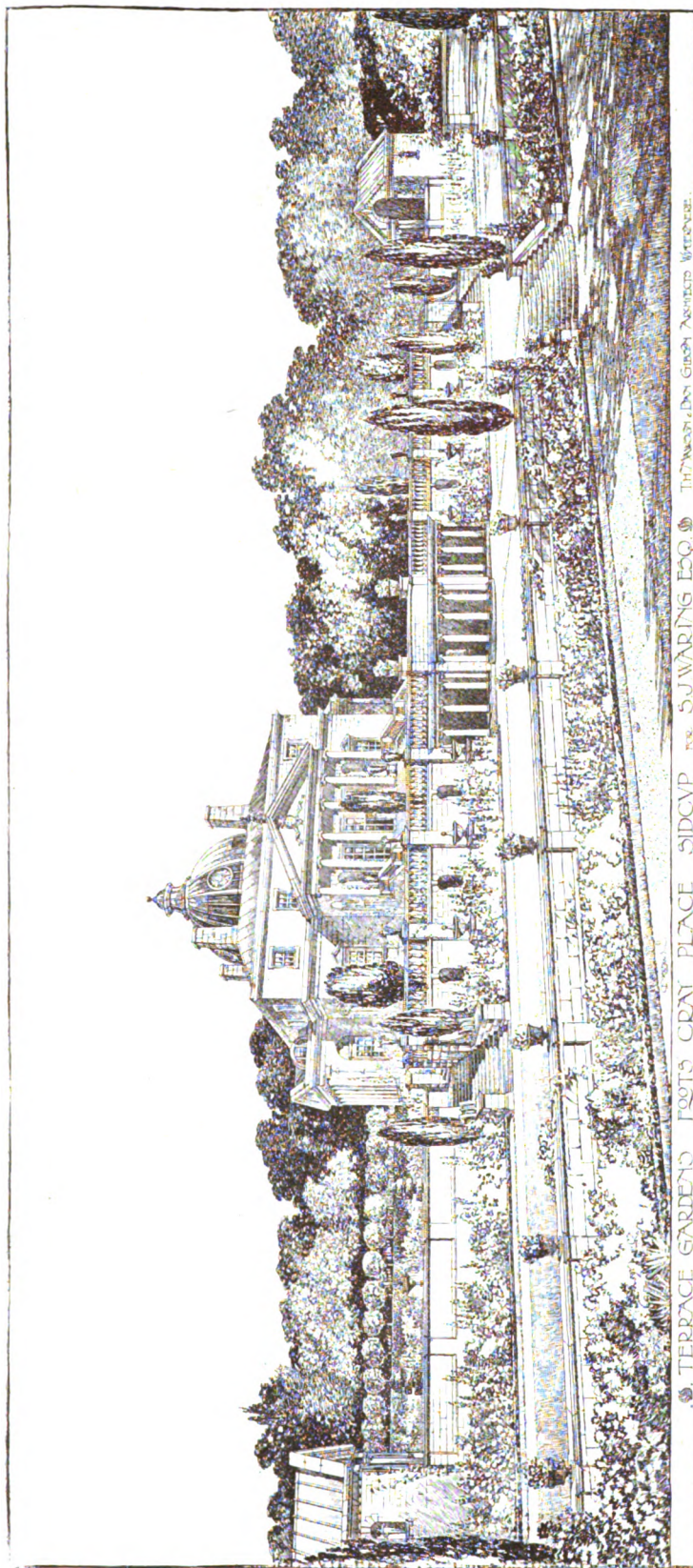
and has induced the author, Mr. Thomas H. Mawson, to revise and enlarge it. That a second edition of the work should be called for within six months of publication is a gratifying testimony, not only to the serious interest that is nowadays taken in the art of garden-making, but also to the excellence of Mr. Mawson's work. The book remains, as was recognized at the outset, the best practical treatise in our language upon the fascinating subject of garden-making, and has the advantage of

being written, and well written, by one whose experience as a garden architect is probably unequalled, and whose breadth of vision and catholicity of taste cannot be successfully challenged. Mr. Mawson recognizes the self-imposed limitations of the garden architect, and is equally sympathetic when he writes as an architect and as a landscapist—and the difference is as acute as that between the architectural draughtsman, as generally seen in competitive "designs for a workhouse," for example, and such a colourist as Mr. Harry Wilson. And whilst we write with so much appreciation of Mr. Mawson's work, we cannot but protest against the unnecessary sneer in which he indulges in his preface to the second edition, at the expense of "the popular poetic fraternity, conspicuous by the broad felt hat and velvet coat." "By their fruits ye shall know them," and we are inclined to believe that Mr. Mawson would, if unobserved, exchange the pot-hat of the architect for the velvet coat of the artist. His book suggests an easy metamorphosis. Garden-making, undoubtedly, is the only art in which, owing to accidental development and unlooked-for realizations, the result surpasses the original conception. We cannot coerce Nature beyond certain limits, and it is one of the joys of the garden architect to discover that, in the face of many minor and temporary failures, his effects in situ always transcend his paper impressions. Let us take a concrete example. Here is an illustration of Foot's Cray Place in 1787 and another of the same place in the present year of grace after the garden has been laid out by Mr. Mawson. In the one case the old house stands forlorn, in the other it is amplified and improved out of recognition. Terraces have taken the place of gentle natural slopes, and the house gains in dignity and homogeneity by the efforts of the architect. It was at one time the somewhat deserted home of careless and indifferent gentility; to-day, with the assistance of art, it is to be an attractive residence, pleasant to look upon from within and from without. It is a very illuminating example of what the garden architect can do, and Mr. S. J. Waring will be well-advised if he adds this to the beauties of the favoured district of Sideup. It is a rare opportunity, for we do not always have the artist working for an owner of conspicuous taste and gentle appreciation. It would help every garden landscapist if "the client" would



FOOT'S CRAY PLACE IN 1787.

[From "The Art and Craft of Garden Making," by permission of Mr. B. T. Batsford.]



FOOT'S CRAY PLACE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

See our remarks on the opposite page, with an illustration of Foots Cray Place before alteration.

[From "The Art and Craft of Garden Making," by permission of Mr. B. T. Batsford.]

leave him alone for at least three years, and then, had the patron a proper appreciation, the results obtained would exceed every expectation. If there is a weakness in Mr. Mawson's artistic character, it is that he believes that the character of the house or mansion should decide the style of the surrounding demesne. It may be advisable in many instances, but in some, at least, contrast is more than advisable. Because a house is severely pseudo-classic in style it does not follow that its surroundings should be equally artificial. We can leave the stucco porticos of the mansion and relish the well-kept wilderness of an herbaceous garden; we can enjoy the juxtaposition of a formal Dutch garden with the broken angles of a farm-house; a sundial and straight paths is not a necessary complement to a building by Nash; clipt yews, fantastic and artificial, are not good complements to sham classicism.

Mr. Mawson's book, however, is not always concerned with exchanging old lamps for new, and deals with the subject of garden-making in almost every aspect. He is historical; he will recommend and discuss adequately the requirements of a modern, middle-class English residence; he will talk, with a due recognition of their importance, of fences and gates, entrance gateways, carriage courts and drives, terraces, flower gardens, lawns and garden walks, summer houses, even of conservatories, greenhouses, fountains, lakes, and ponds. The breadth of outlook is only equalled by the richness of the information, and the book, taken for all in all, is written with practical knowledge by one who expresses himself with the enthusiasm of the lover. Could we but have a Mr. Mawson in every town in the country the people's lands would be a much greater delight to the people than they generally are. The illustrations are admirable, practical, and picturesque.

In an Indian Garden.

We shall soon be having too much of the country garden as the scene of leisured and luxurious meditation. The literary lady is exhausting it remorselessly. She sits in her garden seat, pen in hand, evolving all the pretty fancies she can think of. The gardener and other harmless persons on the estate are duly exploited to give a touch of human interest; a husband or male relative reluctantly agrees to be hailed in from time to time by some playful pseudonym. Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) follows the programme in *ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LATCH* (Methuen, 6s.). She has her "Man of Wrath," and calls him "Tiglath Pileser—the picture is not complete, it would seem, without a suggestion of the unsanctified Paganism of masculine humanity. We must be forgiven a touch of irritation when a pose of this kind begins to lose its early freshness. These self-centred reveries of sheltered ease grow a little wearisome. Yet we must not do the authoress an injustice. Her book is of high literary quality, and if Anglo-Indians want an "Elizabeth" to themselves they will find her in Mrs. Everard Cotes. She is confined, for her health's sake, to a cane chair in a garden at Simla, and she conveys a pleasant picture of the scenery of the hills and of the Anglo-Indian life, the echoes of which reach her from outside. One feels that the garden, its doings and its suggestions, are being elaborated for the purposes of "copy"; but Mrs. Cotes has a pretty fancy and an agreeable style, and if the thing is to be done at all we do not know that it could be done with less avoidance of the purely futile than it is in "The Other Side of the Latch."

Gossip about Small Gardens.

SMALL GARDENS AND HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THEM (Pearson, 1s.) is the attractive title of a small contribution to the lighter type of gardening book. Miss Violet Purton Biddle, the authoress, has cultivated the literary style with which most of us are familiarized by an occasional dip into the ladies' papers. Ease is everything—easy words, easy explanations of Latin names, free and easy English. The book is full of amiability also—simple proverbs for the simple, and high-flown adjectives for the gushing young lady. It may be that Miss Biddle is a well-known contributor to ladies' magazines; we confess our

ignorance of her title to write about gardening, and, in fact, to write at all. Her first sentence, "What to go in for," strikes the keynote of her literary style. She encouragingly remarks:—"Frequently, however, its [a small garden's] owners seem to think that to attempt to grow anything in such a little plot of ground is a veritable waste of time and money, as nothing ever comes of it." The small garden starts by having "owners," though "it" is such a little plot, and the final "it" may be either the garden, or the attempt, or the "veritable," waste of time and money. "Be original," says Miss Biddle, in large black letters, "is a motto that every amateur gardener should adopt," and, as a proof of your originality, let us add, make haste to persuade a confiding editor to let you write on gardening. The editor lives in a town and knows little of the subject, and his readers live in the suburbs and are not over particular as to literary style. Miss Biddle, however, is not always amiable and can be severe. She is sarcastic as to "gardeners of the red, white, and blue school," and mentions, with pride, walks with "not a shadow of a box-edging to restrain their (the flowers') mad flight." A poetic picture! But if not a shadow of a box-edging, what then? The reality, or something else? Is it blue Staffordshire tiles, inverted gingerbeer bottles, scallop shells, or merely the soil running wild over the path? In a book with so alluring a title, we expect to find practical hints on every page. The shades of the literary worthies who walked in that dell at St. Ann's-hill, Chertsey—which Miss Biddle unkindly imagines her readers do not know—should be invoked to aid our authoress. We read on, and are alarmed at the information that "a well-kept conservatory adds much to the charm of a drawing room." Has our authoress ever suffered from a conservatory which was added to "the charms of a drawing room" of a small house with a small garden? The heat from the hot-water pipes in winter and the earthy smell from newly-watered plants will be "added" to the charms of the drawing room so successfully as to render it uninhabitable. "Being a good deal more liable to visits from guests than an ordinary greenhouse," says Miss Biddle in her slipshod way, "the conservatory must be kept scrupulously clean and neat . . . and the glass kept beautifully bright." This is bad advice, both directly and by implication. We may observe that if the glass of a conservatory, which is meant to conserve plants against the scorching rays of a summer sun, is kept beautifully bright, we shall not keep our plants beautifully bright for very long! Even in the calendar of operations, with its condensed practical advice, our authoress is pleasantly vague. We are told to "fill vases and baskets" in May. What with? We could suggest many things, and if it is left to our choice, we might fill the large vases with ladies' magazines and the wastepaper baskets with amiable books on gardening.

What to Avoid.

POISONOUS PLANTS IN FIELD AND GARDEN, by Rev. Professor Henslow (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 2s. 6d.), is a useful handbook. Its object is to enumerate "all the wild and cultivated plants which are likely to prove harmful to children; and even adults," says the Professor sternly, "are apt to make the most stupid mistakes." It is only by the widespread inculcation of the poisonous properties of certain plants that painful results can be avoided. The poison may not always be fatal, but will often cause illness and discomfort. Professor Henslow begins with a valuable list of remedies. In most cases of poisoning the remedies suggested by Dr. Tanner and Mr. Blyth are recommended, such as emetics, castor oil and stimulants, especially coffee, with the application of warmth to the body and cold to the head. The bright hedgerow berries of the spindle tree, bryony, belladonna, and the common laurel form tempting morsels for little mouths, but there are many equally deleterious but less attractive sources of illness that Professor Henslow mentions. It is alarming to find that many of our garden favourites bear a bad character. The teaching of botany in schools should have a practical bearing on the properties of indigenous plants, many, of course, well known as drugs, in their concentrated form. As an instance of commonplace

poisonous products, Professor Henslow, in speaking of prussic acid, tells us that

The kernels of several members of the genus *Prunus*, as bird-cherry, peach, nectarine, damson, and apricot, contain this poison. Thus a child, aged two, suffered severely in consequence of having eaten ten or twelve kernels of the apricot; and a child, aged five, died from eating a large quantity of the kernels of gean cherries (*Prunus Avium*).

The common sorrel, too, largely used on the Continent in salads, yields the highly-poisonous "salts of sorrel and essential salts of lemon, names which sound harmless enough; but the latter, at least, is very misleading, for it is really a dangerous poison and has been mistaken for bitartrate of potash or cream of tartar." Farmers need a wide knowledge of the destructive qualities of many of our field plants. One can only be comforted by the fact that experience and tradition do much to counteract the want of knowledge. Professor Henslow is especially emphatic about the danger of almond flavouring. The liquid called almond flavour, spirit of almond or essence of peach kernel, used in confectionery, according to Dr. Taylor is equivalent in strength to 250 grains of the pharmacopœial prussic acid, and yet, as the writer justly observes, "it is entrusted in private families in the hands of ignorant cooks to apportion the dose which may give the requisite flavour to food!" The Professor also puts a general ban on fungi, advising children to be forbidden "to touch any toadstool they may find growing in the garden or wild," and so avoid all possibility of disastrous mistake. The book is illustrated by accurate diagrams which will help to identify the suspect vegetables, and there is a detailed index.

The literature of the garden is one of the few departments of the book trade unaffected by the South African campaign. Indeed, it is more marked in the publishers' lists to-day than it was before the war began. The literary gardening book, we are told, has materially helped the sale of the more technical works on the subject. "Elizabeth" and her disciples have, it would seem, their practical uses; and to Miss Jekyll, Mrs. Earle, and others we certainly owe a revival of intelligent amateur gardening, and a taste for the pleasure of country life other than that derived from sport. Another thing that has developed an interest in gardening is the growth of the suburbs and the determination of the suburban resident to be rural still. The small suburban garden is essentially a field for the amateur, who is sure to buy a book on gardening. The books vary very much in merit, as will be seen from our reviews, but they are certainly coming in surprising numbers. Some of the best-selling books on the subject come to us from America. The comprehensive series by Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University (published by Messrs. Macmillan), has an immense circulation here; and there is a good demand for many other American books both on agriculture and botany, as well as on gardening. Professor Bailey's "Cyclopædia of American Horticulture," of which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued the second part (the largest and most important work of the kind ever attempted in North America), has already obtained a firm foothold here, many of the plants and vegetables included being identical with those familiar in English gardens. Another American book which Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish, dealing with "Ferns and Flowers and their Haunts," is by Mabel Osgood Wright, who has issued "The Friendship of Nature," "Birdcraft," and other volumes on similar topics with the same publishers. A new edition is soon to come of Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "Formal Gardening."

Canon Ellacombe, who wrote the delightful book entitled "In a Gloucestershire Garden," has another volume—"My Vicarage Garden"—which Mr. Lane has in the press. It was Canon Ellacombe who edited the new edition of the late Dr. Forbes Watson's "Flowers and Gardens" lately published by Mr. Lane. The second volume of Mr. Lane's half-crown series of illustrated Handbooks of Practical Gardening (edited by Dr. Harry Roberts, author of "The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden") will be "The Book of the Greenhouse," by Mr. J. C. Tallack, F.R.H.S. It will be ready next month.

THE STANLEY LIBRARY.

On Tuesday Messrs. Sotheby concluded an eight days' sale of the larger portion of the library of Mr. Edward James Stanley, M.P. Many of the books were well, some even beautifully, bound; but from the standpoint of the bibliophile relatively few lots were of importance. Despite the amusing inference, made by a provincial paper, that because many volumes are described as uncut Mr. Stanley cannot have perused them, the assemblage in the main must have been brought together rather for purposes of reading than for the pleasure of possessing rarities and monuments from early presses. The following table gives details of the outstanding items; and, as an instance of the greatly enhanced value attaching to the signature of an Elizabethan dramatist, note should be taken of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," which realized exactly eighty-five times the amount paid for it in Wellington-street seventeen years ago. The first work particularized is one of the most famous books in the annals of Venetian printing, the authorship of which is revealed in the acrostic formed by the initial letters of the successive chapters; the woodcuts have been ascribed to many artists, including Giovanni Bellini; and the price now paid probably constitutes a "record."

- Colonna. "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili." Aldus, Venice, 1499. Exceptionally fine, tall copy in old French red morocco by Derome. Peel example, £85; Hope Edwardes copy, £122. (1841) £143
- S. Ireland. "Shakespeare Forgeries." Printed 1796, interleaved with MS. copies of the original forgeries, and a note signed W. H. Ireland. (1262) £122
- Cicero. "Epistolæ ad Familiares." On vellum. Venice, Johannes de Spira, 1469. With two leaves in MS. (680) £106
- Abbé Lambert. Mémoires de . . . Du Bellai-Langei, and Maréchal de Fleuranges. Seven vols. Paris, 1753. Arms of Madame Du Barry on red morocco. (1347) £93
- Spenser. "Faerie Queen." First collected edition, 1611. Original calf. "Mi. Drayton, 1613," on back of title. Used by J. P. Collier for his edition of 1862. Same volume sold by Messrs. Sotheby, 1884, for £1. (2145) £85
- Blondel. "Architecture François." Paris, 1752-6. 500 plates. Four vols. £77
- "Bannatyne Club Publications," 1823-75. 92 lots. (140, &c.) £74 18s.
- Molière. "Œuvres," 1773. Six vols. Old French blue morocco. Plates after Moreau. (1589) £60
- "Maitland Club Publications," 1830-59. 68 vols., mostly in original boards, uncut. (1484) £53
- Smith. "Catalogue Raisonné," 1829-42. Nine vols. (2126) £45
- Erasmus. "Sermon." Possibly first production of Berthelet's Press. (925) £39
- Gallenus. "Omnia Opera," Vol. I. Venice, 1541. Canevari medallion on old olive morocco binding. Defective. (1039) £35
- Morris. "Earthly Paradise." First edition, 1868-70. Large and thick paper, original boards, uncut. (1614) £31
- "Sacra Exequialia in Funere Jacobi II." Rome, 1702. Royal Stuart arms on old purple morocco. (2011) £30
- White. "Replie to Jesuit Fisher." London, 1624. "I[saac] Walton], 1627," on title page. (2397) £24 10s.
- Rossetti. "Poems," 1870. First edition, large and thick paper, original boards, uncut. (1985) £24 10s.
- Cæsar. Leyden, Elzevir, 1635. In red morocco by Roger Payne. Copy mentioned by Dibdin in his Decameron. (524) £20

The collection included some interesting sale catalogues, notably those of the MacCarthy Reagh, the Thomas Gray, the Hanrott, and the Roxburghe libraries. In all 2,434 lots were sold, these bringing an aggregate of £6,358 11s.

Correspondence.

"L'AIGLON" AS AN ACTING PLAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—We Londoners have now had an opportunity of judging *l'Aiglon* as an acting play. We had read the work long ago, and had heard the somewhat depressing opinions of it of the judicious in Paris; but now, since the memorable evening of June 3, we have actually seen M. Rostand's latest production acted by the "divine Sarah," and by the drastically humorous Coquelin. We went desiring to admire and eager to enjoy; but the result was, if I may dare regretfully to say so, extreme and woful disappointment. Of all plays of high pretension, this piece, in the version acted, is surely one of the most tedious and dreary that an audience, full of good will, has been called upon to witness. The fact is, the piece is not a drama at all. It approaches most nearly to a descriptive novel written, not in letters—Richardson and Smollett had taught us to enjoy that form of art—but expressed in poetical dialogue. You see a narrative, but you do not see a play. There is no action, no situation, no story which admits of dramatic effect. You have the body only, not the soul of a drama. The vanity, weakness, puerile ambition—without virility or power—of the miserable boy is a subject for descriptive analysis, not for action, movement, progress. Although pathetic, the wretched young Duc is contemptible; and a study of his character and life and aims in young manhood cannot be depicted through drama. He belongs to the closet and not to the stage. Indeed, to see this play is somewhat equivalent to hearing read aloud Welschinger's admirable prose picture of *le Roi de Rome*. Of course, Welschinger does not aim at the poetry of Rostand, which is always skilful and sometimes very fine; but no poetry can make heroic the mental struggles and feeble indecision of the self-seeking, trivial lad whose best quality is that he doubted himself. Of action he was incapable, and is, therefore, unsuited to drama. Our own Shakespeare has to be "cut," so as to compress his dramas between a late dinner and a later supper, so that we must not complain of the shears which have operated upon the somewhat wordy M. Rostand; but the two leading characters are left at great length—though the charming Comtesse, among other characters, is pitilessly reduced to the shadow of a shade. The great speech in Act two, beginning

J'admire

is exquisitely declaimed by Madame Bernhardt. M. Rostand must have conceived a dramatic poem rather than an acting play. In the scene on the battlefield of Wagram he introduces horses as if he were writing for the Hippodrome; but these noble quadrupeds are not suited for the boards of the *Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt*; or for any other theatre in which the piece is likely to be played.

When we read it, we fancy that this Wagram scene would, in representation, be a gruesome, melodramatic sensation, but, as mutilated, it falls flat, and the essence of pity and of terror has escaped. The sad phantoms do not rise. Jean, Paul, Pierre, do not recite how they died for Napoleon or *pour la gloire*. No voices of anguish cry aloud in the agony of their wounds. At one moment of flickering excitement the vain Duc exclaims—

Ah, mon Dieu! que c'est beau d'avoir vingt ans et d'être fils de Napoléon premier!—

but so soon as decision is required, the heroic Comtesse finds, with scornful regret, that the uncertain aspirant is

Faible, attendri, nerveux, flottant.

His only field of battle is a deathbed. As is natural, M. Coquelin lays most stress on the comic side of Flambeau; a part which might be played as a grim grey moustache of the old guard, as one of those impassioned idolaters of Napoleon who were so finely sung by Heine. The undramatic piece drags its

slow length along until, at last, comes that death scene in which the solution of the enigma of such a nature is given, in which analysis is terminated by sad, early death. For want of space one can only here essay to indicate roughly those leading defects in the work which hinder it from having the power, the magic, the charm of drama. The weakness of *l'Aiglon* himself is the weakness and comparative failure of M. Rostand's new play.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Arts Club.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In your account, last week, of Mr. Augustine Birrell's literary career it is said that "all the essays, or something very like them, previously appeared in the *Spectator*, the *New Review*, and other periodicals." May I remind your readers that one of those periodicals was the *Reflector*, that gallant but short-lived attempt at amateur journalism?

He was in good company, for not all J. K. S.'s contributors were amateurs, and some were already known to fame. One supposes that it was friendship for the brilliant and lamented editor that drew contributions from Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Locker Lampson, and even George Meredith himself. But, in his quaint farewell to his subscribers, J. K. S. admitted that all his contributors were not so justly famous as these. "But for me," he urged, "you would never have known L. B. or Simeon Stylites or Hakim. There are poets, too, whose rhymes would not have jingled in your ears without my stage to jingle from." That was only so late as 1888, and what a rush of water has flowed under the bridge since then! An article on George Borrow, which helped to start the renewed interest in his works, begins with a reference to "Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his recent volume, 'Memoirs and Portraits,'" and the political articles are mainly directed against the then overwhelming supremacy of Mr. Gladstone. Yet the *Reflector's* politics were studiously gay and good natured, or else we should not have found Mr. Birrell contributing essays to a journal which in its own words had

THE SMALLEST CIRCULATION OF ANY

UNIONIST

PAPER IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Birrell's own genial humour probably leads him to remember with kindly complacency the fact that he once wrote for a paper which was Conservative when Conservatism was as much in the cold shade of neglect as Radicalism is now. The *Reflector* can have done little to start the swing of the pendulum which has landed us in the Boer war. Its professed object was "to obtain that healthy difference of opinion which is not always to be found in a newspaper for the views of which a single person is responsible." In its youthful tolerance and versatility, it welcomed discussion even if it was paradoxical to the verge of eccentricity.

One would have liked James Stephen's journalistic venture to have blossomed into success, to have been adorned with real advertisements in place of the humorous announcements his ingenuity contrived. Never was editor more anxious to give his hospitality to untried pens, and that although he was able to command the friendly help of writers so practised and popular as Mr. Birrell and the others mentioned above. Doubtless he was too generous, and hence, no doubt, came the curiously amateur flavour of the *Reflector* as a whole. But even that gave it an individuality and charm.

My object in writing, however, is simply to connect the brilliant and successful writer who is the subject of last week's Portrait with the brilliant and unsuccessful editor of the *Reflector*. Possibly my interest in the matter is mainly personal, for among the causes of the failure of the *Reflector* was the fact that one of the contributors who owed a public hearing to the indulgence of J. K. S. was

Ealing.

HAKIM.

"LUCAS MALET" ON FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—“The first page of a story, if the story is worth anything, of necessity contains the last.”

This is a most extraordinary statement to find in a carefully prepared speech, and one which Mrs. Harrison would find hard to defend as strictly accurate. The first page of a story, as a rule, can have no more influence on the last than the shape of a baby's feeding-bottle can govern the quality of timber used seventy years later to build his coffin. But perhaps so few novels are “worth anything.”

Even the more sober contention that “a story which is an organic whole can no more have two endings than your life or my life can have two endings” is very debatable. And surely there are innumerable ways in which the life of Mrs. Harrison, or of Madame Sarah Grand, or of any other of the distinguished women writers who formed her audience might be ended.

One instinctively shudders at the thought of a novel which is an “organic whole”—it suggests such an appalling obviousness of construction.

But why can a story have only one ending? Novel writing can never become one of the exact sciences. The forces with which the student of character must deal are unstable. Men and women are individual and never alike; incidents which may make or mar lives often arise from purely external and unforeseen causes. Temperament and emotion produce kaleidoscopic changes in different minds which none can foresee, and of love, the most complex of all emotions, who can tell the force or the trend?

How, then, can it be said that where all the agencies at work are uncertain, there can be only one result? In the commonplace novel, doubtless, there is always an obvious conclusion dictated by the plot, but this is because to the writers of such books life has no mysteries. The writer to whom is given ever so slightly the consciousness of mystery can never be utterly commonplace.

It would be reasonable to say that no man of genius could end a story equally well in two different ways. But this is more due to the limitations imposed on him by the cast of his mind or character than to any inevitableness of the plot. Have not the greatest novelists frequently been undecided between two endings to a novel, and is it safe to conclude that the alternative ending would have been a gross literary blunder?

Yours faithfully,

ALEYN LYELL READE.

Park-corner, Blundellsands, near Liverpool, June 24.

"WOMEN AND MEN OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I trust that the writer who in your last week's issue reviewed my book—“Women and Men of the French Renaissance”—will pardon my objection to one or two of his criticisms and will not attribute it to a controversial spirit.

I must unfortunately admit the printer's slips that he mentions, but he has not been quite as just in all his strictures. For instance, in the matter of Margaret of Angoulême's death, the fact that 1544 appeared in the text as the time of its occurrence instead of the right date, 1549, was a misprint, and not, as he supposes, an “erroneous theory” that “could scarcely have arisen without some corresponding confusion of mind.” If he had looked at the dates at the head of the chapter—“The Last Days of Margaret of Angoulême,” he would have found them to be 1547 to 1549; and on page 359 he would have seen that I mention Margaret as busy about her daughter's second marriage in 1548—the date being specified. As I speak of her as alive then, I can hardly have believed her to be dead four years earlier, as he suggests.

As to the word “Parlement” being printed without italics

—a fact which the reviewer writes of as worse than a mere printer's slip, I can only reply that my abolition of italics was deliberate, as I have a dislike to their frequent appearance in a page. Since there is no English word by which I could translate the French one (our Parliament being quite different to the Parlement the nature of which I have explained on page 38), I thought I was justified in using the term as I have done.

It seemed to me worth while to make this answer to a reviewer whose injustice was, of course, involuntary, and who is manifestly so careful a student.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH SICHEL.

42, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, S.W., June 24.

TENNYSON ON THE SIGNATURE IN CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In *Literature* of April 27th Mr. Tighe Hopkins discusses ably the question of the advisability of signing articles in periodical literature and gives the opinions of several great authors and critics. The opinion of our late Laureate, Lord Tennyson, on this subject would be interesting to know had he been asked and had he replied to Mr. Tighe Hopkins' requisition for his *New Review* articles of ten years ago. But this does not seem to have been done. However, in one of his letters published in Tennyson's “Memoir” by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, we are so fortunate as to be able to know his view on this point. In a letter to a friend who had “vindicated” “Maud” against the rather annoying criticisms which were passed against it in great numbers at the time of its first publication in 1855, the Poet writes as follows about the signing of articles.

Would it not be better that all literary criticisms should be signed with the name or at least the initials of the writer? To sign political articles would be perhaps unadvisable and inconvenient, but my opinion is that we shall never have a good school of criticism in England while the writer is anonymous and irresponsible (“Memoir of Tennyson,” by his Son, Vol. I., p. 406, ed. 1897).

Yours truly, R. P. KARKARIA.

Tardeo, Bombay, May 31.

"CRABS."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The writer of your “Notes of the Day” (*Literature*, June 8th), speaking of unsold books returned to German publishers, is evidently in some doubt as to the meaning of the word “Crabs,” for he calls it a dubious term. The term is, on the contrary, very expressive, and an explanation may perhaps interest him and any of your readers not acquainted with it. Crabs (German *Krebse*)—I do not know if we have the same freshwater-kind here in England—have the peculiarity of travelling backwards, like an engine reversed. They are *Rückgänger*—unsaleable books are ditto—hence the term. *Den Krebsgang gehen* is equivalent to the French *aller à reculons* or *rétrograder*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

R. DIDDEN.

Gloucester, June 26.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Booksellers agree that the guide-book season assumes greater importance every year. The general run of Englishmen take their holidays more intelligently now that they have books like Grant Allen's Historical Guides and the Mediæval Towns Series to encourage them, and are no longer satisfied with the merely useful information contained in the ordinary but still indispensable handbook. The success of “Our Neighbours” Series (Newnes) is the latest indication that the average English tourist is widening his interest, and anxious to know something of the different European countries before visiting them. The

next volume in this series is to deal with "Dutch Life." Mr. Cyril Scudamore has an illustrated book on "Belgium and the Belgians" coming out shortly with Messrs. Blackwood, which answers a similar purpose, and is a companion volume to Mr. D. S. Meldrum's "Holland and the Hollanders." All Murray's handbooks—with the exception of the volumes relating to India and Japan, which are still to be published in Albemarle-street—have settled down under Mr. Stanford's protecting wing—a change, no doubt, partly due to the growing importance of maps in guide-books. We believe there is no immediate intention of dropping the familiar name by which the handbooks have been known since 1836, when the first of the series appeared. The work involved in taking over Mr. Murray's series has made it impossible to bring out many new editions of Stanford's Tourist Guides this year; but re-issues of "Northampton and Rutland" and "Berkshire" are in the printer's hands and will be ready in a few weeks. Another notable change has just been made in the guide-book world—Messrs. Macmillan having taken over the series of handbooks issued by Dr. Lunn. At present they are only four in number, dealing respectively with Italy, Eastern Mediterranean, Western Mediterranean, and Egypt and Palestine; but additions will no doubt be made when the existing books—now being revised—have made their appearance as Macmillan's Guides. "Italy" will be the first volume to come, but it may not be ready just yet. The next addition to Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" Series will be "The Lake District," by Mr. A. G. Bradley (who did the "Highways and Byways in North Wales") with illustrations, by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

Baedeker's Guides have, we believe, a larger sale to-day than ever. There has been a great run on the Switzerland volume lately and a nineteenth edition will be ready at the beginning of next month. Switzerland, Paris, and Belgium, are, perhaps, the best-selling books in the series, having exhausted between forty and fifty editions between them. A fifth edition of "Great Britain" will also be ready shortly. Besides the "Baedekers," Messrs. Dulau are the publishers of the "Thorough Guides" of Messrs. Baddeley and Ward, who have now almost completed their survey of tourist England south of the London and Bath road. "Bath and Bristol, and Forty Miles Round" is due next month, and the long-expected "Hampshire" is in course of preparation, but is scarcely likely to be ready this season.

A little holiday volume to come from Messrs. Dent is "Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels," touching on the Home Counties, and is illustrated. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Messrs. Black have added largely to their well-known travel books, and we notice some in another column.

Mr. Horace Brooks Marshall's election as one of the sheriffs for the ensuing year suggests the possibility of a popular publisher and newsagent being in due course chosen as Lord Mayor of the City of London. Only a month or two ago Mr. Marshall was elected to the office of Grand Treasurer of the craft of Freemasons, an office once held by his father, who will long be remembered for his generous gifts to churches and charities. The new sheriff is an old Dulwich boy, and took his M.A. degree at Trinity College, Dublin. The publishing department of the firm of which Mr. Horace Marshall is head is responsible for nearly fifty newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals—a larger number, it is claimed, than is published by any other house in the country, and during the last two years they have published more than eighty new books.

Early next week Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode will publish, under the title of "Victoria the Wise," the collection of poems relating to the late Queen written by Mr. Alfred Austin during the last forty years.

A new Dickens is that of the Gresham Publishing Company. It is called the Imperial Edition, and will be completed in fifteen volumes, including a "Literary Character Study" of the novelist by Mr. George Gissing. Of course, only the out-of-copyright works can be included. An important feature will

be the illustrations, by Claude A. Shepperson, H. M. Brock, W. Rainey, Fred. Pegram, John H. Bacon, Max Cowper, and others, who, while accepting the familiar types, show them in new situations. Mr. Gissing's "Critical Study" will contain representations of the places associated with Dickens, and Mr. F. G. Kitton is responsible for these. Every subscriber is promised, *gratis*, a large photogravure portrait of Dickens.

Some of the most interesting announcements for the autumn come from Mr. Fisher Unwin, who besides the autobiographies of Mr. Harry Furniss and Mr. Albert Chevalier promises a volume of seventy-six reproductions of the chief works of Giovanni Segantini, the well-known Alpine painter who died in the Engadine about a year-and-a-half ago. The volume will be prefaced by a biographical sketch by Mr. L. Villari. For the "Story of the Nations" Series there will be a volume on "Feudal England" by Miss Mary Bateson, who edited the "Records of the Borough of Leicester."

The Victoria County History of Norfolk is to fill six volumes. The first volume is just through the press and will shortly be issued. It deals with the natural history of the county, with early man, and Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon remains, and contains, in addition to numerous illustrations, geological, botanical, and historical maps.

Despite the extraordinary measure of popularity which has been accorded to "Ben Hur" in the United States, very little seems to be known about the book in this country. Now that the management of Drury Lane Theatre have announced their intention of presenting a dramatic version of it next Easter, it may not be amiss to recall the fact that it was written some twenty years ago. General Lew Wallace, its author, began the book while he was Governor of New Mexico, and finished it during his term of office as American Ambassador to Turkey.

The series of Irish books which Mr. Standish O'Grady, the Irish author and publisher, is issuing from his press in Kilkenny has just been augmented by a work of his own entitled "At the Gates of the North." This is practically a revised version of one of his earlier books on Ireland's Heroic Period, and tells the story of Cuchullin, in a kind of poetical prose. The two next books in the series (which is known as "The Library of the Nore") will be two plays by Mr. Edward Martyn, author of "The Heather Field," and a volume of poems by a young *alumnus* of Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. James Bentley Shea. One of Mr. Martyn's plays is the original upon which the play of Mr. George Moore called *The Bending of the Bough*, produced last year by the Irish Literary Theatre, is founded.

We have received the prospectus of the Authors and Booksellers Co-operative Equitable Publishing Alliance (Limited). The general idea seems to be that authors and booksellers shall combine to squeeze out the publishers and cut up their share of the profits. It might, no doubt, be done if all the booksellers and all the authors would fall into line and stay there; but it strikes us as exceedingly improbable that they will be willing to do anything of the kind. Though one or two authors have expressed a guarded approval of the principle of the scheme, it does not appear that any of them have promised to publish through the Alliance. The prospectus does not mention the names of the executive.

Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish a volume by the Bishop of Durham entitled "Lessons from Work." It deals with the position of the Church and the Ministry: "Biblical Criticism," "Art," "War," "The Empire," "Social Problems," &c.

Mr. C. P. Lucas, C.B., of the Colonial Office, has added another volume to his "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," namely, the first part of a History of Canada, which the Oxford University Press will publish immediately. The Oxford Press also announce "An English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia," by the Rev. H. F. Tozer.

The Harleian Society has just issued the fifth volume of "Musgrave's Obituary" (Pe—Sta), edited by Sir George J. Armytage (the sixth and last volume is in the press), and also

Vol. II. of "The Registers of Bath Abbey," edited by Arthur J. Jewers, giving the burials from 1569 to 1800, with an index to them as well as to the baptisms and marriages for the same period in Vol. I.

The late Mr. Stanley Leighton had shortly before his death sent to the press a volume entitled "Shropshire Houses, Past and Present, illustrated from drawings by Stanley Leighton, M.P., F.S.A., with descriptive letterpress by the artist." It is being printed at the Chiswick Press, and will be published by Messrs. Bell.

Messrs. Jarrold and Sons are publishing shortly "Tales from Tolstoy," translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain, with a biography of Count Tolstoy.

In Mr. Murray's Text-Books of Secondary Education, edited by Mr. Laurie Magnus, the next volume will be "Commercial Knowledge," by Mr. Algernon Warren.

The July number of the *Northern Counties Magazine* contains stories by Mr. Seton Merriman and Mr. J. F. Fletcher, and an article on North Country Folk Lore, by Professor Jevons.

The Government of India has just published a handsome quarto volume with 112 plates, photographic and architectural, dealing with the Muhammadan architecture of Ahmadabad, the capital of Gujarāt, during the fifteenth century. The late Mr. James Fergusson and Sir T. C. Hope, some thirty-five years ago, were the first to illustrate the architecture of this once famous city. Dr. Burgess has now supplied us with a more detailed illustration of its beauties.

Doctor Tiele, of Leyden University, has just finished the second and last part of the second volume of his work, the "History of Religion in Antiquity," of which the first part was published a few years ago. A Parsee scholar, Mr. G. K. S. Nariman, of Bhaunagar-Para (India), is preparing an English translation of the whole volume, which presents a History of the Zarathustrian Religion before Alexander. The first volume contained the History of Religion in Egypt and Western Asia.

"Book Titles from Shakespeare" is the title of a little book compiled by Mr. Volney Streamer for private circulation. Mr. Streamer thinks the custom of taking titles from lines of Shakespeare has only just begun; though he points out that Mr. Howells has named numbers of his books from Shakespeare.

Messrs. Crosby Lockwood and Son are now established at their new buildings, 7 and 8, Stationers'-hall-court.

Books to look out for at once.

- "Victoria the Wise." By Alfred Austin. Eyre and Spottiswoode. (See above.)
- "Literary Associations of the English Lakes." 2 vols. By Canon Rawnsley. MacLehose. 10s. net.
- "Twixt Sirdar and Menelik." By Captain M. S. Wellby. Harper. 16s. [An account of a year's expedition from Zeila to Cairo. Illustrated.]
- "Great Men." By H. Begbie and F. C. Gould. Richards. 3s. 6d.
- "The Germ." Facsimile reprint, with a preface by W. M. Rossetti. Elliot Stock.
- "The Story of King Alfred." By the late Sir Walter Besant. "Library of Useful Stories." Newnes. 1s.
- "The Lady of Lynn." By the late Sir W. Besant. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
- "The Honour of the Army, and other Stories." By Emile Zola. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.
- "A House with a History." By Florence Warden. F. V. White. 6s.
- "A Millionaire's Love Story." By Guy Boothby. F. V. White. 5s.
- "The Lost Key." An International Episode. By Hon. Lady Acland. Macqueen. 6s.
- "Nobler than Revenge." By Esmé Stuart. Long. 6s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

DRAMA.

- LABOREMUS. A Play in three Acts. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. English version. 7½×5¼. 125 pp. Chapman and Hall.
- IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER. By ROSINA FILLIPI. (Carpet Plays.) 5½×4¼. 49 pp. Brimley Johnson. 6d. n.

EDUCATIONAL.

- EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY. By FABIAN WARE. 7½×5. 300 pp. Harper. 3s. 6d. [The state of industrial and commercial education in German, French, and American schools.]
- A MANUAL OF SCHOOL HYGIENE. (Cambridge Series.) By E. W. HOPE, M.D., and E. A. BROWNE, F.R.C.S.E. 7½×5. 207 pp. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.
- COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. By E. E. WHITFIELD. 7½×5. 316 pp. Methuen. 5s.

LA REFORME DE L'ENSEIGNEMENT PAR LA PHILOSOPHIE. By ALFRED FOUILLÉE. 7¼×4¾. 212 pp. Paris: Colin. Fr.3.

[A plea for the extension of philosophical studies as against historical or merely scientific methods in education.]

DUAL READER. (German-English). By O. JONES. 7½×5. 93 pp. Allman. 1s.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY (Elementary). By A. H. BARTLETT. Allman. 1s.

FICTION.

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS. By E. F. BENSON. 7¼×5¼. 323 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

THE BREAD LINE. A Story of a Paper. By A. B. PAINE. 7×4¾. 228 pp. Kegan Paul. 5s.

[The story of a Scandinavian girl in Japan.]

MARNA'S MUTINY. By MRS. HUGH FRAMER. 7¼×5. 341 pp. Hutchinson. 6s.

CAPTAIN LONDON. By R. H. SAVAGE. 8×5½. 331 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

[The scene is laid in Rome.]

THE WORLD'S FINGER. By T. W. HANSHAW. 7½×5. 318 pp. Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.

[The tracing of a crime.]

DUPES. By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD. 7¼×5¼. 288 pp. Putnam. 5s.

BEYOND THESE VOICES. By MRS. E. EASTWICK. 7½×5. 328 pp. Burns and Oates. 5s.

IRA LORRAINE. By CORALIE FEREZ. 7¼×5¼. 332 pp. Greening. 6s.

RED FATE. By E. FORBES. 7¼×5¼. 340 pp. Greening. 6s.

CRUCIAL INSTANCES. By EDITH WHARTON. 7¼×5. 307 pp. Murray. 5s. n.

RETALIATION. By H. FLOWERDEW. 7¼×5¼. 334 pp. Constable. 6s.

THE MILLIONAIRE MYSTERY. By FERDINAND HUME. 7¼×5¼. 336 pp. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

EVER MOHUN. By F. T. JANE. 7¼×5. 322 pp. Macqueen.

[The scene is laid in Devonshire.]

THE GOLDEN FLEECE. (La Toison d'Or.) By AMÉDÉE ACHARD. 7½×5. 435 pp. Macqueen.

[A novel of the Thirty Years' War.]

A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS. Portrait. Collection of short stories. By W. D. HOWELLS. 8×5½. 368 pp. Harper. 5s. n.

WESTERFELT. A Story of Modern American Life. By W. N. HARBEN. 8×5½. 330 pp. Harper. 6s.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY. By MARGARET H. POTTER. 8×5½. 469 pp. Harper. 6s.

[A novel of fashionable life in France in the eighteenth century.]

TWELVE ALLEGORIES. By KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN. 8¼×5¼. 117 pp. Lane. 3s. 6d. n.

[Short allegories of life by the Lady Mayores.]

FIANDER'S WIDOW. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. F. Blundell). 7¼×5¼. 357 pp. Longmans. 6s.

[A Dorsetshire romance.]

BLOOM OR BLIGHT. By DOROTHEA CONYERS. 7¼×5¼. 339 pp. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.

THE SEVEN HOUSES. By H. DRUMMOND. 8×5¼. 319 pp. Ward, Lock. 6s.

[Medieval life in south-western France.]

LORDS OF THE NORTH. By A. C. LAUT. (The Dollar Library.) 7½×5. 295 pp. Heinemann. 4s.

[The North-West Company at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and their struggles with the Hudson Bay Company.]

THE INHERITORS. An extravagant Story. By J. CONRAD and F. M. HUEFFER. 7¼×5¼. 323 pp. Heinemann. 6s.

VIRGIN GOLD. By W. S. WALKER ("Coo-ee.") 7¼×5¼. 313 pp. J. Long. 6s.

[A novel of adventure in Australia.]

A SON OF MAMMON. By G. B. BURGIN. 7¼×5¼. 295 pp. J. Long. 6s.

LES AVENTURES DU ROI PAUSOLE. By PIERRE LOUVY. 7¼×4¾. 404 pp. Paris: Fasquelle. Fr.3.50.

LE SANG DE LA SIRENE. By ANATOLE LE BRAZ. 7¼×4¾. 300 pp. Paris: Calmann Lévy. Fr.3.50.

[The latest work of the author of "Le Gardien du Feu."]

LE BRASSEUR D'AFFAIRES. By GEORGES OHNET. 7¼×4¾. 416 pp. Paris: Ollendorff. Fr.3.50.

THE DISCIPLE. By PAUL BOURGET. 7¼×5¼. 341 pp. Unwin. 6s.

[Translation of "Le Disciple." The original appeared in 1889.]

ŒUVRES COMPLETES DE PAUL BOURGET DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE. Romans. II. Mensonges. Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne. 6¼×9¼. 604 pp. Plon. Paris. Fr.8.

[The 4th volume of the complete revised Edition of Bourget's works.]

MARYSIA. By HENRI SIENKIEWICZ. Translated by Mile. B. Noiret. 7½×4¾. 260 pp. Paris: Perrin. Fr.3.50.

FIANCÉE D'OUTRE-MER. By DANIEL LESUEUR. 7½×5¼. 305 pp. Paris: Lemerre. Fr.3.50.

HISTORY.

THE THIRTEEN COLONIES. By HELEN A. SMITH. Two vols. 7¼×5¼. 442+510 pp. Putnam. 12s.

[A History of the colonization of North America for the general reader, from the first settlements to the Declaration of Independence.]

THE FALLEN STUARTS. (Cambridge Historical Essays, No. XII.) By F. W. HEAD. 7¼×5¼. 356 pp. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

[1660-1748. A reprint with some alterations of the essay that obtained the Prince Consort Prize and the Seeley Medal in 1900. The chief authority used is the Gualterio MSS. at the British Museum.]

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. Vol. II. 1066-1272. By W. R. W. STEPHENS. 7¼×5¼. 351 pp. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

RENAISSANCE TYPES. By W. S. LILLY. 9×5¼. 400 pp. Unwin. 16s.

[Michael Angelo, the Artist; Erasmus, the Man of Letters; Reuchlin, the Savant; Luther, the Revolutionist; More, the Saint.]

THE STALL PLATES OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, 1348-1485. Part II. By W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE. 13¼×10. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.

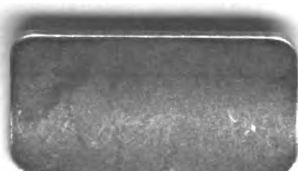
THE OLDEST CIVILIZATION OF GREECE. Studies of the Mycenaean Age. By H. D. HALL. 9×6. 346 pp. Nutt. 15s. n.

MILITARY.

SOME HOME TRUTHS RE THE MAORI WAR, 1863-1869. By LIEUT.-COL. E. GORTON. 7¼×5. 127 pp. Greening. 2s. 6d.

"I. Y." AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN AT WAR. By "THE CORPORAL." 7½×5. 133 pp. Stock. 3s. 6d.

165



3 0000 093 223 430